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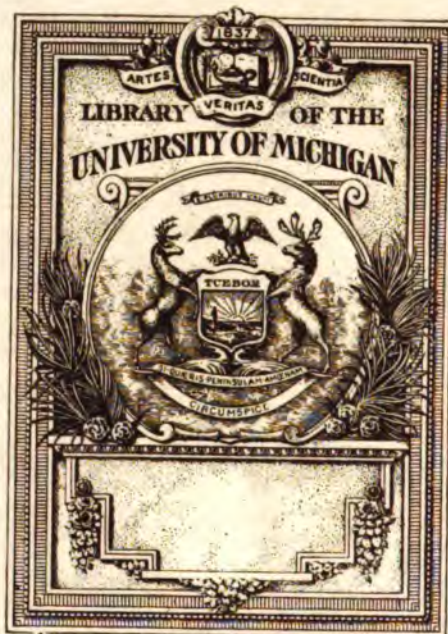
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Vol. IX. No. 1

Life Portraits of Daniel Webster

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MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR MAY. *pt 1897*



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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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A CAUTION.—Subscribers to the Magazine should be very careful to whom they pay money. All remittances, whether through agents or collectors, or by money-order, draft, check, or in currency, are made at the sender's risk. We take every precaution we can to save subscribers from deception and fraud, but we must have their co-operation to the extent of being fairly prudent and cautious for themselves.

The June number will contain the first authentic account of

THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL FLYING-MACHINE

Prof. S. P. Langley, the head of the Smithsonian Institution, who is not only one of the most eminent scientific men of America, but whose discoveries in astronomy place him almost at the head of American astronomers, has, as the result of ten years' experiment and study, invented and made an aerodrome which has successfully propelled itself through the air at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and is the first "flying-machine" that has ever flown.

It is a matter of national pride that it has remained for an American to invent this machine. No invention is of such importance since that of the steam engine, and it is probably the last of the great basic inventions of our era. Scientists in France, Germany, and other countries have been experimenting for half a lifetime, but without success.

As the result of long negotiation with Prof. Langley, the editors are able to announce that his description of his achievements will be published exclusively in **McCLURE'S MAGAZINE**. The article will be fully illustrated from photographs taken by Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone and the lifelong friend of Prof. Langley. This is probably the most important article that any magazine has published in this country.

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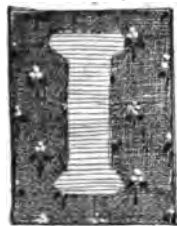
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GREAT BUSINESS ENTERPRISES *The Marvels of Bicycle Making.*

IV.

A VISIT TO THE WORKS OF THE HARTFORD CYCLE COMPANY.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.



IN the summer of 1877, when the Pope Manufacturing Company was organized for the manufacture of bicycles, no one, perhaps not even Colonel Albert A. Pope himself, foresaw the great results that were to come from this small beginning. One corner of a sewing-machine factory was the entire plant at the outset, with a few dozen workmen "making a plaything for boys." We have seen, in a previous article, how from this humble beginning have sprung the great Columbia Bicycle Works of to-day, with their acres of floorage and thousands of employees. We have also seen how the rubber works came into existence, and the steel tube works, each growing out of the necessities of manufacture. Either of these three would satisfy the ambition and energy of most business men. But the Pope Company has still other magnificent enterprises. In the present paper we shall consider the Hartford Cycle Works, born into the world nearly a decade since, and flourishing to-day with the strength of achieved success.

Very early in the development of the bicycle business Colonel Pope recognized

clearly the importance of supplying the popular demand for a wheel which, without possessing the extraordinary excellence of the Columbia or its perfection of finish, should be in the highest degree reliable and serviceable for the needs of the average rider, and which in cost would come within the limits of a moderate purse. It was plain that the bicycle was destined ere long to make such a place for itself in the world, not only as a luxury and source of pleasure, but as a positive necessity to hundreds of thousands, that it would be impossible for all these riders to purchase the best wheel in the world, an ideal wheel like the Columbia. Many of them would have to content themselves with a wheel that was strong and safe and swift, a wheel made of thoroughly reliable materials, and put together with excellent workmanship. For such people, buying a bicycle would be like buying a hat or a suit of clothes; they would compromise between a cheap article which they would not have at any price and one enjoying the distinction of being better than all rivals, which they could not afford.

It was to furnish such a bicycle as this that Colonel Pope established in 1889 the Hartford Cycle Works, and the wisdom of this move has been abundantly shown since

then by the steadily increasing demand for these wheels, a demand which has necessitated corresponding extensions from year to year in the plant and factory, until today the Hartford Cycle Works may be fairly classed with any of the great bicycle concerns of the country, barring only the Columbia. From the first it has been the company's policy to keep the Hartford works absolutely distinct from the Columbia works, a factory by itself, with its own organization, its own force of work-

The factory stands about a quarter of a mile from the Columbia Works, on the beautiful Park River, and the long brick buildings, of the best mill construction, are surrounded by trees and lawns which are kept with the same care as private grounds. Here, as elsewhere in the Pope manufacturing enterprises, great attention is paid to the æsthetic side of things—gardeners are constantly employed keeping the gravel walks neat, training vines over bare walls, and caring for the grounds;



HARTFORD CYCLE WORKS, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

men, and its own reputation in the bicycle market. Indeed, the Hartford factory is very sturdy in its independence, and goes its own way, not at all abashed by the superior prestige of its neighbor the Columbia. And yet, in the matter of general oversight and direction, it profits by the experience and development of the larger company. This is particularly noticeable in the Hartford models for 1897, which may be said to have inherited many of the excellences of the parent stock.

Let us stroll out, then, to these interesting works, and judge a little for ourselves about the wheel that is turned out there.

while within, the same effort is made to render the factories comfortable and attractive. The heads of departments have, for their convenience, an elaborate telephone system that unites together all the various factories; the clerks are provided with the finest hardwood desks, and those who have correspondence to do, with individual stenographers; while the workmen have their private lockers, their bicycle stable, their lunch-room, reading-room, etc. No wonder that some of those who have been tempted to the West to become pioneers in bicycle-making have returned to their old places after a certain absence,

preferring such positions, even at a money sacrifice, to passing their lives among cruder surroundings.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the Hartford Cycle Works is the storehouse, a beautiful structure in the Gothic style, its gables surmounted by crosses. The visitor is surprised to see so elaborate a building among the plain stretches of factory walls, and invariably asks an explanation. Then he learns that this storage place for cycles and bicycle materials

Passing within the factory we shall find the same things going on here, the same endless chain of operations that we have seen already at the Columbia factory. From room to room, from floor to floor, we pass from one department to another, each one a little factory in itself, with its own confusion of machinery, its own force of workmen, and its own work to do in perfecting this or that part of a bicycle. To describe all these processes in detail would be repetition, for the Hartford wheel



THE STOREHOUSE, HARTFORD CYCLE WORKS, ONCE THE RESIDENCE OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

was once the private residence of no less noted a person than Harriet Beecher Stowe, was the home which she built for herself with the first profits of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And here she lived for years, and wrote and thought, and here many distinguished persons came to see her. But times change and fortunes fail, and at last, years ago, the property was sold and the house passed into other hands. Perhaps the sweet spirit that once dwelt there still rests within the walls, and looks indulgently upon the strange uses to which the old home has been put.

is as much like the Columbia as a pretty peasant girl is like some beautiful woman; there are differences, but to many tastes they are not so very essential.

In one point we see that the Hartford wheels may boast of unquestioned superiority over most other bicycles, that is, in the quality of steel used in their tubing. Most of the ordinary high-class bicycles contain tubing made of "twenty-five carbon" steel, or even of a lower grade, but the tubing in Hartford bicycles is made from "fifty carbon" steel, and no better steel can be found in any bicycle.

world, except in the Columbia, which is built of the famous five per cent. "nickel steel." Elaborate experiments in the testing department of the Pope Manufacturing Company have demonstrated beyond controversy that bicycle tubing of "fifty carbon" steel possesses about eight times the endurance of tubing made of "twenty-five carbon" steel. Therefore it is plain that, compared with all wheels except the Columbia in this most important matter of tubing, the Hartford bicycle is inferior

rubber mill, and bear the same famous mark, that of the Hartford single tube tire. It is true they are made somewhat heavier than the Columbia tires, but that makes them better adapted for hard use on the road, and they offer the same superior facilities for repair in case of accident or puncture; and this suggests a few words about the repair department which apply both to this factory and to that of the Columbia. All kinds of cuts and tears and punctures are treated here, from long



THE MACHINE-SHOP, HARTFORD CYCLE WORKS.

to none and superior to most others. And it should be borne in mind that to attain this excellence involves large and unusual expenditure in "working" this high carbon steel, for there is as much difference in making bicycle tubing as there is in making jack-knives. And while some people will content themselves with a fifty-cent knife, there are others who prefer to pay two dollars for a knife which is made of a better quality of steel.

Coming to another vital point, we see that the tires put on Hartford wheels have practically the same excellence as the tires of the Columbia, they come from the same

rips down to the holes so small that the eye can scarcely detect them. To remedy any of these difficulties or defects is merely a question of plugs and patches, after the tire has been examined by an expert. Oddly enough, one of the most skilled of these experts is a deaf mute, who operates most deftly the little vulcanizer which heats the injured parts after they have been patched and plugged, and runs the rubber together so that it is as strong there as in any other part. It is worthy of note that punctures are very much less frequent in ladies' wheels than in those of men, and this is partly because women take better care of their

machines than men do, and also because they give them less severe usage.

One admirable feature of the repair department is the detailed report which is made every month to the Columbia and Hartford factories, showing the exact number of parts that have been sent in, the cause of breakage or injury, etc. These reports are constantly referred to when new models are being designed, and form the basis for important conclusions as

And particularly does this apply to the testing departments, which are furnished with such admirable scientific appliances that it has become a custom among various professors in colleges and scientific schools to bring a body of students there once or twice a year, so that they may witness experiments which could not be performed in the ordinary physical or chemical laboratory for the want of proper facilities. All who come in a spirit of legitimate inquiry



FILING-ROOM, HARTFORD CYCLE WORKS.

to changes or modifications in this or that part of the wheel.

Another feature of the Hartford works, as well as of the allied factories, is the cordial welcome accorded to visitors. The fame of these great establishments has spread so far that people often travel long distances to see their workings and to get some idea at first hand of the marvels of bicycle-making. And it happens not infrequently that engineers and scientists from this country or abroad visit the Columbia works in search of information not to be obtained elsewhere—information, of course, that they may properly ask for.

may be sure of every attention, and will go away well repaid, and realizing, as they never did before, how wonderful the modern bicycle and its manufacture are.

HARTFORD BICYCLES FOR 1897.

Hartford bicycles cannot and do not pretend to rival Columbias. They lay insistent claim, however, to the second place, and by virtue of their cheaper prices, secure what they desire—the patronage of riders whose purse prevents the expenditure of \$100 upon a bicycle, and whose

perception is sufficiently acute to insure the recognition of the most meritorious machine offered at from \$75 to \$45, according to the degrees of skill and expense involved in its construction.

Six models are offered for the critical inspection of the bicycling public, and are as follows:

Pattern 7, price \$75, is the regular Hartford bicycle for men. It is a thoroughly modern machine in every respect, and its superior quality evidences skilful work-

tures that characterize Pattern 7, and adds thereto its distinctive and beautiful loop frame. Its attractive lines present a strikingly handsome appearance, and it readily commands favor on account of its pleasing symmetry and evident strength. It is also built of fifty-carbon steel tubing, and there is no doubt that the peculiar advantages it offers, capped by the very reasonable price, will insure for it, as for its predecessors, a widespread and enthusiastic popularity.



ENAMELING-ROOM, HARTFORD CYCLE WORKS.

manship. It is built upon the most graceful lines, of the latest design, and is strong, durable, and easy running. The public will welcome this pattern as a reliable and substantial bicycle of faultless finish and pleasing appearance, not only suitable for long-distance riding, but also possessing great speed upon the track. Its frame construction is of fifty-carbon steel tubing, which places it very far beyond the strength of the average bicycle, and assures the rider of safety through almost any emergency.

Pattern 8, price \$75, is the corresponding Hartford bicycle for women. This machine embodies all the excellent fea-

Pattern 9, price \$60, is a bicycle constructed to meet the requirements of men of medium stature and of boys. It includes the good points of Pattern 7, Hartford, is strong, handsome, and trustworthy, and fills satisfactorily its particular niche—the serving of those who require a smaller machine at a price within the reach of every one. Made of fifty-carbon steel tubing, it may be depended upon to fulfil the purposes legitimately demanded of it. Light and easy running, it possesses the qualities of which all appreciative riders are in search.

Pattern 10, price \$60, is built with the

same careful regard that distinguishes Pattern 9, with which also it is uniform in construction. This bicycle is particularly designed to satisfy the needs of women small in stature and of girls. The material employed, and the advantages so apparent, are those common to all of the justly celebrated Hartford bicycles. The purchaser reaps the great benefit of all the improvements that are combined in the larger wheels, at a price that can be duplicated by no other makers. Staunch, handsome, and easy-running, Pattern 10 is a

Pattern 2, price \$50, is a desirable and durable bicycle for women. Its grace is obvious, its strength is thoroughly proven, and its quality is assured. Its price, moreover, places it at once within the reach of all. Every purchaser will be satisfied with the character of her investment and be certain of experiencing as much delight and physical profit as these well-known machines have always afforded.

The familiar and favorably known Hartford Patterns 5 and 6 are offered at \$45 respectively.



SHIPPING DEPARTMENT, HARTFORD CYCLE WORKS.

mount that will attract the attention of all intending purchasers, and insure the delight of all actual purchasers.

Pattern 1, price \$50, is a strong, durable, and easy-running bicycle for men, which is highly recommended as a valuable machine for the price at which it is offered. The same skill and care are used in building this machine as appear in all other Hartford bicycles, and the material used in it is selected with the same precaution, and is as rigorously tested. For all kinds of roads and for all descriptions of riders, it will be found equally staunch and reliable.

A short *résumé* of Hartford construction for 1897 will prove an enlightening and useful conclusion, and will include the more important features.

The frames are of fifty-carbon steel tubing, as has been indicated. This tubing is very strong and very rigid. Its use goes to make Hartford bicycles superior to most and unexcelled by none in their own class. If the nature of that class be specifically questioned, it may at once be answered: after the Columbia bicycle, which forms a class by itself, all reputable wheels belong to the next class—Hartford class. Carbon steel tu

per cent. is excelled only by five per cent. nickel steel tubing, and that is used only in Columbias. Most bicycles are built of twenty-five per cent. carbon tubing. The range of difference is at once apparent.

By an ingenious arrangement of the cranks and crank shaft, great mechanical simplicity, narrow tread, extreme width between bearings, and ease of running are secured. The left crank and shaft form but one piece, and the right crank keys on firmly.

Both sprocket wheels are detachable.

The famous Hartford single tube tires are furnished. These tires are remarkable for simplicity and strength, high quality, and ready adaptability to repair.

The handle-bars on the new Hartford bicycles are wooden. They are slightly more springy than the steel bars, but possess extreme strength and durability. The latter are furnished as an option if so desired.

All the saddles and remaining parts have been selected with jealous care, and add, in every instance, to the grace and



HARTFORD CONSTRUCTION FOR 1897.

The front sprocket is screwed to the hub of the right crank with a right-hand thread, and is locked securely in place by a check nut.

The pedals screw into the cranks without requiring nuts. All the cones and ball cases are turned from steel bars. Barrel hubs persist, and a barrel crank shaft bracket, while large tubing is employed throughout.

All Hartfords are characterized by a double steering-fork crown of approved and elegant design, which combines neatness with great strength.

strength of these justly popular machines.

Hartford bicycles reap all the advantages that would naturally accrue to them on account of their intimate relationship with Columbia bicycles. Their briefly formulated ideal, to which they have been and are consistently loyal, is to occupy the next place to the Columbia, and to be excelled by no other than the latter. To accomplish this result, their manufacture is dependent upon the same skill, science, perseverance, and experiment that have been discussed in connection with Columbia bicycles.

NOTE.—While this series of articles is prepared under the direction of the editor of this magazine, and with exactly the same literary and artistic care as articles for the body of the magazine, the cost, it should be stated, is borne by the Pope Manufacturing Company.—EDITOR.



G. C. Cox, Photographer.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

(Ik Marvel.)

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

MAY, 1897.

No. I.



A GREAT PHOTOGRAPHER.

BY IDA M. TARBELL.

PHOTOGRAPHY is treated so generally as an art in which a machine does all the work, that it is difficult to believe that some of the greatest portraits of our time have been produced by this medium. It is true, however, that the ideal requirement of a portrait—to give a glimpse of a man's soul—has never been more nearly satisfied than by a few photographs made several years ago in England by Mrs. Julia Cameron, and by a large number made in the last few years in New York by Mr.

G. C. Cox. Of Mrs. Cameron's work this magazine has already given its readers some specimens.* The present article is devoted to that of Mr. Cox.

So quietly has Mr. Cox's work been done that, except to a limited public particularly interested in purely artistic results, it is unfamiliar. He has never sought general recognition. Conscious that what he was striving to attain would be understood by only a few men, he has worked for them

* McClure's Magazine for December, 1893.



WALT WHITMAN.

G. C. Cox, Photographer.

alone, seeking their criticisms and suggestions and observing closely the effect on them of what he had done.

To appreciate his method of work, one should have a sitting in his studio. The experience is altogether unusual. One does nothing as in the conventional studio. He is not posed. He is not bidden to look at the "upper right-hand corner" of anything. He is not asked to smile. He is not made to keep quiet while a watch ticks out an interminable minute. As for the camera, it seems hardly to come into the operation. Probably many persons have had a series of portraits taken by Mr. Cox

who afterwards were unable to tell without an effort where the camera stood and how it was operated. All this is natural enough if one understands what the artist is trying to do. His treatment of a sitter is founded on his theory that all men purposely or unwittingly wear a mask, and that unless this mask can be torn away and the emotions allowed to chase freely across the face, no characteristic picture is possible. His first effort then is to get rid of the non-committal mask; to make the subject forget himself, the camera, his mission at the studio.

An ordinary man could not do this, but



ELEANORA DUSE.

G. C. Cox, Photographer.

Mr. Cox is no ordinary man. He is original, sincere, witty, and in profound earnest over his work. The subject who comes to him prepared to pose is surprised to be greeted with what seems to be quite irrelevant, though decidedly brilliant, talk. Mr. Cox has known many of the most interesting people of the last twenty years, and has a great fund of unusual anecdotes about them. When he begins to tell stories of Whitman and Beecher, of William Hunt and Richardson, of Amélie Rives and Duse, it is only an unusually dull and preoccupied mood which will prevent one from becoming interested. The quaint and original expressions; the unconven-

tional opinions; the odd personal observations; the contempt for shams, surprise and arouse the subject. Before he is aware he, too, is talking animatedly. Mr. Cox tells with appreciation how Bishop Taylor, the great African missionary, came to him once to be photographed. He was for some time indifferent and dull, not understanding at all what the artist was after, but finally thawed out, and Mr. Cox caught one of his best portraits just as the aged Bishop finished telling with great gusto the story of a young man coming to the ship to see him off on a recent voyage.

"Good-by, dear Bishop," he blubbered; "I shall probably never see you again."



BISHOP TAYLOR.

G. C. Cox, Photographer.

"No," said the Bishop, "you may be dead when I get back."

It is not only the habitual mask of a face which must be conquered. Many people suffer from what is called "camera fear." In front of the machine they become, in spite of themselves, rigid and lifeless. Cox believes that this peculiar feeling is best conquered by taking the subject in his own home or place of work. There he naturally wears a lighter mask and falls more readily into characteristic attitudes. Many of Mr. Cox's happiest results have been obtained by studying his subjects in their own homes. Thus the fine portrait of Richardson was taken in the architect's

house. His recent experiences in photographing Mr. Cleveland at the White House and Major McKinley at Canton, have been equally convincing that if one wishes to make a real portrait it is wiser to study the subject where he is most at home.

In taking photographs Mr. Cox aims to make as many as six negatives. A complete series of his pictures runs the gamut of a man's soul from the moment of smiling ease to the one of anguish. Not that he always succeeds in completing the series; he rarely fails, however, to get several characteristic pictures. What could be more characteristic, fuller of sweetness and truth than his portrait of Whitman?



WALTER SHIRLAW.

G. C. Cox, Photographer.

He has given us in it what must remain the typical portrait of Whitman—a portrait which is the foundation of Johnson's great etching, which George Barnard, the sculptor, declares has been his inspiration, and at the sight of which Duse cried out, when it was shown to her, "But it is his soul! *How can one photograph a soul?*"

It is not to be supposed that all of Cox's sitters yield themselves unresistingly to his unusual procedure. Trained to pose to a camera, many are inclined to resent the artist's effort to interest them and make them forget the object of their visit. There are others who insist that, unless a face is lighted in a certain way, the result

cannot be satisfactory—slaves of a theory, they fail to see that this is a revolutionist regardless of conventions, whose only aim is to get the fine thing he sees.

Another difficulty with which Mr. Cox struggles is the almost universal notion that a portrait should be something decorative. Many a woman who goes to him makes a really characteristic picture impossible by her elaborate preparations. Nothing could be more fatal to the Cox idea. Chiffons are as inappropriate in one of his portraits as trefoils on a Grecian façade. Where a woman dresses especially for her picture all that Cox can get is, as



HENRY WARD BEECHER.

G. C. Cox, Photographer.

he says, "a picture of her consciousness of her clothes."

Where the decorative is entirely eschewed, it follows that the subject must have individuality for the picture to be of value. Cox rejoices in the decided character, and shrinks with dismay from a neutral one; there is nothing for him to get hold of. The people who have sat to him have been a rare lot; in the past twenty years he has photographed Walt Whitman, Richardson, General Sherman, C. A. Dana, Melchers, Howells, Hunt, Beecher, E. E. Hale, Duse, and hosts of others. In most of the cases the portraits he has made will remain the standard ones of their several subjects.

The Cox portrait, however, appeals pri-

marily to the discerning mind and the artist's eye. Ordinarily it clashes too hard with the conventional idea of a photograph. The unusual is to many the unmeaning. It is this fact that comes in frequently to depress and discourage the artist. Often he hesitates to seize with his camera what he sees in a face, because conscious that it will not be understood. He shrinks from putting before subjects something which means a great deal to him but will mean nothing to them. The real reward in his work lies in his ability to produce that which is an inspiration to those who, like himself, are seeking independently to do sincere, truthful work, rich in a value of its own.



WHEN the great wars of the Spanish Succession had been brought to an end by the Treaty of Utrecht, the vast number of privateers which had been fitted out by the contending parties found their occupation gone. Some took to the more peaceful but less lucrative ways of ordinary commerce, others were absorbed into the fishing fleets, and a few of the more reckless hoisted the Jolly Rodger at the mizzen and the bloody flag at the main, declaring a private war upon their own account against the whole human race. With mixed crews, recruited from every nation, they scoured the seas, disappearing occasionally to careen in some lonely inlet, or putting in for a debauch at some outlying port, where they dazzled the inhabitants by their lavishness and horrified them by their brutalities.

On the Coromandel Coast, at Madagascar, in the African waters, and above all in the West Indian and American seas, the pirates were a constant menace. With an insolent luxury they would regulate their depredations by the comfort of the seasons, harrying New England in the summer and dropping south again to the tropical islands in the winter. They were the more to be dreaded because they had none of that discipline and restraint which made their predecessors, the Buccaneers, both formidable and respectable. These Ishmaels of the sea rendered an account to no man, and treated their prisoners according to the drunken whim of the mo-

ment. Flashes of grotesque generosity alternated with longer stretches of inconceivable ferocity, and the skipper who fell into their hands might find himself dismissed with his cargo, or might sit at his cabin table with his own nose and his lips served up with pepper and salt in front of him. It took a stout seaman in those days to ply his calling in the Caribbean Gulf.

Such a man was Captain John Scarrow, of the ship "Morning Star," and yet he breathed a long sigh of relief when he heard the splash of the falling anchor and swung at his moorings within a hundred yards of the guns of the citadel of Basseterre. St. Kitts was his final port of call, and early next morning his bowsprit would be pointed for Old England. He had had enough of those robber-haunted seas. Ever since he had left Maracaibo upon the Main, with his full lading of sugar and red pepper, he had winced at every topsail which glimmered over the violet edge of the tropical sea. He had coasted up the Windward Islands, touching here and there and assailed continually by stories of villainy and outrage.

Captain Sharkey, of the 20-gun pirate barque "Happy Delivery," had passed down the coast, and had littered it with gutted vessels and with murdered men. Dreadful anecdotes were current of his grim pleasantries and of his inflexible ferocity. From the Bahamas to the Main his coal-black barque, with the ambiguous name, had been freighted with death, and many things which are worse than death.

So nervous was Captain Scarrow, with his new full-rigged ship and her full and valuable lading, that he struck out to the west as far as Bird's Island to be out of the usual track of commerce. And yet even in those solitary waters he had been unable to shake off sinister traces of Captain Sharkey.

One morning they had passed a single skiff adrift upon the face of the ocean. Its only occupant was a delirious seaman, who yelled hoarsely as they hoisted him aboard, and showed a dried-up tongue like a black and wrinkled fungus at the back of his mouth. Water and nursing soon transformed him into the strongest and smartest sailor on the ship. He was from Marblehead, in New England, it seems, and was the sole survivor of a schooner which had been scuttled by the dreadful Sharkey.

For a week Hiram Evanson, for that was his name, had been adrift beneath a tropical sun. Sharkey had ordered the mangled remains of his late captain to be thrown into the boat, "as provisions for the voyage," but the seaman had at once committed it to the deep, lest the temptation should be more than he could bear. He had lived upon his own huge frame until at the last moment the "Morning Star" had found him in that madness

which is the precursor of such a death. It was no bad find for Captain Scarrow, for, with a shorthanded crew, such a seaman as this big New Englander was a prize worth having. He vowed that he was the only man whom Captain Sharkey had ever placed under an obligation.

Now that they lay under the guns of Basseterre, all danger from the pirate was at an end, and yet the thought of him lay heavily upon the seaman's mind as he watched the agent's boat shooting out from the custom-house quay.

"I'll lay you a wager, Morgan," said he to the first mate, "that the agent will speak of Sharkey in the first hundred words that pass his lips."

"Well, Captain, I'll have you a silver dollar, and chance it," said the rough old Bristol man beside him.

The negro rowers shot the boat alongside, and the linen-clad steersman sprang up the ladder.

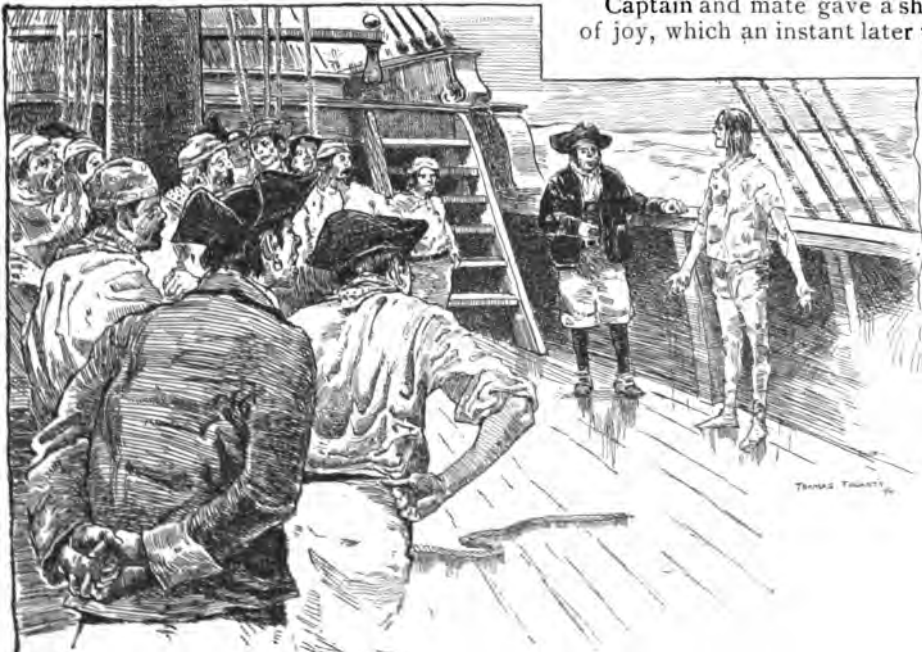
"Welcome, Captain Scarrow," he cried. "Have you heard about Sharkey?"

The captain grinned at the mate.

"What devilry has he been up to now?" he asked.

"Devilry! You've not heard, then! Why, we've got him safe under lock and key here at Basseterre. He was tried last Wednesday, and he is to be hanged to-morrow morning."

Captain and mate gave a shout of joy, which an instant later was



RECEPTION OF HIRAM EVANSON ABOARD THE "MORNING STAR."

taken up by the crew. Discipline was forgotten as they scrambled up through the break of the poop to hear the news. The New Englander was in the front of them with a radiant face turned up to heaven, for he came of the Puritan stock.

"Sharkey to be hanged!" he cried. "You don't know, Master Agent, if they lack a hangman, do you?"

"Stand back!" cried the mate, whose outraged sense of discipline was even stronger than his interest at the news. "I'll pay that dollar, Captain Scarrow, with the lightest heart that ever I paid a wager yet. How came the villain to be taken?"

"Why, as to that, he became more than his own comrades could abide, and they took such a horror of him that they would not have him on the ship. So they marooned him upon the Little Mangles to the south of the Mysteriosa bank, and there he was found by a Portobello trader, who brought him in. There was talk of sending him to Jamaica to be tried, but our good little Governor, Sir Charles Ewan, would not hear of it. 'He's my meat,' said he, 'and I claim the cooking of it.' If you can stay till to-morrow morning at ten, you'll see the joint swinging."

"I wish I could," said the captain wistfully, "but I am sadly behind time now. I should start with the evening tide."

"That you can't do," said the agent with decision. "The Governor is going back with you."

"The Governor!"

"Yes. He's had a despatch from Government to return without delay. The fly-boat that brought it has gone on to Virginia. So Sir Charles has been waiting for you, as I told him you were due before the rains."

"Well, well!" cried the captain, in some perplexity; "I'm a plain seaman, and I don't know much of governors and baronets and their ways. I don't remember that I ever so much as spoke to one. But if it's in King George's service, and he asks a cast in the 'Morning Star' as far as London, I'll do what I can for him. There's my own cabin he can have and welcome. As to the cooking, it's lobsouse and salmagundi six days in the week; but he can bring his own cook aboard with him if he thinks our galley too rough for his taste."

"You need not trouble your mind, Captain Scarrow," said the agent. "Sir Charles is in weak health just now, only clear of a quartan ague, and it is likely

that he will keep his cabin most of the voyage. Dr. Larousse said that he would have sunk had the hanging of Sharkey not put fresh life into him. He has a great spirit in him though, and you must not blame him if he is somewhat short in his speech."

"He may say what he likes and do what he likes so long as he does not come athwart my hawse when I am working the ship," said the captain. "He is Governor of St. Kitts, but I am governor of the 'Morning Star.' And by his leave I must weigh with the first tide, for I owe a duty to my employer, just as he does to King George."

"He can scarce be ready to-night, for he has many things to set in order before he leaves."

"The early morning tide, then."

"Very good. I shall send his things aboard to-night, and he will follow them to-morrow early if I can prevail upon him to leave St. Kitts without seeing Sharkey do the rogue's hornpipe. His own orders were instant, so it may be that he will come at once. It is likely that Dr. Larousse may attend him upon the journey."

Left to themselves the captain and mate made the best preparations which they could for their illustrious passenger. The largest cabin was turned out and adorned in his honor, and orders were given by which barrels of fruit and some cases of wine should be brought off to vary the plain food of an ocean-going trader. In the evening the Governor's baggage began to arrive, great iron-bound ant-proof trunks, and official tin packing cases, with other strange-shaped packages, which suggested the cocked hat or the sword within. And then there came a note, with a heraldic device upon the big red seal, to say that Sir Charles Ewan made his compliments to Captain Scarrow, and that he hoped to be with him in the morning as early as his duties and his infirmities would permit.

He was as good as his word, for the first gray of dawn had hardly begun to deepen into pink when he was brought alongside, and climbed with some difficulty up the ladder. The captain had heard that the Governor was an eccentric, but he was hardly prepared for the curious figure who came limping feebly down his quarter-deck, his steps supported by a thick bamboo cane. He wore a Ramillies wig, all twisted into little tails like a poodle's coat, and cut so low across the brow that the large green glasses which covered his eyes looked as if they were hung from it. A

fierce beak of a nose, very long and very thin, cut the air in front of him. His ague had caused him to swathe his throat and chin with a broad linen cravat, and he wore a loose damask powdering gown secured by a cord round the waist. As he advanced he carried his masterful nose high in the air, but his head turned slowly from side to side in the helpless manner of the purlind, and he called in a high, querulous voice for the captain.

"You have my things?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir Charles."

"Have you wine aboard?"

"I have ordered five cases, sir."

"And tobacco?"

"There is a keg of Trinidado."

"You play a hand at piquet?"

"Passably well, sir."

"Then up anchor, and to sea!"

There was a fresh westerly wind, so by the time the sun was fairly through the morning haze, the ship was hull down from the islands. The decrepit Governor still limped the deck, with one guiding hand upon the quarter rail.

"You are on Government service now, captain," said he. "They are counting the days till I come to Westminster, I promise you. Have you all that she will carry?"

"Every inch, Sir Charles."

"Keep her so if you blow the sails out of her. I fear, Captain Scarrow, that you will find a blind and broken man a poor companion for your voyage."

"I am honored in enjoying your excellency's society," said the captain. "But I am sorry that your eyes should be so afflicted."

"Yes, indeed. It is the cursed glare of the sun on the white streets of Basseterre, which has gone far to burn them out."

"I had heard also that you had been plagued by a quartan ague."

"Yes; I have had a pyrexia, which has reduced me much."

"We had set aside a cabin for your surgeon."

"Ah, the rascal! There was no budging him, for he has a snug business amongst the merchants. But hark!"

He raised his ring-covered hand in the air. From far astern there came the low, deep thunder of cannon.

"It is from the island!" cried the captain in astonishment; "can it be a signal for us to put back?"

The Governor laughed.

"You have heard that Sharkey, the pirate, is to be hanged this morning. I ordered batteries to salute when the rascal

was kicking his last, so that I might know of it out at sea. There's an end of Sharkey!"

"There's an end of Sharkey!" cried the captain, and the crew took up the cry as they gathered in little knots upon the deck and stared back at the low purple line of the vanishing land.

It was a cheering omen for their start across the Western Ocean, and the invalid Governor found himself a popular man on board, for it was generally understood that, but for his insistence upon an immediate trial and sentence, the villain might have played upon some more venal judge and so escaped. At dinner that day Sir Charles gave many anecdotes of the deceased pirate, and so affable was he, and so skilful in adapting his conversation to men of lower degree, that captain, mate, and governor smoked their long pipes and drank their claret as three good comrades should.

"And what figure did Sharkey cut in the dock?" asked the captain.

"He is a man of some presence," said the Governor.

"I had always understood that he was an ugly, sneering devil," remarked the mate.

"Well, I daresay he could look ugly upon occasions," said the Governor.

"I have heard a New Bedford whaler say that he could not forget his eyes," said Captain Scarrow. "They were of the lightest filmy blue, with red-rimmed lids. Was that not so, Sir Charles?"

"Alas, my own eyes will not permit me to know much of those of others! But I remember now that the Adjutant-General said that he had such an eye as you describe, and added that the jury were so foolish as to be visibly discomposed when it was turned upon them. It is well for them that he is dead, for he was a man who would never forget an injury, and if he had laid hands upon any one of them he would have stuffed him with straw and hung him for a figure-head."

The idea seemed to amuse the Governor, for he broke suddenly into a high, neighing laugh, and the two seamen laughed also, but not so heartily, for they remembered that Sharkey was not the last pirate who sailed the western seas, and that as grotesque a fate might come to be their own. Another bottle was broached to drink to a pleasant voyage, and the Governor would drink just one other on the top of it, so that the seamen were glad at last to stagger off—the one to his watch and the other to



"THE CAPTAIN WAS HARDLY PREPARED FOR THE CURIOUS FIGURE WHO CAME LIMPING DOWN HIS QUARTER-DECK."



"HE CRACKED IT ONCE OVER THE HEAD OF THE CARPENTER."

his bunk. But when after his four hours' spell the mate came down again, he was amazed to see the Governor in his Ramillies wig, his glasses, and his powdering gown still seated sedately at the lonely table with his reeking pipe and six black bottles in front of him. "I have seen the Governor of St. Kitts when he was sick," said he, "and God forbid that I should ever try to keep pace with him when he is well."

The voyage of the "Morning Star" was a successful one, and in about three weeks she was at the mouth of the British Channel. From the first day the infirm Governor had begun to recover his strength, and before they were half-way across the Atlantic he was, save only for his eyes, as well as any man upon the ship. Those who uphold the nourishing qualities of wine might point to him in triumph, for never a night passed that he did not repeat the performance of his first one. And yet he would be out upon deck in the early morning as fresh and brisk as the best of them, peering about with his weak eyes, and asking questions about the sails and the rigging, for he was anxious to learn the ways of the sea. And he made up for the deficiency of his eyes by obtaining leave from the captain that the New England seaman—he who had been cast away in the boat—should lead him about, and above all that he should sit beside him when he played cards and count the num-

ber of the pips, for unaided he could not tell the king from the knave. It was natural that this Evanson should do the Governor willing service, since the one was the victim of the vile Sharkey and the other was his avenger. One could see that it was a pleasure to the big American to lend his arm to the invalid, and at night he would stand with all respect behind his chair in the cabin and lay his great stubnailed forefinger upon the card that he should play. Between them there was little in the pockets either of Captain Scarrow or of Morgan, the first mate, by the time they sighted the Lizard.

And it was not long before they found that all they had heard of the high temper of Sir Charles Ewan fell short of the mark. At a sign of opposition or a word of argument his chin would shoot out from his cravat, his masterful nose would be cocked at a higher and more insolent angle, and his bamboo cane would whistle up over his shoulder. He cracked it once over the head of the carpenter when the man had accidentally jostled him upon the deck. Once, too, when there was some grumbling and talk of a mutiny over the state of the provisions, he was of opinion that they should not wait for the dogs to rise, but that they should march forward and set upon them until they had trounced the devilment out of them. "Give me a knife and a bucket," he cried with an oath, and could hardly be withheld from setting forth alone to deal with the spokesman of the seamen. Captain Scarrow had to remind him that, though he might be only answerable to himself at St. Kitts, killing became murder upon the high seas. In politics he was, as became his official position, a stout prop of the house of Hanover, and he swore in his cups that he had never met a Jacobite without pistoling him where he stood. Yet for all his vamping and his violence he was so good a companion, with such a stream of strange anecdote and reminiscence, that Scarrow and Morgan had never known a voyage pass so pleasantly.

And then finally came the last day, when, after passing the Island, they had struck land again at the high white cliffs at Beachy Head. As evening fell the ship lay rolling in an oily calm, a league out from Winchelsea, with the long dark snout of

Dungeness jutting out in front of her. Next morning they would pick up their pilot at the Foreland, and Sir Charles might meet the king's ministers at Westminster before the evening. The boatswain had the watch, and the three friends were met for a last turn of cards in the cabin, the faithful American still serving as eyes to the Governor. There was a good stake upon the table, for the sailors had tried on this last night to win their losses back from their passenger. Suddenly he threw his cards down, and swept all the money into the pocket of his long-flapped silken waistcoat.

"The game's mine!" said he.

"Heh, Sir Charles, not so fast!" cried Captain Scarrow; "you have not played out the hand, and we are not the losers."

"Sink you for a liar," said the Governor. "I tell you that I *have* played out, the hand, and that you *are* a loser." He

whipped off his wig and his glasses as he spoke, and there was a high bald forehead, and a pair of shifty blue eyes with the red rims of a bull terrier.

"Wonder!" cried the mate. "It's Sharkey!"

The two sailors sprang from their seats, but the big American castaway had put his huge back against the cabin door, and he held a pistol in each of his hands. The passenger had also laid a pistol upon the scattered cards in front of him, and he burst into his high, neighing laugh.

"Captain Sharkey is the name, gentlemen," said he, "and this is Roaring Ned Galloway, the quartermaster of the 'Happy Delivery.' We made it hot—mighty hot—and so they marooned us, me on a Dry Tortuga cay, and him in an oarless boat. You dogs—you poor, fond, water-hearted dogs—we hold you at the end of our pistols."



"THE BIG AMERICAN HAD PUT HIS HUGE BACK AGAINST THE CABIN DOOR, AND HE HELD A PISTOL IN EACH OF HIS HANDS."



"AT THAT MOMENT THE DINGHY SHOT INTO THE SHADOW OF THE FISHING-BOAT."

"You may shoot, or you may not," cried Scarrow, striking his hand upon the breast of his frieze jacket. "If it's my last breath, Sharkey, I tell you that you are a bloody rogue and miscreant, with a halter and hell fire in store for you."

"There's a man of spirit, and one of my own kidney, and he's going to make a very pretty death of it," cried Sharkey. "There's no one aft save the man at the wheel; so you may keep your breath, for you'll need it soon. Is the dinghy astern, Ned?"

"Aye, aye, captain."

"And the other boats scuttled?"

"I bored them all in three places."

"Then we shall have to leave you, Captain Scarrow. You look as if you hadn't quite got your bearings yet. Is there anything you'd like to ask me?"

"I believe you are the devil himself," cried the captain. "Where is the Governor of St. Kitts?"

"When last I saw him his excellency was in bed with his throat cut. When I broke prison I learned from my friends—for Captain Sharkey has those who love

him in every port—that the Governor was starting for Europe under a master who had never seen him. I climbed his veranda, and I paid him the little debt that I owed him. Then I came aboard you with such of his things as I had need of, and a pair of glasses to hide these tell-tale eyes of mine, and I have ruffled it as a governor should. Now, Ned, you can get to work upon them."

"Help! Help! Watch, ahoy!" yelled the mate; but the butt of the pirate's pistol crashed down on to his head, and he dropped like a pithed ox. Scarrow rushed for the door, but the sentinel clapped his hand over his mouth, and threw his other arm round his waist.

"No use, Master Scarrow," said Sharkey. "Let us see you go down on your knees and beg for your life."

"Never!" cried Scarrow, shaking his mouth clear.

"Twist his arm round, Ned. Now will you?"

"No; not if you twist it off."

"Put an inch of your knife into him."

"You may put six inches, and then I won't."

"Sink me, but I like his spirit!" cried Sharkey. "Put your knife in your pocket, Ned. You've saved your skin, Scarrow. It's a pity so stout a man should not take to the only trade where a pretty fellow can pick up a living. Tie him up, Ned."

"To the stove, captain?"

"Tut, tut! there's a fire in the stove. Make him fast to the table."

"Nay, I thought you meant to roast him!" said the quartermaster. "You surely do not mean to let him go?"

"If you and I were marooned on a Bahama cay, Ned Galloway, it is still for me to command and for you to obey. Sink you for a villain, do you dare to question my orders?"

"Nay, nay, Captain Sharkey; not so hot, sir!" said the quartermaster, and lifting Scarrow like a child, he laid him on the table. With the quick dexterity of a seaman, he tied his spread-eagled hands and feet with a rope which was passed underneath, and gagged him securely with the long cravat which used to adorn the chin of the Governor of St. Kitts.

"Now, Captain Scarrow, we must take our leave of you," said the pirate. "If I had half a dozen of my brisk boys at my

heels I would have had your cargo and your ship, but Roaring Ned could not find a foremast hand with the spirit of a mouse."

Captain Scarrow heard the key turn in the lock as they left the cabin. Then as he strained at his bonds he heard their footsteps pass up the companion and along the quarterdeck to where the dinghy hung in the stern. Then, still struggling and writhing, he heard the creak of the falls and the splash of the boat in the water. In a mad fury he tore and dragged at his ropes, until at last, with flayed wrists and ankles, he rolled from the table, kicked his way through the closed door, and rushed on to the deck.

"Ahoy! Peterson, Armitage, Wilson!" he screamed. "Cutlasses and pistols! Clear away the long boat! Clear away the gig! Sharkey, the pirate, is in yonder dinghy. Whistle up the larboard watch, bo'sun, and tumble into the boats, all hands."

Down splashed the long boat and down splashed the gig, but in an instant the coxswains and crews were swarming up the

falls on to the deck once more. "The boats are scuttled," they cried. "They are leaking like a sieve."

The captain gave a bitter curse. He had been beaten and outwitted at every point. Above was a cloudless starlit sky, with neither wind nor the promise of it. The sails flapped idly in the moonlight. Far away lay a fishing-smack, with the men clustering over their net.

Close to them was the little dinghy, dipping and lifting over the shining swell.

"They are dead men," cried the captain. "A shout, all together, boys! to warn them of their danger."

But it was too late.

At that very moment the dinghy shot into the shadow of the fishing-boat. There were two rapid pistol shots, a scream, and then another pistol shot, followed by silence. The clustering fishermen had disappeared. And then suddenly, as the first puffs of a land breeze came out from the Sussex shore, the boom swung out, the mainsail filled, and the little craft crept out with her nose to the Atlantic.

MAY.

BY MRS. T. H. HUXLEY.

I.

LISTEN, a spirit is singing
Over the earth;
A new birth
Of beauty she carols, swift bringing
Verdure for field, blooms for the bower.
Life's great heart throbs with stronger
beats,
Loveliness grows from hour to hour
In color upon earth and sky,
Hope fills each breast, we know not why;
The joyousness of May entreats.

II.

Clear sounds from tree to tree
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Into her shoe
The maiden looks to see
Thread of hair, black, brown, or gold;
Keen her gaze by hope possessed,
As though her fate she could unfold,
And by the rustic spell discover
If dark or fair shall be her lover—
Doubtful knowledge, mystic quest.

III.

Orchards are white with foam of snow;
May has come;
You may hear the hum
Of the bee in the blossoms to and fro;
A wealth of flowers! The golden tress
Of laburnum hangs o'er the garden wall;
There sings the thrush with loving stress
From a bush of lilac. Gay wall-flowers
Blazon the corners by leafy bowers.
Drink deep, that your soul may life's May
recall.

IV.

To doubting hearts, sweet May,
Sing, "Joy is duty,
Garner beauty,
Store for the future, for delight
And warmth against the chilly day,
November's, with the lengthening night.
Joy's glories, flaming to the end,
As northern lights with darkness blend,
Stream through your hearts when old and
gray,
And beautify them till the last pulse play."

THE CAPTURE, DEATH, AND BURIAL OF J. WILKES BOOTH.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE, AND DEATH AND BURIAL OF THE ASSASSIN OF LINCOLN, NOW FIRST TOLD FROM THE PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF COLONEL L. C. BAKER AND LIEUTENANT L. B. BAKER, WHO DIRECTED THE PURSUIT AND DISPOSED OF BOOTH'S BODY.

[THE final capture of John Wilkes Booth, the murderer of President Lincoln, has been generally credited to Lieutenant E. P. Doherty and a squad of cavalry under his command. Morse, in his "Abraham Lincoln," says: "Late on April 25, a squad of cavalry traced Booth to a barn in Virginia," etc. Nicolay and Hay, in their history, say: "On the night of the 25th of April, a party under Lieutenant E. P. Doherty arrested, in his bed at Bowling Green, William Jett, one of the Confederate soldiers mentioned above, and forced him to guide them to Garrett's barn." Lieutenant Doherty has also given himself the credit of the capture in an article in "The Century Magazine" for January, 1890. The truth is that Lieutenant Doherty and his command were simply an escort furnished to a detective who had been employed by Secretary Stanton to find the murderer of the President. This detective was Colonel L. C. Baker. He had as aids Lieutenant L. B. Baker and Lieutenant-Colonel E. J. Conger. They had become convinced that Booth must be near a certain point, and asked an escort in their search. This escort was directly under Colonel Baker and his lieutenants, and had nothing whatever to do but obey their orders, which it undoubtedly did. The confusion in the story, which has crept into the best histories, has induced Mr. Ray S. Baker of Chicago, a cousin of Colonel Baker and a nephew of Lieutenant L. B. Baker, to prepare an exact account of the pursuit and capture. He has used in preparing his article the private papers and reminiscences of his cousin and uncle, the records of the War Department, the newspapers of the day, and the printed reports of the trial of Booth's accomplices. We believe that his article is not only historically accurate, but that it gives a vivid description of this remarkable transaction such as would be impossible save from one who had received his information first-hand from one of the leading actors in it.—IDA M. TARBELL.]

PRESIDENT LINCOLN was shot a few minutes after ten o'clock, Friday evening, April 14, 1865.

The conspirators could not have chosen a more favorable occasion for their bloody work. Washington and the North were in a paroxysm of rejoicing over the surrender of Lee and the close of a long and bloody war. The rigor of military restrictions was in some degree relaxed, and the highways of travel north and south were rapidly opening. Everywhere the air was filled with the spirit of disorganization consequent on the mustering out of armed men and the return of the soldier to his plow-handle. Even the President of the United States, weary of tedious cabinet meetings, had laid aside his arduous duties on that fateful Friday evening, to seek much needed rest at the theater.

No doubt Booth and his accomplices were conscious of this general relaxation, and calculated on it to assist them in their escape when the plotted deed in Washington was done. Certain it is that if the military cordon had been drawn as closely as it was while active hostilities were in progress, the chief assassin and his assistant never would have thundered past the sentinel on the navy-yard bridge and escaped into the yet hostile South. And compelled to remain within the confines of Washington, their capture by the police doubtless would have been a question of only a few hours.

As soon as the news of the assassination reached the War Department, thousands of soldiers, policemen, and detectives were despatched to guard every possible avenue of escape, with orders to arrest every per-

son who sought under any pretext to leave Washington. The Navy Department sent numberless tugs, steamers, and even ships of war to patrol the Potomac, in the hope of preventing the flight of the assassins by boat. Before the morning of the 15th the lines were so thoroughly established that the shrewdest spy would have found difficulty in creeping through them without being captured. But at that late hour it was all to no purpose; Booth was miles away.

In this emergency, Secretary of War Stanton turned to the national secret service bureau, a branch of the department which was under his immediate direction and control. Colonel Lafayette C. Baker (afterwards General), its chief, was in New York city making plans for the capture of a band of bounty-jumpers then operating in the North. Mr. Stanton telegraphed him in the following words:

April 15, 3:20.

COLONEL L. C. BAKER:

Come here immediately and see if you can find the murderer of the President.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Early the next morning Colonel Baker reached Washington. He was accompanied by his cousin, Lieutenant L. B. Baker, a member of the bureau, who recently had been mustered out of the First District of Columbia cavalry. They went at once to the office of the War Department, and, after a conference with Secretary Stanton, began the search for the murderers of the President.

Up to this time the confusion had been so great that few of the ordinary detective measures for the apprehension of criminals had been employed. No rewards had been offered, little or no attempt had been made to collect and analyze the clues in the furtherance of a systematic search, and the pursuit was wholly without a directing leadership.

Colonel Baker's first step was the publi-

cation over his own name of a handbill offering \$30,000 reward for the capture of the fugitives.* Twenty thousand dollars of this amount was subscribed by the city of Washington, and the other \$10,000 Colonel Baker offered on his own account, as authorized by the War Department. To this handbill minute descriptions of Booth and the unknown person who attempted the assassination of Secretary Seward were appended. Hardly had the bills been posted when the United States Government authorized the publication of additional rewards to the amount of \$100,000

for the capture of Booth, Surratt, and Herold, Surratt at that time being suspected of direct complicity in the assassination.† Three States increased this sum by

* Following is a copy of the reward handbill issued by Colonel Baker—the first to be sent out:

\$30,000 Reward.

Description
of

JOHN WILKES BOOTH,

Who assassinated the
PRESIDENT on the
evening of April 14th,
1865.

Height 5 feet 8 inches; weight 160 pounds; compact build; hair jet black, inclined to curl, medium length, parted behind; eyes black, and heavy eyebrows; wears a large seal ring on little finger; when talking inclines his head forward; looks down.

Description of the person
who attempted to assassinate Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

Height 6 feet 1 inch; hair black, thick, full, and straight; no beard nor appearance of beard; cheeks red on the jaws; face moderately full; 22 or 23 years of age; eyes, color not known—large eyes not prominent; brows not heavy but dark; face not large but rather round; complexion healthy; nose straight and well formed, medium size; lips thin; upper lip protruded when he talked; chin pointed and prominent; head medium size; neck short and of medium length; hands soft and small; fingers tapering; shows no signs of hard labor; broad shoulders; taper waist; straight figure; strong-looking man; manner not gentlemanly, but vulgar. Overcoat double-breasted; color mixed of pink and gray spots, small—was a sack overcoat, pockets inside and one on breast, with lapels or flaps; pants black, common stuff; new heavy boots; voice small and thin, inclined to tenor.

The common council of Washington, D. C., have offered a reward of \$20,000 for the arrest and conviction of these assassins, in addition to which I will pay \$10,000.

L. C. BAKER,
Colonel, and Agent of the War Department.

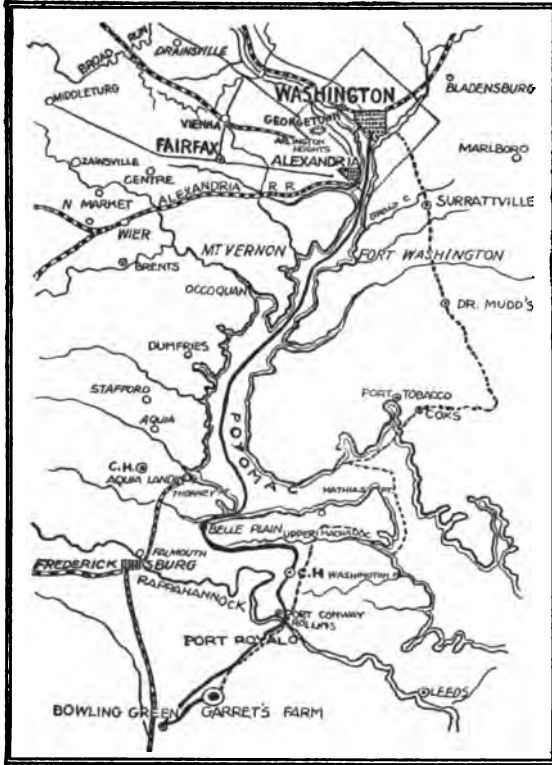
† This was the exact wording of the reward handbills issued by Secretary Stanton and circulated by Colonel Baker:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 20, 1865. \$100,000 reward. The murderer of our late beloved President, Abraham Lincoln, is still at large. \$50,000 reward paid by this department for his apprehension.



LIEUTENANT L. B. BAKER AND HIS HORSE "BUCKSKIN."

From a photograph taken in 1881. This was the horse ridden by Lieutenant Baker in the pursuit of Booth. His body is now mounted and preserved in the Museum of the Michigan Agricultural College.



MAP SHOWING THE COURSE OF BOOTH'S FLIGHT AND LIEUTENANT BAKER'S PURSUIT. THE DOTTED LINE MARKS BOOTH'S COURSE; THE BLACK LINE, BAKER'S.

\$25,000 each, and many individuals and companies, shocked by the awful atrocity of the crime, offered rewards in varying amounts. Fabulous stories were told of the wealth which the assassin's captor would receive, the sums being placed anywhere from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000. This prospect of winning a fortune at once sent hundreds of detectives, recently discharged Union officers and soldiers, and a vast host of mere adventurers—the flotsam of Wash-

any reward offered by municipal authorities or State executives.

\$25,000 reward will be paid for the apprehension of John H. Surratt, one of Booth's accomplices.

\$25,000 reward will be paid for the apprehension of David C. Herold, another of Booth's accomplices.

Liberal rewards will be paid for any information that shall conduce to the arrest of either of the above named criminals or their accomplices.

All persons harboring or secreting the said persons or either of them or aiding or assisting their concealment or escape will be treated as accomplices in the murder of the President and the attempted assassination of the Secretary of State, and shall be held to trial before a military commission and the punishment of death.

Let the stain of innocent blood be removed from the land by the arrest and punishment of the murderers.

All good citizens are exhorted to aid public justice on this occasion. Every man should consider his own conscience charged with this solemn duty, and rest neither night nor day until it is accomplished.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Descriptions:—Booth is 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high, slender

ington—into the field, and the whole of southern Maryland and eastern Virginia was scoured and ransacked until it seemed as if a jack-rabbit could not have escaped. And yet, at the end of ten days, the assassins were still at large.

Booth was accompanied in his flight by a callow, stage-struck youth named David C. Herold, who was bound to the older man by the ties of a marvelous personal magnetism which the actor exercised as a part of his art. Two hours after the assassination the fugitives reached Mrs. Surratt's tavern, where Herold secured a carbine, two flasks of whisky, and a field-glass. They imparted the information with some show of pride that they had just killed the President of the United States. By this time Booth's broken leg had begun to give him excruciating pain, and the two rode without delay to the house of Dr. Mudd, a Southern sympathizer of the most pronounced type. Here the assassin's leg was set and splinted, for lack of better material, with bits of an old cigar-box. Rude crutches were whittled out by a friend of Dr. Mudd's, and on the following day Booth and his deluded follower rode on to the southward.

For more than a week they were hidden in a swamp near Port Tobacco by Samuel Cox and Thomas Brown, both of whom were staunch Confederates. Here they were compelled to kill their horses for fear that a whinny might reveal their presence to their eager pursuers. After many attempts Brown was able to send the fugitives across the river in a little boat, for which Booth paid \$300. Once in Virginia, and among Southerners, Booth felt that they would be safe; but in this supposition he was sorely disappointed. At least one prominent Confederate treated them as murderers and out-

build, high forehead, black hair, black eyes, and wore a heavy black moustache, which there is some reason to believe has been shaved off.

John H. Surratt is about 5 feet 9 inches. Hair rather thin and dark; eyes rather light; no beard. Would weigh 145 or 150 pounds. Complexion rather pale and clear, with color in his cheeks. Wore light clothes of fine quality. Shoulders square, cheek bones rather prominent; chin narrow, ears project at the top; forehead rather low and square but broad. Parts his hair on right side; neck rather long. His lips are firmly set. A slim man.

David C. Herold is 5 feet 6 inches high, hair dark, eyes dark, eyebrows rather heavy, full face, nose short, hands short and fleshy, feet small, instep high, round-bodied, naturally quick and active. Slightly closes his eyes when looking at a person.

Notice. In addition to the above State and other authorities have offered rewards amounting to almost One Hundred Thousand Dollars, making an aggregate of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars.

casts, and they were compelled to accept the help of negroes and to skulk and cower under assumed names.

In beginning his search for the assassins, Colonel Baker proceeded on the theory that Jefferson Davis and the whole Confederate cabinet were involved in the plot, and that Booth, Atzerodt, Payne, Surratt, Herold, and the others were mere tools in the hands of more skilled conspirators. He therefore detailed Lieutenant Baker to procure, for the purpose of future identification, photographs of John H. Surratt, John Wilkes Booth, Jefferson Davis, George N. Sanders, Beverly Tucker, Jacob Thompson, William C.

Cleary, Clement C. Clay, George Harper, George Young, "and others unknown," all of whom were charged with being conspirators.

Later Lieutenant Baker, with half a dozen active men to help him, was sent into lower Maryland to distribute the handbills describing Booth, Herold, and Surratt, and to exhibit the pictures of the fugitives wherever possible. Under instructions from Colonel Baker, they also made a search for clues, but they found themselves harassed and thwarted at every turn by private detectives and soldiers who tried to throw them off the trail in the hope of following it successfully themselves.

On their return to Washington, Lieutenant Baker gave it as his opinion to his

chief that Booth and his companion or companions had not gone south at all, but had taken some other direction, probably toward Philadelphia, where it was known that Booth had several warm friends.

"No, sir," was Colonel Baker's answer, "you are mistaken. There is no place of safety for them on earth except among their friends in the still rebellious South."

Acting on this belief, Colonel Baker sent Theodore Woodall, one of the detectives, into lower Maryland, accompanied by an expert telegrapher named Beckwith, who was to attach his instrument to the wires at any convenient point and report frequently to the headquarters at Washington. These men had been out less than two days when they discovered a voluble



Lieutenant L. B. Baker.

Colonel L. C. Baker.

E. J. Conger.

PLANNING THE PURSUIT OF BOOTH IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SECRET SERVICE BUREAU, WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

From the original photograph, loaned by Mrs. L. B. Baker, Lansing, Michigan.

negro who told them quite promptly that two men answering to the description of Booth and Herold had crossed the Potomac below Port Tobacco on Saturday night (April 22d) in a fishing-boat. This evidence, which had already been spurned by a company of troops, was regarded as of so much importance, that the negro was hurried to Washington by the next boat, where Colonel Baker questioned him closely, afterward showing him a large number of photographs. He at once selected the pictures of Booth and Herold as being the persons whom he had seen in the boat. Colonel Baker decided that the clue was of the first importance, and, after a hurried conference with Secretary Stanton, he sent a request to General Hancock* for a detachment of cavalry to guard his men in the pursuit. Lieutenant Baker was then ordered to the quartermaster department to make arrangements for transportation down the Potomac.† On his return he was informed that he and E. J. Conger, another detective, were to have charge of the party. The three men then held a conference in which the chief fully explained his theory of the whereabouts of Booth and his accomplice.

* Colonel Baker sent the following request to General Hancock:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, April 24th.
MAJOR-GENERAL HANCOCK, United States Army:—

General: I am directed by the Secretary of War to apply to you for a small cavalry force of 25 men, well mounted, to be commanded by a reliable and discreet commissioned officer.

Can you furnish them? And if so, will you please direct the officer commanding the squad to report to me with the men at No. 217 Pennsylvania avenue, opposite Willard's Hotel, at once?

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

L. C. BAKER,
Colonel, and Agent War Department.

Official:

DUNCAN S. WALKER, A. A. General:

Adjutant-General A. R. Sewell sent an order to the commanding officer of the 16th New York cavalry, directing him to detail 25 men "to report at once to Col. L. C. Baker." In compliance with this order Captain J. Schneider commissioned Lieut. E. P. Doherty to undertake the task.

† He returned with the following communication:

ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE,
RIVER TRANSPORTATION, SIXTH STREET WHARF,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 24th.

COL. L. C. BAKER, Agent War Department:

Sir: I have the honor to inform you that I will have a boat ready for you at four P.M. this day.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. S. ALLEN,
Captain, and Assistant Quartermaster.

Half an hour later Lieutenant Edward P. Doherty of the Sixteenth New York cavalry, with twenty-five men, Sergeant Boston Corbett second in command, reported to Colonel Baker for duty. He was directed to go with Lieutenant Baker and Conger wherever they might order, and to protect them to the extent of his ability. Without waiting even to secure

a sufficient supply of rations, Lieutenant Baker and his men galloped down to the Sixth Street dock, where they were hurried on board the government tug "John S. Ide."

It was a little after three o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, April 24th, when the expedition started. Seven hours later the tug reached Belle Plaine landing. At this point there is a sharp bend in the river, and Colonel Baker had advised his men to scour the strip of country stretching between it and the Rappahannock.

On disembarking Baker and Conger rode cautiously ahead into the dark, directing Lieutenant Doherty and his detachment to follow within hailing distance. The country was familiar to both of the

leaders of the expedition, and at the homes of the more prominent Confederates they stopped to make inquiries, assuming the names of well-known blockade-runners and mail-carriers.

"We are being pursued by the Yanks," they said; "and in crossing the river we have become separated from two of our party, one of whom is lame. Have you seen them?"

All night long this kind of work, interspersed with much hard riding, was continued. But although the Confederates invariably expressed their sympathy, it was evident that they knew nothing of the fugitives. At dawn the cavalymen threw off their disguises, and halted an hour for rest and refreshment. Again in their saddles they struck across the country in the direction of Port Conway, a little town on the Rappahannock about twenty-two miles below Fredericksburg. Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon they drew



JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

From a photograph in the Civil War collection of Mr. Robert Coster.

rein near a planter's house half a mile distant from the town, and ordered dinner for the men and feed for the horses. Conger, who was suffering from an old wound, was now nearly exhausted from the long, hot, and dusty ride, and he and all of the other members of the party except Baker and one of the men—a corporal—dropped down at the roadside to rest.

Baker feared that the presence of the searching party might give warning to Booth and his companion should they be hiding anywhere in the neighborhood. He therefore pushed on ahead to the bank of the Rappahannock. Here, dozing in front of his little cottage in the sunshine, Baker found a fisherman-ferryman whose name was Rollins. He asked him if he had seen a lame man cross the river within the past few days. Yes, he had, and there was another man with him. In fact, Rollins said that he had ferried them across the river. Instantly Baker drew out his photographs, and Rollins pointed without the least hesitation to the pictures of Booth and Herold.

"There are the men," he said, nodding his head; "there are the men, only this one"—pointing to Booth's picture—"had no mustache."

It was with a thrill of intense satisfaction that Baker heard these words. He was now positive that he, of all the hundreds of detectives and soldiers who were swarming the country, was on the right trail. But not a moment was to be lost. Even now the objects of their search might be riding far into the land of the rebels. Baker sent the corporal back with orders for Conger and the cavalymen to come up without delay. After he was gone Rollins explained that the two men—who could be none other than Booth and Herold—had hired him to ferry them across the river on the previous afternoon. Just before starting three men had ridden up and greeted the fugitives, afterward accompanying them across the river. In response to close questioning Rollins admitted that he knew the three men well; that they were Major M. B. Ruggles, Cap-

tain Willy Jett, and Lieutenant Bainbridge, who had fought during the war with Mosby's guerrillas.

"Do you know where they went?"—Baker pressed the question.

"Waal," drawled the fisherman, "this Captain Jett has a lady-love over at Bowling Green, and I reckon he went over there."

He further explained that Bowling Green was about fifteen miles to the southwest, and that it had a big hotel which would make a good hiding-place for a wounded man. As the cavalry came up Baker told Rollins that he would have to accompany them as a guide until they reached Bowling Green. To this Rollins objected on the ground that he would incur the hatred of his neighbors, none of whom had favored the Union cause.

"But you might make me your prisoner," he said in his slow drawl; "then I would have to go."

Baker felt the necessity of exercising the greatest energy in the pursuit if the fugitives were to be snatched from the shelter



THE MAN WHO SHOT BOOTH, SERGEANT BOSTON CORBETT, READING HIS BIBLE.

of a hostile country. Rollins's ferryboat was old and shaky, and although the loading was done with the greatest despatch, it took three trips to get the detachment across the river. About sundown the actual march for Bowling Green was begun.

As the horses sweltered up the crooked, sandy road from the river, Baker and Conger, who were riding ahead, saw two horsemen standing as motionless as sentinels on the top of the hill, their dark forms silhouetted in black against the sky. They seemed much interested in the movements of the cavalymen. Baker and Conger at once suspected them of being Booth's friends, who had, in some way, received information of the approach of a searching-party. Baker signaled the horsemen to wait for a parley, but instead of stopping they at once put spurs to their horses and galloped up the road. Conger and Baker gave chase, bent to the necks of their horses and riding at full speed; but just as they were overhauling them, the two horsemen dashed into a blind trail leading from the main road into a dark

pine forest. The pursuers drew rein on their winded horses, and, after consultation, decided not to follow further, but to reach Bowling Green as promptly as possible.

These men, as they afterward learned, were Bainbridge and Herold; and Booth at that moment was less than half a mile away, lying on the grass in front of the Garrett house. Indeed, he saw his pursuers distinctly as they passed his hiding-place, and commented on their dusty and saddle-worn appearance. But they believed him to be in Bowling Green, fifteen miles away, and so they pushed on, leaving behind them the very man they so much desired to see.

It was near midnight when the party clattered into Bowling Green, and with hardly a spoken command, surrounded the dark, rambling old hotel. Baker stepped boldly to the front door, while Conger strode to the rear, from whence came the dismal barking of a dog. Presently a light flickered on the fan-light, and some one opened the door a crack and inquired, in a frightened, feminine voice, what was wanted. Baker thrust his toe inside, flung the door wide open, and was confronted by a woman. At this moment Conger came through from the back way, led by a stammering negro. The woman admitted at once that there was a Confederate cavalryman sleeping in her house, and she promptly pointed out the room. Baker and Conger, candle in hand, at once entered. Captain Jett sat up, staring at them.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We want you," answered Conger; "you took Booth across the river, and you know where he is."

"You are mistaken in your man," he replied, crawling out of bed.

"You lie," roared Conger, springing forward, his pistol clicking close to Jett's head.

By this time the cavalrymen were crowding into the room, and Jett saw the candle-light glinting on their brass buttons and on their drawn revolvers.

"Upon honor as a gentleman," he said, paling, "I will tell you all I know if you will shield me from complicity in the whole matter."

"Yes, if we get Booth," responded Conger.

"Booth is at the Garrett house, three miles this side of Port Conway," he said; "if you came that way you may have frightened him off, for you must have passed the place."

In less than thirty minutes the pursuing party was doubling back over the road by which it had just come, bearing Jett with it as a prisoner. His bridle reins were fastened to the men on each side of him, in the fear that he would make a dash to escape and alarm Booth and Herold.

It was a black night, no moon, no stars, and the dust rose in choking clouds. For two days the men had eaten little and slept less, and they were so worn out that they could hardly sit their jaded horses. And yet they plunged and stumbled onward through the darkness, over fifteen miles of meandering country road, reaching Garrett's farm at half past three o'clock in the morning of April 26th. Like many other Southern places, Garrett's house stood far back from the road, with a bridle gate at the end of a long lane. So exhausted were the cavalymen, that some of them dropped down in the sand where their horses stopped and had to be kicked into wakefulness. Rollins and Jett were placed under guard, and Baker and Conger made a dash up the lane, some of the cavalymen following.

Garrett's house was an old-fashioned Southern mansion, somewhat dilapidated, with a wide, hospitable piazza reaching its full length in front, and barns and tobacco houses looming big and dark apart. Baker leaped from his horse to the steps, and thundered on the door. A moment later a window close at hand was cautiously raised, and a man thrust his head out. Before he could say a word Baker seized him by the arm.

"Open the door; be quick about it."

The old man tremblingly complied, and Baker slipped inside, closing the door behind him. A candle was quickly lighted, and then Baker demanded of Garrett to reveal the hiding-place of the two men who had been staying in his house.

"They're gone to the woods," he said, paling and beginning to tremble.

Baker thrust his revolver into the old man's face.

"Don't tell me that," he said; "they are here."

Conger now came in with young Garrett.

"Don't injure father," said the young man; "I will tell you all about it. The men did go to the woods last evening when some cavalry went by, but they came back and wanted us to take them over to Louisa Court House. We said we could not leave home before morning, if at all. We were becoming suspicious of them, and father told them they could not stay with us."

"Where are they now?" interrupted Baker.

"In the barn; my brother locked them in for fear they would steal the horses. He is now keeping watch in the corn-crib."

It was plain that the Garretts did not know the identity of the men who had been imposing on their hospitality. Consequently, Baker asked no more questions, but taking young Garrett's arm, he made a dash toward the barn. Conger ordered the cavalymen to follow, and formed them in such positions around the barn that no one could escape. By this time the soldiers had found the boy in the crib, and had brought him up with the key. Baker unlocked the door, and told young Garrett that, inasmuch as the two men were his guests, he must go inside and induce them to come out and surrender. The young man objected most vigorously.

"They are armed to the teeth," he faltered; "and they'll shoot me down."

But he appreciated the fact that he was looking into the black mouth of Baker's revolver, and hastily slid through the doorway. There was a sudden rustling of corn-blades, and the sound of voices in low conversation. All around the barn the soldiers were picketed, wrapped in inky blackness and uttering no sound. In the midst of a little circle of candle-light Baker stood at the doorway with drawn revolver. Conger had gone to the rear of the barn. During the heat and excitement of the chase he had assumed command of the cavalymen, somewhat to the umbrage of Lieutenant Doherty, who kept himself in the background during the remainder of the night. Further away, around the house, Garrett's family huddled together trembling and frightened.

Suddenly from the barn a clear, high voice rang out, the voice of the tragedian in his last play.

"You have betrayed me, sir; leave this barn or I will shoot you."

Baker now called to the men in the barn, ordering them to turn over their arms to young Garrett, and to surrender at once.

"If you don't," threatened Baker, "we shall burn the barn, and have a bonfire and a shooting match."

At that Garrett came running to the door and begged to be let out. He said he would do anything he could, but he didn't want to risk his life in the presence of two such desperate men. Baker therefore opened the door, and Garrett came out with a bound. He turned and pointed

to the candle which Baker had been carrying since he left the house.

"Put that out or he will shoot you by its light," he whispered in a frightened voice.

Baker placed the candle on the ground at a little distance from the door so that it would light all the space in front of the barn. Then he called again to Booth to surrender. In a full, clear, ringing voice—a voice that smacked of the stage—Booth replied:

"There is a man here who wishes very much to surrender," and then they heard him say to Herold, "Leave me, will you? Go; I don't want you to stay."

At the door Herold was whimpering: "Let me out; I know nothing of this man in here."

"Bring out your arms and you can come," answered Baker.

Herold denied having any arms, and Booth finally said: "He has no arms; the arms are mine, and I shall keep them."

By this time Herold was praying piteously to be let out. He said he was afraid of being shot, and he begged to be allowed to surrender. Baker opened the door a little, and told him to put out his hands. The moment they appeared Baker seized them, whipped Herold out of the barn, and turned him over to the soldiers.

"You had better come, too," Baker then said to Booth.

"Tell me who you are and what you want of me. It may be that I am being taken by my friends."

"It makes no difference who we are," was the reply. "We know you and we want you. We have fifty well-armed men stationed around this barn. You cannot escape, and we do not wish to kill you."

There was a moment's pause, and then Booth said falteringly:

"Captain, this is a hard case, I swear. I am lame. Give me a chance. Draw up your men twenty yards from here, and I will fight your whole command."

"We are not here to fight," said Baker; "we are here to take you."

Booth then asked for time to consider, and Baker told him that he could have two minutes, no more. Presently he said:

"Captain, I believe you to be a brave and honorable man. I have had half a dozen chances to shoot you. I have a bead drawn on you now—but I do not wish to kill you. Withdraw your men from the door, and I'll go out. Give me this chance for my life. I will not be taken alive."

Even in his deep distress Booth had not

forgotten to be theatrical. If he must die he wished to die at the climax of a highly dramatic situation.

"Your time is up," said Baker firmly; "if you don't come out we shall fire the barn."

"Well, then, my brave boys," came the answer in clear, ringing tones that could be heard by the women who cowered on Garrett's porch, rods away, "you may prepare a stretcher for me." Then, after a slight pause, he added, "One more stain on the glorious old banner."

Conger now came around the corner of the barn and asked Baker if he was ready. Baker nodded, and Conger stepped noiselessly back, drew a handful of corn-blades through a crack in the barn, scratched a match, and in a moment the whole interior of the barn was brilliant with light. Baker opened the door and peered in. Booth had been leaning against the mow, but he now sprang forward, half blinded by the sudden glare of fire, his crutches under his arms and his carbine leveled in the direction of the flames as if he would shoot the man who had set them going. But he could not see into the darkness outside. He hesitated, then reeled forward again. An old table was near at hand. He caught hold of it as though to cast it top down on the fire, but he was not quick enough. Dropping one crutch, he hobbled toward the door. About the middle of the barn he stopped, drew himself up to his full height, and seemed to take in the entire situation. His hat was gone, and his wavy, dark hair was tossed back from his high white forehead; his lips were firmly compressed, and, if he was pale, the ruddy glow of the fire-light concealed that fact. In his full, dark eyes there was an expression of mingled hatred, terror, and the defiance of a tiger hunted to his lair. In one hand he held a carbine, in the other a revolver, and his belt contained another revolver and a bowie-knife. He seemed prepared to fight to the end, no matter what numbers opposed him. By this time the flames in the dry corn-blades had mounted to the rafters of the dingy old building, arching the hunted assassin in a glow of fire more brilliant than the lighting of any theater in which he had ever played. And for once in his life, J. Wilkes Booth was a great actor. He was in the last scene of his last play. The curtain soon would drop.

Suddenly Booth threw aside his remaining crutch, dropped his carbine, raised his revolver, and made a spring for the door.

It was his evident intention to shoot down any one who might bar his way, and make a dash for liberty, fighting as he ran.

There came a shock that sounded above the roar of the flames. Booth leaped in the air and pitched forward on his face. Baker was upon him in an instant, grasping both his arms to prevent the use of the revolver. But this precaution was entirely unnecessary. Booth would struggle no more. Another moment and Conger and the soldiers came rushing in. Baker turned the wounded man over and felt for his heart.

"He must have shot himself," said Conger.

"No," replied Baker; "I saw him every moment after the fire was lighted. The man who did do the shooting goes back to Washington in irons for disobedience of orders."

In the excitement that followed the firing of the barn, Sergeant Boston Corbett,* an eccentric character who had accompanied the cavalry detachment, had stolen up to the side of the barn, placed his revolver to the crack between two boards, and just as Booth was about to spring through the doorway, had fired the fatal shot. He afterward told Lieutenant Baker that he knew Booth's movement meant death either for him (Baker) or for Booth.

Booth's body was caught up and carried out of the barn and laid under an apple-

* Corbett was a most eccentric character. He was born in London, England, in 1832, and came to this country when he was seven years old. He became a hat finisher by trade, wandering about the country from city to city and having no permanent home. While in Boston he joined the Methodist Church, and when he was baptized he took the name of Boston, in honor of the city of his conversion. He enlisted in the Twelfth New York state militia, but was continually in trouble with his superior officers because he persisted in following the dictates of his conscience rather than military orders. One day at dress parade in Franklin Square the colonel commanding found occasion to swear at the regiment for something that displeased him. Corbett at once stepped from the ranks and, with a salute, said: "Colonel, do you know you are breaking God's law?"

At the close of his first period of enlistment as a soldier in the war of the rebellion, he made up his mind that his time expired at midnight on a certain day. He gave due notice that he would leave at that time, but no attention was paid to his vagaries and he was detailed on picket duty. At midnight he left his post and hurried away to make preparations for his departure. He was arrested, court-martialed, and sentenced to be shot for deserting his post in the face of the enemy. But his colonel made an appeal to President Lincoln, who heard the case patiently, inquired into Corbett's general character, and pardoned the man who was to slay his assassin.

After Corbett had shot Booth, and just as day was breaking, he was crossing the lawn in front of Garrett's house. Conger hailed him, and demanded the reason why he had fired against orders. Corbett took the position of a soldier, saluted, and pointed heavenward.

"God Almighty directed me," he said.

"Well," was Conger's answer as he turned away, "I guess He did, or you couldn't have hit Booth through that crack in the barn."

Afterward Corbett said that unless he had fired, Lieutenant Baker, who stood at the door, would have been killed. These were the only excuses that he ever offered for his disobedience of orders.

Years afterward Corbett became insane, and was confined in a Kansas asylum.

tree not far away. Water was dashed in his face, and Baker tried to make him drink, but he seemed unable to swallow. Presently, however, he opened his eyes and seemed to understand the situation. His lips moved, and Baker bent down to hear what he might say.

"Tell mother—tell mother—" he faltered, and then became unconscious again. The flames of the burning barn now grew so intense that it was necessary to remove the dying man to the piazza of the house, where he was laid on a mattress provided by Mrs. Garrett. A cloth wet in brandy was applied to his lips, and under its influence he revived a little. Then he opened his eyes and said with deep bitterness:

"Oh, kill me, kill me quick."

"No, Booth," said Baker, "we don't want you to die. You were shot against orders." Then he was unconscious again for several minutes, and they thought he never would speak again. But his breast heaved, and he acted as if he wished to say something. Baker placed his ear at the dying man's mouth, and Booth faltered:

"Tell mother I died for my country. I did what I thought was best."

With a feeling of pity and tenderness, Baker lifted the limp hand, but it fell back again as if dead at his side. Booth seemed conscious of the movement; he turned his eyes and muttered hopelessly:

"Useless—useless"—and he was dead.

When his collar was removed it was found that the bullet had struck the assassin under the ear, in almost the exact location that his own had struck the President. The great nerve of the spinal column had been severed, resulting in instant paralysis of the entire body below the wound.

About twenty minutes before Booth's death, Conger had started for Washington, taking with him Booth's arms, his diary, and other articles found on his person. While the Garretts were preparing breakfast for the hungry men, Booth's body was wrapped in a saddle blanket and the blanket stoutly sewed together. The body was then placed in an ancient and decrepit market wagon owned by an old colored man, who had been forced into the service somewhat against his will. Without waiting for breakfast, Baker, accompanied by a corporal, set out over the road for Belle Plaine, the negro driving the old horse as rapidly as he could. The cavalry guard was left to follow with Herold and the other prisoners. After crossing the Rappahan-

nock at Rollins's ferry, Baker traveled on for some distance, expecting every moment to see his guard come up. The road did not seem well traveled, and growing anxious, he began to question the negro.

"Dis am all right, massa," was the response. "Ah done gone been long dis yar road many an' many a time befoh de wah, an' ah'm jesh sure dis am de shortes road to Belle Plaine."

Baker sent his orderly back to inform Doherty what road he had taken, and instructing him to come on at once. But no cavalry appeared. They met few teams, and the road grew wilder and more forbidding. Presently straggling bands of men in Confederate uniform appeared, riding dejectedly southward.

"What have you got there?" one of them called out; "a dead Yank?"

"Yes," Baker replied, laughing.

This seemed to satisfy the questioner, and he passed on with a jest.

It had now grown hot and dusty, and Baker feared that Doherty's men had been attacked and routed and that he might be overtaken at any moment, and Booth's body re-captured. He was unnerved with loss of sleep and hunger, having been nearly three days in the saddle without rest. He was alone in an enemy's country, he had lost his way, and the responsibility he had assumed weighed heavily upon him. The old horse was worn out with the rough journey, and it was difficult to get him up the sand-hills with his load. But Baker dared not stop for rest or food.

On one of the hardest hills the king-bolt of the rickety old wagon gave out with a snap; the front of the box dropped down, and Booth's body lurched heavily forward. The big letters "U. S." on the blanket were wet with the assassin's blood, which had also trickled down over the axle and dribbled for miles along the road. The negro driver crawled under the wagon to repair the break, and some of the blood fell on his hand. He sprang back, shrinking in terror.

"Oh," he groaned. "It will neber, neber wash off. It am de blood ob a murderer."

So horrified was he that he tried to leave his burden, wagon, horse, and all, and escape through the woods, but Baker forced him to continue on the journey. After thirty miles of heat and dust, up hill and down, they crept over the top of a sandy knoll, and Baker saw the blessed blue of the Potomac glimmering through

the trees. It was just twilight, and the tinkle of cow-bells came up drowsily from the river-bank. Booth's body, wrapped in blue, was now gray with dust.

Reaching the water's edge, Baker could find no trace of dock or steamer. Sometime during the war the government had changed the landing from its old location known to the negro, to a point nearly a mile further up the river. They could see the "John S. Ide" lying at the wharf, but they had no boat with which to reach it. To shout might bring the marauding enemy sooner than friends. With the help of the negro, Baker bore the body down to the river and hid it under a clump of willows. Securing a promise from the old driver that he would remain and watch faithfully, Baker started back, a distance of over two miles by the road, never sparing his jaded horse until he reached the tug.* Doherty's command was already there. Baker asked the corporal whom he had sent back why he did not return to him, and he said that Doherty would not allow him to.

A small boat from the tug was lowered, and with two of the crew to row, Baker soon reached the upper landing. The negro was found still on watch, faithful to his trust. The body was placed in the boat, and, a few minutes later, it was hoisted to the deck of the "John S. Ide." Baker saw it properly under guard, and then sank in a stupor of sleep on the deck. Three hours later the "John S. Ide" was met by another tug, having on board Colonel L. C. Baker; General T. T. Eckert, Assistant Secretary of War; Surgeon-General Barnes, and others.

On reaching Washington the body was removed to the gunboat "Saugatuck," which lay at anchor in the navy yard,† and there the autopsy and the inquest were held.‡

* The horse which Lieutenant Baker rode bore the name of "Buckskin." He lived to be twenty-nine years of age, dying in 1887 at Lansing, Michigan. His body was presented to the State, was mounted, and is now on exhibition in the museum of the Michigan Agricultural College, near Lansing.

† This is the order which Secretary Stanton gave Colonel Baker:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, *April 26th.*
TO THE COMMANDANT OF THE WASHINGTON NAVY YARD:
Let Colonel Baker come into the Navy Yard wharf and alongside the ironclad, to place one or two prisoners on board.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

‡ Secretary Stanton sent the following order to many of his generals immediately on receiving the news of Booth's capture:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY,
April 27, 1865, 10 A.M.
MAJOR-GENERAL HANCOCK, BRYANTOWN, MD.

Booth and Herold were traced by Baker to Garrett's farm three miles from Port Royal yesterday morning. They were

Conger had brought the news of the capture to Washington many hours before, and every town in the country was ringing with the tidings. The moment the evidences of Booth's death—the diary, two revolvers, the carbine, the belt, and the compass—were placed in Colonel Baker's hands, he carried them to the office of the Secretary of War.

"I rushed into the room," relates Colonel Baker, "and said, 'We have got Booth.' Secretary Stanton was distinguished during the whole war for his coolness, but I never saw such an exhibition of it in my life as at that time. He put his hands over his eyes and lay for nearly a minute without saying a word. Then he got up, put on his coat, and inquired how the capture had come about."

Immediately on his return Lieutenant Baker was called to the office of Secretary Stanton, where he related the story of the capture. Mr. Stanton had Booth's carbine, and when the narrative was finished, he handed it to Baker with the question,

"Are you accustomed to using a carbine? If so, what is the matter with this one? It cannot be discharged."

Baker examined the weapon, and found that a cartridge had slipped out of position so that when the lever was worked it could not be thrown under the hammer. Perhaps it was for this reason that Booth cast it aside in the barn. It was a part of the ill luck that followed the assassin and every one with whom he came in contact from the moment he fired the fatal shot at President Lincoln.

Late in the afternoon of the second day after Booth's body was brought to Washington (April 28th) Colonel Baker received orders to dispose of the body in the way that seemed best to him, so that Booth's Confederate friends might never get it. Taking Lieutenant Baker with him, he started at once for the navy yard, stopping on the way at the old penitentiary prison. They reached the ironclad on which Booth's body reposed just as twilight was deepening into night. The body was sewn again in its bloody winding-sheet and lowered into a small rowboat. Hundreds of people stood watching on the shore, knowing that it was Booth's body, and determined to ascertain what was to be

secreted in a barn. The barn was fired. Booth, in making his escape, was killed and Herold captured. Booth's body and Herold are now here. They crossed the Potomac Saturday night or Sunday night. Their horses were left in the swamp and should be secured; also all persons who aided their concealment.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

done with it. Colonel Baker had brought with him a heavy ball and chain, which he placed in the boat by the side of the body, making no apparent attempt at secrecy. He and Lieutenant Baker stepped into the little craft, and a few strokes of the oars sent it speeding out on the black Potomac in the gathering darkness. It had passed from lip to lip that the body of Booth was to be sunk in the river, and the crowds followed eagerly along the shore until the little rowboat and its occupants disappeared. It was a moonless, starless night, warm with mid-spring. In the distance blinked the lights of the city, vieing with the near illumination of the river craft. For nearly two miles the boat drifted silently. Its occupants spoke no word; there was not even the creak of an oarlock.

At Geeseborough Point the river widens and its shallows grow rank with rushes and marsh weeds. Here the boat was driven toward shore until its speed was quenched in the mud of a little cove. It was the loneliest of lonely spots on the Potomac—the burial ground of worn-out and condemned government horses and mules—a place dreaded alike by white men and negroes. For a time the two officers listened intently to make sure they were not followed. All was quiet on the Potomac. No sounds reached their ears but the strident croak of bull-frogs and the lapping of the water on the sedgy shore.

Presently the boat was turned and pulled slowly back toward the city. The utmost caution was observed to make no sound. They dreaded even the lisping of the oars and the faint lapping of the water at the gunwales. Suddenly against the sky loomed the huge black hulk of the old penitentiary. A few more strokes and the boat reached the base of the grim, forbidding wall. Silently they crept along until they came to a hole let into the solid masonry close to the water's edge. An offi-

cer who stood just inside of the opening, challenged the party in a low voice, and Colonel Baker answered with the countersign.

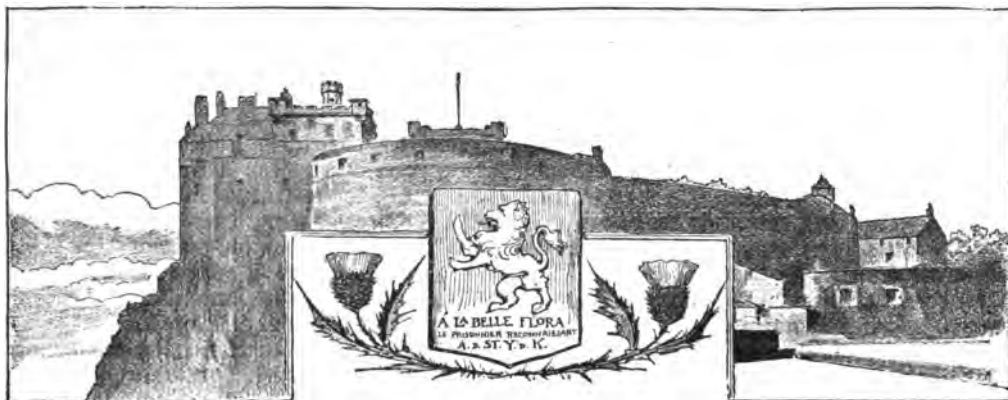
They lifted the body from the boat and carried it through the hole in the masonry into a convict's cell. A huge stone slab, worn with the fretting of many a prisoner, had been lifted up, and under it there was a shallow grave, dug only a few hours before. A dim lantern outlined the damp walls of the cell and emphasized the shadows. Just at midnight Booth's body was lowered into the black hole, the stone slab was replaced over the unhonored grave, and the two officers crept back to their boat and returned to Washington.

It was believed that the body had been sunk in the Potomac, and for days the river was dragged by Booth's friends in the hope of finding it. The newspapers gave circumstantial accounts of the watery burial, and "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly" for May 20, 1865, had a full-page illustration showing Colonel Baker and Lieutenant Baker in the act of slipping the body over the edge of the boat into the river. It was entitled "an authentic sketch."

For several years no one but Colonel Baker, Lieutenant Baker, and two or three other officers knew of the disposition of Booth's body. Indeed, there were rumors, widely credited in certain parts of the country, that Booth never had been captured. Later, however, after the heat and excitement of the time had subsided, permission was given for the removal of the remains to Baltimore, where they now rest.

Before the trial of the conspirators was begun, Lieutenant Baker was again sent into lower Maryland to collect evidence against Booth and his accomplices. He was so far successful as to find the boat in which Booth and Herold crossed the Potomac, and also Booth's opera-glass, hidden near Garrett's house, both of which he took with him to Washington.





ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER—SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Viscount Anne de St. Ives, under the name of Champdivers, while held a prisoner of war in Edinburgh Castle, attracts the attention and sympathy of an aristocratic Scotch maiden, Flora Gilchrist, who, out of curiosity, visits the prisoners, attended by her brother Ronald. On her account St. Ives kills a comrade, Goguelat, in a duel, fought secretly in the night, with the divided blades of a pair of scissors. An officer of the prison, Major Chevenix, with whom St. Ives is in social relations, discovers the secret of the duel and of St. Ives's interest in the young lady; and while at present he respects it, there are intimations that it might be

in safer keeping. St. Ives now receives a mysterious visitor, Daniel Romaine, the solicitor of his rich uncle, the Count de Kéroual. Romaine informs him that his cousin, Alain de St. Ives, who has hitherto been regarded as the uncle's heir, is out of favor, and urges him, if possible, to escape from prison, in order to pay his uncle, now near dying, a visit. Romaine also suggests that, in order to make good his flight, after stealing from the prison, he present himself in the guise of his cousin Alain, whom he closely resembles, to one Burchell Fenn, who may be of help; and on leaving, he puts in his hand a purse of money.

CHAPTER V.

ST. IVES IS SHOWN A HOUSE.

THE lawyer was scarce gone before I remembered many omissions; and chief among these, that I had neglected to get Mr. Burchell Fenn's address. Here was an essential point neglected; and I ran to the head of the stairs to find myself already too late. The lawyer was beyond my view; in the archway that led downward to the castle gate, only the red coat and the bright arms of a sentry glittered in the shadow, and I could but return to my place upon the ramparts.

I am not very sure that I was properly entitled to this corner. But I was a high favorite; not an officer, and scarce a private, in the castle would have turned me back, except upon a thing of moment; and whenever I desired to be solitary, I was

suffered to sit here behind my piece of cannon unmolested. The cliff went down before me almost sheer, but mantled with a thicket of climbing trees. From farther down, an outwork raised its turret; and across the valley I had a view of that long terrace of Princes Street, which serves as a promenade to the fashionable inhabitants of Edinburgh. A singularity in a military prison, that it should command a view on the chief thoroughfare!

It is not necessary that I should trouble you with the train of my reflections, which turned upon the interview I had just concluded and the hopes that were now opening before me. What is more essential, my eye (even while I thought) kept following the movement of the passengers on Princes Street, as they passed briskly to and fro—met, greeted, and bowed to each other—or entered and left the shops, which are in that quarter, and for a town of the

Britannic provinces, particularly fine. My mind being busy upon other things, the course of my eye was the more random; and it chanced that I followed, for some time, the advance of a young gentleman with a red head and a white great-coat, for whom I cared nothing at the moment, and of whom it is probable I shall be gathered to my fathers without learning more. He seemed to have a large acquaintance; his hat was forever in his hand; and I daresay I had already observed him exchanging compliments with half a dozen, when he drew up at last before a young man and a young lady whose tall persons and gallant carriage I thought I recognized.

It was impossible at such a distance that I could be sure, but the thought was sufficient, and I craned out of the embrasure to follow them as long as possible. To think that such emotions, that such a concussion of the blood, may have been inspired by a chance resemblance, and that I may have stood and thrilled there for a total stranger! This distant view, at least, whether of Flora or of some one else, changed in a moment the course of my reflections. It was all very well, and it was highly needful, I should see my uncle; but an uncle, a great-uncle at that, and one whom I had never seen, leaves the imagination cold; and if I were to leave the castle, I might never again have the opportunity of finding Flora. The little impression I had made, even supposing I had made any, how soon it would die out! How soon I should sink to be a phantom memory, with which (in after days) she might amuse a husband and children! No, the impression must be clenched, the wax impressed with the seal, ere I left Edinburgh. And at this the two interests that were now contending in my bosom came together and became one. I wished to see Flora again; and I wished some one to further me in my flight and to get me new clothes. The conclusion was apparent. Except for persons in the garrison itself, with whom it was a point of honor and military duty to retain me captive, I knew, in the whole country of Scotland, these two alone. If it were to be done at all, they must be my helpers. To tell them of my designed escape while I was still in bonds, would be to lay before them a most difficult choice. What they might do in such a case, I could not in the least be sure of, for (the same case arising) I was far from sure what I should do myself. It was plain I must escape first. When the harm was

done, when I was no more than a poor wayside fugitive, I might apply to them with less offence and more security. To this end it became necessary that I should find out where they lived and how to reach it; and feeling a strong confidence that they would soon return to visit me, I prepared a series of baits with which to angle for my information. It will be seen the first was good enough.

Perhaps two days after, Master Ronald put in an appearance by himself. I had no hold upon the boy, and pretermitted my design till I should have laid court to him and engaged his interest. He was prodigiously embarrassed, not having previously addressed me otherwise than by a bow and blushes; and he advanced to me with an air of one stubbornly performing a duty, like a raw soldier under fire. I laid down my carving; greeted him with a good deal of formality, such as I thought he would enjoy; and finding him to remain silent, branched off into narratives of my campaigns such as Goguelat himself might have scrupled to endorse. He visibly thawed and brightened; drew more near to where I sat; forgot his timidity so far as to put many questions; and at last, with another blush, informed me he was himself expecting a commission.

"Well," said I, "they are fine troops, your British troops in the Peninsula. A young gentleman of spirit may well be proud to be engaged at the head of such soldiers."

"I know that," he said; "I think of nothing else. I think shame to be dangling here at home and going through with this foolery of education, while others no older than myself are in the field."

"I cannot blame you," said I. "I have felt the same myself."

"There are—there are no troops, are there, quite so good as ours?" he asked.

"Well," said I, "there is a point about them: they have a defect,—they are not to be trusted in a retreat. I have seen them behave very ill in a retreat."

"I believe that is our national character," he said—God forgive him!—with an air of pride.

"I have seen your national character running away at least, and had the honor to run after it!" rose to my lips, but I was not so ill advised as to give it utterance. Every one should be flattered, but boys and women without stint; and I put in the rest of the afternoon narrating to him tales of British heroism, for which I should not like to engage that they were all true.

"I am quite surprised," he said at last. "People tell you the French are insincere. Now, I think your sincerity is beautiful. I think you have a noble character. I admire you very much. I am very grateful for your kindness to—one so young," and he offered me his hand.

"I shall see you again soon?" said I.

"Oh, now! Yes, very soon," said he. "I—I wish to tell you. I would not let Flora—Miss Gilchrist, I mean—come to-day. I wished to see more of you myself. I trust you are not offended: you know, one should be careful about strangers."

I approved his caution, and he took himself away: leaving me in a mixture of contrarious feelings, part ashamed to have played on one so gullible, part raging that I should have burned so much incense before the vanity of England; yet, in the bottom of my soul, delighted to think I had made a friend—or, at least, begun to make a friend—of Flora's brother.

As I had half expected, both made their appearance the next day. I struck so fine a shade betwixt the pride that is allowed to soldiers and the sorrowful humility that befits a captive, that I declare, as I went to meet them, I might have afforded a subject for a painter. So much was high comedy, I must confess; but so soon as my eyes lighted on her dark face and eloquent eyes, the blood leaped into my cheeks—and that was nature! I thanked them, but not the least with exultation; it was my cue to be mournful, and to take the pair of them as one.

"I have been thinking," I said, "you have been so good to me, both of you, stranger and prisoner as I am, that I have been thinking how I could testify to my gratitude. It may seem a strange subject for a confidence, but there is actually no one here, even of my comrades, that knows me by my name and title. By these I am called plain Champdivers, a name to which I have a right, but not the name which I should bear, and which (but a little while ago) I must hide like a crime. Miss Flora, suffer me to present to you the Vicomte Anne de Kéroural de Saint-Yves, private soldier."

"I knew it!" cried the boy; "I knew he was a noble!"

And I thought the eyes of Miss Flora said the same, but more persuasively. All through this interview she kept them on the ground, or only gave them to me for a moment at a time, and with a serious sweetness.

"You may conceive, my friends, that

this is rather a painful confession," I continued. "To stand here before you, vanquished, a prisoner in a fortress, and take my own name upon my lips, is painful to the proud. And yet I wished that you should know me. Long after this, we may yet hear of one another—perhaps Mr. Gilchrist and myself in the field and from opposing camps—and it would be a pity if we heard and did not recognize."

They were both moved; and began at once to press upon me offers of service, such as to lend me books, get me tobacco if I used it, and the like. This would have been all mighty welcome, before the tunnel was ready. Now it signified no more to me than to offer the transition I required.

"My dear friends," I said—"for you must allow me to call you that, who have no others within so many hundred leagues—perhaps you will think me fanciful and sentimental; and perhaps indeed I am; but there is one service that I would beg of you before all others. You see me set here on the top of this rock in the midst of your city. Even with what liberty I have, I have the opportunity to see a myriad roofs, and I dare to say thirty leagues of sea and land. All this hostile! Under all these roofs my enemies dwell; wherever I see the smoke of a house rising, I must tell myself that some one sits before the chimney and reads with joy of our reverses. Pardon me, dear friends, I know that you must do the same, and I do not grudge at it! With you, it is all different. Show me your house, then, were it only the chimney, or, if it be not visible, the quarter of the town in which it lies! So, when I look about me, I shall be able to say: '*There is one house in which I am not quite unkindly thought of.*'"

Flora stood a moment.

"It is a pretty thought," said she, "and as far as regards Ronald and myself, a true one. Come, I believe I can show you the very smoke out of our chimney."

So saying, she carried me round the battlements towards the opposite or southern side of the fortress, and indeed to a bastion almost immediately overlooking the place of our projected flight. Thence we had a view of some foreshortened suburbs at our feet, and beyond of a green, open, and irregular country rising towards the Pentland Hills. The face of one of these summits (say two leagues from where we stood) is marked with a proces-

sion of white scars. And to this she directed my attention.

"You see these marks?" she said. "We call them the Seven Sisters. Follow a little lower with your eye, and you will see a fold of the hill, the tops of some trees, and a tail of smoke out of the midst of them. That is Swanston Cottage, where my brother and I are living with my aunt. If it gives you pleasure to see it, I am glad. We, too, can see the castle from a corner in the garden, and we go there in the morning often—do we not, Ronald?—and we think of you, M. de St.-Yves; but I am afraid it does not altogether make us glad."

"Mademoiselle!" said I, and indeed my voice was scarce under command, "if you knew how your generous words—how even the sight of you—relieved the horrors of this place, I believe, I hope, I know, you would be glad. I will come here daily and look at that dear chimney and these green hills, and bless you from the heart, and dedicate to you the prayers of this poor sinner. Ah! I do not say they can avail!"

"Who can say that, M. de St.-Yves?" she said, softly. "But I think it is time we should be going."

"High time," said Ronald, whom (to say the truth) I had a little forgotten.

On the way back, as I was laying myself out to recover lost ground with the youth, and to obliterate, if possible, the memory of my last and somewhat too fervent speech, who should come past us but the major? I had to stand aside and salute as he went by, but his eyes appeared entirely occupied with Flora.

"Who is that man?" she asked.

"He is a friend of mine," said I. "I give him lessons in French, and he has been very kind to me."

"He stared," she said,—"I do not say, rudely; but why should he stare?"

"If you do not wish to be stared at, mademoiselle, suffer me to recommend a veil," said I.

She looked at me with what seemed anger. "I tell you the man stared," she said.

And Ronald added: "Oh, I don't think he meant any harm. I suppose he was just surprised to see us walking about with a pr— with M. de St.-Yves."

But the next morning, when I went to Chevenix's rooms, and after I had dutifully corrected his exercise, "I compliment you on your taste," said he to me.

"I beg your pardon?" said I.

"Oh, no, I beg yours," said he. "You understand me perfectly, just as I do you."

I murmured something about enigmas.

"Well, shall I give you the key to the enigma?" said he, leaning back. "That was the young lady whom Goguelat insulted and whom you avenged. I do not blame you. She is a heavenly creature."

"With all my heart, to the last of it," said I. "And to the first also, if it amuses you! You are become so very acute of late that I suppose you must have your own way."

"What is her name?" he asked.

"Now, really!" said I. "Do you think it likely she has told me?"

"I think it certain," said he.

I could not restrain my laughter. "Well, then, do you think it likely I would tell you?" I cried.

"Not a bit," said he. "But come, to our lesson."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ESCAPE.

THE time for our escape drew near, and the nearer it came the less we seemed to enjoy the prospect. There is but one side on which this castle can be left either with dignity or safety; but as there is the main gate and guard, and the chief street of the upper city, it is not to be thought of by escaping prisoners. In all other directions an abominable precipice surrounds it, down the face of which (if anywhere at all) we must regain our liberty. By our concurrent labors in many a dark night, working with the most anxious precautions against noise, we had made out to pierce below the curtain about the southwest corner, in a place they call the "Devil's Elbow." I have never met that celebrity; nor (if the rest of him at all comes up to what they call his elbow) have I the least desire of his acquaintance. From the heel of the masonry, the rascally, breakneck precipice descended sheer among waste lands, scattered suburbs of the city, and houses in the building. I had never the heart to look for any length of time—the thought that I must make the descent in person some fine night robbing me of breath; and, indeed, on anybody not a seaman or a steeple-jack, the mere sight of the Devil's Elbow wrought like an emetic.

I don't know where the rope was got, and doubt if I much cared. It was not that which gravelled me, but whether, now

that we had it, it would serve our turn. Its length, indeed, we made a shift to fathom out; but who was to tell us how that length compared with the way we had to go? Day after day, there would be always some of us stolen out to the Devil's Elbow and making estimates of the descent, whether by a bare guess or the dropping of stones. A private of pioneers remembered the formula for that—or else remembered part of it and obligingly invented the remainder. I had never any real confidence in that formula; and even had we got it from a book, there were difficulties in the way of the application that might have daunted Archimedes. We durst not drop any considerable pebble lest the sentinels should hear, and those that we dropped we could not hear ourselves. We had never a watch—or none that had a second hand; and though every one of us could guess a second to a nicety, all somehow guessed it different. In short, if any two set forth upon this enterprise, they invariably returned with two opinions, and often with a black eye in the bargain. I looked on upon these proceedings, although not without laughter, yet with impatience and disgust. I am one that cannot bear to see things botched or gone upon with ignorance; and the thought that some poor devil was to hazard his bones upon such premises, revolted me. Had I guessed the name of that unhappy first adventurer, my sentiments might have been livelier still.

The designation of this personage was indeed all that remained for us to do; and even in that we had advanced so far that the lot had fallen on Shed B. It had been determined to mingle the bitter and the sweet; and whoever went down first, the whole of his shed-mates were to follow next in order. This caused a good deal of joy in Shed B, and would have caused more if it had not still remained to choose our pioneer. In view of the ambiguity in which we lay as to the length of the rope and the height of the precipice—and that this gentleman was to climb down from fifty to seventy fathoms on a pitchy night, on a rope entirely free, and with not so much as an infant child to steady it at the bottom, a little backwardness was perhaps excusable. But it was, in our case, more than a little. The truth is, we were all womanish fellows about a height; and I have myself been put, more than once, *hors de combat* by a less affair than the rock of Edinburgh Castle.

We discussed it in the dark and between

the passage of the rounds; and it was impossible for any body of men to show a less adventurous spirit. I am sure some of us, and myself first among the number, regretted Goguelat. Some were persuaded it was safe, and could prove the same by argument; but if they had good reasons why some one else should make the trial, they had better still why it should not be themselves. Others, again, condemned the whole idea as insane; among these, as ill-luck would have it, a seaman of the fleet, who was the most dissipating of all. The height, he reminded us, was greater than the tallest ship's mast, the rope entirely free; and he as good as defied the boldest and strongest to succeed. We were relieved from this deadlock by our sergeant-major of dragoons.

"Comrades," said he, "I believe I rank you all; and for that reason, if you really wish it, I will be the first myself. At the same time, you are to consider what the chances are that I may prove to be the last, as well. I am no longer young—I was sixty near a month ago. Since I have been a prisoner, I have made for myself a little *bédaine*. My arms are all gone to fat. And you must promise not to blame me, if I fall and play the devil with the whole thing."

"We cannot hear of such a thing!" said I. "M. Laclas is the oldest man here; and, as such, he should be the very last to offer. It is plain, we must draw lots."

"No," said M. Laclas; "you put something else in my head. There is one here who owes a pretty candle to the others, for they have kept his secret. Besides, the rest of us are only rabble; and he is another affair altogether. Let Champdivers—let the noble go the first."

I confess there was a notable pause before the noble in question got his voice. But there was no room for choice. I had been so ill-advised, when I first joined the regiment, as to take ground on my nobility. I had been often rallied on the matter in the ranks, and had passed under the by-names of "Monseigneur" and the "Marquis." It was now needful I should justify myself and take a fair revenge.

Any little hesitation I may have felt passed entirely unnoticed, from the lucky incident of a round happening at that moment to go by. And during the interval of silence there occurred something that sent my blood to the boil. There was a private in our shed called Clausel, a man of a very ugly disposition. He had made one of the followers of Goguelat; but,

whereas Goguelat had always a kind of monstrous gaiety about him, Clausel was no less morose than he was evil-minded. He was sometimes called "the General," and sometimes by a name too ill-mannered for repetition. As we all sat listening, this man's hand was laid on my shoulder, and his voice whispered in my ear, "If you don't go I'll have you hanged, Marquis!"

As soon as the round was past, "Certainly, gentlemen!" said I. "I will give you a lead, with all the pleasure in the world. But, first of all, there is a hound here to be punished. M. Clausel has just insulted me, and dishonored the French army; and I demand that he run the gauntlet of this shed."

There was but one voice asking what he had done, and, as soon as I had told them, but one voice agreeing to the punishment. The General was, in consequence, extremely roughly handled, and the next day was congratulated by all who saw him on his *new decorations*. It was lucky for us that he was one of the prime movers and believers in our project of escape, or he had certainly revenged himself by a denunciation. As for his feelings towards myself, they appeared, by his looks, to surpass humanity; and I made up my mind to give him a wide berth in the future.

Had I been to go down at that instant, I believe I could have carried it well. But it was already too late—the day was at hand. The rest had still to be summoned. Nor was this the extent of my misfortune; for the next night, and the night after, were adorned with a perfect galaxy of stars, and showed every cat that stirred in a quarter of a mile. During this interval, I have to direct your sympathies on the Vicomte de St.-Yves! All addressed me softly, like folk round a sick-bed. Our Italian corporal, who had got a dozen of oysters from a fishwife, laid them at my feet, as though I were a pagan idol; and I have never since been wholly at my ease in the society of shellfish. He who was the best of our carvers brought me a snuff-box, which he had just completed, and which, while it was yet in hand, he had often declared he would not part with under fifteen dollars. I believe the piece was worth the money, too. And yet the voice stuck in my throat with which I must thank him. I found myself, in a word, to be fed up like a prisoner in a camp of anthropophagi, and honored like the sacrificial bull. And what with these annoyances, and the risky venture immediately ahead, I found my part a trying one to play.

It was a good deal of a relief when the third evening closed about the castle with volumes of sea-fog. The lights of Princes Street sometimes disappeared, sometimes blinked across at us no brighter than the eyes of cats; and five steps from one of the lanterns on the ramparts it was already groping dark. We made haste to lie down. Had our jailors been upon the watch, they must have observed our conversation to die out unusually soon. Yet I doubt if any of us slept. Each lay in his place, tortured at once with the hope of liberty and the fear of a hateful death. The guard call sounded; the hum of the town declined by little and little. On all sides of us, in their different quarters, we could hear the watchmen cry the hours along the street. Often enough, during my stay in England, have I listened to these gruff or broken voices; or, perhaps, gone to my window, when I lay sleepless, and watched the old gentleman cripple by upon the causeway with his cape and his cap, his hanger and his rattle. It was ever a thought with me how differently that cry would reëcho in the chamber of lovers, beside the bed of death, or in the condemned cell. I might be said to hear it that night myself in the condemned cell! At length a fellow with a voice like a bull's began to roar out in the opposite thoroughfare:

"Past yin o'clock, and a dark, haary moarnin'."

At which we were all silently afoot.

As I stole about the battlements towards the—gallows, I was about to write—the sergeant-major, perhaps doubtful of my resolution, kept close by me, and occasionally proffered the most indigestible reassurances in my ear. At last I could bear them no longer.

"Be so obliging as to let me be!" said I. "I am neither a coward nor a fool. What do *you* know of whether the rope be long enough? But I shall know it in ten minutes!"

The good old fellow laughed in his moustache, and patted me.

It was all very well to show the disposition of my temper before a friend alone; before my assembled comrades the thing had to go handsomely. It was then my time to come on the stage; and I hope I took it handsomely.

"Now, gentlemen," said I, "if the rope is ready, here is the criminal!"

The tunnel was cleared, the stake driven, the rope extended. As I moved forward to the place, many of my comrades caught

me by the hand and wrung it, an attention I could well have done without.

"Keep an eye on Clausel!" I whispered to Laclas; and with that, got down on my elbows and knees, took the rope in both hands, and worked myself, feet foremost, through the tunnel. When the earth failed under my feet, I thought my heart would have stopped; and a moment after I was demeaning myself in mid-air like a drunken jumping-jack. I have never been a model of piety, but at this juncture prayers and a cold sweat burst from me simultaneously.

The line was knotted at intervals of eighteen inches; and to the inexpert it may seem as if it should have been even easy to descend. The trouble was, this devil of a piece of rope appeared to be inspired, not with life alone, but with a personal malignity against myself. It turned to the one side, paused for a moment, and then spun me like a toasting-jack to the other; slipped like an eel from the clasp of my feet; kept me all the time in the most outrageous fury of exertion; and dashed me at intervals against the face of the rock. I had no eyes to see with; and I doubt if there was anything to see but darkness. I must occasionally have caught a gasp of breath, but it was quite unconscious. And the whole forces of my mind were so consumed with losing hold and getting it again, that I could scarce have told whether I was going up or coming down.

Of a sudden I knocked against the cliff with such a thump as almost bereft me of my sense; and, as reason twinkled back, I was amazed to find that I was in a state of rest, that the face of the precipice here inclined outwards at an angle which relieved me almost wholly of the burthen of my own weight, and that one of my feet was safely planted on a ledge. I drew one of the sweetest breaths in my experience, hugged myself against the rope, and closed my eyes in a kind of ecstasy of relief. It occurred to me next to see how far I was advanced on my unlucky journey, a point on which I had not a shadow of a guess. I looked up: there was nothing above me but the blackness of the night and the fog. I craned timidly forward and looked down. There, upon a floor of darkness, I beheld a certain pattern of hazy lights, some of them aligned as in thoroughfares, others standing apart as in solitary houses; and before I could well realize it, or had in the least estimated my distance, a wave of nausea and vertigo warned me to lie back and close my eyes. In this situation I had

really but the one wish, and that was something else to think of! Strange to say, I got it: a veil was torn from my mind, and I saw what a fool I was—what fools we had all been—and that I had no business to be thus dangling between earth and heaven by my arms. The only thing to have done was to have attached me to a rope and lowered me, and I had never the wit to see it till that moment!

I filled my lungs, got a good hold on my rope, and once more launched myself on the descent. As it chanced, the worst of the danger was at an end, and I was so fortunate as to be never again exposed to any violent concussion. Soon after I must have passed within a little distance of a bush of wallflower, for the scent of it came over me with that impression of reality which characterizes scents in darkness. This made me a second landmark, the ledge being my first. I began accordingly to compute intervals of time: so much to the ledge, so much again to the wallflower, so much more below. If I were not at the bottom of the rock, I calculated I must be near indeed to the end of the rope, and there was no doubt that I was not far from the end of my own resources. I began to be light-headed and to be tempted to let go,—now arguing that I was certainly arrived within a few feet of the level and could safely risk a fall; anon persuaded I was still close at the top and it was idle to continue longer on the rock. In the midst of which I came to a bearing on plain ground, and had nearly wept aloud. My hands were as good as flayed, my courage entirely exhausted, and what with the long strain and the sudden relief, my limbs shook under me with more than the violence of *ague*, and I was glad to cling to the rope.

But this was no time to give way. I had (by God's single mercy) got myself alive out of that fortress; and now I had to try to get the others, my comrades. There was about a fathom of rope to spare; I got it by the end, and searched the whole ground thoroughly for anything to make it fast to. In vain: the ground was broken and stony, but there grew not there so much as a bush of furze.

"Now then," thought I to myself, "here begins a new lesson, and I believe it will prove richer than the first. I am not strong enough to keep this rope extended. If I do not keep it extended the next man will be dashed against the precipice. There is no reason why he should have my extravagant good luck. I see no reason why he

should not fall—nor any place for him to fall on but my head.”

From where I was now standing there was occasionally visible, as the fog lightened, a lamp in one of the barrack windows, which gave me a measure of the height he had to fall and the horrid force that he must strike me with. What was yet worse, we had agreed to do without signals: every so many minutes by Laclas's watch another man was to be started from the battlements. Now, I had seemed to myself to be about half an hour in my descent, and it seemed near as long again that I waited, straining on the rope, for my next comrade to begin. I began to be afraid that our conspiracy was out, that my friends were all secured, and that I should pass the remainder of the night, and be discovered in the morning, vainly clinging to the rope's end like a hooked fish upon an angle. I could not refrain, at this ridiculous image, from a chuckle of laughter. And the next moment I knew, by the jerking of the rope, that my friend had crawled out of the tunnel and was fairly launched on his descent. It appears it was the sailor who had insisted on succeeding me. As soon as my continued silence had assured him the rope was long enough, Gautier, for that was his name, had forgot his former arguments, and had shown himself so extremely forward, that Laclas had given way. It was like the fellow, who had no harm in him beyond an instinctive selfishness. But he was like to have paid pretty dearly for the privilege. Do as I would, I could not keep the rope as I could have wished it; and he ended at last by falling on me from a height of several yards, so that we both rolled together on the ground. As soon as he could breathe, he cursed me beyond relief, wept over his finger, which he had broken, and cursed me again. I bade him to be still and think shame to himself to be so great a cry-baby. Did he not hear the round going by above? I asked; and who could tell but what the noise of his fall was already remarked and the sentinels at the very moment leaning upon the battlements to listen?

The round, however, went by, and nothing was discovered; the third man came to the ground quite easily; the fourth was, of course, child's play; and before there were ten of us collected, it seemed to me that without the least injustice to my comrades, I might proceed to take care of myself.

I knew their plan: they had a map and

an almanac, and designed for Grangemouth, where they were to steal a ship. Suppose them to do so, I had no idea they were qualified to manage it after it was stolen. Their whole escape, indeed, was the most haphazard thing imaginable; only the impatience of captives and the ignorance of private soldiers would have entertained so misbegotten a device; and though I played the good comrade and worked with them upon the tunnel, but for the lawyer's message, I should have let them go without me. Well, now they were beyond my help, as they had always been beyond my counselling; and without word said or leave taken, I stole out of the little crowd. It is true I would rather have waited to shake hands with Laclas, but in the last man who descended I thought I recognized Clausel, and since the scene in the shed, my distrust of Clausel was perfect. I believed the man to be capable of any infamy, and events have since shown that I was right.

CHAPTER VII.

SWANSTON COTTAGE.

I HAD TWO VIEWS. The first was, naturally, to get clear of Edinburgh Castle and the town, to say nothing of my fellow-prisoners; the second to work to the southward so long as it was night, and be near Swanston Cottage by morning. What I should do there and then, I had no guess, and did not greatly care, being a devotee of a couple of divinities called Chance and Circumstance. Prepare, if possible; where it is impossible, work straight forward, and keep your eyes open and your tongue oiled. Wit and a good exterior—there is all life in a nutshell.

I had at first a rather chequered journey: got involved in gardens, butted into houses, and had once even the misfortune to awake a sleeping family, the father of which, as I suppose, menaced me from the window with a blunderbuss. Altogether, though I had been some time gone from my companions, I was still at no great distance when a miserable accident put a period to the escape. Of a sudden the night was divided by a scream. This was followed by the sound of something falling, and that again by the report of a musket from the castle battlements. It was strange to hear the alarm spread through the city. In the fortress drums were beat and a bell rung backward. On all hands the watch-

men sprang their rattles. Even in that limbo or no man's land where I was wandering, lights were made in the houses; sashes were flung up; I could hear neighboring families converse from window to window, and at length I was challenged myself.

"Wha's that?" cried a big voice.

I could see it proceeded from a big man in a big nightcap, leaning from a one-pair window; and as I was not yet abreast of his house, I judged it was more wise to answer. This was not the first time I had had to stake my fortunes on the goodness of my accent in a foreign tongue; and I have always found the moment inspiring, as a gambler should. Pulling around me a sort of great-coat I had made of my blanket, to cover my sulphur-covered livery,—
"A friend!" said I.

"What like's all this collieshangie?" said he.

I had never heard of a collieshangie in my days, but with the racket all about us in the city, I could have no doubt as to the man's meaning.

"I do not know, sir, really," said I; "but I suppose some of the prisoners will have escaped."

"Bedammed!" says he.

"Oh, sir, they will be soon taken," I replied; "it has been found in time. Good morning, sir!"

"Ye walk late, sir?" he added.

"Oh, surely not," said I, with a laugh. "Earlyish, if you like!" which brought me finally beyond him, highly pleased with my success.

I was now come forth on a good thoroughfare, which led (as well as I could judge) in my direction. It brought me almost immediately through a piece of street, whence I could hear close by the springing of a watchman's rattle, and where I suppose a sixth part of the windows would be open, and the people, in all sorts of night gear, talking with a kind of tragic gusto from one to another. Here, again, I must run the gauntlet of a half-dozen questions, the rattle all the while sounding nearer; but as I was not walking inordinately quick, as I spoke like a gentleman, and the lamps were too dim to show my dress, I carried it off once more. One person, indeed, inquired where I was off to at that hour!

I replied vaguely and cheerfully, and as I escaped at one end of this dangerous pass I could see the watchman's lantern entering by the other. I was now safe on a dark country highway, out of sight of

lights and out of the fear of watchmen. And yet I had not gone above a hundred yards before a fellow made an ugly rush at me from the roadside. I avoided him with a leap and stood on guard, cursing my empty hands, wondering whether I had to do with an officer or a mere footpad, and scarce knowing which to wish. My assailant stood a little; in the thick darkness I could see him bob and sidle as though he were feinting at me for an advantageous onfall. Then he spoke.

"My goo' frien'," says he, and at the first word I pricked my ears, "my goo' frien', will you oblishe me with lil neshary infamation? Whish roa' t' Cramond?"

I laughed out clear and loud, stepped up to the convivialist, took him by the shoulders, and faced him about. "My good friend," said I, "I believe I know what is best for you much better than yourself, and may God forgive you the fright you have given me! There, get you gone to Edinburgh!" And I gave him a shove, which he obeyed with the passive agility of a ball, and disappeared incontinently in the darkness, down the road by which I had myself come.

Once clear of this foolish fellow, I went on again, up a gradual hill, descended on the other side through the houses of a country village, and came at last to the bottom of the main ascent leading to the Pentlands and my destination. I was some way up when the fog began to lighten; a little farther, and I stepped by degrees into a clear starry night, and saw in front of me, and quite distinct, the summits of the Pentlands, and behind, the valley of the Forth and the city of my late captivity buried under a lake of vapor. I had but one encounter—that of a farm-cart, which I heard, from a great way ahead of me, creaking nearer in the night, and which passed me about the point of dawn like a thing seen in a dream, with two silent figures in the inside nodding to the horse's steps. I presume they were asleep; by the shawl about her head and shoulders, one o' them should be a woman. Soon, by concurrent steps, the day began to break and the fog to subside and roll away. The east grew luminous and was barred with chilly colours, and the castle on its rock, and the spires and chimneys of the upper town, took gradual shape, and arose, like islands, out of the receding cloud. All about me was still and sylvan; the road mounting and winding, with nowhere a sign of any passenger, the birds chirping, I suppose for warmth,

the boughs of the trees knocking together, and the red leaves falling in the wind.

It was broad day, but still bitter cold and the sun not up, when I came in view of my destination. A single gable and chimney of the cottage peeped over the shoulder of the hill; not far off, and a trifle higher on the mountain, a tall old whitewashed farmhouse stood among trees, beside a falling brook; beyond were rough hills of pasture. I bethought me that shepherd folk were early risers, and if I were once seen skulking in that neighborhood it might prove the ruin of my prospects; took advantage of a line of hedge, and worked myself up in its shadow till I was come under the garden wall of my friend's house. The cottage was a little quaint place of many rough-cast gables and gray roofs. It had something the air of a rambling infinitesimal cathedral, the body of it rising in the midst two stories high, with a steep-pitched roof, and sending out upon all hands (as it were chapter-houses, chapels, and transepts) one-storied and dwarfish projections. To add to this appearance, it was grotesquely decorated with crockets and gargoyles, ravished from some mediæval church. The place seemed hidden away, being not only concealed in the trees of the garden, but, on the side on which I approached it, buried as high as the eaves by the rising of the ground. About the walls of the garden there went a line of well-grown elms and beeches, the first entirely bare, the last still pretty well covered with red leaves, and the centre was occupied with a thicket of laurel and holly, in which I could see arches cut and paths winding.

I was now within hail of my friends, and not much the better. The house appeared asleep; yet if I attempted to wake any one, I had no guarantee it might not prove either the aunt with the gold eyeglasses (whom I could only remember with trembling), or some ass of a servant-maid who should burst out screaming at sight of me. Higher up I could hear and see a shepherd shouting to his dogs and striding on the rough sides of the mountain, and it was clear I must get to cover without loss of time. No doubt the holly thickets would have proved a very suitable retreat, but there was mounted on the wall a sort of signboard not uncommon in the country of Great Britain, and very damping to the adventurous. *SPRING GUNS AND MAN-TRAPS* was the legend that it bore. I have learned since that these advertisements, three times out of four, were in the nature of

Quaker guns on a disarmed battery, but I had not learned it then, and even so, the odds would not have been good enough. For a choice, I would a hundred times sooner be returned to Edinburgh Castle and my corner in the bastion, than to leave my foot in a steel trap or have to digest the contents of an automatic blunderbuss. There was but one chance left—that Ronald or Flora might be the first to come abroad; and in order to profit by this chance if it occurred, I got me on the cope of the wall in a place where it was screened by the thick branches of a beech, and sat there waiting.

As the day wore on, the sun came very pleasantly out. I had been awake all night. I had undergone the most violent agitations of mind and body, and it is not so much to be wondered at, as it was exceedingly unwise and foolhardy, that I should have dropped into a doze. From this I awakened to the characteristic sound of digging, looked down, and saw immediately below me the back view of a gardener in a stable waistcoat. Now he would appear steadily immersed in his business; anon, to my more immediate terror, he would straighten his back, stretch his arms, gaze about the otherwise deserted garden, and relish a deep pinch of snuff. It was my first thought to drop from the wall upon the other side. A glance sufficed to show me that even the way by which I had come was now cut off and the field behind me already occupied by a couple of shepherds' assistants and a score or two of sheep. I have named the talismans on which I habitually depend, but here was a conjuncture in which both were wholly useless. The copestone of a wall arrayed with broken bottles is no favorable rostrum; and I might be as eloquent as Pitt, and as fascinating as Richelieu, and neither the gardener nor the shepherd lads would care a halfpenny. In short, there was no escape possible from my absurd position: there I must continue to sit until one or other of my neighbors should raise his eyes and give the signal for my capture.

The part of the wall on which (for my sins) I was posted could be scarce less than twelve feet high on the inside; the leaves of the beech which made a fashion of sheltering me were already partly fallen; and I was thus not only perilously exposed myself, but enabled to command some part of the garden walks and (under an evergreen arch) the front lawn and windows of the cottage. For long nothing stirred except my friend with the spade;

then I heard the opening of a sash; and presently after saw Miss Flora appear in a morning wrapper and come strolling hitherward between the borders, pausing and visiting her flowers—herself as fair. *There* was a friend; *here*, immediately beneath me, an unknown quantity—the gardener: how to communicate with the one and not attract the notice of the other? To make a noise was out of the question; I dared scarce to breathe. I held myself ready to make a gesture as soon as she should look, and she looked in every possible direction but the one. She was interested in the vilest tuft of chickweed, she gazed at the summit of the mountain, she came even immediately below me and conversed on the most fastidious topics with the gardener; but to the top of that wall she would not dedicate a glance! At last she began to retrace her steps in the direction of the cottage; whereupon, becoming quite desperate, I broke off a piece of plaster, took a happy aim, and hit her with it in the nape of the neck. She clapped her hand to the place, turned about, looked on all sides for an explanation, and spying me (as indeed I was parting the branches to make it the more easy), half uttered and half swallowed down again a cry of surprise.

The infernal gardener was erect upon the instant. "What's your wull, miss?" said he.

Her readiness amazed me. She had already turned and was gazing in the opposite direction. "There's a child among the artichokes," she said.

"The plagues of Egypt! I'll see to them!" cried the gardener truculently, and with a hurried waddle disappeared among the evergreens.

That moment she turned, she came run-

ning towards me, her arms stretched out, her face incarnadined for the one moment with heavenly blushes, the next pale as death. "Monsieur de St-Yves!" she said.

"My dear young lady," I said, "this is the greatest liberty—I know it! But what else was I to do?"

"You have escaped?" said she.

"If you call this escape," I replied.

"But you cannot possibly stop there!" she cried.

"I know it," said I. "And where am I to go?"

She struck her hands together. "I have it," she exclaimed. "Come down by the beech trunk—you must leave no footprint in the border—quickly, before Robie can get back! I am the hen-wife here: I keep the key; you must go into the hen-house—for the moment."

I was by her side at once. Both cast a hasty glance at the blank windows of the cottage and so much as was visible of the garden alleys; it seemed there was none to observe us. She caught me by the sleeve and ran. It was no time for compliments; hurry breathed upon our necks; and I ran along with her to the next corner of the garden, where a wired court and a board hovel standing in a grove of trees advertised my place of refuge. She thrust me in without a word; the bulk of the fowls were at the same time emitted; and I found myself the next moment locked in alone with half a dozen setting hens. In the twilight of the place all fixed their eyes on me severely, and seemed to upbraid me with some crying impropriety. Doubtless the hen has always a puritanic appearance, although (in its own behaviour) I could never observe it to be more particular than its neighbors. But conceive a British hen!

(To be continued.)





"THE DOUBLE DOORS SAGGED TOWARD ME LIKE THE HEAD-GATE OF A GREAT RESERVOIR THAT IS OVERCHARGED, AND THEN I HIT 'EM."

A LOCOMOTIVE AS A WAR CHARIOT.

A TRUE WAR STORY.

BY CY WARMAN,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer."

"SMOKY HILL was the end of the track at that time," said the old engineer, shifting his lame foot to an easy position. "We had built a roundhouse—a square one—with only two stalls, and room at the back for three or four bunks and a work-bench. To protect ourselves against the Sioux we had lined, or wainscoted, the house up to about five feet from the ground and filled in behind the lining with sand.

"Indians were thicker than grasshoppers in Kansas in the days of the building of the Kansas Pacific, and scarcely a day—never a week—went by without a fight. At first they appeared to be awed by the

locomotives, but in a little while their superstitious fear had vanished, and they were constantly setting lures to capture the 'big hoss,' as they called the engine. One day we were out at the front with a train of steel, some eight or ten miles west of the Hill. It had been snowing all day in little fits and spits, and near nightfall the clouds became thicker and darker, and before the sun had gone down the snow was falling fast. By the time the last rail had been unloaded it was pitch dark, and as the engine was headed west, we were obliged to back up all the way to Smoky Hill. The conductor and the captain of the guard, composed of government

scouts, took a stand on the rearmost flat-car, and when I got a signal I opened the throttle and began to poke the blunt end of the construction train into the darkness. Ordinarily I hate running backwards at night, but in a case of this kind it is a real relief to know that there are a dozen or more well-armed soldiers between you and whatever the darkness holds. Three or four men with white lights were stationed at intervals along the tops of the ten or twelve cars that made up the train. The house-car, or caboose, was next the engine, and upon the top of this car stood the foreman of the gang, and from him I was supposed to take my 'tokens.'

"We had been in motion less than ten minutes when I saw the conductor's light (we were going with the storm) stand out, and following this movement all the lights along the train's top pointed out over the plain, and I began to slow down. Instantly a dozen shots were fired from the darkness. Muffled by the storm, the sound came as if a pack of firecrackers was going off under a dinner pail, and we all knew what we had run into. 'Injuns,' shouted the fireman, leaping across the gangway, 'and they're on my side.' 'Keep your seat,' said I, 'they're on my side too.'

"Now all the white lights, following another signal from the conductor, began to whirl furiously in a short circle. That was my notion precisely. If they had prepared to ditch us, we might as well go into the ditch as remain on the tops of the cars to be picked off by the Sioux; so I opened the throttle and began to back away again as fast as possible. The Indians had placed a great pile of cross-ties upon the track, expecting that when we struck them our train would come to a dead stop. The small party that had fired upon us were the outer watch, the main band being huddled about the heap of ties, where they expected us to halt and where most of the amusement would occur. The track was newly laid and as billowy as a rough sea, but this was no time for careful running. The old work engine soon had the empty train going at a thirty-mile gait, and then we hit the tie pile. The men on the rear car, which was now the front, had anticipated a wreck, and retired in bad order to the center of the train. The Indians, who had only a faint notion of the power and resistance of a locomotive, stood close together about the pile of ties. The falling snow had made the rails and timbers so wet and slippery that when we hit the stack of wood the ties flew in all

directions. Some of them were thrown to the tops of the cars and others flew into the mob of redskins, knocking them into confusion. A fine buck, who must have been standing on the track, was picked up in the collision and landed upon the top of the second car, right at the conductor's feet. The fellow was considerably stunned by the fall, and, taking advantage of his condition, the scouts seized and bound him with a piece of bell-cord, taking care to remove an ugly knife from his raw-hide belt. The band were so surprised to see the train plough through the wreckage that they forgot to fire until we had almost passed them and a great flood of fire from the engine stack was falling among them. They then threw up their guns, those who were still on their feet, and let go at us, but none of the bullets affected our party.

"When we reached the station, the Pawnees who were among the scouts recognized our captive at once as Bear Foot, a noted and very wicked chief. When the Sioux came to himself and realized that he was a captive he became furious. He surged and strained at the bell-rope, but it was all in vain, and finally he gave up.

"When we had eaten supper, we all went into the roundhouse—soldiers and all—for we knew the Sioux would make a desperate effort to secure their chief before the night was out.

"It was long after midnight when one of the men on duty heard a low, scraping sound like that made by a hog crawling under a gate. A moment later the noise was repeated. When the same sound had been heard three or four times, the lieutenant in command flashed a bull's-eye lamp in the direction of the door, and the light of it revealed three big braves standing close together, while a fourth was just creeping in under the door. With a we-are-discovered expression, the one who appeared to be the leader glanced at his companions. Then, as though the idea had struck all of them at once, they threw their guns up and let go along down the ray of light, and the lieutenant fell to the ground, severely wounded.

"Appreciating the importance of our capture, the captain in command had set four powerful Pawnee scouts to guard Bear Foot, the Sioux chief. It was no sure thing that we would be able to hold the Indians off till morning; and as the storm had blown the wires down, we had been unable to telegraph to Lawrence

for reinforcements. Taking even a moderate view of the situation, we were in a hard hole. I, for one, would have gladly bartered our captive and the glory of the capture away for the assurance of seeing the sun rise on the following morning, but I dared not hint such a thing to the captain, much less to the Pawnees.

"The four Pawnees, with their prisoner, were placed in the coal tank of the locomotive, while the fireman and I occupied our places in the cab and kept the steam up to 140 pounds. If at any time it seemed to me the fight was going against us, and the Sioux stood a chance to effect an entrance, I was to pull out for Lawrence with the captive and fetch assistance, provided I did not meet a west-bound train and lose my locomotive. I rather liked this arrangement, risky as it was, for it was preferable to remaining in the roundhouse to be roasted alive. Then, again, I disliked fighting—that was what we fed and hauled these soldiers around for. They were so infernally lazy in times of peace that I used almost to pray for trouble that they might be given an opportunity, at least once a week, to earn their board and keep. Now that the opportunity seemed to be at hand, I had no wish to deprive them of the excitement and glory of being killed in real battle, and so sat nodding in the cab of the old 49 until the flash of the bull's-eye caused me to look ahead.

"The report of the rifles in the hands of the Indians had been answered by a dozen guns from the interior of the building, and immediately a shower of lead rained and rattled upon the wooden doors from without. One of the scouts picked the bull's-eye lamp up and placed it upon the work-bench, training the light upon the double doors immediately in front of my engine. Our men knew how useless it would be to fire into the sand-stuffed sides of the building, and not caring to put themselves into a position where they could fire effectively above the wainscoting, they very wisely kept close to the ground and allowed the Sioux to empty their guns into the sand.

"Presently, hearing no sound from within, the attacking party ceased firing and began to prowl about the building in search of a weak spot through which they might effect an entrance. The fate of the three early callers who had hogged it under the door kept them from fooling about that trap for the remainder of the even-

ing. In a little while the whole place was as still as the tomb, save for the soft flutter of steam from the safety valve of the 49. Bear Foot knew what was going on. Even though he could see nothing, he knew that his faithful followers were working for his release, and now, when all was silent, he shouted from the coal tank to his braves to break the door and come in. Before the Pawnee scouts could pound him into a state of quietude he had imparted to his people the particulars of his whereabouts, and immediately the whole band threw themselves against the front of the building.

"The house fairly trembled; the Indians surged from without, and the great doors swayed to and fro, threatening at any moment to give way and let the flood of bloodthirsty redskins in upon us.

"'Stand together,' called the captain to his men.

"'Put on the blower and get her hot,' I called to the fireman, for I knew the frail structure could not withstand the strain much longer. As often as the fireman opened the furnace door to rake his fire, the glare of the fire-box lit up the whole interior and showed three dead Sioux near the door. One of them lay across the rail, and I found myself speculating as to whether the pilot of the 49 would throw him off, or whether I must run over him. Now it seemed that the whole band had thrown themselves against the building, and the yelling was deafening. Above it all I heard our captain shout, 'Get ready, Frank.'

"'I am ready,' said I.

"'All right,' said he, 'shoot it to 'em,' and I opened the sand valves and the throttle. I have often thought what a temptation it was for those soldiers to leap upon the engine and make their escape, but, although they all understood perfectly what was going on, not one of them took advantage of this 'last train out.'

"Just as the 'big hoss' moved with all her ponderous and almost irresistible weight toward the front of the building, the double doors sagged toward me like the head-gate of a great reservoir that is overcharged, and then I hit 'em. The big doors, being forced from their hinges, fell out upon the redskins, and they were caught like rats in a trap. The pilot ploughed through them, maiming and killing a score of them, and on went the 49 over the safe switches which had already been set for her before the fight began. The con-

caused by the awful work of 'big hoss,' which they regarded as a little less than the devil, was increased when the Indians who remained unhurt realized that the engine was making away with their chief, for he had told them how he was held a captive 'in the belly of the big horse.'

"All effort for the capture of the roundhouse was instantly abandoned, and the Sioux as one man turned and ran after the locomotive. The captain in command of the scouts, taking advantage of the confusion of his foe, and of the fact that his force was in the dark building, while the Sioux were out upon the whitened earth, quickly massed his men at the open door and began to pour a murderously wicked fire into the baffled Sioux, who, like foolish farm dogs, were chasing the 49 out over the switches.

"All the Indians who were crippled by the engine were promptly, and, I thought, very properly, killed by the Pawnee scouts, and the rest were driven away with fearful loss.

"It was a dangerous run from Smoky Hill to Lawrence, with no running orders, and the chance of colliding with a westbound special, or an extra that might be going out to the rescue with a trainload of material. But the officials, fearing that something might arise which would cause us to want to come in, had very wisely abandoned all trains the moment the wires

went down, and so we reached Lawrence, just before day, without a mishap.

"My first thought was of our captive, Bear Foot, who had made track-laying dangerous business for our people for the past three or four weeks; but upon looking about I saw only four Pawnees, and concluded that the fierce fellows had killed the chief and rolled him off.

"'Where's Bear Foot?' I demanded.

"'Here,' said a Pawnee, who was quietly seated upon the man-hole of the engine-tank, and he pointed down. During the excitement in the roundhouse at Smoky Hill the Sioux had made a desperate effort to escape, and had been quietly dropped into the tank, where he had remained throughout the entire run.

"Now, it's one thing to stay in a tank that is half filled with water when the engine is in her stall, and quite another thing to inhabit a place of that kind when a locomotive is making a fly run over a new track. After much time and labor had been lost fishing for the chief with a clinker-hook, one of the scouts got into the tank, which was now quite empty, and handed Bear Foot out.

"When we had bailed him out and placed him alongside the depot where the sun would catch him early, the coroner came and sat on him and pronounced him a good Indian."

AH POVERTIES, WINCINGS, AND SULKY RETREATS.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

Ah poverties, wincings, and sulky retreats,
 Ah you foes that in conflict have overcome me,
 (For what is my life or any man's life but a conflict with foes; the old,
 the incessant war?)
 You degradations, you tussle with passions and appetites, •
 You smarts from dissatisfied friendships, (ah wounds the sharpest of all!)
 You toil of painful and choked articulations, you meannesses,
 You shallow tongue-talks at tables, (my tongue the shallowest of any;)
 You broken resolutions, you racking angers, you smother'd ennui!
 Ah think not you finally triumph, my real self has yet to come forth,
 It shall yet march forth o'ermastering, till all lies beneath me,
 It shall yet stand up the soldier of ultimate victory.

GRANT AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main-travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

GRANT AS A MERCHANT AT GALENA.—PRESIDES AT A WAR MEETING AND HELPS TO RECRUIT, UNIFORM, AND DRILL A COMPANY.—HIS DISHEARTENING WAIT FOR A COMMAND.—APPOINTED A COLONEL.—QUICK PROOF OF HIS SKILL AS A COMMANDER.

THERE are men yet living who stood one April day in 1860 watching the steamer "Itasca" while she nosed her way up the tortuous current of the Galena River. As she swung up to the wharf at the town of Galena attention was attracted to a passenger on deck wearing a blue cape overcoat. When the boat was made fast, he rose and gathered a number of chairs together, evidently part of his household furniture.

"Who is that?" asked one man of a friend.

"That's Captain Grant, Jesse Grant's oldest son. He was in the Mexican War. He's moving here," was the reply.

No one thereafter gave particular attention to the stranger except some boys who were attracted by his soldier overcoat, the like of which they had never before seen. Captain Grant took a couple of chairs in each hand and came ashore. His wife, a small, alert woman, followed with four children, three boys and a girl, all plainly but carefully dressed; the hand of the mother showing in all things.

Jesse Grant, the father of Ulysses, had prospered. He had removed his household and tannery from Bethel, Ohio, to Covington, Kentucky, and had established in Galena, Illinois, as a branch of his business, a wholesale leather store, at that time one of the largest in the Northwest. Of this store his second son Simpson was the nominal manager, with the youngest

son Orvil and M. T. Burke, Orvil Grant's brother-in-law, as clerks. Ulysses, the eldest son, had now removed to Galena from St. Louis to be associated with his brothers in conducting the store. The terms and conditions of the association we learn from Mr. Burke. "Nominally," says he, "we all were to get \$600 per year, but, as a matter of fact, we were all working for a common fund, and we had what we needed. We were not really upon

salaries in the ordinary sense at all. Captain Grant came into the firm on the same terms. There was no 'bossing' by Simpson or Orvil. I had as much to do with the management as anybody and no more. There was no feeling against Ulysses coming in, and no looking down on him as a failure. We all looked up to him as an older man and a soldier. He knew much more than we in matters of the world, and we recognized it."

Captain Grant established his family in a small brick house which stood high on the bluff to the north of the main street, and required, in order to reach it, a climb up several hundred wooden steps. The rent was one hundred dollars a year. His brother Simp-

son lived with him there.

Grant at once turned his hand to everything needful to be done. He was nominally bill-clerk and collection agent, but in fact he sold stock, bought hides, and made out bills for goods all in the same day. In



E. B. WASHBURNE ABOUT 1861.

From a photograph by M. B. Brady & Co., Washington, District of Columbia. Mr. Washburne was a member of Congress from the Galena (Illinois) district at the outbreak of the war.

1860 exchange was high, and to save eight or ten per cent., the firm bought dressed pork on the streets and shipped it to Cincinnati to be turned into money there. Captain Grant climbed upon farmers' sleighs as they came laden into town, and bid upon the stiff and stark yellow carcasses. Richard Barrett, one of his competitors in this traffic, recalls him as "a mighty shrewd buyer." One day the clerk of the court sent word that a desk needed covering, and Captain Grant took a breadth of leather to the court-house and, with the help of the clerk, a young man named Rowley, cut and tacked it on. This began a friendship which lasted long. Rowley was a man of brains and pluck, and this Captain Grant quickly apprehended.

On all days when an overcoat was necessary, this stranger wore his blue coat; and Lewis Rowley, Clerk Rowley's little son, was much impressed by it. "He always seemed to me," says Mr. Rowley, "about eight feet tall. I was in much awe of him because he was a soldier and because he wore the blue coat. His son Fred was about my age, and I was in and out of the house almost every day. I used to see Captain Grant come home climbing up the hill, and then in the evenings he used to sit and read to Mrs. Grant, or read by himself and smoke a clay pipe. He was seldom away."

At the foot of the bluff stood a little Methodist church, where Captain Grant and his wife and children were to be seen almost as regularly as the deacons themselves. During the eleven months of his stay in Galena he lived so quietly, so inconspicuously, that no one outside his customers and his neighbors on the hill met him. He had few acquaintances, and no intimates. The quiet routine of his life was broken but once, when he made a business trip of a week or ten days up among the small towns of Wisconsin and over into Iowa.

In December, 1860, Grant wrote to a friend: "In my new employment I have become pretty conversant and am much pleased with it. I hope to be a partner pretty soon." But already the political situation had grown grave, and was interesting Grant. In the course of this same letter he said: "How do you feel on the subject of secession in St. Louis? . . . It is hard to realize that a State or States should commit so suicidal an act as to secede from the Union, though, from all reports, I have no doubt but five of them

will do it. And then, with the present granny of an executive, some foolish policy will doubtless be pursued which will give the seceding States the support and sympathy of the Southern States that don't go out." A month or two later his friend Rowley said to him: "There's a great deal of bluster about these Southerners; but I don't think there's much fight in them."

"Rowley, you are mistaken," Grant replied, impressively. "There is a good deal of bluster—that's the result of their education—but if they ever get at it, they will make a strong fight. You are a good deal like them in one respect. Each side underestimates the other and overestimates itself."*

GRANT'S FIRST SERVICE IN THE WAR.

Five days after the attack on Fort Sumter there was gathered into the court-house in Galena an excited throng of people.† Robert Brand, the mayor of the town, was chosen to preside, and in accepting the office said: "Fellow-citizens, I acknowledge the honor you confer upon me, but it will be well to state briefly and frankly the ground on which I stand in this present crisis. I am in favor of any honorable compromise." The word "compromise" was anything but agreeable to his auditors. Realizing as soon as he had pronounced it, that it was so, the Mayor went on haltingly, "I am in favor of sustaining the President,"—the heavy feet began to rumble on the floor,— "so long as his efforts are for the peace and harmony of the whole country." The audience grew tumultuous. "I am in favor," continued the Mayor, "of a convention of the people, that an adjustment may be made sustaining alike the honor, interest, and safety of both sections of our country." Again a grumble of voices warned him that he was on the wrong track, and he added: "I am in favor of sustaining our flag, our Constitution, and our laws—right or wrong." Nobody felt quite sure what these words meant, but it grew clearer as the speaker ended, saying, "Yet I am opposed to warring on any portion of our beloved country if a compromise can be effected."

Men quivering with excitement leaped to their feet, but in a moment all gave way to a thin-lipped, transplanted New Englander, Elihu B. Washburne, then representing the Galena district in Congress.

* Richardson's "Life of Grant."

† This account is based on accounts which appeared in the daily papers of the city at the time.

His big, rugged, smooth-shaven face was tense with emotion, as he said: "I do not approve of the spirit of the remarks of our chairman, and I never will submit to the idea that in this crisis, when war is upon us and when our flag is assailed by traitors and by conspirators, the government should be thus dealt with. We should have a chairman who more fully represents the patriotic feeling of this meeting. I, therefore, nominate George W. Campbell to preside over this meeting."

Amid great excitement Mr. Washburne's motion was put and defeated. He then said: "I withdraw the motion. I did not come here with the intention or desire to introduce any political questions whatsoever. I think, however, the chairman has gone out of his way to drag in such matters. In this crisis any man who would introduce party politics—be he Republican, Democrat, or American—such a man is a traitor." The applause at this frank declaration was such as to show the chairman that he must look elsewhere for sympathy. "But to test the sense of the meeting," added Mr. Washburne, "I will offer some resolutions." He then read a series of resolutions declaring the will of the citizens to "support the Government of the United States in the performance of all its constitutional duties in the great crisis," recommending the immediate formation of two military companies in the city of Galena, and urging the legislature to make provision for meeting the President's calls for troops. This he followed with a speech reviewing the situation of the country and urging all good citizens to rally to the support of the government.

Captain Howard, a Mexican War veteran, followed with a short speech, and then arose a young Democratic lawyer of the town, a swarthy fellow of rough-hewn, passionate face, with big eyes and wide

lips—the face of an orator, and the form of a laborer. Many knew him, for he had been a farmer and a charcoal-burner in the country near; had educated himself, been admitted to the bar, and had achieved the distinction of being a candidate for elector on the Democratic list. Every head now leaned to listen; and for nearly an hour, with voice like a lion, and with big work-widened hands reaching and threatening, John A. Rawlins pleaded and execrated and argued, amid wild shouts of applause and a rumble of boot-heels which seemed at times to predict the sullen rhythmic sound of marching feet. "The time of compromise is past," he said in closing, as the hall rang with cheers; "and we must appeal to the God of battles." When he sat down it seemed as if every man present was ready to enlist.

As the audience dispersed Grant's friend Rowley said to him, "It was a fine meeting after all."

"Yes, we're about ready to *do* something now," was the quiet answer. And this was the general feeling. The next day, therefore, notice was given that a meeting to raise a company of volunteers would be held, and a few nights later the court-room held another dense crowd. It was moved to choose "Captain U. S. Grant for chairman." Grant was sitting in grave silence on one of the hard benches outside the railing. Though he had been in Galena for a year, few of those present had ever before seen him with his hat off, and many of those who knew him by sight knew him simply because he wore the only soldier overcoat in the town. As he now left his seat, and with much embarrassment went through the crowd toward the desk, he was perceived to be a shortish man, slightly stooping in the neck, carrying his head a little on one side, and having the look of a serious, capable,



JOHN A. RAWLINS ABOUT 1861.

From a photograph by Henning, Galena, Illinois. General Rawlins was intimately associated with Grant from the first war meeting in Galena to the close of the war, and after. He became, under Grant, assistant adjutant-general, chief of staff, and, finally, Secretary of War.

sympathetic country doctor. Instead of mounting to the platform he stopped in front of it. "Go up, Captain!" "Platform! Platform!" shouted the audience. Grant smiled, shook his head, and stood for a moment with both hands resting on a desk. He was not without a certain impressiveness, seen thus. His head was large, and his face thoughtful and resolute. He wore a full beard, light brown in color, trimmed rather close, and the firm line of his lips could be seen. In manner he was almost timid as he turned and said, in substance: "Fellow-citizens: This meeting is called to organize a company of volunteers to serve the State of Illinois. Whom will you have for secretary?"

The bustle of electing a secretary seemed to give him time to recover himself a little, and he continued: "Before calling upon you to become volunteers, I wish to state just what will be required of you. First of all, unquestioning obedience to your superior officers. The army is not a picnicking party. Nor is it an excursion. You will have hard fare. You may be obliged to sleep on the ground after long marches in the rain and snow. Many of the orders of your superiors will seem to you unjust, and yet they must be borne. If an injustice is really done you, however, there are courts-martial where your wrongs can be investigated and offenders punished. If you put your name down here, it should be in full understanding of what the act means. In conclusion, let me say that so far as I can I will aid the company, and I intend to reënlist in the service myself."

The audience cheered at this, though a little dashed by the quiet, serious, almost fateful talk of the chairman. Somehow he took the bombast out of the evening's meeting, yet left it vital with genuine, resolute patriotism. In answer to questions concerning military organization, he

replied in a masterly manner. He seemed to know every detail.

Nearly two-score names were enrolled that night. The next day Grant wrote the following letter to his father-in-law:

MR. F. DENT.

Dear Sir: I have but little time to write. . . . The times are indeed startling; but now is the time, particularly in the border slave States, to show their love of country. . . . All party distinction should be lost sight of, and every true patriot be for maintaining the glorious old Stars and Stripes, the Constitution, and the Union. The North is responding to the President's call in such a manner that the Confederates may truly quake. I tell you there is no mistaking the feelings of the people. The government can call into the field 75,000 troops, and ten and twenty times 75,000, if it should be necessary, and find the means of maintaining them, too. It is all a mistake about the Northern pocket being so sensitive. In times like the present no people are more ready to give of their time or of their abundant means.

No impartial man can conceal from himself the fact that in all these troubles the Southerners have been the aggressors, and the administration has stood purely on the defensive, more on the defensive than it would have dared to have done but for its consciousness of right, and the certainty of right prevailing in the end.

The news to-day is that Virginia has gone out of the Union. But for the influence she will have on the border States, this is not much to be regretted. Her position, or rather that of eastern Virginia, has been more reprehensible from the beginning than that of South Carolina. She should be made to bear a heavy portion of the burden of the war for her guilt. *In all this I can but see the doom of slavery.**

This letter, and one of similar tenor to his father, and another to his brother-in-law, disprove the stories concerning Grant's lack of patriotism. He was awake and eager. On Saturday of the same week he went with Mr. Rowley, John A. Rawlins, and Orvil Grant to Hanover, a neighboring village, and there he made his first set speech; "and it was a good one, too," says one who heard it, "short, and to the point."

In a few days the company of "Joe

* Quoted by Burr in his "Life and Deeds of Grant."



MAJOR-GENERAL J. M. PALMER, NEAR THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

From a photograph loaned by J. E. Taylor, New York City.

Daviess Guards" was recruited, and Grant was offered the captaincy. He refused the office, saying, "I think I can serve the State better at Springfield." He explained to his friends: "I can't afford to reënter service as a captain of volunteers. I have served nine years in the regular army, and I am fitted to command a regiment." He added, though: "I will do anything that lies in my power to assist the company in getting into service. I will go down to Springfield, if necessary." Upon Grant's declination, A. L. Chetlain was made captain. He was a vigorous young man, and had been the first man in the company to volunteer.

Captain Grant was in hourly demand thereafter. He selected the cloth and superintended the making of the company's uniforms. He drilled the company as a whole and in squads. He instructed the officers, Captain Chetlain and Lieutenants Campbell and Dixon, and in one week from the date of the second war meeting, the company was organized, uniformed, and ready to proceed to the State capital. Its departure was made a great occasion in Galena. It was escorted to the train by the local fire company, the Masonic society, the order of Odd Fellows, the mayor, and other organizations and officials. As the procession moved through the streets, Captain Grant, with a lean carpet-bag in his hand, stood modestly in the crowd on the sidewalk and watched it pass. Then he fell in behind the column, and quietly, with head pensively drooping, followed on to the station, and also took the train to Springfield.

GRANT'S HARD SEARCH FOR MILITARY EMPLOYMENT.

During the month of May, 1861, Springfield, the capital of Illinois, seethed like a pot with orators and soldiers and place-seekers and glory-hunters. Lincoln's call for troops had been made; the volunteers were pouring in; the legislature was in extraordinary session, and nearly every public man in the State was at the seat of government to advise, instruct, and wheedle the governor and his staff. Nobody knew what to do or how to do it. The streets were filled with the snarl of drums and the wail of fifes; the whole State seemed marching. The governor's office was thronged twenty rows deep with people of importance or fancied importance, and the governor, Richard Yates, had no time to give to the modest and un-

impressive ex-soldier from Galena who came to tell him that the "Joe Daviess Guards" were ready to be mustered in, and also to say that he desired to aid the government in some fashion. The governor curtly said: "I'm sorry to say, captain, there is nothing for you now to do. Call again."

Captain Grant turned away much depressed. He had reached this interview only after days of waiting, and by aid of a letter from Congressman Washburne, and now he received only the polite phrase "Call again," which probably meant nothing.

Grant had left Galena with a very slender purse as well as a very lank carpet-bag, and was in poor condition for a long wait at the door of preferment. He knew no one save Captain Chetlain and a few of the privates in the "Joe Daviess Guards," and in all the martial preparation and the bustle of disordered troops he had no part. He saw the great need of him, but was powerless to put in a guiding hand. However, he concluded to stay a few days longer in Springfield; at least until the Galena company was mustered in.

In order to keep expenses as low as possible, he shared the rent of a room (three dollars and fifty cents per week) with Captain Chetlain, taking his meals at the Chenery House near by. In this way Chetlain came to see a great deal of him during these days of waiting. He slowly made some acquaintances. R. H. McClellan, a newly-elected member of the legislature from Galena, met him and became in some measure convinced of his value as a military leader. "He impressed every one he talked with," says Mr. McClellan,* "as a man who knew military forms and regulations. I had not known him at Galena, except possibly by sight. He was a very retiring man, and had not secured the attention of any of the influential politicians of his county. He came into my room one night, saying abruptly: 'I'm going home. The politicians have got everything here, there's no chance for me. I came down because I felt it my duty. The government educated me, and I felt I ought to offer my services again. I have applied, to no result. I can't afford to stay here longer, and I'm going home.'"

Grant's own account of his discouraging experiences at Springfield differs in some points from other accounts. He says in his "Personal Memoirs": "I determined to leave on the evening train.

* In an interview held expressly for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT LIVED AT GALENA.

Up to that time I do not think I had been introduced to Governor Yates. I knew him by sight, however, for he was living at the same hotel, and I often saw him at table. The evening I was to quit the capital I left the supper room before the governor, and was standing on the steps when he came out. He spoke to me, calling me by my old army title 'Captain,' and said he understood I was leaving the city. I answered that I was. He said he would be glad if I would remain over night and call at his office in the morning. I complied with his request, and was asked to go into the adjutant-general's office and render such assistance as I could.*

The important thing is that at last, despite rebuffs and the jostlings of the crowd, he was in the employ of the State. For several days he made out blanks, sitting in the anteroom of the adjutant-general's office—a tedious task, but it had its uses. It enabled him to meet men and to answer questions. John M. Palmer, passing by, asked who he was, and was told he was Captain Grant, an old army officer. It became noised abroad that Grant was a West Point graduate, a veteran of the Mexican War, and, above all, it soon became known that any one could ask any military question whatsoever of him and receive a clear, concise, and unforgettable answer. His room-mate, Captain Chetlain, supplies this glimpse of him at his new employment: "One day I found Grant in the anteroom of the adjutant's office copying out the orders. He was seated at an old table with but three legs, which was shoved into

a corner in order to stand. He had his hat on, and his pipe in his mouth, and was writing busily. As I spoke he looked up, with an expression of disgust on his face, and said: 'I'm going to quit. This is no work for a man of my experience. Any boy could do this. I'm going home.'"[†]

But better service came soon. Captain Pope, commandant at Camp Yates, went away for a few days, and Governor Yates sent Grant out to fill his place. A correspondent for the *Galena "Gazette,"* under date of May 10, 1861, said: "During the absence of Captain Pope, Captain Grant is in command of the camp. We are all under strict military law." Grant's skill as a disciplinarian evidently made

itself manifest at once. He was in command at Camp Yates about four days. Events moved at quickstep. A bill had passed authorizing the force of ten regiments then assembled to be held subject to the needs of the nation. The regiments had to be mustered in, and reports of Grant's efficiency encouraged Governor Yates to appoint him one of the five mustering officers. He was also made one of the governor's aides, at a salary of three dollars per day, and given the complimentary rank of colonel. In pursuance of his new duties he went, on the 14th of May, to Mattoon, to muster in a regiment recruited in the Seventh Congressional district.†

This regiment was made up of lusty young men from the farms, shops, and offices of the district, and, at the time Grant went to muster it in, the men had elected as colonel Simon S. Goode, who had led into it a company from Decatur. Grant spent two days with the regiment, and made so deep an impression upon the officers that they named their rendezvous "Camp Grant," the first camp of the name in America.

Grant's appearance and demeanor at this time are vividly recalled by Joseph W. Vance, a young man who had been two years at West Point and had entered the Seventh Regiment as a first lieutenant. "He made a strong impression on us,"

* In an interview held expressly for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*.
† It is necessary to record at this point the loss of the faithful old blue overcoat. Grant left Springfield without it, and wrote to Chetlain from Mattoon asking him to look after it; but, alas! some one had taken it, and the faithful overcoat was seen no more.

says Vance in a recent interview. "There is no doubt of that. Part of this was due to the fact that he was the first officer to come to us clothed with authority from the State; but we also saw that he knew his business, for everything he did was done without hesitation. He was a little bit stooped at that time, and wore a cheapsuit of clothes and a soft black hat. I remember very well the night he went away. I had been two years at West Point, and I felt that I might approach him along that line; so after supper I went up to the hotel. I found him sitting alone, smoking abstractedly. I introduced myself to him, and we had a long talk; at least I talked, and he listened, with a peculiar sidewise glance. It was a rainy night, and long until train time, so I felt that he was rather glad to have me keep him company. I hadn't talked long before I began to tell him about our colonel, with whom there was great dissatisfaction in the regiment.

"While I was relating our troubles with great freedom, I became aware that I was talking out of school to the mustering officer of the State; and not only that, there was something in this man's silence and in his strange glance which made the cold



Subj 10

Col. L. Thomas,
Adjt. Gen. U. S. A.,
Washington D. C.

Galena, Ill.
May 24th 1861

541

Sir,

Having served for fifteen years in the regular Army, including four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of every one who has been educated at the Government expense to offer their services for the support of that Government, I have the honor, very respectfully, to tender my services until the close of the war, in such capacity as may be offered. I would say that in view of my present age, and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a Regiment if the President, in his judgment, should see fit to entrust me to me.

Since the first call of the President I have been serving on the staff of the Governor of this State, rendering such aid as I could in the organization of our State Militia, and am still engaged in that capacity. A letter addressed to me at Springfield, Ill. will reach me.

I am very respectfully,
Yours Obedt. Svt.,
U. S. Grant

GRANT'S LETTER OFFERING HIS SERVICES TO THE GOVERNMENT.

In the original letter the last three lines and the signature are on a second page. The letter reads:

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May 24th, 1861.

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sweat break out all over me. I saw that I had committed a terrible breach of military discipline. However, I said nothing about it, and he made no further sign. A few days later I was made drill-master of the regiment upon his recommendation."

Grant now went to one or two other points to muster in regiments, and, on the 20th of May, or thereabouts, returned to Springfield and drew his pay, amounting to \$130. About this time Charles Lanphier, editor of the Springfield "Register," came upon him at the door of the Chenery House, and found him looking "fagged out, lonesome, poor, and dejected." "What are you doing here, Captain?" asked Lanphier. "Nothing—waiting," Grant replied.

Shortly after this he obtained a leave of absence and returned to Galena. His return is chronicled by the Galena "Daily Gazette," and he achieved the first editorial notice of his life on the following day. The editor made a call upon him, and after a long interview, returned to his office and wrote a remarkable paragraph concerning him:

We are now in want of just such soldiers as he is, and we hope the government will invite him to higher command. He is the very soul of honor, and no man breathes who has a more patriotic heart. We want among our young soldiers the influence of the rare leadership of men like Captain Grant.

Nevertheless, when, on May 24th, Grant wrote a letter to the general government proffering his services, it remained unanswered. And upon his return to Springfield he found himself no longer able even to serve as aide to the governor. The regiments were all mustered in, the clerks were beginning to get the run of military usages, and nothing remained for Captain Grant except enlistment as a private soldier—or command. Governor Yates did not, apparently, think of giving him a command.

Seeing no hope of appointment in Illinois, he made a visit to St. Louis, and applied for service under the State of Missouri. He could get nothing, however, and then he resolved to go to Ohio, where, at Cincinnati, George B. McClellan was already in command of the department of Ohio. "I was in hopes," says Grant in his "Personal Memoirs," "when he saw me he would offer me a position on his staff. I called on two successive days at his office, but failed to see him on either occasion."

HOW GRANT GOT HIS FIRST COMMAND.

While in Ohio he paid a visit to Georgetown, the village of his boyhood, and his old comrade, Carr B. White, suggested he go to Columbus, the State capital. He returned to Cincinnati, however, and there he met his old friend Chilton White, who was a member of the Legislature and then on his way to Columbus. Mr. White said to him that there ought to be a command for him somewhere, and asked him to stay in Cincinnati while he himself went on to Columbus. In a few days Mr. White returned with a commission as colonel of the Twelfth Ohio, but he found Grant much elated over a telegram which he had that day received from Governor Yates asking, "Will you accept the command of the Seventh District regiment?" Grant had already telegraphed an acceptance to Governor Yates's offer.

In the Seventh Illinois, still stationed at Mattoon, a bread riot had broken out, early in June; and a little later, the guard-house, having become intolerably infested with vermin, was burned by the men. Colonel Goode was either powerless to prevent disturbance or careless of it. The men foraged upon neighboring farms, stealing pigs and chickens, or howled drunkenly through the streets of the town. There was such complaint against the regiment that at last the governor ordered it to Springfield. Lieutenant Joseph Vance, already quoted, tells us how the change of colonels was effected. "Some time before this removal from Mattoon to Springfield," says he, "the men had become thoroughly dissatisfied with Colonel Goode, and there was a great deal of talk about it. We determined it would never do to enter service with him in command, and with the self-confidence of youth, I determined to let the governor know how we felt about the matter. I knew the secretary of state, O. M. Hatch, and, accordingly, soon after we reached the city, Lieutenant Armstrong and I went to call upon him. We stated the situation, and asked him to bring the matter to the governor's attention and ask him to either appoint a new colonel or let us elect one.

"Colonel John M. Palmer was walking up and down an inner room, and Hatch said: 'You'd better talk with Colonel Palmer about it.' We were alarmed, and I said: 'I don't think we had better do so; our coming to you is a breach of military

* In an interview held expressly for McClure's Magazine.

discipline.' 'Oh! that won't matter; Palmer will understand. He's right here, and his advice will be better than mine.' He then took us back and introduced us. Colonel Palmer advised us to see the governor, and at once took us to Yates, saying: 'Governor, these young gentlemen want to talk with you about the condition of the Seventh District regiment.'

"We then stated the case to the governor, who listened in silence. At the end he simply remarked: 'The matter will be inquired into.' I afterward heard that Captain Harlan had seen the governor also, but at that time I did not know any one else was moving in the matter.

"Shortly after this the governor invited all the commissioned officers of the regiment to come to his office to confer upon the condition of the regiment. We took seats according to rank, I remember, thirty-two of us. The governor then said he had heard that a new colonel was asked for, and he wanted to get at the wishes of each man. He thought, however, that in place of beginning with the highest officer in rank, he would reverse the order and begin with the lowest. This was a delicate way of recognizing that Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander was a possible candidate for the position.

"The result of the poll was a strong expression of opinion in favor of Grant. I don't remember the exact proportion, but I am very clear that there was a majority for Grant."*

Governor Yates turned to Jesse Dubois, the auditor of state, from whose district the regiment came, and said: "Dubois, here are the officers of your regiment asking for Captain Grant. Shall I appoint him?" And Dubois, who had seen something of Grant, said, "Yes, appoint him."

There was some ceremony attending the introduction of Grant to his new command. John A. McClernand and John A. Logan, members of Congress, being then in Springfield, were invited to speak to the men. Grant had never met either of these gentlemen before, though he knew of them by reputation as prominent politicians. It is related that on the way out to the camp Logan said: "Colonel, the regiment is a little unruly. Do you think you can manage them?"

"I think I can," Grant made answer, and Logan got his first impression of

Grant's strength from this quiet brief reply.

At Camp Yates they found the regiment assembled ready to enjoy the speeches of the famous orators, and incidentally to greet the new colonel. Congressman McClernand spoke first. After a vigorous and somewhat florid speech, teeming with historic allusions, he concluded: "Having said this much, allow me, Illinoisans, to present to you my friend and colleague in Congress, Hon. John A. Logan. He is gifted with eloquence, and will rouse you to feel as the Athenians felt under the eloquence of Demosthenes—they asked to be immediately led against Philip."

Mr. Logan made a thrilling address wherein he urged the duty of rallying to the defence of the flag. Then, leading forward Grant, who had remained at the back of the platform scarcely moving for nearly two hours, he said, "Allow me to present to you your new colonel, U. S. Grant."

The men cheered, and there were loud calls for a speech. Grant took a step or two forward; then stopped. It was a time when speeches, fervid harangues, were the order of every occasion. Visitors and soldiers stood expectant. At last Grant spoke, not loud, but clear and calm, and with a peculiar quality and inflection which thrilled the thoughtful officers and gave the whole regiment a new sensation: "*Men, go to your quarters.*"

That evening Grant met the regiment for the first time for dress parade. His glance was quiet, his bearded face immobile. "He wore nothing military save a pair of gray trousers with a stripe running down the outside seam, and, on his head, a queer cap, which looked like those the officers wore in the Mexican War." As he stepped to the center before them, the men looked at each other in amazement, and some were bold enough to jest in low voices concerning him.

It had been the habit of Colonel Goode to seize upon this hour of dress parade to make a speech, and he had been accustomed to end by saying, "I know this regiment, men and officers alike, would march with me to the cannon's mouth; but to renew and verify that pledge, the regiment will step two paces to the front." The regiment may have expected something like this from Colonel Grant. Having returned the salute of the adjutant, he said to the aligned officers: "A soldier's first duty is to obey his commander. I

*To the substantial truth of this, Captain P. Welshemer and Captain Freeland subscribe. Captain Harlan does not remember that Grant was mentioned by any one but the governor.

shall expect my orders to be obeyed as exactly and instantly as if we were on the field of battle."

As the men turned back to quarters discussion broke forth. "What do they mean by sending down a little man like that to command this regiment?" they asked. "He can't pound sand in a straight hole," said one disgusted private. "He may be like a singed cat, more alive than he looks," a third man suggested. "Nonsense. He can't make a speech. Look at him! Look at the clothes he wears! Who is he, anyhow?" added others. "Boys, let me tell you something," said a sergeant. "I stood close enough to him to see his eyes, and the set of his jaw. I'll tell you *who* he is—he's the colonel of this regiment."

And so, indeed, Grant at once proved himself. He stopped all drinking. He made the picket line a reality. He put an end to foraging, and arrested every insubordinate, and made all understand that play was over.

Thus far the new colonel had neither horse, sword, nor uniform, and what was worse, he had no money to buy them. He secured leave of absence, and returned to Galena to see his family and to secure the necessary equipment. He borrowed \$300 from his father's former partner, E. A. Collins, in order to fit himself out.

Missouri was now developing into a battle-ground, and General John C. Frémont, the famous "path-finder," was in command of the department of the West. He made a call upon the governor of Illinois for aid, and Governor Yates ordered Grant's regiment to report at Quincy, Illinois, within ten days, preparatory to entering Missouri. Shortly after this, Adjutant-General Mather, seated at table in the Chenery House, one day remarked to an agent of the Great Western Railroad: "Colonel Grant's regiment will soon want some transportation to Quincy."

"All right; how much will he need?"

"I don't know; you had better go out and see Colonel Grant, and find out."

The agent at once took a carriage and drove out to Camp Yates. He found Colonel Grant busy over some papers. "Colonel Grant," said he, "I hear you are to move your regiment to Quincy soon. How much transportation do you want?"

"I don't want any," was the curt reply, and Grant went on with his work.

The agent returned to the adjutant-general's office angry at the rebuff, and

vented his disappointment at finding no transportation was wanted.

Colonel Mather replied, "I will see about that myself," and went out to Camp Yates to give Grant a lesson. He, too, found Grant busy. "I have come, Colonel Grant, to know why you are disobeying my orders."

"What do you mean?" asked Grant.

"You've been ordered to Quincy by railroad."

"Is not my regiment infantry?" Grant asked.

Colonel Mather admitted that it was.

"Where am I going after I reach Quincy?"

"I believe it is the plan to send you out into Missouri."

"Are you going to build a railroad to transport my regiment wherever I am to go in Missouri?"

Colonel Mather confessed that probably that would not be done.

"Very well; I prefer to do my first marching in a friendly, and not in an enemy's country," replied Colonel Grant, and the tones of his voice made his meaning very definite. The adjutant-general withdrew.

Colonel John Williams, commissary-general, told Governor Yates and others that Colonel Grant was the first commanding officer at Camp Yates who had known exactly what he wanted and how to get it. He said: "Colonel Grant's requisition upon me for supplies seemed to be complete in every detail, for nothing was added to or omitted from the requisition. He selected his horses, wagons, and camp equipage, and superintended the loading of the same into the wagons. He seemed to have just the right number of wagons, and the necessary amount of supplies to fill them."

"We knew we had a real soldier over us," says Lieutenant Vance. "He taught us how to mess, and how to take care of ourselves on the march. He put us to hard drill. He stopped all straggling, all skylarking of nights. He allowed no whisky in the camp. I've seen him personally inspect the canteens, and spill the liquor on the ground, and yet for all he was so strict a disciplinarian, he was never angry or vindictive. If he punished a man, he did it in a quiet way, and in a spirit which did not enrage the one punished. He was always approachable and without formality, and yet he kept everybody at proper distance. We knew we had the best commander and the best regiment in the State."

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

[CONCLUSION.]

CHAPTER X.—*Concluded.*

CHEYNE pulled his beard and smiled as he looked over the still water, and spoke away from Harvey, who presently began to be aware that his father was telling the story of his life. He talked in a low, even voice, without gesture and without expression; and it was a history for which a dozen leading journals would cheerfully have paid many dollars—the story of forty years that was at the same time the story of the New West, whose story is yet to be written.

It began with a kinless boy turned loose in Texas, and it went on fantastically through a hundred changes and chops of life, the scenes shifting from state after Western state, from cities that sprang up in a month and in a season utterly withered away, to wild ventures in wilder camps that are now laborious, paved municipalities. It covered the building of three railroads and the deliberate wreck of a fourth. It told of steamers, townships, forests, and mines, and the men of every nation under heaven, manning, creating, hewing, and digging these. It touched on chances of gigantic wealth flung before eyes that could not see, or missed by the merest accident of time and travel; and through the mad shift of things, sometimes on horseback, more often afoot, now rich, now poor, in and out, and back and forth, deck-hand, train-hand, contractor, boarding-house keeper, journalist, engineer, drummer, real-estate agent, politician, dead-beat, rum-seller, mine-owner, speculator, cattle-man or tramp, moved Harvey Cheyne, alert and quiet, seeking his own ends, and, so he said, the glory and advancement of his country.

He told of the faith that never deserted him, even when he hung on the ragged edge of despair—the faith that comes of knowing men and things. He enlarged, as though he were talking to himself, on his

very great courage and resource at all times. The thing was so evident in the man's mind that he never even changed his tone. He described how he had bested his enemies, or forgiven them, exactly as they had bested or forgiven him in those careless days; how he had entreated, cajoled, and bullied towns, companies, and syndicates, all for their good; crawled round, through, or under mountains and ravines, dragging a string and hoop-iron railroad after him, and sat still while promiscuous communities tore the last fragments of his character to shreds.

The tale held Harvey almost breathless, his head a little cocked to one side, his eyes fixed on his father's face, as the twilight deepened and the red cigar-end lit up the furrowed cheeks and heavy eyebrows. It seemed to him like watching a locomotive storming across country in the dark—a mile between each glare of the opened fire-door: but this locomotive could talk, and the words shook and stirred the boy to the core of his soul. At last Cheyne pitched away the cigar-butt, and the two sat in the dark over the lapping water.

"I've never told that to any one before," said the father.

Harvey gasped. "It's just the greatest thing that ever was!" said he.

"That's what I *got*. Now I'm coming to what I didn't get. It won't sound much of anything to you, but I don't wish you to be as old as I am before you find out. I can handle men, of course, and I'm no fool along my own lines, but—but—I can't compete with the man who has been *taught*! I've picked up as I went along, and I guess it sticks out all over me."

"I've never seen it," said the son, indignantly.

"You will, though, Harve. You will—just as soon as you're through college. Don't I know it? Don't I know the look on men's faces when they think me a—'a mucker,' as

they call it out here? I can break them to little pieces—yes—but I can't get back at 'em to hurt 'em where they live. I don't say they're 'way, 'way up, but I feel I'm 'way, 'way, 'way off, somehow. Now *you've* got your chance. You've got to soak up all the learning that's around, and you'll live with a crowd that are doing the same thing. They'll be doing it for a few thousand dollars a year at most; but remember *you'll* be doing it for millions. You'll learn law enough to look after your own property when I'm out o' the light, and you'll have to be solid with the best men in the market (they are useful later); and above all, you'll have to stow away the plain, common, sit-down-with-your-chin-on-your-elbows book-learning. Nothing pays like that, Harve, and it's bound to pay more and more each year in our country—in business *and* in politics. You'll see."

"There's no sugar to my end of the deal," said Harvey. "Four years at college! Wish I'd chosen the valet and the yacht!"

"It's all part of the business," Cheyne insisted. "You're investing your capital where it'll bring in the best returns; and I guess you won't find our property shrunk any when you're ready to take hold. Think it over, and let me know in the morning. Hurry! We'll be late for supper!"

As this was a business talk there was no need for Harvey to tell his mother about it; and Cheyne naturally took the same point of view. But Mrs. Cheyne saw and feared, and was a little jealous. Her boy, who rode rough-shod over her, was gone, and in his stead reigned a keen-faced youth, abnormally silent, who addressed most of his conversation to his father. She understood it was business, and therefore a matter beyond her premises. If she had any doubts, they were resolved when Cheyne went to Boston and brought back a new diamond marquise-ring.

"What have you two men been doing now?" she said, with a weak little smile, as she turned it in the light.

"Talking—just talking, mama; there's nothing small about Harvey."

There was not. The boy had made a treaty on his own account. Railroads, he explained gravely, interested him as little as lumber, real estate, or mining. What his soul yearned after was control of his father's line of sailing-ships. If that could be promised him within what he conceived to be a reasonable time, he, for his own part, guaranteed diligence and sobriety at college for four or five years. In vacation he was to

be allowed full access to all details connected with the line—he had asked not more than two thousand questions about it—from his father's most private papers in the safe to the tugs in San Francisco harbor.

"It's a deal," said Cheyne at the last. "You'll alter your mind twenty times before you leave college, o' course; but if you take hold of it in proper shape, and if you don't tie it up before you're twenty-three, I'll make the thing over to you. How's that, Harvey?"

"Nope. Never pays to split up a going concern. There's too much competition in the world anyway, and Disko says 'blood-kin *hev* to stick together.' His crowd never go back on him. That's one reason, he says, why they make such big fares. Say, the 'We're Here' goes off to the Georges on Monday. They don't stay long ashore, do they?"

"Well, we ought to be going, too, I guess. I've left my business hung up at loose ends, and it's time to connect again. I just hate to do it, though. Haven't had a holiday like this for twenty years."

"We can't go without seeing Disko off," said Harvey, "and Monday's Memorial Day. Let's stay over that, anyway."

"What is this memorial business? They were talking about it in the boarding-house," said Cheyne, weakly. He, too, was not anxious to spoil the golden days.

"Well, as far as I can make out, *this* business is a sort of song-and-dance act, whacked up for the summer boarders. Disko don't think much of it, he says, because they take up a subscription for the widows and orphans. Disko's independent. Haven't you noticed that?"

"Well—yes. A little. In spots. Is it a town show?"

"The summer convention is. They read out the names of the fellows drowned or gone astray since last time, and they make speeches, and recite, and all. Then, Disko says, the secretaries of the aid societies go into the back yard and fight over the dollars. The real show, he says, is in the spring. The ministers all take a hand then, and there aren't any summer boarders around."

"I see," said Cheyne, with the brilliant and perfect comprehension of one born into and bred up to city pride. "We'll stay over for Memorial Day, and get off in the afternoon."

"Guess I'll go down to Disko's and make him bring his crowd up before they sail. I'll have to stand with them, of course."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Cheyne. "I'm only a poor summer boarder, and you're—"



BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE "WE'RE HERE."

"A Banker—full-blooded Banker," Harvey called back as he boarded a trolley, and Cheyne went on with his blissful dreams for the future.

Disko had no use for civic functions where appeals were made for charity, but Harvey pleaded that the glory of the day would be lost if the "We're Heres" absented themselves. Then Disko made conditions. He had heard—it was astonishing how all the world knew all the world's business along the water-front—he had heard that a "Philadelphia actress-woman" was going to take part in the exercises; and he mistrusted that she would deliver "Skipper Ireson's Ride." Personally he had as little use for actresses as for summer boarders; but justice was

justice, and though he himself (here Dan giggled) had once slipped up on a matter of judgment, this thing must not be. So Harvey came back to East Gloucester, and spent half a day explaining to an amused actress with a royal reputation on two sea-boards the inwardness of the mistake she contemplated; and she admitted that it was justice, even as Disko had said.

Cheyne knew by old experience what would happen; but anything of the nature of a public palaver was meat and drink to the man. He saw the trolleys hurrying west, in the hot, hazy morning, full of women in light summer dresses, and white-faced, straw-hatted men fresh from Boston desks; the stack of bicycles outside the post-office; the come-and-go of busy officials, greet-

ing one another; the slow flick and swash of bunting in the heavy air, and the important man with a hose sluicing the brick sidewalk.

"Mother," he said, suddenly, "don't you remember, after Seattle was burned out, and they got her going again?"

Mrs. Cheyne nodded, and looked critically down the crooked street. Like her husband, she understood these gatherings, all the West over, and compared them one against another. The fishermen began to mingle with the crowd about the town-hall doors—blue-jowled Portuguese, their women bare-headed or shawled for the most part; clear-eyed Nova Scotians, and men of the maritime provinces: French, Italians, Swedes, and Danes, with outside crews of coasting schooners; and everywhere women in black, who saluted one another with a gloomy pride, for this was their day of great days. And there were ministers of many creeds—pastors of great, gilt-edged congregations, at the sea-side for a rest, with shepherds of the regular work—from the priests of the Church on the Hill to bush-bearded ex-sailor Lutherans, hail-fellow with the men of a score of boats. There were owners of lines of schooners, large contributors to the societies, and small men, their few craft pawned to the mast-heads, with bankers and marine-insurance agents, captains of tugs and waterboats, riggers, fitters, lumpers, salters, boat-builders, and coopers, and all the mixed population of the water front.

They drifted along the line of seats made gay with the dresses of the summer boarders, and one of the town officials patrolled and perspired till he shone all over with pure city pride. Cheyne had met him for five minutes a few days before, and between the two there was an entire sympathy.

"Well, Mr. Cheyne, and what d'you think of our city?—Yes, madam, you can sit anywhere you please.—You have this kind of thing out West, I presume?"

"Yes, but we aren't as old as you."

"That's so, of course. You ought to have been at the exercises when we celebrated our two hundred and fiftieth birthday. I tell you, Mr. Cheyne, the old city did herself credit."

"So I heard. It pays, too. What's the matter with the town that it don't have a first-class hotel?"

"—Right over there to the left, Pedro. Heaps o' room for you and your crowd.—Why, that's what I tell 'em all the time, Mr. Cheyne. There's big money in it, but I presume that don't affect you any. What we want is—"

A heavy hand fell on his broadcloth shoulder, and the flushed skipper of a Portland coal-and-ice coaster spun him half round. "What in thunder do you fellows mean by clappin' the law on the town when all decent men are at sea this way? Heh? Town's dry's a bone, an' smells a sight worse sense I quit. Might ha' left us one saloon for soft drinks, anyway."

"Don't seem to have hindered your nourishment this morning, Carsen. I'll go into the politics of it later. Sit down by the door and think over your arguments till I come back."

"What good's arguments to me? In Miquelon champagne's eighteen dollars a case and—" The skipper lurched into his seat as an organ prelude silenced him.

"Our new organ," said the official proudly to Cheyne. "Cost us four thousand dollars, too. We'll have to get back to high-license next year to pay for it. I wasn't going to let the ministers have all the religion at their convention. Those are some of our orphans standing up to sing. My wife taught 'em. See you again later. I'm wanted on the platform."

High, clear, and true, children's voices bore down the last noise of those settling into their places.

"Oh all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him for ever!"

The women throughout the hall leaned forward to look as the reiterated cadences filled the air. Mrs. Cheyne, with some others, began to breathe short; she had hardly imagined there were so many widows in the world, and by instinct searched for Harvey. He had found the "We're Heres" at the back of the audience, and was standing, as by right, between Dan and Disko. Uncle Salters, returned the night before with Penn, received him suspiciously.

"Hain't your folk gone yet?" he grunted. "What are you doin' here, young feller?"

"Oh all ye Seas and Floods, bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him for ever!"

"Hain't he good right?" said Dan. "He's bin there, same as the rest of us."

"Not in them clothes," Salters snarled.

"Shut your head, Salters," said Disko. "Your bile's gone back on you. Stay right where ye are, Harve."

Then up and spoke the orator of the occasion, another pillar of the municipality, bidding the world welcome to Gloucester, and incidentally pointing out wherein Gloucester excelled the rest of the world. Then he turned to the sea wealth of the city, and spoke of the price that must be paid for the

yearly harvest. They would hear later the names of their lost dead—one hundred and seventeen of them. (The widows stared a little, and looked at one another here.) Gloucester could not boast any overwhelming mills or factories. Her sons worked for such wage as the sea gave; and they all knew that neither Georges nor the Banks were cow-pastures. The utmost that folk ashore could accomplish was to help the widows and the orphans; and after a few general remarks he took this opportunity of thanking, in the name of the city, those who had so public-spiritedly consented to participate in the exercises.

"I jest despise the beggin' pieces in it," growled Disko. "It don't give folk a fair notion of us."

"Ef folk won't be fore-handed an' put by when they've the chance," returned Salters, "it stands in the nature o' things they *hev* to be 'shamed. You take warnin' by that, young feller. Riches endureth but for a season, ef you scatter them araound on lug-suries—"

"But to lose everything—everything," said Penn. "What can you do *then*? Once I"—the watery blue eyes stared up and down, as looking for something to steady them—"once I read—in a book, I think—of a boat where every one was run down—except some one—and he said to me—"

"Shucks!" said Salters, cutting in. "You read a little less an' take more int'rust in your vittles, and you'll come nearer to earnin' your keep, Penn."

Harvey, jammed among the fishermen, felt a creepy, crawly, tingling thrill that began in the back of his neck and ended at his boots. He was cold, too, though it was a warm day.

"That the actress from Philadelphia?" said Disko Troop, scowling at the platform. "You've fixed it about old man Ireson, hain't ye, Harve? Ye know why naow."

It was not "Ireson's Ride" that the woman delivered, but some sort of poem about a fishing-port called Brixham and a fleet of trawlers beating in against storm by night, while the women made a guiding fire at the head of the quay with everything they could lay hands on.

"They took the grandam's blanket,
Who shivered and bade them go;
They took the baby's cradle,
Who could not say them no."

"Whew!" said Dan, peering over Long Jack's shoulder. "That's great! Must ha' bin expensive, though."

"Ground-hog case," said the Galway man. "Badly lighted port, Danny."

"And knew not all the while
If they were lighting a bon-fire
Or only a funeral pile."

The wonderful voice took hold of people by their heartstrings; and when she told how the drenched crews were flung ashore, living and dead, and they carried the bodies to the glare of the fire, asking: "Child, is this your father?" or "Wife, is this your man?" you could hear the hard breathing all over the benches.

"And when the boats of Brixham
Go out to face the gales,
Think of the love that travels
Like light upon their sails."

There was very little applause when she finished. The women were looking for their handkerchiefs, and many of the men stared at the ceiling with shiny eyes.

"H'm," said Salters, "that 'ud cost ye a dollar to hear at any theatre—maybe two. Some folk, I presoom, can afford it. Seems downright waste to me. Naow, how in Jerusalem did Cap Bart Edwardes strike adrift here?"

"No keepin' him under," said an Eastport man behind. "He's a poet, an' he's baound to say his piece. Comes from daown aour way, too."

He did not say that Captain B. Edwardes had striven for five consecutive years to be allowed to recite a piece of his own composition on Gloucester Memorial Day. An amused and exhausted committee had at last given him his desire. The simplicity and utter happiness of the old man, as he stood up in his very best Sunday clothes, won the audience ere he opened his mouth. They sat unmurmuring through seven and thirty hatchet-made verses describing at full-length the loss of the schooner "Joan Haskens" off the Georges in the gale of 1867, and when he came to an end they shouted with one kindly throat.

A far-sighted Boston reporter slid away for a full copy of the epic and an interview with the author; so that earth had nothing more to offer Captain Bart Edwardes, ex-whaler, shipwright, master-fisherman, and poet, in the seventy-third year of his age.

"Naow, I call that sensible," said the Eastport man. "I've bin over that ground with his writin', jest as he read it, in my two hands, and I can testify that he's got all in."

"If Dan here couldn't do better'n that with one hand before breakfast, he ought to

be switched," said Salters, upholding the honor of Massachusetts on general principles. "Not but what I'm free to own he's considerable litt'ery—fer Maine. Still—"

"Guess Uncle Salters goin' to die this trip. Fust compliment he's ever paid me," Dan sniggered. "What's wrong with you, Harve? You act all quiet and you look greenish. Feelin' sick?"

"Don't know what's the matter with me," Harvey replied. "Seems if my insides were too big for my outsides. I'm all crowded up and shivery."

"Dispepsy? Pshaw, thet's too bad. We'll wait for the readin', an' then we'll quit, so's to catch the tide."

The widows—they were nearly all of that season's making—braced themselves rigidly like people going to be shot in cold blood, for they knew what was coming. The summer-boarder girls in pink and blue shirt-waists stopped tittering over Captain Edwardes's wonderful poem, and looked back to see why all was silent. The fishermen pressed forward as that town official who had talked with Cheyne bobbed up on the platform and began to read the year's list of losses, dividing them into months. Last September's casualties were mostly single men and strangers, but his voice rang very loud in the stillness of the hall.

"September 9th.—Schooner 'Florrie Anderson' lost, with all aboard, off the Georges. Reuben Pitman, master, 50, single, Main Street, City.

"Emil Olsen, 19, single, 329 Hammond Street, City; Denmark.

"Oscar Stanberg, single, 25, Sweden.

"Carl Stanberg, single, 28, Main Street, City.

"Pedro, supposed Madeira, single, Keene's boarding-house, City.

"Joseph Welsh, alias Joseph Wright, 30, St. John's, Newfoundland."

"No—Augusta, Maine," a voice cried from the body of the hall.

"He shipped from St. John's," said the reader, looking to see.

"I know it. He belongs in Augusta. My nevvv."

The reader made a pencilled correction on the margin of the list, and resumed:

"Same schooner, Charlie Ritchie, Liverpool, Nova Scotia, 33, single; Albert May, 267 Rogers Street, City, 27, single.

"September 27th.—Orvin Dollard, 30, married, drowned in dory off Eastern Point."

That shot went home, for one of the widows flinched where she sat, clasping and unclasping her hands. Mrs. Cheyne, who had been listening with wide-opened eyes, threw up her head and choked. Dan's

mother, a few seats to the right, saw and heard and quickly moved to her side. The reading went on. By the time they reached the January and February wrecks the shots were falling thick and fast, and the widows drew breath between their teeth.

"February 14th.—Schooner 'Harry Randolph' dismasted on the way home from Newfoundland; Asa Musie, married, 32, Main Street, City, lost overboard.

"February 23d.—Schooner 'Gilbert Hope'; went astray in dory, Robert Beavon, 29, married, native of Pubnico, Nova Scotia."

But his wife was in the hall. They heard a low cry, as though a little animal had been hit. It was stifled at once, and a girl staggered out of the hall. She had been hoping against hope for months, because some who have gone adrift in dories have been miraculously picked up by deep-sea sailing-ships. Now she had her certainty, and Harvey could see the policeman on the sidewalk hailing a hack for her. "It's fifty cents to the depot"—the driver began, but the policeman held up his hand—"but I'm goin' there anyway. Jump right in. Look at here, Alf, you don't pull me next time my lamps ain't lit. See?"

The side-door closed on the patch of bright sunshine, and Harvey's eyes turned again to the reader and his endless list.

"April 19th.—Schooner 'Mamie Douglas' lost on the Banks with all hands.

"Edward Canton, 43, master, married, City.

"D. Hawkins, alias Williams, 34, married, Shelbourne, Nova Scotia.

"G. W. Clay, colored, 28, married, City."

And so on, and so on. Great lumps were rising in Harvey's throat, and his stomach reminded him of the day when he fell from the liner.

"May 10th.—Schooner 'We're Here' [the blood tingled all over him]. Otto Svendsen, 20, single, City, lost overboard."

Once more a low, tearing cry from somewhere at the back of the hall.

"She shouldn't ha' come. She shouldn't ha' come," said Long Jack, with a cluck of pity.

"Don't scrowge, Harve," grunted Dan. Harvey heard that much, but the rest was all darkness spotted with fiery wheels. Disko leaned forward and spoke to his wife, where she sat with one arm round Mrs. Cheyne and the other holding down the snatching, catching, ringed hands.

"Lean your head daown—right daown!" she whispered. "It'll go off in a minute."

"I ca-an't—I do-don't—Oh, let me—" Mrs. Cheyne did not at all know what she said.

"You must," Mrs. Troop repeated. "Your boy's jest fainted dead away. They do that some when they're gettin' their growth. Wish to tend to him? We can git aout this side. Quite quiet. You come right along with me. Psha, my dear; we're both women, I guess: we must tend to aour men-folk. Come!"

The "We're Heres" promptly went through the crowd as a bodyguard, and it was a very white and shaken Harvey that they propped up on a bench in an ante-room.

"Favors his ma," was Mrs. Troop's only comment, as the mother bent over her boy.

"How d'you suppose he could ever stand it?" she cried indignantly to Cheyne, who had said nothing at all. "It was horrible—horrible. We shouldn't have come. It's wrong and wicked! It—it isn't right! Why—why couldn't they put these things in the papers—where they belong. Are you better, darling?"

That made Harvey very properly ashamed. "Oh, I'm all right, I guess," he said, struggling to his feet, with a broken giggle. "Must ha' been something I ate for breakfast."

"Coffee, perhaps," said Cheyne, whose face was all in hard lines, as though it had been cut out of bronze. "We won't go back again."

"Guess 'twould be 'baout's well to git daown to the wharf," said Disko. "It's close in along with them Dagoes, an' the fresh air will fetch Mrs. Cheyne araound."

Harvey announced that he never felt better in his life, but it was not till he saw the "We're Here," fresh from the lump-er's hands at Wouverman's Wharf, that he lost his all-overish feelings, in a queer mixture of pride and sorrowfulness. Other people—summer boarders and such-like—played about in cat-boats or looked at the sea from pier-heads, but he understood things from the inside—more things than he could begin to think about. None the less, he could have sat down and howled because the little schooner was going off. Mrs. Cheyne simply cried and cried every step of the way, and said most extraordinary things to Mrs. Troop, who "babied" her till Dan, who had not been "babied" since he was six, whistled aloud.

And so the old crowd—Harvey felt like the most ancient of mariners—dropped into the old schooner among the battered dories, while Harvey slipped the stern-fast from the

pier-head and they slid her along the wharf-side with their hands. Every one wanted to say so much that no one said anything in particular. Harvey bade Dan take care of Uncle Salters's sea-boots and Penn's dory-anchor, and Long Jack entreated Harvey to remember his lessons in seamanship; but the jokes fell flat in the presence of the two women, and it is hard to be funny with green harbor-water widening between good friends.

"Up jib and fores'le," shouted Disko, getting to the wheel, as the wind took her. "See you later, Harve. Dunno but I come near thinkin' a heap o' you an' your folks."

Then she glided beyond earshot, and they sat down to watch her up the harbor. And still Mrs. Cheyne wept.

"Psha, my dear," said Mrs. Troop; "we're both women, I guess. Like's not it'll ease your heart to hev your cry aout. God He knows it never done me a mite o' good, but then He knows I've had something to cry fer!"

Now it was four good years later, and up-on the other edge of America, that a young man came through the clammy sea-fog up a windy street which is flanked with most expensive houses, built of wood to imitate stone. To him, as he was standing by a hammered iron gate, entered on horse-back—and the horse would have been cheap at a thousand dollars—another young man. And this is what they said:

"Hello, Dan!"

"Hello, Harve!"

"What's the best with you?"

"Well, I'm so's to be that kind o' animal called second-mate this trip. Ain't you most through with that triple-invoiced college o' yours?"

"Getting that way. I tell you the Leland Stanford, Junior, isn't a circumstance to the old 'We're Here,' but I'm coming into the business for keeps next fall."

"Meanin' aour packets?"

"Nothing else. You just wait till I get my knife into you, Dan. I'm going to make the old line lie down and cry when I take hold."

"I'll resk it," said Dan, with a brotherly grin, as Harvey dismounted and asked whether he were coming in.

"That's what I took the cable fer; but, say, is the Doctor anywheres araound? I'll draown that crazy nigger some day, his one cussed joke an' all."

There was a low triumphant chuckle, as the ex-cook of the "We're Here" came out of the fog to take the horse's bridle. He

allowed no one else to attend to any or Harvey's wants.

"Thick as the Banks, ain't, it Doctor?" said Dan, propitiatingly.

But the coal-black Celt with the second-sight did not see fit to reply till he had tapped Dan on the shoulder, and for the twentieth time croaked the old, old prophecy in his ear :

"Master—man. Man—master," said he. "You remember, Dan Troop? On the 'We're Here'?"

"Well, I won't go so far as to deny that it do look like it as things stand at present," said Dan. "She was an able packet, and one way an' another I owe her a heap—her and dad."

"Me too," quoth Harvey Cheyne.

THE END.

MR. KIPLING'S TRUTH TO FACT IN "CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

IN this number of *McCLURE'S* is published the final instalment of Mr. Kipling's masterly story of "Captains Courageous." The several instalments have attracted wide attention as they appeared, and have started some very interesting points of discussion. One of these was as to Skipper Ireson—whether he had had an injustice done his memory in the story told of him in Whittier's ballad of "Skipper Ireson's Ride." The interesting communication from Captain John Codman, published in the March number, seemed to amply sustain the contention of Captain Disko Troop, in "Captains Courageous," that such injustice had been done, and that for once Whittier "slipped up." Mr. Kipling's purpose in taking up the subject was probably not so much to set Skipper Ireson right before the world as to truly show forth Captain Troop; but whichever was his primary aim, he receives in Captain Codman's letter a strong testimony to his thoroughness and accuracy.

Another point that has been raised, and even a more interesting one, is as to the descent of the negro cook of the "We're Here." He is represented as the descendant of Southern negroes who had fled to the interior of Cape Breton and as reared to speak Gaelic. This the editor of the "Marine Journal" of New York conceived to be an error, and in a recent number of his paper said:

As a matter of fact, although the people of Cape Breton are largely Highland Scotch, negroes are as scarce among them as skunks, which means that there are none in the island. Indeed, we have known the colored cook of a vessel that put into Sydney, C. B., to be followed around the streets there by a crowd as a curiosity. There are settlements of ex-slaves in Nova Scotia, near Halifax, but they do not speak Gaelic, and we believe there is a

settlement of Gaelic-speaking negroes somewhere in Carolina. But there are no settlements of negroes, and much less Gaelic-speaking negroes, in Cape Breton.

This article was reprinted at North Sydney, Cape Breton, in the "Herald" newspaper, and immediately called forth several letters of refutation. We print herewith two that are of particular interest.

ARICHAT, CAPE BRETON, January 25, 1897.

To the Editor of *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* :

The New York "Marine Journal," in a criticism of Kipling's "Captains Courageous," now running in your valued magazine, claims that the author has fallen into an error when he represents the cook of the "We're Here" as a Cape Breton negro, the descendant of Southern slaves, etc. In some respects, at least, no mistake has been committed. There are at least two negro families living in Inverness County, Cape Breton, who are in all probability the descendants of fugitive slaves. These negroes, living in a community of Highland Scotchmen or their descendants, soon acquired the language of the Gael. I remember meeting one of these colored people a few years ago. He was cook on a trading schooner, and was as black as any Southern negro. He not only spoke Gaelic, but could write in that language as well, and I had in possession for some time verses of a Gaelic song written by this colored cook. From what I knew of him I could say that he was the cook so faithfully portrayed by the master hand of Kipling.

D. F.

POSTE RESTANTE, CANSO, NOVA SCOTIA,
February 5, 1897.

To the Editor of *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* :

The enclosed cutting from the North Sydney "Herald," Cape Breton, speaks for itself. Rudyard Kipling does not err. In defence of his statement I beg to state that there are two families of Gaelic-speaking negroes at West Bay, in Cape Breton; also another family at Whycocomagh—both places in Inverness County, Cape Breton. Doubtless others have advised you of this, but in order to preclude any chances of non-acquaintance on this subject, I have taken the liberty to send you this information.

Your obedient servant,

DANVERS OSBORN.

LIFE PORTRAITS OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

Born at Salisbury, N. H., January 18, 1782. Died at Marshfield, Mass., October 24, 1852.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

THE first portrait of Daniel Webster that we know, is of especial interest from its romantic history. It was painted when Webster, at twenty-two, was paying his addresses to Grace Fletcher, who, four years later, became his wife. By whom it was drawn is not known, but Daniel gave it to Grace, and, upon her death, he gave it to her sister, Rebecca, the wife of his kinsman, Israel Webster Kelley, of Webster's native town, Salisbury (now Franklin), New Hampshire. From Mrs. Kelley it has descended to the Rev. Webster Kelley Peirce of Brimfield, Massachusetts, but was found too late to reproduce here.

As early as the time of his marriage Webster's striking appearance had begun to be noted. "His large lustrous eyes, which later shone forth from their cavernous depths, and massive brow, dominated over the other features, which were sharply cut, refined, and delicate; while the paleness of his olive complexion was heightened by hair as black as the raven's wing." This is as he is finely depicted in an early portrait, by an unknown hand and of uncertain date, belonging to the Long Island Historical Society, wherein Webster's conscious ideality and spirituality are portrayed with a prescience quite remarkable considering that he was only then entering upon his great career.

Portraits are here reproduced painted by Gilbert Stuart in 1822 and 1824, by Francis Alexander in 1835, by Hiram Powers in 1836, by Thomas Bayley Lawson in 1844, by Chester Harding in 1845, by F. de Berg Richards in 1846, by Southworth and Hawes in 1850, by Ormsby and Silsbee in 1851, and by Joseph Ames and by J. W. Black in 1852. These eleven pictures by no means exhaust the portraits of Webster. Their number is legion. Charles Bird King, who studied in England with Leslie and Morse, and for forty years had a studio in Washington, District of Columbia, where he painted all the notabilities of the period, painted a portrait of Webster in 1817, which he bequeathed to the Redwood Library, Newport, Rhode Island;

and another by King is in the Ogle-Taylor collection at the Corcoran Art Gallery.

Miss Sarah Goodridge made at least five miniatures of him from life. The first, painted in 1827, was done for Eliza Buckminster Lee, and is now in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society. In a letter from Webster to the artist, now before me, he writes, relative to this picture: "I owe you an apology for not calling on you before I left home, after receiving the miniature, to tell you how very much it satisfied Mrs. Webster and also the person for whom it was designed. They thought it a very good likeness and are well pleased with it." This portrait was engraved for the "Private Correspondence of Daniel Webster" in 1857. Miss Goodridge subsequently painted miniatures of Webster in 1831, 1833, 1836, and about 1845. One of these is in the collection of Miss Walker of Boston; another is owned by Senator Lodge; a third belongs to the artist's nephew, Mr. Edward Appleton, while the latest, an unfinished sketch, is in the possession of the writer.

James Barton Longacre, the accomplished engraver who, for more than a quarter of a century, held that official position in the United States Mint and earlier projected the "National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans," drew several portraits of Webster in sepia. Two of these he engraved, one in 1830 and the other in 1833, and both are interesting heads.

George Linen, a Scotchman who came to this country in 1834 and acquired celebrity for his small cabinet portraits, painted Webster, at Marshfield, in 1838. This portrait is owned by Mrs. John B. Linen of Buffalo, New York, but it does not respond satisfactorily to the camera. Richard Morell Staigg, the most eminent of the latter-day miniaturists, painted at Washington, in 1844, a portrait of Webster which is now owned by the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. It was exquisitely engraved by that master of delicate work, John Cheney, and a replica belongs to the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Albert Gallatin Hoyt painted a portrait for Paran Stevens, which hung for years in the Revere House, Boston, and now belongs to the Union League Club, New York. Webster was also painted by James Frothingham and by John Pope, drawn by W. J. Hubbard and by Eastman Johnson, and modeled by John Frazee in 1833, by Shobell Vail Clevenger in 1839, by Clark Mills in 1849, and by John C. King in 1850. From the bust by Clevenger was taken the head that so long ornamented the old orange fifteen-cent postage stamp.

Harding, Ames, and Healy seem to have run a pretty even race in delineating him. They evidently kept him on hand, much as Stuart kept his "pot-boiler" portraits of Washington. It is claimed that Harding painted him from life nine times, Ames a like number, and Healy but one less. From my investigations I am satisfied that while each was almost continuously painting Webster, and sometimes from life sittings, most of the pictures of him by these men are mere repetitions, with variations of pose and change in details.

Webster, by his will, left to his granddaughter Caroline LeRoy Appleton—Madame Jerome Bonaparte of Washington—the portrait of himself by Healy "which now hangs in the southeast parlor at Marshfield." There was another of him by Healy burned in the fire at Marshfield in 1878. The original study for the portrait in Healy's familiar picture of "Webster's reply to Hayne," which hangs in Faneuil Hall, is dated "Marshfield, Nov. 13, 1848," and belongs to Mr. Thomas B. Bryan of Elmhurst, Illinois, who also owns a finished sketch, by Healy, of Webster in his hunting garb, with gun in one hand and game in the other. The latter was Healy's last portrait of him from life. Both have been often reproduced. An earlier portrait of Webster, painted by Healy (1842), with a companion picture of Lord Ashburton, hangs in the State Department at Washington, while a replica of it is in the New York Historical Society. There are, of course, many other portraits of Webster by Healy that are claimed to be original, but it is impossible to assign their places or determine their authenticity, with the facilities at hand.

Portraits of Webster by Ames are at Dartmouth College, Exeter Academy, and in the Somerset Club, Boston. Ames's composition called "Last Days of Webster at Marshfield," made familiar by the engraving, is in the possession of R. M. Foote of Boston.

Chester Harding's first and best portrait of Webster, painted in 1828, belongs to Mrs. Abbott Lawrence of Boston, and was finely engraved by S. A. Schoff for the "Works of Daniel Webster." The picture by him that for so long was a feature of Stetson's Astor House, Mr. Webster's headquarters in New York, now belongs to the Hon. Robert F. Stockton of Trenton, New Jersey. The head in the full-length picture in the Boston Athenæum, painted by Harding in the winter of 1847-48, is much like the Lawson portrait. The figure was not painted from Webster, but from John Tucker, the proprietor of the old Tremont House, Boston. A composite portrait made by Harding in 1855 for Hon. J. M. Thompson of Springfield, is owned by the Algonquin Club of Boston.

It would be impossible, if it were desirable, to note all the daguerreotypes and talbottypes that were taken of Mr. Webster. They would form a good-sized portrait gallery by themselves. There are, however, curiosities of Webster portraiture that must not be neglected. A painting that was one of the treasures of the Webster Historical Society was secured, on the disbandment of the society, by Tilly Haynes, of the United States Hotel, in Boston, who sold it to Mr. R. Hall McCormick of Chicago, as "one of three painted by Harding." The frame was recently removed, and beneath the spandrel, on the canvas, hidden from view, was the unknown signature of "Emory Seamon, pinxt, 1854," showing that it was painted two years after Webster's death. There are two pictures of Webster sitting against a tree, wearing one of his favorite big soft hats. One faces to the right, and is called "Webster at Marshfield," by Healy, and the other faces to the left, and is called "Webster at Franklin," by Ames. This is surely the Barnum show of "pays your money and takes your choice;" for both have evidently been copied, with some variations, from the same original, and that, apparently, a daguerreotype. Another more remarkable curiosity will be found noted under Harding's portrait of Webster at 63, on page 624.

Mr. Webster was twice married: in June 1808, to Grace Fletcher, who died January 21, 1828; and in December, 1829, to Caroline LeRoy, who died February 28, 1882. Through the courtesy of Mrs. Charles H. Joy and of Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, we are enabled to reproduce, for the first time, portraits of both the first and the second Mrs. Webster.



WEBSTER ABOUT 1822. AGE 40. PAINTED BY GILBERT STUART.

WEBSTER ABOUT 1822. AGE 40. PAINTED BY
GILBERT STUART.

From the original portrait by Gilbert Stuart, owned by Mr. Henry Parkman, Boston. Panel, 24 by 30 inches. This unfinished head is perhaps more interesting artistically than historically. It shows how the master portrait painter of America worked; but is hardly far enough advanced to be valuable as a portrait. Stuart was such an erratic individual that it is difficult to imagine why he left this portrait unfinished as he left also portraits of Bowditch, Story, Sparks, Everett, and others. It may be that he was not satisfied with it and contemplated beginning anew; or he may have been so well satisfied with it that he hesitated to proceed further. Whatever his reason was, we can only regret that his high mightiness did not complete what he had so well begun. It was painted at the order of Mr. Edmund Dwight of Boston, the grandfather of the present owner, who, after Stuart's death, went to the artist's studio and carried the panel off.

WEBSTER ABOUT 1824. AGE 42. PAINTED BY
GILBERT STUART.

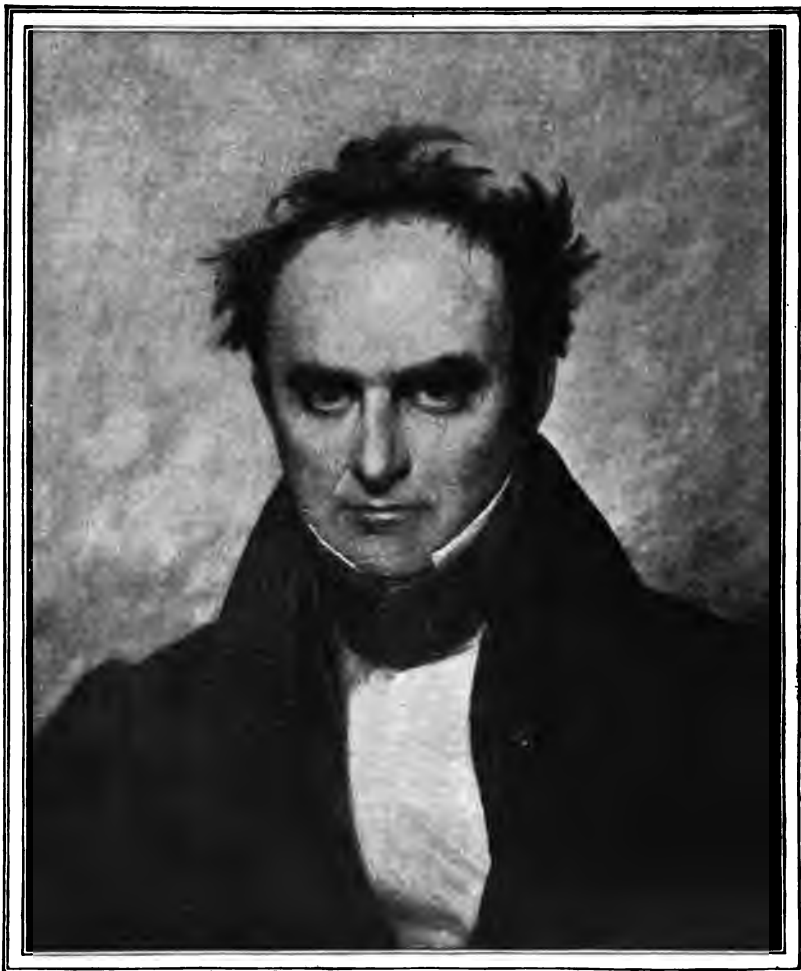
From the original portrait by Gilbert Stuart, owned by Mr. George Frederick Williams, Dedham, Massachusetts. Canvas, 28 by 36 inches. This portrait has never been reproduced before, and so hidden from view has it been that it is not mentioned in the list of the painter's works given in Mason's Life of Stuart or in that more complete one printed in the catalogue of the Stuart exhibition, by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, in 1880. It comes forth, therefore, in the light of a new discovery. It was painted for that warm friend of both painter and subject, Isaac P. Davis of Boston, and hung for years in his parlor. One day while visiting Mr. Davis, Webster stood for some time before the picture, and making a low bow to it said: "I am willing *that* shall go down to posterity." When Webster sat for this portrait he had just returned from Washington "looking pale and thin and far from well, yet the picture has the depth of expression for which he was so remarkable." Mr. Davis subsequently gave the picture to Webster, and it hung at Marshfield, where it was saved from the fire that destroyed the historic house. It was then given by Mrs. Fletcher Webster to the present owner, who for years was her trusted counselor and friend. A copy by Jane Stuart, made for Mr. James W. Paige, Webster's brother-in-law, is in the possession of Mrs. Abbott Lawrence of Boston.



WEBSTER ABOUT 1824. AGE 42. PAINTED BY GILBERT STUART.

WEBSTER IN 1835.
AGE 53.
PAINTED BY
FRANCIS ALEXANDER.

From the original portrait by Francis Alexander, owned by Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire. Canvas, 24x30 inches. Francis Alexander was born in Killingsby, Connecticut, February 3, 1800, and died in Florence, Italy, in 1880. At the age of twenty he went to New York, and was received as a pupil at the Columbian Academy, and subsequently opened a studio in Boston, where he was eminently successful as a portrait painter. He went to Italy in 1831, and remained about two years, when he reestablished himself in Boston, but later took up a permanent residence in Florence. His portrait of Webster has never before been reproduced, and is a fine representation of "Black Dan." It is signed on the back, "Painted by Fr. Alexander for Dartmouth College. Boston, December, 1835."



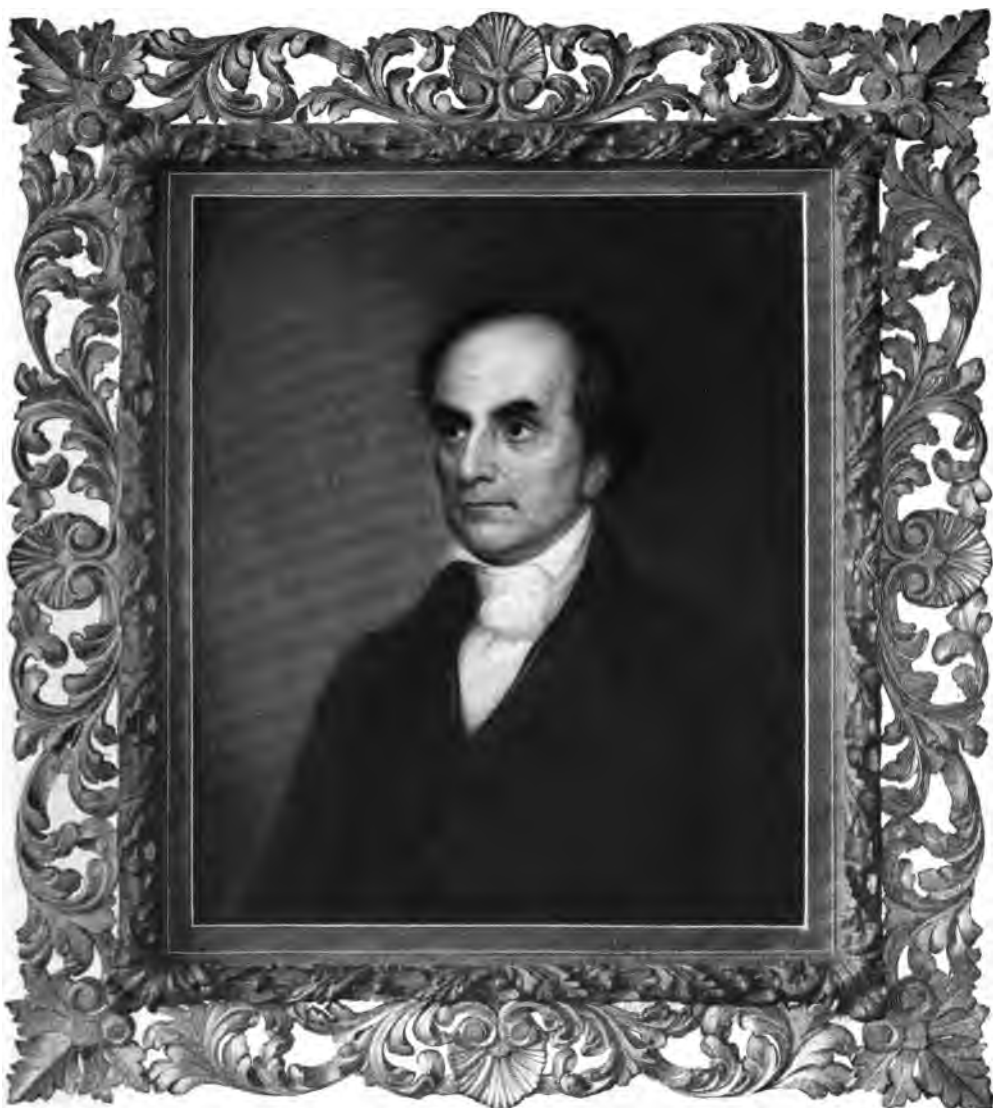
WEBSTER IN 1835. AGE 53. PAINTED BY FRANCIS ALEXANDER.



DANIEL WEBSTER IN 1836. AGE 54.
MODELED BY HIRAM POWERS.

DANIEL WEBSTER IN 1836. AGE 54. MODELED BY HIRAM POWERS.

From the original marble by Hiram Powers, owned by the Athenæum, Boston, Massachusetts. Hiram Powers was born in Woodstock, Vermont, July 29, 1805, and died in Florence, Italy, June 27, 1873. At fourteen he went with his family to Ohio, and having been apprenticed to a clock and organ builder in Cincinnati, developed those mechanical instincts which in his later occupation stood him in such good stead. He had just attained his majority when the opportunity presented itself that made him a sculptor. Lafayette had passed through Cincinnati, and with his French complacency had sat for his bust to a Mr. Eckstein, whose studio was near Powers's factory. From a desultory visitor, Powers had become a constant attendant at Eckstein's studio, and his first work was to cast the bust of "the nation's guest" from the clay model. Subsequently he made wax figures for a local museum, the superior merit of which was discovered by Mrs. Trollope. A bust he made of M. Hervieu, a French artist who was Mrs. Trollope's fellow traveler, seems to have been his real starting piece as a sculptor. He visited Washington during the winters of 1834-1835 and 1835-1836, where he blocked out the bust of Webster here reproduced; but it was finished at Marshfield, where Powers was for some time Webster's guest. The next year he went to Florence, which was destined to be his future home. Thence came to this country his most famous marble, "The Greek Slave," which he repeated six or eight times, one repetition being in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, D. C. Thorwaldsen, whose name in those days was one to conjure with, is said to have pronounced the somewhat doubtful compliment on Powers's bust of Webster, that it was "the best work of the kind executed in modern times." Powers had consummate taste, but his portrait busts are weak; they lack character.



WEBSTER IN 1844. AGE 62. PAINTED BY THOMAS BAYLEY LAWSON.

From a copyrighted photograph by Curtis and Cameron of the original portrait painted by T. B. Lawson. The original is now in the possession of Mr. Walter U. Lawson of Boston. Canvas, 24 inches by 30 inches. Thomas Bayley Lawson was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, January 13, 1807, and died in Lowell, Massachusetts, June 4, 1888. He went to New York in 1831, and for six months drew from the antique at the National Academy of Design; then returned to Newburyport, and began portrait painting. In 1844 he visited Washington, and had twelve sittings from Webster in his own home, which resulted in the portrait here reproduced. Webster was wont to refer to this picture as having probably saved his life. He remained at home to give Mr. Lawson a sitting, instead of accompanying the Presidential party aboard the "Princeton," the day the big gun burst and killed several persons, including two cabinet officers. After the picture was finished, it was exhibited in the rotunda of the Capitol. Webster's comment on it was, "*That is the face I shave.*" There are a dozen or more replicas of it, one being a full length, the figure painted from a daguerreotype, which was engraved, and another being preserved at Dartmouth College, the *alma mater* of Mr. Webster. To the owner of this portrait the writer is indebted for much good service in the preparation of this article.



WEBSTER IN 1845. AGE 61. PAINTED BY CHESTER HARDING.

From the painting by Chester Harding, owned by Mr. C. J. H. Woodbury, Lynn, Massachusetts. Canvas, 23 by 27 inches. The portrait here reproduced is claimed to be an original "painted for Samuel Dexter Bradford of Boston, at New Bedford, Massachusetts, in 1845, immediately after Webster's return from the first session of Congress, of his second term in the Senate." It was afterward owned by James Lorimer Graham of New York, from whose nephew it was purchased by the present owner. Another portrait by Harding, identical with this one, is owned by Mr. W. W. Scranton of Scranton, Pennsylvania, "which portrait," Mr. Scranton writes, "Mr. Webster had painted for his second wife. It hung for many years in Mrs. Webster's room in the New York Hotel, where my sister, who married Mrs. Webster's great-nephew, H. W. Le Roy, frequently saw it. Mrs. Webster told my sister that both she and Mr. Webster regarded it as the most satisfactory of the various portraits of Mr. Webster. After Mrs. Webster's death it was bought by Lemuel B. Clark, on whose death I bought it from his daughter." A similar portrait appears as the frontispiece to the second volume of Curtis's "Life of Webster," inscribed, "From a portrait by Chester Harding, in the possession of General James H. Van Allen, of New York, painted in 1849." A duplicate of this is given in the published proceedings of the Webster Centennial at Marshfield in 1882, by the Webster Historical Society, with the inscription, "From a daguerreotype taken at Franklin, New Hampshire, July, 1852, and presented to Stephen M. Allen by Mr. Webster. The last picture from life ever taken of Mr. Webster." An inspection of this daguerreotype would determine whether it was taken from a painting or from life; if the latter, it is obvious that the paintings are not originals, but from it. Both statements cannot be correct, nor could each one of the three paintings be an original from life. As a portrait it is certainly one of the strongest characterizations of Webster that we have, "showing the intellectual development overshadowing the deep cavernous eye, while the lower portions of the face indicate a nature unable to resist itself."



WEBSTER IN 1846. AGE 64. RICHARDS.

From the original daguerreotype by Richards of Philadelphia, in his possession. F. De Berg Richards was born in Wilmington, Delaware, June 26, 1822. He became a portrait painter, but soon turned to landscapes and marines. He was early attracted by the possibilities of the daguerreotype, and after several fruitless attempts, with improvised cameras, succeeded in his endeavor and was among the first to follow daguerreotyping successfully as a business. His collection of daguerreotypes of distinguished personages taken by himself is most important and interesting. The one of Webster here reproduced was taken at the request of Dr. George McClellan, the father of General McClellan, who was secretary to a body of citizens of Philadelphia who had invited Webster to a public dinner. The banquet was given in the old Chinese Museum on December 2, 1846, when, on account of the coldness of the hall, Webster asked permission to wear his hat while speaking. The next morning Mr. Richards went with Dr. McClellan to the Washington House to arrange with Webster for a sitting; but his humor was not propitious for the undertaking, as some unpatriotic creditor was clamoring for his due. This was speedily settled by the company of the previous night, and, about two o'clock, Webster arrived at the gallery with Dr. McClellan. As they entered Mr. Richards said, "Stand just as you are, Mr. Webster; we wish to take you first with your hat on." "Your first will be your last, young man," roared the statesman. But when at the end of eleven seconds Mr. Richards spoke the familiar "That will do," Webster said, "What, all done? Why, in Boston they will set your — eyes out." He then gave a sitting to Mr. Richards's partner, M. P. Simons, when a portrait was obtained which was engraved by the now venerable John Sartain, for the published proceedings of the dinner. Mr. Sartain told the writer that Webster also gave him a sitting to correct the plate. The heretofore printed accounts of this famous "Hat-portrait of Webster" are incorrect in ascribing it to an occasion three years later.



WEBSTER IN 1852. AGE 70. PAINTED BY JOSEPH AMES.

WEBSTER IN 1852. AGE 70. PAINTED BY JOSEPH AMES.

From the original portrait painted by Joseph Ames, owned by Mrs. Charles H. Joy, Boston, Massachusetts. Canvas, 36 by 48 inches. Joseph Ames was born in Roxbury, New Hampshire, in 1816, and died in New York, October 30, 1872. He early opened a studio in Boston, and as soon as he had the means went to Rome to study. While there he was accorded permission to paint the Pope, Pius IX., for the Americans. On his return he settled in Boston, later removed to Baltimore, and finally to New York, where, in 1871, he was elected a member of the National Academy of Design. He painted many portraits of Webster, that reproduced here being not only his last but the last of Webster painted from life. It is true that the pose and appearance of the man seem to be some years younger than in the earlier daguerreotypes. But, while the canvas is not dated, Fletcher Webster gave this year to the bust portrait that was painted at the same time. The latter is also owned by Mrs. Joy, who has too the hat and rod depicted in this canvas. Ames was a much better artist than he is commonly esteemed. He knew when a picture was *done*, whether it was "finished" or not. It is this quality that gives such fine character to much of his portrait work, well illustrated by the accompanying reproduction.

WEBSTER IN 1850. AGE 68. SOUTHWORTH AND HAWES.

From the original daguerreotype, owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston. Josiah J. Hawes, who, in his ninetieth year, still occupies the old gallery on the top floor of No. 19 Tremont Row, Boston, in which the daguerreotype here reproduced was taken by him and his partner Albert S. Southworth, says that the sitting was given by Webster on the 22d day of April, 1850, directly upon his arrival from Marshfield on his way to Washington. Later the same day, in Bowdoin Square, in front of the Revere House, Webster addressed the people of Boston, after being refused the use of Faneuil Hall to defend his famous "Seventh-of-March" speech, the speech that split the Whig party into fragments and alienated many of Webster's closest friends. This is doubtless the best of the latest portraits of Webster, for it shows no decadence. An enlarged reproduction of the head in this picture will be found in *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* for November, 1896.



WEBSTER IN 1850. AGE 68. SOUTHWORTH AND HAWES.



WEBSTER IN 1851. AGE 69. ORMSBY AND SILSBEE.

From the original daguerreotype, owned by Mr. Walter U. Lawson. This daguerreotype is claimed to be the last taken of Mr. Webster. He sat for it at the request of Mr. Henry Williams, the print publisher of Boston, to enable Mr. Thomas Bayley Lawson to paint from it the whole-length figure to a repetition of the portrait he had painted of Webster from life in 1844. The painting thus produced was engraved, and the result was the plate made by Wagstaff and Andrews. The daguerreotype is particularly interesting as a faithful rendering from life of Mr. Webster's stature, no longer borne with that dignity which so strongly impressed every one, but with the painful evidence of declining physical force.



WEBSTER IN 1852(?) AGE 70. BLACK.

From the original daguerreotype owned by J. W. Black & Co., Boston. The history of this most interesting daguerreotype is entirely unknown. From its present ownership, it was without doubt taken by the late J. W. Black, or by his one-time partner, John A. Whipple, pioneer and prominent daguerreotypists of Boston, having established themselves as early as 1840. Its expression and character plainly point to the closing days of Mr. Webster, and it is pathetic in its exact portrayal of the declining statesman. It is these unique qualities that give it a place here when its date and authorship are undetermined.



GRACE FLETCHER WEBSTER IN 1827. AGE 46. PAINTED BY CHESTER HARDING.

From the original portrait painted by Chester Harding, owned by Mrs. Charles H. Joy, Boston. Canvas, 28 by 36 inches. Chester Harding was born in Conway, Massachusetts, September 1, 1792, and died in Boston, Massachusetts, April 1, 1866. He began life a jack-of-all-trades, and wended his way as far as Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where he engaged in house painting until a chance acquaintance with an itinerant portrait painter turned him in that direction. He worked in St. Louis and through Kentucky until he accumulated funds sufficient to take him to Philadelphia, where he spent some time in the schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. He then passed three years in England, and upon his return, in 1826, settled in Boston, where he soon became the fashion, owing to a successful portrait he painted of Miss Emily Marshall, the reigning belle and beauty of Boston. The following year he painted Mrs. Webster, and soon after his first portrait of Mr. Webster. This picture is nearly as interesting as a fashion plate of the period as it is as a portrait of Daniel Webster's first wife. She is represented in the costume she wore (pearl-colored hat and pelisse) two years before at the Bunker Hill celebration, when Mr. Webster delivered his memorable oration on laying the corner-stone of the monument. The picture met so cordially Mr. Webster's approval that he volunteered to sit to Harding for his own portrait as soon as he could command the leisure, and did sit to him the following year.



CAROLINE LEROY WEBSTER IN 1845. AGE 48. DRAWN BY S. E. DUBOURGAL.

From the original drawing by Dubourgal, owned by Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, Boston. Savinien Edome Dubourgal was born in Paris in 1795, and died there in 1853. He was a pupil of Girodet, and of the École des Beaux Arts. He first exhibited at the Salon of 1824, and thereafter, with few intermissions, until the year of his death, when he contributed a water-color portrait of President Polk. He painted chiefly in miniature, and his work is much esteemed. He was intimate with Healy, who calls him his "dearest and best friend." Mrs. Webster, who was the daughter of Jacob LeRoy of New Rochelle, N. Y., was noted for her personal beauty and commanding social qualities. She survived her distinguished husband thirty years, dying shortly after the centennial celebration of his birthday. The present reproduction is from a photograph by Baldwin Coolidge.

A LOYAL COMRADE.

BY CAPTAIN MUSGROVE DAVIS.



THE One Hundred and Ninety-ninth New York had in its conglomerate aggregation two men—tent-mates—who were utterly and hopelessly paralyzed, morally. Physically, they were giants; ethically, they were wrecks.

Both in stealings by day and revelings by night they were constant companions, and while they fought each other like wild-cats, woe betide the outsider who should try to make peace between them.

Moran was tall, lean, and round-shouldered, with a head of hair like a red chrysanthemum and eyes like black buttons. His clothes seemed to hang on him only from his neck. He had a foot like a plantation ducky's, and hands made the same day.

McFeeley was also tall. From behind he was an Apollo; but in front he carried a face that would stop a clock—an ideal "plug-ugly" countenance.

Yes, they were in my company. Either could have annihilated me with one stroke of the hand; but in some way I had gained their confidence and could lead—not drive—them almost at will and in almost any stage of debauch. On the march I was not allowed to carry even my blanket, and they would forage for me (and themselves) at the risk of their lives.

Into the second battle of Bull Run, August 30, 1862, McFeeley carried a black eye. He had told Moran in a dispute that he was mistaken—only he hadn't made use of that particular word. He had used a shorter one; hence the black eye, for his lack of judgment.

The One Hundred and Ninety-ninth went into the fight about one o'clock, to aid in breaking Jackson's line; but, unex-

pectedly, Longstreet opened on the flank with artillery and tore us all to pieces. Of sixty-three men whom I had taken in, I could muster only twenty-eight when we came out. With a heavy heart I joined the retreat toward Centerville. Personally I had lost the tip of an ear. That was nothing; but what was a great deal, I had lost Moran and McFeeley. Turning the company over to the second lieutenant, I went in search of them. It was probable that they had been left on the field with Jackson, but still I searched in every ambulance. At night we halted, and a field hospital was established. I went from place to place, and at length found them both—together. McFeeley had been wounded in the leg—a bad shot—and Moran had rushed back on to disputed ground, open to the fire from both sides, to get his friend. He had shouldered him and reached our lines, when a ball through his own leg brought them both down. The two had been put into an ambulance and unloaded where I found them.

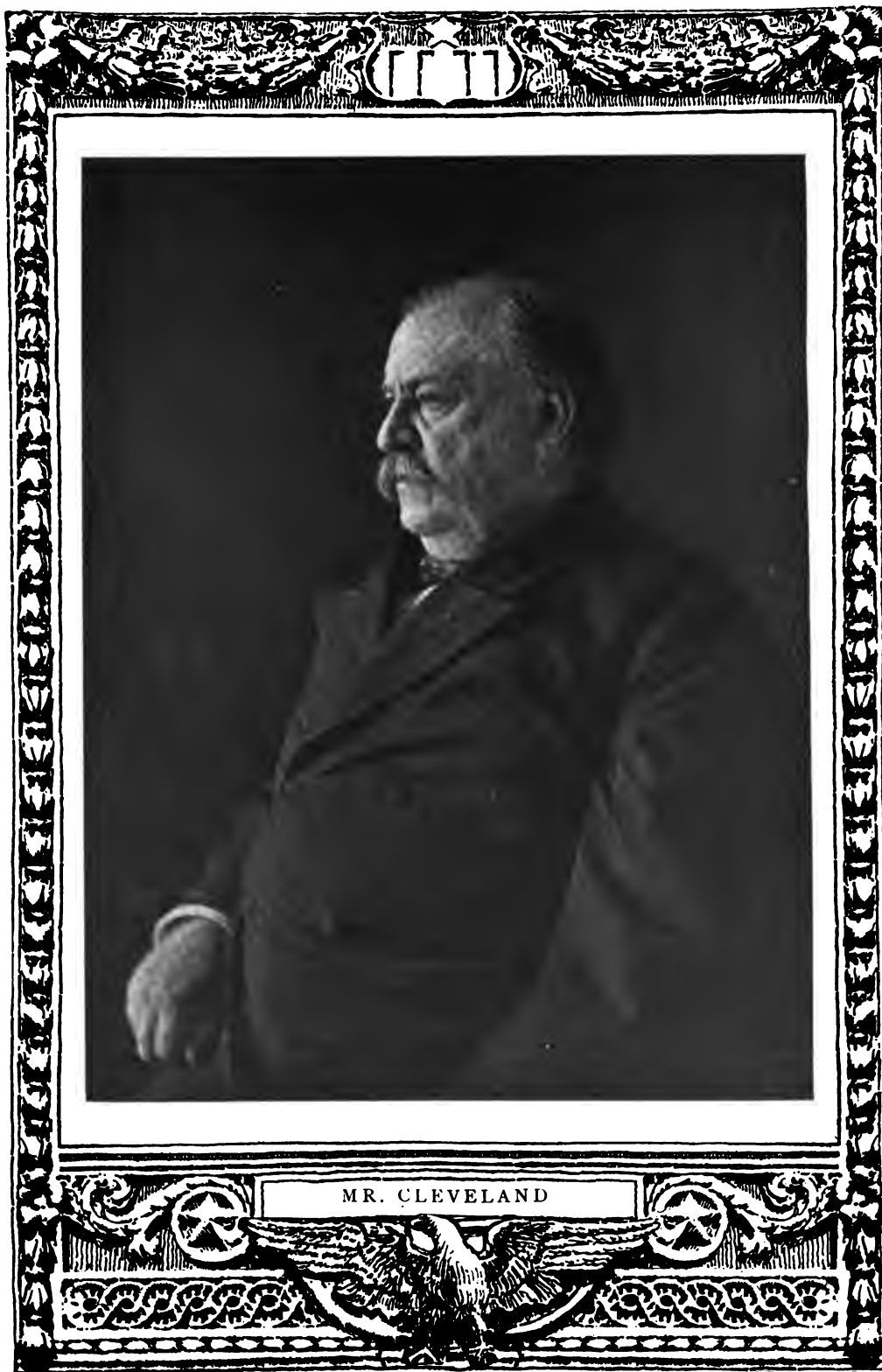
I got a surgeon to examine their wounds; he found one as badly off as the other. Both were bleeding and were very weak.

"Docthor," said McFeeley, "do tak Moran furst. I'm all roight. Leastways you can tie me up till he's fixed. He has a woife, and I'm by meself."

The surgeon took a twist of the bandage on McFeeley's leg above the wound, and turned to Moran. The bone was shattered beyond help, and the poor fellow was told that the leg must come off. He looked at me imploringly; I could only say with a choking voice, "Yes, Moran, it must."

"Dennis," said he to McFeeley, "give me hould of yer hand, me boy. Lootinant, give me a poipe of 'baccy. Now, Docthor, go ahead."

The doctor went ahead, and that brave fellow scarce uttered a sound. The task finished, the surgeon turned to McFeeley, but he answered not. I took hold of his hand, but it was limp. We saw together that the improvised tourniquet had slipped. A pool of blood told the story. The heroic soldier would not complain to his friend's disadvantage, even to save his own life. McFeeley was dead!



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. C. COX, TAKEN AT THE WHITE HOUSE, FEBRUARY 8, 1897.

GROVER CLEVELAND'S SECOND ADMINISTRATION.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

THE election of Grover Cleveland to the presidency in 1892 was one of the most extraordinary events in our political history. During his first administration he had estranged many of the leading politicians of his party. He had gone far enough in the line of civil service reform to alarm and disgust the believers in the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils;" and a large majority of the Democratic leaders and workers held to that belief. He had affirmed, meaning it, that "public office is a public trust," and that the interests of the country are paramount to those of any party—doctrines, profession of which is regarded by the thorough-paced partizan of our days as a pharisaical assumption of superior virtue. He had, indeed, not repelled the advice of the party magnates on matters of public policy, but he had not diligently sought it, nor had he followed it when it ran counter to his own judgment. Most of the Democratic leaders, as well as of the party workers of less degree, had, therefore, concluded that he was not the kind of President they liked. Then, near the close of his first administration, he had, in a very impressive manner, advanced the tariff question as the principal issue between the two great political parties—this also against the wish of some prominent Democrats, who predicted party defeat as a consequence.

In spite of all this his renomination for the presidency in 1888 was a party necessity, and, therefore, a matter of course; for even the most discontented Democratic politicians had to admit that they could not refuse Mr. Cleveland a renomination without virtually disowning the first and only administration the Democratic party could call its own since 1861, which would have been fatal. But, no matter for what reason, he was defeated in the election. Had he not been above the common run of party leaders, his position would then have been weak indeed. The party had paid off its debt to him by the renomination; and the prestige of a public man is usually greatly impaired by defeat.

Nor did he, during the four years of his retirement, do any of the things which, under such circumstances, the ordinary

politician would have thought useful to repair his fortunes. He quietly practised law. He did not pose as the central figure of public occasions to attract the public eye. He did nothing to regain the favor of those who manage party caucuses and conventions. In his own State he permitted the regular organization of his party to pass wholly into the hands of his enemies. He not only did not shape his utterances according to the temporary currents of party sentiment, but while an apparently irresistible "craze" for the free coinage of silver was sweeping over most of the Democratic States, he continued to manifest his opposition to free coinage in language almost defiant in its positiveness.

According to the notions commonly current among politicians, such a man was an impossible candidate. But in spite of it all, his name resounded all over the country as that of the favorite of the Democratic masses. It was a truly spontaneous movement. There was no concerted agitation, no machine work behind it. On the contrary, those given to political machine methods mostly worked against him. But in vain. At the Democratic National Convention of 1892 a thing happened which was without precedent in our political history. Mr. Cleveland was nominated as a candidate for the presidency, not merely without the support, but against the emphatic protest of the regular party delegation from his own State.

It is a significant fact that there was nothing in the political situation to give Mr. Cleveland any peculiar advantage. Indeed, the high tariff enacted under the Harrison administration had provoked a violent reaction which resulted in a sweeping Democratic victory in the Congressional elections of 1890 and made a similar victory in the presidential election of 1892 probable. This did not, in itself, tell in favor of his nomination. On the contrary, the probability of Democratic success in 1892 was rather apt to bring out every possible Democratic aspirant for the presidency, to call into action their local followings, to organize a powerful "field" against Mr. Cleveland, and

thus to facilitate the nomination of some person less objected to. It is equally significant that Mr. Cleveland won his unprecedented triumph without possessing what are commonly supposed to be the elements of popularity. He did not fascinate people by the charm of extraordinary eloquence. He did not win their friendship by any magic of "personal magnetism." There was nothing romantic in his history to captivate the imagination. Least of all did he know the demagogue's art of being all things to all men. The real source of his strength lay in the impression made upon the popular mind less by his abilities or by his opinions, than by his character as it had revealed itself in his utterances and acts. People saw in him a man conscientiously devoted to his duties, honest in his zeal to understand and to perform them without regard to personal advantage, and maintaining with dauntless courage what he thought right against friend and foe alike—a personality of exceptional strength and trustworthiness, commanding confidence. Thus the very qualities which made him an uncomfortable and distasteful person to party magnates and their henchmen, had endeared him to the popular heart. They overshadowed in the minds of many all differences of opinion about silver or the tariff. They carried his nomination and election triumphantly over the heads of the "practical politicians," and gave him even a large number of Republican votes—far more than enough to make up for the defection of Democratic malcontents.

As a vigorous pronouncement of public opinion in favor of a candidate who saw in his office not a party agency, but a public trust, and as a victory of moral forces over political machine principles and methods, the nomination and election of Mr. Cleveland were events of most encouraging significance. Had those moral forces proved equally potent in determining the character and temper of Congress, they would not only have secured during Mr. Cleveland's term of office harmonious coöperation between the different branches of the government, but they would also have gone far to strengthen the power of honest and independent thought in party politics, to bring back party organization to its legitimate functions, and generally to elevate the tone of our political life. But Mr. Cleveland had to encounter antagonisms of a singularly complex and dangerous nature.

Every intelligent man among those who

voted to make him President had known precisely what to expect of him. Nobody had the slightest reason for thinking that he would favor free coinage or "do something for silver;" or that he would easily acquiesce in the squandering of public money; or that he would countenance any tariff reform not embodying the free admission of "raw materials" and a corresponding reduction of duties; or that he would conduct our foreign affairs in any other than a spirit of justice and peace according to the principles of international law; or that he would let the spoils hunters of his party have their way and abstain from extending the operation of the civil service rules. With a general and full and clear knowledge of all this the Democrats, reinforced by a large independent number of voters, elected him.

But no sooner had he ascended the presidential chair than he encountered with regard to almost every article of his creed a decided, sometimes even bitter and insidious, opposition within his own party as represented in Congress. This opposition sprang partly from honest difference of opinion on public matters, such as the silver question, partly from interest, partly from personal feeling. Indeed, in the House of Representatives, which had been elected at the same time with him and under the same popular inspiration, and which had the advantage of the able and high-minded leadership of Mr. Wilson of West Virginia, the adverse current remained within bounds. Some of the policies the President stood for found there a fair party support. But the Democratic contingent in the Senate, a few faithful friends excepted, was largely controlled by those party leaders who had long disliked Mr. Cleveland for the very qualities which gave him his popular prestige. In addition to the old grudge, they now resented his election over their heads. His success, owing to popular favor, had only served to embitter their hostility to him.

They found, of course, willing aid among the Republicans of both Houses. Many of these, indeed, carried on their legitimate party opposition against the Democratic President in a wholly honorable spirit. But there were not a few extreme Republican partizans who saw in Mr. Cleveland only the one Democrat who, since 1861, had been able to wrest the presidency from Republican hands; whom, because of his peculiar standing in the popular confidence, they had most to fear, and whom it was, therefore, most desirable,

by any available means, to destroy. This was considered "good party politics."

The President thus found himself confronted by an extraordinary combination of hostile forces, and this at a time when the general situation he had to deal with was peculiarly perplexing. The preceding administration had left a Pandora box of trouble as its legacy behind it. Among Republicans it is the fashion to attribute all the financial disturbance happening under the Cleveland administration to that administration itself. No fair-minded student of recent events will accept this view. The first causes of that disturbance will be found in one of those periodical business prostrations characteristic of our times. The ten years preceding 1890 had been years of great prosperity. That prosperity had produced the usual effect of inciting recklessness in borrowing and lending, and of stimulating the spirit of venturesome enterprise. With the year 1890 the reaction set in. Cautious men began to sell securities and to restrict their credits. Values shrank and creditors became apprehensive. In this country during the first six months of 1890 the mortgages of nearly two dozen railroad companies were foreclosed, and the Barings collapse in England later in the year caused widespread consternation. Confidence here, as elsewhere, was grievously shaken, and business embarrassments rapidly increased.

There are two superstitions being cultivated in this country which the period of depression beginning in 1890 was well apt to put in their true light. One is that when business languishes we have only to enact a high tariff and everything will soon be in prosperous and happy motion again. The downward movement beginning in 1890 occurred while the McKinley tariff was in full operation. While it is not pretended that this downward movement was caused by that high tariff, it is very evident that the tariff did not prevent or stop it. The other superstition is that the sure remedy for hard times consists in an increase of the volume of current money. This remedy was applied in 1890 through the so-called Sherman act, by which the government's currency was rapidly increased. But the business decline did not stop. On the contrary, it was seriously aggravated by adding to the other uncertainties of the day the portentous question whether, if the issues of government paper money against silver purchases were continued, it would be possible to maintain its parity with gold.

This was the situation when Mr. Cleveland became President. To make his administration responsible for that situation is a ludicrous absurdity. At the close of his first term, in 1889, he had turned over to his successor, Mr. Harrison, a cash balance in the treasury of more than \$281,000,000, of which more than \$196,000,000 was gold. In 1891, after the second year of President Harrison's term, the cash balance had dropped to less than \$176,500,000, and the Treasury gold to less than \$118,000,000. At the close of his administration in 1893, President Harrison left to his successor, Mr. Cleveland, a cash balance of less than \$146,000,000, of which a little more than \$103,500,000 was gold—and this would have been considerably less than \$100,000,000, the traditional gold reserve held against the greenbacks, had not Mr. Foster, President Harrison's Secretary of the Treasury, obtained several millions of gold for greenbacks from New York bankers, to keep that reserve from falling below the regular mark. Thus President Harrison left to his successor, Mr. Cleveland, over \$134,000,000 less in cash assets, and \$93,000,000 less in gold, than he had in 1889 received from him. Indeed, Secretary Foster was so anxious lest the gold reserve sink below \$100,000,000 before the Republicans went out of power that he made preparations for a sale of government bonds. This was the legacy left to Mr. Cleveland.

When his presidential term began the financial crisis of 1893 was well under way. The condition of the treasury continued to grow weaker. The appropriations made by Congress had been extravagantly lavish, and the McKinley tariff failed to furnish the necessary revenue. The period of deficits, in the place of the former surpluses, set in before that tariff was changed. The resources of the treasury dwindled as its responsibilities increased. When the small excess of the gold holdings of the treasury above \$100,000,000 threatened to disappear, the country was startled by an announcement, telegraphed from Washington as coming from the Treasury Department, which created the apprehension that when that excess were exhausted, the Treasury notes provided for in the Sherman act would no longer be redeemed in gold. This announcement started a panicky feeling in the business centers. President Cleveland promptly caused the public to be informed that the gold payments would be maintained under all circumstances. The panic was checked,

but a nervous disquietude remained which made the public mind morbidly susceptible to discouraging impressions. Soon the Treasury gold actually fell below \$100,000,000, and the charm of safety which in the popular imagination hung about that reserve, was broken. Business failures rapidly multiplied. In May banks began to break at a terrific rate, especially in the West. The closing of the mints in India to the free coinage of silver caused a sudden fall of twenty points in the price of that metal. No intelligent man could doubt that, if the monthly silver purchases and the issuing of paper money standing for silver, continued, the disappearance of our stock of gold would go on at an accelerating pace, and the monetary system of the country would soon be on the silver basis—a catastrophe involving the ruin of our national credit and a most disastrous confusion to all our business interests. The repeal of the silver purchase law was therefore the first necessity.

It was expected that President Cleveland would call an extra session of Congress for this purpose, to meet at the earliest possible period. But he put off that extra session until August—thinking, perhaps, that the public mind was not yet prepared for the repeal of the Sherman act, or that Congress would be better prepared for it later.

When Congress met in August, 1893, Mr. Cleveland had, like many other Presidents before him, lost some of the honeymoon popularity, and even some more important elements of strength that he had possessed a few months before. His anxious desire to save the country from the dire consequences of the silver purchase law and to bring about the reformation of the tariff had seduced him into efforts to win the favor, or at least to avert the displeasure, of members of Congress by way of meeting their wishes in making appointments to office. To use the patronage of the government for the purpose of influencing the action of Congress was against his principles as well as against his inclinations. There is no reason for doubting that he would have been glad to exterminate the spoils system, root and branch, at one blow, had he thought it possible to do so at that period without seriously endangering other great interests. He, therefore, adjourned his plans for extending the application of civil service reform principles to a later day.

But giving due credit to his general intentions, the correctness of his judgment

of the situation may be questioned from a practical point of view. He was, after all, not capable of making the use of the patronage in this fashion a regular and in any sense successful policy. While doing some things which under less critical circumstances he would not have done, his care for the public interest compelled him to refuse to do other things without which he could not secure the active friendship of those who asked for them. In a large majority of cases you cannot satisfy the spoils-mongering politician unless you give him everything he demands. Deny him anything and he will be as dissatisfied as if he had received nothing. There are exceptions, but this is the rule. The result of Mr. Cleveland's concession to the old patronage abuse was that he pleased a few who, in turn, served him if they found it in their interest to do so, but not otherwise, and would have served him also without patronage if it accorded with their interests; that the old story of the bestowal of an office making ten enemies and one ingrate repeated itself in many cases; that the distribution of favors caused many bitter disappointments, jealousies, and heartburnings; that his opponents made a great outcry about his attempts to buy votes in Congress with patronage—an outcry which was far greater than the facts warranted, but became a formidable weapon against him—and that some of the things done—such as the hasty removals and appointments in the consular service—created a painful sensation among those whose principles and views of policy were most in accord with his own. Such slips weakened him for the time in public estimation; and inasmuch as that public estimation was always the main source of his strength, everything calculated to shake it served to increase the power of his enemies.

It happens sometimes that men of a superior stamp deem it expedient in difficult situations to resort to the arts of management familiar to the small politician, thinking themselves able to play at that game as well as anybody else. But there have been only few of them who proved that they could do so with success, or even with impunity. Mr. Cleveland was not one of these few. He had far less skill in the craft of small politics than he himself may have believed. His nature lacked that gift. He was powerful as a leader of men in mass, on a great scale, by prevailing upon public opinion, or by stirring the popular moral sense.

But he was awkward in dealing with mankind in detail, in manipulating individuals. Such men are apt rather to lose much than to gain anything by ventures below their natural sphere.

The President on the 7th of August, 1893, sent a message to the Congress assembled in extra session strongly urging the immediate repeal of the silver purchase act. The House of Representatives, under Mr. Wilson's leadership, responded with reasonable promptness. It passed the Wilson repeal bill on the 28th by a heavy majority, of which, however, the Republicans furnished the larger part. But in the Senate the struggle assumed a different character. There was a majority in that body in favor of repeal. But the minority was strong enough, owing to the rules of the Senate, which know no "previous question," to obstruct the vote indefinitely. The silver Senators, mostly Democrats, with some Republicans, coalesced under the leadership of the Republican Senator Teller, a man full of the zeal of honest fanaticism. The silver men understood the greatness of the stake. So long as the silver purchase act was in force, they could hope that its operation would bring the country at last upon the silver basis even without the enactment of a free coinage act. The repeal of the silver purchase law would extinguish that hope. Therefore they fought against it with desperate energy. The repeal force, mostly Republicans, with some Democrats, were led by the Democratic Senator Voorhees, the chairman of the Committee on Finance, at heart a silver man, but honestly enough in favor of this administration measure for the occasion. But he did not master his subject, and his leadership was unskilful and spiritless. Moreover, there were among the Democrats, and even apparently on the President's side in this struggle, some whose lurking rancor against him inspired the wish that if the repeal must pass, it should at least pass in a form making it appear as somebody else's measure rather than his.

From the 28th of August, when Senator Voorhees reported the bill to the Senate, the debate went on week after week, until finally the time was occupied on the part of the coalition opposing repeal only by those unseemly manœuvres called filibustering. Meanwhile the business community, harassed by the wantonly prolonged uncertainty and the accumulating embarrassments and disasters caused by it, grew more impatient from day to day. A storm

of popular indignation broke upon the Senate. Senators were pelted with telegraphic messages, letters, and resolutions adopted by business men's associations and public meetings in which prompt action was vehemently demanded and the obstruction denounced as a hostile plot against the public welfare. It is more than probable that the obstructionists would at last have yielded to this impetuous pressure of public sentiment, had not Senator Gorman encouraged them with the assurance that if they held out, they would force the administration to yield some concession favorable to "silver."

Indeed, from time to time rumors found their way into the newspapers that such a compromise was on the point of consummation, and toward the end of October the consent of almost all the Democratic Senators was actually obtained to a proposition that the silver purchase law should remain in force one year longer and then stop; that the silver purchased under that act and the seigniorage should be coined, and that all government notes under \$10 should be withdrawn—a proposition full of mischief. The silver Democrats were propitiated by the argument that while the silver purchase law could hardly be permanently maintained under existing circumstances, this proposition would keep it in operation at least for a year longer and then compensate for it by other concessions. The administration Democrats were falsely told that the Secretary of the Treasury himself favored it, and that this would be a "Democratic" measure upon which the whole party could be reunited; besides, it was "the only thing possible." Meanwhile President Cleveland, profoundly convinced that nothing but the complete and unconditional repeal of the silver purchase clause of the Sherman act would save the country from immediate peril, stood unmoved in his purpose. Neither the desperate efforts of the obstructionists in the Senate nor the intrigues of his personal enemies disheartened him; and when the proposition of compromise was brought before him, with an array of persuasive argument by his very friends, the table shook under his fist when he exclaimed: "I will never consent to it."

There was the end. The Senate voted the repeal as proposed by him without further delay. The thing which Senator Gorman had asserted could not be done, was done, because there was a man to see it done. It was a great victory. The public interest triumphed over everything,

and that triumph was due to Grover Cleveland alone. The justice of history will never deny him this acknowledgment.

But while the repeal of the silver purchase act averted the most immediate peril, it could by no means stop the source of the evil. It removed one very serious cause of distrust, but it did not restore confidence. The struggle in the Senate had even increased public apprehension as to the resources, the recklessness, the desperate character of the silver movement. That movement has often been likened to the paper inflation "craze" of twenty years before. As to the ultimate ends the two are indeed alike. But the silver movement has in the mining interests of the far West a very strong and well-organized financial power behind it, which the paper inflation movement had not. By means of a well-supplied war chest it can sustain a systematic and incessant agitation, which the paper inflation movement could not. It is, therefore, much more able to take advantage of its local opportunities and to repair the effects of defeat. It dies much harder. Indeed, after the repeal of the silver purchase act it was felt to be still very much alive and capable of mischief. The anxieties it inspired were heightened by other circumstances. The revenues of the government ran low. The apprehension that the government would be obliged to draw upon the gold resources of the Treasury for current expenses caused many people, especially foreign investors in the United States, to anticipate this by drawing it out themselves for greenbacks, and to send it abroad. There was also not a little private hoarding of gold at home. This created a constant drain on the gold reserve of the Treasury, and to replenish it loans by bond sales had soon to be resorted to.

Such bond sales, open to the public, were made in January and again in November, 1894, but not without some difficulty. They did not stop the drain. Bonds were sold for gold. That gold was put into the Treasury. The distrust continuing, greenbacks were again presented for redemption, and thus that gold drawn out of the Treasury. The greenbacks were paid out again by the Treasury for current expenses, and then they were again presented for redemption to draw out more gold. It seemed indeed like an "endless chain," as Mr. Cleveland called it. Early in 1895 the situation became very critical. On the 28th of January the President sent a message to Congress pointing out the

dangers impending and asking for the passage of a law authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to sell three per cent. gold bonds running fifty years. Congress had repeatedly shown its unwillingness to adopt effective measures for the relief of the Treasury, and did so this time. The apprehensive temper of the business community grew into actual alarm. A regular run began upon the Treasury for the gold in it. On the 8th of February the gold holdings were reduced to \$41,300,000, and this amount consisted almost wholly, not of coin, but of bars. The Treasury was in a state of utter helplessness to meet the run, which threatened to spread as it went on. The republic was within a hair's breadth of bankruptcy. Only the promptest help could ward off the catastrophe.

Then President Cleveland did a thing which exposed him to measureless obloquy and defamation, but saved the country from incalculable confusion, calamity, and disgrace. The famous syndicate contract was made with New York bankers, who drew the foremost banking houses of Europe into coöperation. They sold to the government \$65,117,000 worth of gold for four per cent. bonds of the nominal value of \$62,317,500. The difference between these sums represented the premium on the bonds, making their price equal to 104.49, and the rate of interest three and three-quarters per cent. These bonds, authorized by the act of July 14, 1870, were payable in "coin." According to the talk of the silver men in Congress they *should* be paid in silver. According to the cowardly duplicities of the politicians in Congress who, although not silver men themselves, constantly bid for the silver vote, those bonds *might* be paid in silver. The syndicate was willing to run that chance; but it offered to take three per cent., instead of four per cent. bonds, if Congress would, within ten days, make them specifically payable in gold. President Cleveland communicated this offer, together with the whole contract, to the House of Representatives, strongly recommending that the terms of the offer be complied with, as more than \$16,000,000 would be saved in interest during the time the bonds had to run. It seems almost incredible, but the House deliberately threw away that saving because a large majority of the members were too much afraid of the word "gold" to accept it. But by far the most important provision of the contract was that by which the most powerful

American and European banking houses bound themselves not only to bring at least one-half of the gold to be delivered from Europe, but also to "exert all financial influence and to make all legitimate efforts to protect the Treasury of the United States against the withdrawals of gold pending the complete performance of the contract."

When the conclusion of this contract became known, the panicky feeling subsided instantly. The run upon the Treasury ceased. Bankruptcy was averted. Every intelligent person knew that with the organized coöperation of such forces, which, having been secured once, could be secured again, the government would remain able to continue its gold payments and to maintain its credit intact. And when a year later the gold assets again dropped considerably below the one hundred million figure, the revived popular confidence made it easy to fill the gap by a popular loan, while formerly the popular loan had been a precarious operation.

But the silver men were furious beyond measure because another chance for precipitating the country upon the silver basis had been spoiled by President Cleveland's determined action. Ever since, the "bankers' syndicate" has been a favorite staple of their denunciatory rhetoric. According to them, that syndicate has robbed the government, enslaved the people, obliterated our free institutions, and done whatever else of iniquity the human imagination can conceive. Their vindictive vilification of Mr. Cleveland has gone even to the length of charging him with having put millions into his own pocket as his share of the profit from the syndicate transaction. The inventors of a calumny so silly as well as revolting did not feel what an insult they offered to the national character by expecting any one to believe it. To such a charge, leaving out of the question Mr. Cleveland's personal reputation, a self-respecting American has but one answer: It is simply impossible that a President of the United States, whatever else may be said against him, should ever conceive the thought of deriving a corrupt pecuniary profit from any use of his official power. It will be a sad day for the republic when this impossibility ceases to be taken for granted. The wretches who circulated that falsehood about Mr. Cleveland did, of course, not credit it themselves.

There were also men of standing in the Republican party who attacked the syndicate contract in that carping, caviling spirit characteristic of narrow-minded

partizans, criticizing its terms as if they had had a liberal assortment of first-class bankers at hand, ready for a pledge to protect the Treasury against the withdrawal of gold, and to expose themselves for months ahead to the chances of embarrassment by war or commercial perturbations—all for nothing; or as if the President should have jeopardized an arrangement absolutely necessary to save the country from the immediate danger of bankruptcy, disaster, and disgrace, by haggling over a fraction of a per cent. while Congress was wantonly throwing away the opportunity of saving sixteen millions. Many of those who then displayed their partizan zeal by such pettiness may now be heartily ashamed of it. They may now gratefully remember that President Cleveland not only was ever watchful and prompt to defeat by his veto vicious legislation supported mainly by men of his own party, such as the bill for coining the seigniorage, but that in those days of supreme peril he remained undismayed by the ferocious assaults made upon his good name as well as his statesmanship, and stood firm as a rock against the powers of evil which menaced the welfare and the honor of the American people. Nor should it be forgotten when we at last come to the true cure of our financial ills—the withdrawal of our greenbacks and a liberal extension of banking facilities—that he time and again commended these measures to an unwilling Congress. The country has never had in the presidential office a stronger bulwark of its credit and a more faithful champion of sound finance than Grover Cleveland.

Probably the greatest and most painful disappointment of his whole political career was the fate his tariff reform policy met with. His tariff message of 1887 gave to his party, which for a long time had been floundering about, as a mere opposition, in vagueness of purpose, a positive and definite policy, a cause, and a battle-cry. Although temporarily repelled in the presidential election of 1888, tariff reform achieved a signal triumph in the congressional elections of 1890, and formed the most prominent issue in the presidential election of 1892 which put the Democratic party in full possession of the national government. The time for its realization seemed to have come.

Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia, who possessed and deserved the full confidence of the President, was made chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means of the

House of Representatives. Himself a man of superior ability, of statesmanlike breadth of view, and of noble aspirations, he had, in framing and carrying through the tariff bill, to contend with the lack of those qualities in other men's minds. There were among the Democrats in Congress a good many who professed to be in favor of tariff reform and who fully recognized the pledge of their party to abolish or reduce tariff duties to that end, but who wished to spare the protection given to the industries carried on in their own districts or States. They would reform everything except the things in which they were themselves interested, politically or otherwise. This is one of the greatest difficulties the systematic reform of a high tariff has to encounter in a popular assembly. When the game of mutual concession and dicker once begins, there is no telling where it will end. The result is usually a legislative patchwork without any scientific symmetry or unity of purpose. Thus the tariff which issued from the deliberations of the House was by no means a faultless or consistent measure. Henry Clay would have considered it a tariff sufficiently protective to satisfy his views. But it embodied, at least in a measure, the rule of free raw material and an approximately corresponding reduction of the duties on manufactured articles. It was a long step toward the realization of the principles which Mr. Cleveland had advocated as the essence of tariff reform.

But when the bill went to the Senate it fell into the hands of those who were enemies both of tariff reform and of the President. The interference of special interests, which in the House of Representatives had served to demoralize the tariff reform forces to a dangerous degree, appeared in the Senate in a shape far more insidious as well as powerful. A combination formed by a number of Senators strong enough to defeat the tariff bill, dictated to the Democrats of the Senate its conditions with the brutal peremptoriness of a band of brigands demanding ransom for a captive. Senator Gorman again was its directing spirit. Free coal and free iron were unceremoniously sacrificed, and the Sugar Trust had its own way in determining the duties in which it was interested. As after months of secret intriguing and open bullying and dickering and haggling, the bill was at last put on its passage, all that was left of it, except free wool, was a mere caricature of a tariff reform measure.

When the bill was about to go to a

conference committee of the two Houses, the President made a last effort to save his cherished cause from discomfiture and disgrace. In a letter addressed to Mr. Wilson, and through him to the House of Representatives, he called upon the Democrats in pathetic accents to remain true to their principles.

But it was all in vain. Mr. Wilson indeed made a gallant fight in the conference committee, but the Democratic majority of the House at the decisive moment failed to sustain him. The senatorial combination carried the day, and the cause of tariff reform was treacherously slaughtered in the house of its friends.

The chagrin of the President was extreme. He gave vigorous expression to it in denouncing the perfidy of those who had "stolen and worn the livery of Democratic tariff reform in the service of Republican protection," and cast "the deadly blight of treason" upon their cause. He could not put his name to such a measure, but, inasmuch as after all it would lighten many tariff burdens that rested heavily upon the people, he permitted it to become a law without his signature.

The fate Mr. Cleveland's tariff reform policy met in Congress marked two facts. One was that he had lost the leadership of the Democratic party; and the other, that the Democratic party was in process of fatal disintegration, owing to the want of unity of purpose and to the destruction of the only leadership that possessed any moral force. Henceforth it was at the mercy of the machine politicians and of such distracting influences as the silver movement. The effect produced upon the country by the performances of the Democrats in Congress was instantaneous. The independents who had aided the Democratic party in the elections of 1890 and 1892 turned away with disgust. The best part of the Democratic constituency were utterly disheartened. The question was seriously debated among its very friends, whether the Democratic party was at all capable of carrying on the government. We receive the impression of burlesque, or of Mephistophelian irony, when we now read a speech delivered by Mr. Gorman in the Senate after he had well nigh completed the disfigurement of the tariff bill. "Mr. President," said he, "we are nearing the end. After twenty years of progress, of positive growth, of constant development, and of universal enlightenment, the Democratic party and the American people are within sight of the promised land. Eman-

cipation is at hand. Years of arduous labor by unselfish and patriotic men cannot count for nothing. Fruition is as inevitable as fate. I repeat, it is near at hand. Now of all times the sun of Democracy it at the meridian." A few months after this triumphant utterance of the leader of the senatorial plot, the Democrats suffered an overwhelming defeat in the congressional elections of 1894. Then Mr. Cleveland was confronted by a Congress opposed to him in both branches, and he had to do his work as President in complete political isolation. That work was, however, not without lasting effect.

In the conduct of our foreign affairs President Cleveland found, at the very beginning of his administration, on his hands the treaty for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands which had been concluded during the last days of President Harrison's term. Enough was known of the occurrences which had brought forth that treaty to justify Mr. Cleveland in promptly withdrawing it from the Senate for further inquiry and consideration. He despatched a special commissioner to Hawaii, who soon confirmed the report, beyond reasonable doubt, that the Hawaiian queen had been dethroned and a change of government effected by a revolutionary movement set on foot by a small number of persons, largely Americans; that to the success of that movement officers of the United States and the forces under their command had actively contributed, and that the offer of the country for annexation to the United States had the support of only a very small minority of the Hawaiian people. There was but one honest conclusion, and President Cleveland pronounced it. This republic, even if annexation were otherwise considered opportune, could not honorably take advantage for its own aggrandizement of a wrong committed by its own officers, and it was also in honor bound to redress the wrong done and to restore the *status quo ante* as much as circumstances permitted. A storm of denunciation burst forth from those who call it "patriotic" to augment the domain of the republic by theft, and was echoed by the Republicans, who thought it their duty to find fault with a Democratic administration. No end of senseless rant was indulged in about the "hauling down of the American flag" from the Hawaiian state-house—as if any man of self-respect would deny that wherever the flag floats in dishonor, honor commands it to be hauled down.

The clamor increased when it became known that under the instructions of our State Department the American minister in Hawaii had offered to the dethroned queen to restore her to her royal dignity of which she had been deprived by the wrongful use of the power of the United States, on condition that she issue a general amnesty. It was fortunate that she refused to do this, and thus gave our government an opportunity to retreat from an engagement, the execution of which might have produced most unfortunate complications. To restore the *status quo ante* even to the extent of putting the queen on her throne again by the employment of the same power of the United States by which she had been driven from it, would indeed have accorded with abstract justice. But in dealing with the actualities of this world we have sometimes to admit that there are wrongs which cannot be completely righted in perfect justice to all, because by such wrongs situations may have been created, the entire overturning of which would inflict new wrongs upon innocent persons without after all furnishing the complete redress of the old wrongs aimed at. Thus the restoration of the Hawaiian queen would undoubtedly have brought about in that country a state of restlessness and insecurity most grievous to the innocent part of the population—not to speak of the clash of opinions and the distracting agitation it would have caused in the United States.

It was wise, therefore, to recognize the new government of Hawaii as the government *de facto*, and firmly to resist the annexation scheme. On the whole, the action of the administration in this case produced excellent effects. In declining to profit from an illegitimate use of the power of the United States, and in endeavoring, as far as possible, to redress a wrong done through it, Mr. Cleveland's administration gave to the world a proof of our fairness, justice, and good faith in dealing with weaker nations which could not fail greatly to raise the character of this republic in the esteem and confidence of mankind. Nor did Mr. Cleveland render his country a less valuable service in saving it, by defeating the Hawaiian annexation scheme, from the first step in the direction of indiscriminate and reckless aggrandizement.

So uniformly judicious and discreet had Mr. Cleveland been in the conduct of our foreign relations; so solicitously had he guarded the honor and dignity of this

republic, not only by maintaining our own rights, but also by respecting the rights of others; so careful and conscientious in the observance of the principles of international law had been his course with regard to the insurrection in Cuba, notwithstanding the clamor of the professional "Jingoes" and of hot-headed sympathizers, and notwithstanding, too, his own sympathy with the cause of the insurgents; so wisely and consistently pacific and so dignified had been his foreign policy throughout, that the people were struck with wonder and amazement when they read his famous Venezuela message on the 17th of December, 1895, in which he asked Congress to make an appropriation for a commission to investigate the boundary line in dispute between Venezuela and British Guiana; declared that if Great Britain refused to submit the whole matter to arbitration, the United States should by every means in their power enforce the finding of our own commission; substantially made the cause of Venezuela our own, and apparently countenanced, by inference at least, that construction of the Monroe doctrine now so much in vogue, which maintains that the relations between any part of America and any foreign power are virtually the business of this republic.

Without taking time for calm deliberation both Houses of Congress promptly voted the appropriation asked for. From many parts of the country came expressions of approval. The Jingoes were jubilant, for they thought that the administration had surrendered to them, and there was a threat of war in the air. A panicky feeling seized upon the business community both in England and in the United States. The prices of stocks and bonds dropped with a thump. The losses caused by the depreciation of securities were enormous. The revival of business in this country, of which there had been some promising symptoms, was instantly checked by a nervous sense of apprehension. Many of Mr. Cleveland's most steadfast friends were sorely puzzled. What could he mean? Did he try to catch popularity for himself and his party? But he was not a demagogue. Did he wish to provoke a war? But he had always been a man of peace. The truth most probably is that, the United States having for many years acted in this matter as the friend of Venezuela, he felt a certain responsibility as to the outcome; that he was irritated by the constant advance of

British territorial claims at the expense of Venezuela, and apprehensive of a new forward attempt; that he thought it time to stop further encroachment and bring the question to a final issue; and that he knew of no better means to this end than a vigorous demonstration on the part of this republic involving the possibility of war.

Assuming that the objects President Cleveland had in view were right, it can hardly be denied that by prudent and at the same time energetic management they might have been reached without the risk of a collision with a friendly power, without exciting dangerous passions among our population, without a disastrous disturbance of the business of the country—and thus without a grievous break in Mr. Cleveland's otherwise so dignified and statesmanlike foreign policy. At the same time it must be admitted that the means he employed did accomplish his purpose. As soon as a danger of war appeared on the horizon, public sentiment in England pronounced itself so generally and so emphatically for the preservation of peace with the United States that Lord Salisbury could yield important points in the Venezuela boundary dispute and thus clear the way for a satisfactory arrangement without weakening his position before the British people. In this country, too, the bellicose flurry was speedily subdued by telling demonstrations of our love of peace and good-will among nations, which warmly responded to the feeling manifested by English public opinion. And then came, borne along on the wave of international fraternalism, that great achievement which alone would suffice to make an administration memorable for all time—the general arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain—not only a guaranty of peace between the two nations, but an example for all mankind to follow, an epoch in the advance of civilization. The active negotiations for this treaty belong wholly to Mr. Cleveland's administration. They were begun under Secretary Gresham, and carried to a successful issue with extraordinary ability by Secretary Olney. The efforts made in the Senate to prevent the confirmation of the treaty while Mr. Cleveland was President—efforts attributed by the opinion of the country to a combination of partizan jealousy and personal rancor—succeeded in postponing the final consummation, but ignominiously failed in taking from Mr. Cleveland's administration the glory of the achievement. That treaty will forever stand as a monu-

mental milestone in history, bearing in large characters the names of Cleveland, Gresham, and Olney. Nor will any amendments intended to emasculate the treaty defeat its purpose. The very fact that the executive heads of the two countries once concluded it will henceforth put upon any refusal to submit to arbitration any difference between them, a burden of odium too heavy for any civilized nation to bear. This victory of peace is won.

There is another great victory with which Mr. Cleveland's name is nobly identified. He was a civil service reformer, not as a theorist, but a practical administrator. He knew from practical experience that public office, to be treated as a public trust, must cease to be party spoil, and that a department of the public service, to be a business department, must cease to be a patronage department. He knew also that offices would not cease to be treated as party spoil so long as they were filled by partizan favor, and that public departments would not cease to be patronage departments so long as they had patronage to bestow. He had learned this as Mayor of Buffalo and as Governor of New York, and he found in the competitive merit system the simple, honest, practical remedy. When he became President the first time in 1885, he would have wiped out the spoils system at once, had he not feared, by breaking too brusquely with long-established political habits, to alienate his party. He resolved therefore slowly to extend the civil service rules already in operation, while humoring the Democratic politicians by conceding to them as much as he thought necessary. Such concessions, once begun, are apt to lead on beyond the original intention, and so it happened that at the end of his first term he had dissatisfied the reformers without satisfying the party politicians. Still, when he went out of office in 1889, he had added 12,000 places to those under the civil service rules.

It has already been mentioned what considerations induced him at the beginning of his second administration to humor the politicians of his party again and to postpone what blows he meant to strike for his cherished reform. The first three years he added only this and that branch of the service to the classified list, and established rules covering a part of the consular service. But on the 6th of May, 1896, he issued an order which marked an epoch. It not only added at one stroke of the pen over 40,000 places to those already

classified, making the total nearly 90,000, but it established the general principle that it is the natural and normal status of persons serving under the executive departments of the national government to be under the civil service rules—in other words, that it shall no longer require a special edict to put them there, but that they shall be considered and treated as being there unless excepted by special edict.

This order was the most effective blow the spoils system had ever received. It completed the work of civil service reform as to the subordinate places under the heads of government offices, leaving in their old condition virtually only the offices to be appointed with the consent of the Senate, and the minor postmasters. These, it is to be hoped, will in the same spirit be dealt with by Mr. Cleveland's successors. But of him it may justly be said that while he has not done for the reform of the civil service all that could and should be done, he has done far more than all his predecessors together, and he will ever stand preëminent among the champions of that great cause.

But he was a reformer of the government service in more than one sense. No man in the presidential chair has ever battled with more devotion, energy, and fearlessness for economy and rectitude in the administration of the people's business; not one has carried on the struggle against the prevailing wantonness of public expenditure and against corrupt jobs more bravely, more persistently, and with more unceasing watchfulness; and not one has, in doing this, defied the prejudices of large classes of people, the powerful resentment of favored interests, and the vindictive hatred of greedy schemers with more self-sacrificing fortitude than he. The spectacle of the President of the United States, in the small hours of the night, poring over the details of bills granting public money for rivers and harbors, or for pensions, or for public buildings, and what not, to satisfy himself whether the people's interests were well guarded, and then, whenever he detected fraud, or wastefulness, writing his veto messages with an indefatigable and unflinching sense of duty—that spectacle has not seldom been held up to disdain and ridicule by unprincipled or light-headed persons. But the more thoughtfully the patriotic citizen contemplates it, the more worthy will he find that President of the admiration, confidence, and gratitude of the people.

No thinking man denies that corruption

and profligacy, the tendency to make the government an agency for private support, and the loose methods of doing the government's business which minister to such evil practices, are among the gravest dangers besetting democratic institutions. The more highly should we value among our officers of state that courage of conscience which fears nothing, and that devotion to duty which shuns no drudgery to protect the purity of the government and the character and interests of the nation. Indeed, there was something of civic heroism in the figure of President Cleveland as during the expiring days of his term he sat in the political solitude of the White House, to the last moment plodding in the accustomed way, elaborately writing out his enlightened and cogent objections to an illiberal immigration bill, in spite of the clamor in favor of it; studying appropriations and casting them aside if extravagant, and vetoing grants of pension if unwarranted by fact or equity—although he well knew that in most cases Congress would pass such acts of legislation over his head without a moment's consideration—thus doing his duty for duty's sake. It would be going too far to say that, as a reward, every honest man was his friend; but surely every rascal was by instinct his enemy. And all good citizens have reason to wish that every one of his successors may, irrespective of political opinions, possess that conscience and moral force which were President Cleveland's distinguishing qualities.

It is said that his administration was a failure. True, he failed in holding his party together. But who would have succeeded? He felt himself a party man because he believed in the "old" Democratic policies which aimed at economical, simple, and honest government of, for, and by the people. He sought to elevate his party again to the level of its original principles. It was his ambition to do the country good service in the name of that Democracy. It was his fate—a fate with something of the tragic in it—that his very endeavors to revive the best of the old Democracy served only to reveal the moral decay and the political disruption of the Democracy of his day, and to consign him to an isolation paralleled in our history only by that of John Quincy Adams. There could be no more whimsical irony of fortune than that, after Mr. Cleveland had led his party to victory over the McKinley tariff, not only the specific fruits of that victory were made repugnant to

him by the treachery of other Democratic leaders, but that the greater treason of the national convention of his party, by threatening the country with immeasurable calamities, forced him to favor the election of Mr. McKinley himself as his successor in the presidential office, and to find in Mr. McKinley's victory a popular vindication of his own financial principles.

As to the Democracy for which he had stood, it survived only in those represented by the Indianapolis convention of sound money Democrats—the saving remnant, embodying the hope—indeed the only hope—of a Democratic party resurrection.

But what does the true success of an administration consist in? Not in the mere prosperity of a party organization, but in the public good accomplished and in the public evil prevented. Who, then, will deny that, had not Mr. Cleveland stood like a tower of strength between his country and bankruptcy, we should have been forced on the silver basis and into the disgrace of repudiation? Would not, without his prompt interposition, the annexation of Hawaii have launched us upon a career of indiscriminate aggrandizement and wild adventure imperiling our peace and the character of our institutions? Has he not been a bulwark against countless jobs and acts of special legislation and of reckless extravagance, not only by his vetoes, but by merely being seen at his post? And as to the good accomplished, how many administrations do we find in our annals that have left behind them a prouder record of achievement than the maintenance of the money standard and the credit of the country against immense difficulties, the splendid advance in the reform of the civil service, and that signal triumph of the enlightened and humane spirit of our closing century—the general arbitration treaty with Great Britain? Whatever its mischances and failures may have been—with such successes the second Cleveland administration can confidently appeal to the judgment of history. Nobody pretends that Mr. Cleveland is the ideal human being or the ideal statesman; but it is safe to say that the greatness of his name will constantly grow in the historic retrospect, and that his figure will continue to stand strong and eminent in the front rank of American Presidents long after the small politicians who sought to thwart or belittle him have been buried under the drift sands of time.

COL. IX. LANGLEY ON THE FLYING MACHINE. TEN CENTS
No. 2

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE



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McCLURE'S FOR JULY

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND, who in his short life became the spiritual guide and inspirer of a very large fraction of the English-speaking race, will be the subject of an appreciative biographical study by the Rev. D. M. Ross. Mr. Ross lived in close intimacy with Professor Drummond, and caught the secret of that "unique charm" felt by his friends "alike in his personality and in his writing and speaking."

THE GREAT DYNAMITE FACTORY AT ARDEER, SCOTLAND,—where "nitroglycerine, a teaspoonful of which would blow you to fragments, surrounds you in hundreds and thousands of gallons"—will be the subject of a descriptive paper by H. J. W. Dam, profusely illustrated from photographs and drawings made for this special use.

LIFE PORTRAITS OF ANDREW JACKSON. This will be one of the fullest and most interesting of the series of Life Portraits of Great Americans. Accompanying the portraits will be a paper of reminiscences of Jackson by his granddaughter, Rachel Jackson Lawrence, who is still living.

There will be stories by A. Conan Doyle, Robert Louis Stevenson, Robert Barr, and other well-known writers; and there will be an especially interesting Grant paper, and other engaging and valuable matter.

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PROFESSOR LANGLEY'S AÉRODROME IN FLIGHT: A VIEW FROM ABOVE.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

JUNE, 1897.

No. 2.

THE "FLYING-MACHINE."

BY PROFESSOR S. P. LANGLEY.

With illustrations made directly from Professor Langley's machine and approved by him.

I HAVE been asked to prepare an account of some experiments I have conducted with flying-machines, built chiefly of steel, driven by steam-engines,

and which have actually flown for considerable distances. There is in preparation a description of this work for the professional reader; but in view of the great general interest in it, and of the numerous unauthorized statements about it, it has seemed well to write provisionally the informal and popular account which is now given. The work has occupied so much of my life that I have presented what I have to say at present in narrative form.

By "flying-machine" is here meant something much heavier than the air, and entirely different in principle from the balloon, which floats only on account of its lightness, as a ship in water. Nature has made her flying-machine in the bird, which is nearly a thousand times as heavy as the air its bulk displaces, and only those who have tried to rival it know how inimitable her work is, for the "way of a bird in the air" remains as wonderful to us as it was to Solomon, and the sight of the bird has constantly held this wonder before men's eyes and in some men's minds, and kept the flame of hope from utter extinction, in spite of long disappointment. I well remember how, as a child, when lying in a New England pasture, I watched a hawk soaring far up in the blue, and sailing for a long time without any motion of its



PROFESSOR S. P. LANGLEY.

From the painting by Robert Gordon Hardie, 1893.

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wings, as though it needed no work to sustain it, but was kept up there by some miracle. But, however sustained, I saw it sweep, in a few seconds of its leisurely flight, over a distance that to me was encumbered with every sort of obstacle, which did not exist for it. The wall over which I had climbed when I left the road, the ravine I had crossed, the patch of undergrowth through which I had pushed my way—all these were nothing to the bird, and while the road had only taken me in one direction, the bird's level highway led everywhere, and opened the way into every nook and corner of the landscape. How wonderfully easy, too, was its flight! There was not a flutter of its pinions as it swept over the field, in a motion which seemed as effortless as that of its shadow.

After many years and in mature life, I was brought to think of these things again, and to ask myself whether the problem of artificial flight was as hopeless and as absurd as it was then thought to be. Nature had solved it, and why not man? Perhaps it was because he had begun at the wrong end, and attempted to construct machines to fly before knowing the principles on which flight rested. I turned for these principles to my books,

and got no help. Sir Isaac Newton had indicated a rule for finding the resistance to advance through the air, which seemed, if correct, to call for enormous mechanical power, and a distinguished French mathematician had given a formula showing how rapidly the power must increase with the velocity of flight, and according to which a swallow, to attain a speed it is now known to reach, must be possessed of the strength of a man.

Remembering the effortless flight of the soaring bird, it seemed that the first thing to do was to discard rules which led to such results, and to commence new experiments, not to build a flying-machine at once, but to find the principles upon which one should be built; to find, for instance, with certainty by direct trial how much horse-power was needed to sustain a surface of given weight by means of its motion through the air.

Having decided to look for myself at these questions, and at first hand, the apparatus for this preliminary investigation was installed at Allegheny, Pennsylvania, about ten years ago. It consisted of a "whirling table" of unprecedented size, mounted in the open air, and driven round by a steam-engine, so that the end of its revolving arm swept through a circumfer-



PREPARING TO LAUNCH THE AÉRODROME. SEE PAGE 656.

From a photograph by A. Graham Bell, Esq.

ence of two hundred feet, at all speeds up to seventy miles an hour. At the end of this arm was placed the apparatus to be tested, and, among other things, this included surfaces disposed like wings, which were hung from the end of the arm and

same time, took less strain than in the first case. A plate of brass weighing one pound, for instance, was hung from the end of the arm by a spring, which was drawn out till it registered that pound weight when the arm was still. When the arm was in mo-

tion, with the spring pulling the plate after it, it might naturally be supposed that, as it was drawn faster, the pull would be greater, but the contrary was observed, for under these circumstances the spring *contracted*, till it registered less than an ounce. When the speed increased to that of a bird, the brass plate seemed to float on the air; and not only this, but taking into consideration both the strain and the velocity, it was found that absolutely less power was spent to make the plate move fast than slow, a result which seemed very extraordinary, since in all methods of land and water transport a high speed costs much more power than a slow one for the same distance.

These experiments were continued for three years, with the general conclusion that by simply moving any given weight of this form fast enough in a horizontal path it was possible to sustain it with less than one-twentieth of the power that Newton's rule called for. In particular it was proved that if we could insure horizontal flight without friction, about two hundred pounds of such plates could be moved through the air at the speed of an express train and sustained upon it, with the expenditure of one horse-power—sustained, that is, without any gas to lighten the weight, or by other means of flotation than the air over which it is made to run, as a swift skater runs safely over thin ice, or a skipping stone goes over water without sinking, till its speed is exhausted. This was saying that, so far as power alone



THE AERODROME IN FLIGHT, MAY 6, 1896. TWO VIEWS FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY A. GRAHAM BELL, ESQ. SEE PAGE 659.

dragged through the air, till its resistance supported them as a kite is supported by the wind. One of the first things observed was that if it took a certain strain to sustain a properly disposed weight while it was stationary in the air, then not only to suspend it but to advance it rapidly at the

was concerned, mechanical flight was theoretically possible with engines we could then build, since I was satisfied that boilers and engines could be constructed to weigh less than twenty pounds to the horse-power, and that one horse-power would, in theory at least, support nearly ten times that if the flight were *horizontal*. Almost everything, it will be noticed, depends on this, for if the flight is downward it will end at the ground, and if upward the machine will be climbing an invisible hill, with the same or a greater effort than every bicyclist experiences with a real one. Speed, then, and this speed expended in a horizontal course, were the first two requisites. This was not saying that a flying-machine could be started from the ground, guided into such flight in any direction, and brought back to earth in safety. There was, then, something more than power needed—that is, skill to use it, and the reader should notice the distinction. Hitherto it had always been supposed that it was wholly the lack of mechanical power to fly which made mechanical flight impossible. The first stage of the investigation had shown how much, or rather how little, power was needed in theory for the horizontal flight of a given weight, and the second stage, which was now to be entered upon, was to show first how to procure this power with as little weight as possible, and, having it, how by its means to acquire this horizontal flight in practice—that is, how to acquire the *art* of flight or how to build a ship that could actually navigate the air.

One thing which was made clear by these preliminary experiments, and made clear nearly for the first time, was that if a surface be made to advance rapidly, we secure an essential advantage in our ability to support it. Clearly we want the advance to get from place to place; but it proves also to be the only practicable way of supporting the thing at all, to thus take advantage of the inertia of the air, and this point is so all-important that we will renew an old illustration of it. The idea in a vague sense is as ancient as classical times. Pope says:

"Swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main."

Now, is this really so in the sense that a Camilla, by running fast enough, could run over the tops of the corn? *If* she ran fast enough, yes; but the idea may be shown better by the analogous case of a

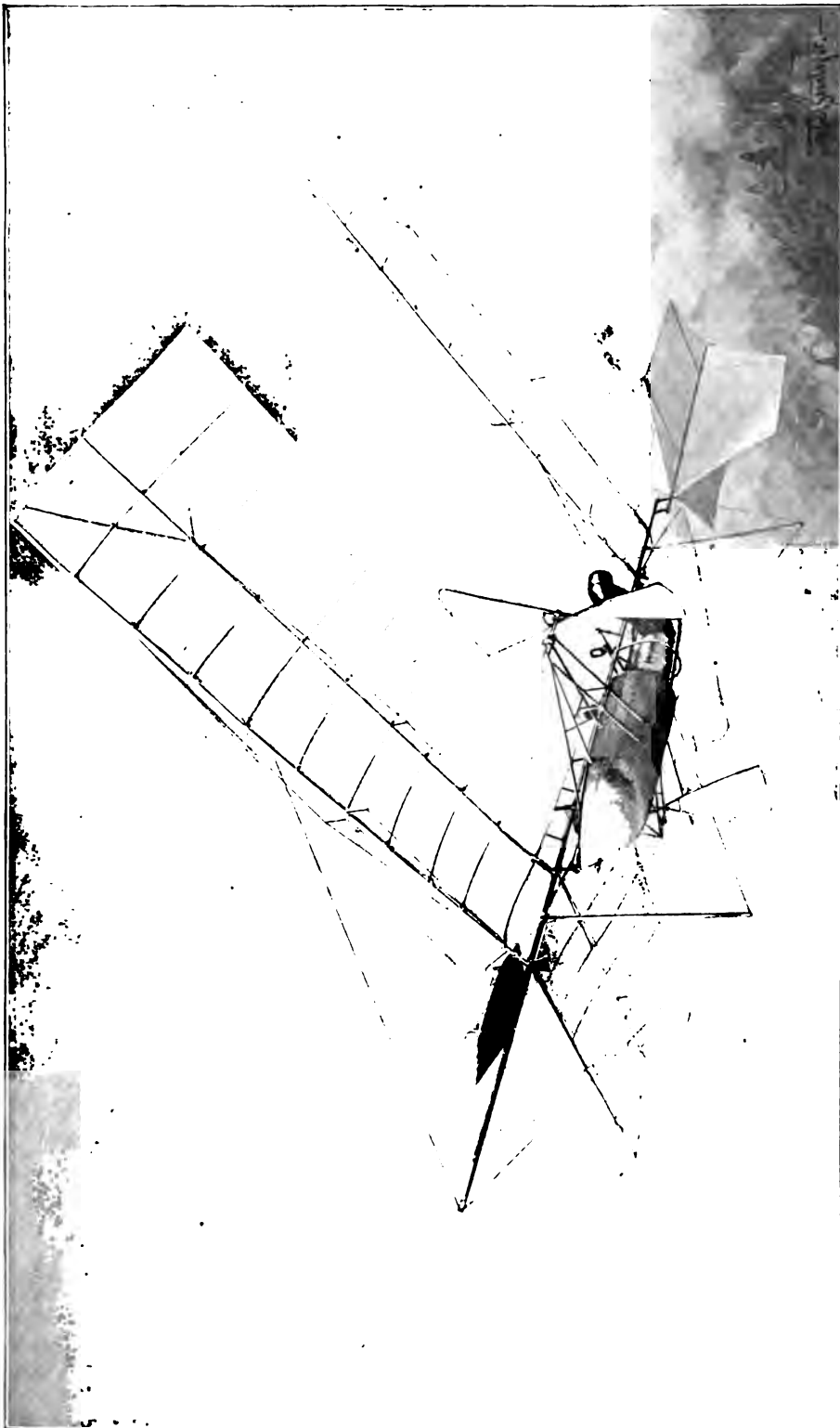
skater who can glide safely over the thinnest ice if the speed is sufficient.

Think of a cake of ice of any small size, suppose a foot square. It possesses (like everything else in nature) inertia or resistance to displacement, and this will be less or more according to the mass moved. If the skater stands during a single second upon this small mass it will sink under him until he is perhaps waist-deep in the water, while a cake of the same width but twice the length will yield only about half as readily to his weight. On this he will sink only to his knees, we may suppose, while if we think of another cake ten times as long as the first—that is, one foot wide and ten feet long—we see that on this, during the same second, he will not sink above his feet. This is all plain enough; but now suppose the long cake to be divided into ten distinct portions, then it ought to be equally clear that the skater who glides over the whole in a second, distributes his weight over just as much ice as though all ten were in one solid piece. So it is with the air. Even the viewless air possesses inertia; it cannot be pushed aside without some effort; and while the portion which is directly under the airship would not keep it from falling several yards in the first second, if the ship goes forward so that it runs or treads on thousands of such portions in that time, it will sink in proportionately less degree; sink, perhaps, only through a fraction of an inch.

Speed, then, is indispensable here. A balloon, like a ship, will float over one spot in safety, but our flying-machine must be in motion to sustain itself, and in motion, in fact, before it can even begin to fly.

Perhaps we may more fully understand what is meant by looking at a boy's kite. Every one knows that it is held by a string against the wind which sustains it, and that it falls in a calm. Most of us remember that even in a calm, if we run and draw it along, it will still keep up, for what is required is motion relative to the air, however obtained.

It can be obtained without the cord if the same pull is given by an engine and propellers strong enough to draw it, and light enough to be attached to and sustained by it. The stronger the pull and the quicker the motion, the heavier the kite may be made. It may be, instead of a sheet of paper, a sheet of metal even, like the plate of brass which has already been mentioned as seeming, when in rapid motion, to float upon the air, and, if it will



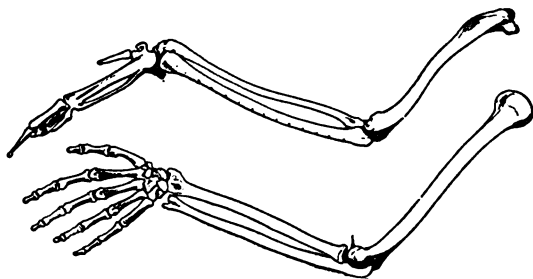
THE AERODROME IN FLIGHT: A VIEW FROM BELOW.

make the principle involved more clear, the reader may think of our aërodrome as a great steel kite made to run fast enough over the air to sustain itself, whether in a calm or in a wind, by means of its propelling machinery, which takes the place of the string.

And now having the theory of the flight before us, let us come to the practice. The first thing will be to provide an engine of unprecedented lightness, that is to furnish the power. A few years ago an engine that developed a horse-power, weighed nearly as much as the actual horse did. We have got to begin by trying to make an engine which shall weigh, everything complete, boiler and all, not more than twenty pounds to the horse-power, and preferably less than ten; but even if we have done this very hard thing, we may be said to have only fought our way up to an enormous difficulty, for the next question will be how to use the power it gives so as to get a horizontal flight. We must then consider through what means the power is to be applied when we get it, and whether we shall, for instance, have wings or screws. At first it seems as though Nature must know best, and that since her flying models, birds, are exclusively employing wings, this is the thing for us; but perhaps this is not the case. If we had imitated the horse or the ox, and made the machine which draws our trains walk on legs, we should undoubtedly never have done as well as with the locomotive rolling on wheels; or if we had imitated the whale with its fins, we should not have had so good a boat as we now have in the steamship with



A WING FROM A SOARING BIRD.

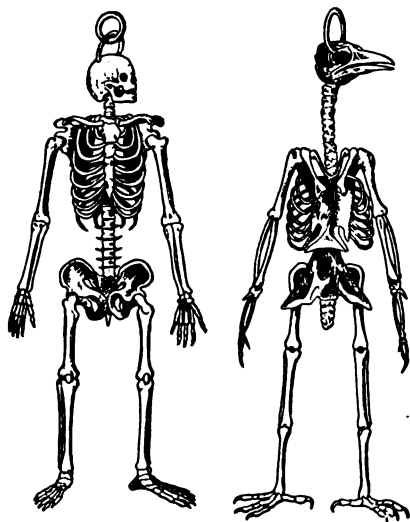


THE BONES OF A BIRD'S WING AND THE BONES OF A HUMAN ARM, DRAWN TO THE SAME SCALE, SHOWING THE CLOSE RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THEM.

the paddle-wheels or the screw, both of which are constructions that Nature never employs. This is so important a point that we will look at the way Nature got her models. Here is a human skeleton, and here one of a bird, drawn to the same scale. Apparently Nature made one

out of the other, or both out of some common type, and the closer we look, the more curious the likeness appears.

Here is a wing from a soaring bird, here the same wing stripped of its feathers, and here the bones of a human arm, on the same scale. Now, on comparing them we see still more clearly than in the skeleton, that the bird's wing has developed out of something like our own arm. First comes the humerus, or principal bone of the upper arm, which is in the wing also. Next we see that the forearm of the bird



THE SKELETON OF A MAN AND THE SKELETON OF A BIRD, DRAWN TO THE SAME SCALE, SHOWING THE CURIOUS LIKENESS BETWEEN THEM.

repeats the radius and ulna, or two bones of our own forearm, while our wrist and finger-bones are modified in the bird to carry the feathers, but are still there. To make the bird, then, Nature appears to have taken what material she had in stock, so to speak, and developed it into something that would do. It was all that Nature had to work on, and she has done wonderfully well with such unpromising material; but any one can see that our arms would not be the best thing to make flying-machines out of, and that there is no need of our starting there when we can start with something better and develop that. Flapping wings might be made on other principles, and perhaps will be found in future flying-machines, but the most promising thing to try seemed to me to be the screw propeller.

Some twenty years ago, Penaud, a Frenchman, made a toy, consisting of a flat, immovable sustaining wing surface, a flat tail, and a small propelling screw. He made the wing and tail out of paper or silk, and the propeller out of cork and feathers, and it was driven directly by strands of india-rubber twisted lamplighter fashion, and which turned the wheel as they untwisted.

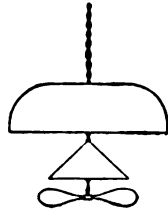
The great difficulty of the task of creating a flying-machine may be partly understood when it is stated that no machine in the whole history of invention, unless it were this toy of Penaud's, had ever, so far as I can learn, flown for even ten seconds; but something that will actually fly must be had to teach the art of "balancing."

When experiments are made with models moving on a whirling table or running on a railroad track, these are *forced* to move horizontally and at the same time are held so that they cannot turn over; but in free flight there will be nothing to secure this, unless the airship is so adjusted in all its parts that it tends to move steadily and horizontally, and the acquisition of this adjustment or art of "balancing" in the air is an enormously difficult thing, and which, it will be seen later, took years to acquire.

My first experiments in it, then, were with models like these, but from them I got only a rude idea how to balance the future aërodrome, partly on account of the brevity of their flight, which only lasted a few seconds, partly on account of its irregularity. Although, then, much time and labor

were spent by me on these, it was not possible to learn much about the balancing from them.

Thus it appeared that something which could give longer and steadier flights than india-rubber must be used as a motor, even for the preliminary trials, and calculations and experiments were made upon the use of compressed air, carbonic acid gas, electricity in primary and storage batteries, and numerous other contrivances, but all in vain. The gas-engine promised to be best ultimately, but nothing save steam gave any promise of immediate success in supporting a machine which would teach these conditions of flight by actual trial, for all were too heavy, weight being the great enemy. It was true also that the steam-driven model could not be properly constructed until the principal conditions of flight were learned, nor these be learned till the working model was experimented with, so that it seemed that the inventor was shut up in a sort of vicious circle.



PENAUD'S FLYING TOY
(ONE-EIGHTH OF ACTUAL SIZE).

However, it was necessary to begin in some way, or give up at the outset, and the construction began with a machine to be driven by a steam-engine, through the means of propeller wheels, somewhat like the twin screws of a modern steamship, but placed amidships, not at the stern. There were to be rigid and motionless wings, slightly inclined, like the surface of a kite, and a construction was made on this plan which gave, if much disappointment, a good deal of useful experience. It was intended to make a machine that would weigh twenty or twenty-five pounds, constructed of steel tubes. The engines were made with the best advice to be got (I am not an engineer); but while the boiler was a good deal too heavy, it was still too small to get up steam for the engines, which weighed about four pounds, and could have developed a horse-power if there were steam enough. This machine, which was to be moved by two propelling screws, was labored on for many months, with the result that the weight was constantly increasing beyond the estimate until, before it was done, the whole weighed over forty pounds, and yet could only get steam for about a half horse-power, which, after deductions for loss in transmission, would give not more than half that gain in actual thrust. It was clear that whatever pains it had cost, it must be abandoned.

This *aërodrome** could not then have flown; but having learned from it the formidable difficulty of making such a thing light enough, another was constructed, which was made in the other extreme, with two engines to be driven by compressed air, the whole weighing but five or six pounds. The power proved insufficient. Then came another, with engines to use carbonic-acid gas, which failed from a similar cause. Then followed a small one to be run by steam, which gave some promise of success, but when tried indoors it was found to lift only about one-sixth of its own weight. In each of these the construction of the whole was remodeled to get the greatest strength and lightness combined, but though each was an improvement on its predecessor, it seemed to become more and more doubtful whether it could ever be made sufficiently light, and whether the desired end could be reached at all.

The chief obstacle proved to be not with the engines, which were made surprisingly light after sufficient experiment. The great difficulty was to make a boiler of almost no weight which would give steam enough, and this was a most wearying one. There must be also a certain amount of wing surface, and large wings weighed prohibitively; there must be a frame to hold all together, and the frame, if made strong enough, must yet weigh so little that it seemed impossible to make it. These were the difficulties that I still found myself in after two years of experiment, and it seemed at this stage again as if it must, after all, be given up as a hopeless task, for somehow the thing had to be built stronger and lighter yet. Now, in all ordinary construction, as in building a steamboat or a house, engineers have what they call a factor of safety. An iron column, for instance, will be made strong enough to hold five or ten times the weight that is ever going to be put upon it, but if we try anything of the kind here the construction will be too heavy to fly. Everything in the work has got to be so light as to be on the edge of breaking down and disaster, and when the breakdown comes all we can do is to find what is the weakest part and make that part stronger; and in this way work went on, week by week and month by month, constantly altering the form of construction so as to strengthen the weakest parts, until, to abridge a story which extended over years, it was finally brought nearly to the shape it is now,

* *Aërodrome*, from words signifying air-runner, the running over the air being the essence of its plan.

where the completed mechanism, furnishing over a horse-power, weighs collectively something less than seven pounds. This does not include water, the amount of which depends on how long we are to run; but the whole thing, as now constructed, boiler, fire-grate, and all that is required to turn out an actual horse-power and more, weighs something less than one one-hundredth part of what the horse himself does. I am here anticipating; but after these first three years something not greatly inferior to this was already reached, and so long ago as that, there had accordingly been secured mechanical power to fly, if that were all—but it is not all.

After that came years more of delay arising from other causes, and I can hardly repeat the long story of subsequent disappointment, which commenced with the first attempts at actual flight.

Mechanical power to fly was, as I say, obtained three years ago; the machine could lift itself if it ran along a railroad track, and it might seem as though, when it could lift itself, the problem was solved. I knew that it was far from solved, but felt that the point was reached where an attempt at actual free flight should be made, though the anticipated difficulties of this were of quite another order to those experienced in shop construction. It is enough to look up at the gulls or buzzards, soaring overhead, and to watch the incessant rocking and balancing which accompanies their gliding motion to apprehend that they find something more than mere strength of wing necessary, and that the machine would have need of something more than mechanical power, though what this something was, was not clear. It looked as though it might need a power like instinctive adaptation to the varying needs of each moment, something that even an intelligent steersman on board could hardly supply, but to find what this was a trial had to be made. The first difficulty seemed to be to make the initial flight in such conditions that the machine would not wreck itself at the outset, in its descent, and the first question was where to attempt to make the flight.

It became clear without much thought, that since the machine was at first unprovided with any means to save it from breakage on striking against the ground, it would be well, in the initial stage of the experiment, not to have it light on the ground at all, but on the water. As it was probable that, while skill in launching was being gained, and until after practice had made

perfect, failures would occur, and as it was not desired to make any public exhibition of these, a great many places were examined along the shores of the Potomac, and on its high bluffs, which were condemned partly for their publicity, but partly for another reason. In the course of my experiments I had found out, among the infinite things pertaining to this problem, that the machine must begin to fly in the face of the wind, and just in the opposite way to a ship, which begins its voyage with the wind behind it. If the reader has ever noticed a soaring bird get upon the wing, he will see that it does so with the breeze against it, and thus whenever the *aërodrome* is cast into the air, it must face a wind which may happen to blow from the north, south, east, or west, and we had better not make the launching station a place like the bank of a river, where it can go only one way. It was necessary, then, to send it from something which could be turned in any direction, and taking this need in connection with the desirability that at first the airship should light in the water, there came at last the idea (which seems obvious enough when it is stated) of getting some kind of a barge or boat, and building a small structure upon it, which could house the *aërodrome* when not in use, and from whose flat roof it could be launched in any direction. Means for this were limited, but a little "scow" was procured, and on it was built a primitive sort of a house, one story high, and on the house a platform about ten feet higher, so that the top of the platform was about twenty feet from the water, and this was to be the place of the launch. This boat it was found necessary to take down the river as much as thirty miles from Washington, where I then was,—since no suitable place could be found nearer,—to an island having a stretch of quiet water between it and the main shore; and here the first experiments in attempted flight developed difficulties of a new kind, difficulties which were partly anticipated, but which nobody would probably have conjectured would be of their actually formidable character, which was such as for a long time to prevent any trial being made at all. They arose partly out of the fact that even such a flying-machine as a soaring bird has to get up an artificial speed before it is on the wing. Some soaring birds do this by an initial run upon the ground, and even under the most urgent pressure cannot fly without it.

Take the following graphic description

of the commencement of an eagle's flight (the writer was in Egypt, and the "sandy soil" was that of the banks of the Nile):

"An approach to within eighty yards aroused the king of birds from his apathy. He partly opened his enormous wings, but stirs not yet from his station. On gaining a few feet more he begins to *walk* away, with half-expanded but motionless wings. Now for the chance, fire! A charge of number three from eleven bore rattles audibly but ineffectively upon his densely feathered body; his walk increases to a run, he gathers speed with his slowly waving wings, and eventually leaves the ground. Rising at a gradual inclination, he mounts aloft and sails majestically away to his place of refuge in the Libyan range, distant at least five miles from where he rose. Some fragments of feathers denoted the spot where the shot had struck him. The marks of his claws were traceable in the sandy soil, as, at first with firm and decided digs, he forced his way, but as he lightened his body and increased his speed with the aid of his wings, the imprints of his talons gradually merged into long scratches. The measured distance from the point where these vanished, to the place where he had stood, proved that with all the stimulus that the shot must have given to his exertions, he had been compelled to run full twenty yards before he could raise himself from the earth."

We have not all had a chance to see this striking illustration of the necessity of getting up a preliminary speed before soaring, but many of us have disturbed wild ducks on the water and noticed them run along it, flapping their wings for some distance to get velocity before they can fly, and the necessity of the initial velocity is at least as great with our flying-machine as it is with a bird.

To get up this preliminary speed, many plans were proposed, one of which was to put the *aërodrome* on the deck of a steamboat and go faster and faster until the head wind lifted it off the deck. This sounds reasonable, but is absolutely impracticable, for when the *aërodrome* is set up anywhere in the open air we find that the very slightest wind will turn it over, unless it is firmly held. The whole must be in motion, but in motion from something to which it is held till that critical instant when it is set free as it springs into the air.

The house-boat was fitted with an apparatus for launching the *aërodrome* with

a certain initial velocity, and was (in 1893) taken down the river and moored in the stretch of quiet water I have mentioned, the general features of the place being indicated on the accompanying map; and it was here that the first trials at launching were made, under the difficulties to which I have alluded.

Perhaps the reader will take patience to hear an abstract of a part of the diary of these trials, which commenced with a small *aërodrome* which had finally been built to weigh only about ten pounds, which had an engine of not quite one-half horsepower, and which could lift much more than was theoretically necessary to enable it to fly. The exact construction of this early *aërodrome* is unimportant, as it was replaced later by an improved one, of which a drawing is given on page 658, but it was the first outcome of the series of experiments which had occupied three years, though the disposition of its supporting surfaces, which should cause it to be properly balanced in the air and neither fly up nor down, had yet to be ascertained by trial.

What must still precede this trial was the provision of the apparatus for launching it into the air. It is a difficult thing to launch a ship, although gravity keeps it down upon the ways, but the problem here is that of launching a kind of ship which is as ready to go up into the air like a balloon as to go off sideways, and readier to do either than to go straight forward, as it is wanted to do, for though there is no gas in the flying-machine, its great extent of wing surface renders it something like an albatross on a ship's deck—the most unmanageable and helpless of creatures until it is in its proper element.

If there were an absolute calm, which never really happens, it would still be impracticable to launch it as a ship is launched, because the wind made by running it along would get under the wings and turn it over. But there is always more or less wind, and even the gentlest breeze was afterward found to make the airship unmanageable unless it was absolutely clamped down to whatever served to launch it, and when it was thus firmly clamped, as it must be at several distinct points, it was necessary that it should be released simultaneously at all these at the one critical instant that it was leaping into the air. This is another difficult condition, but that it is an indispensable one may be inferred from what has been said. In the first form of launching-piece this initial

velocity was sought to be attained by a spring, which threw forward the supporting frame on which the *aërodrome* rested; but at this time the extreme susceptibility of the whole construction to injury from the wind, and the need of protecting it from even the gentlest breeze, had not been appreciated by experience. On November 18, 1893, the *aërodrome* had been taken down the river, and the whole day was spent in waiting for a calm, as the machine could not be held in position for launching for two seconds in the lightest breeze. The party returned to Washington and came down again on the 20th, and although it seemed that there was scarcely any movement in the air, what little remained was enough to make it impossible to maintain the *aërodrome* in position. It was let go, notwithstanding, and a portion struck against the edge of the launching-piece, and all fell into the water before it had an opportunity to fly.

On the 24th, another trip was made, and another day spent ineffectively on account of the wind. On the 27th there was a similar experience, and here four days and four (round-trip) journeys of sixty miles each had been spent without a single result. This may seem to be a trial of patience, but it was repeated in December, when five fruitless trips were made, and thus nine such trips were made in these two months, and but once was the *aërodrome* even attempted to be launched, and this attempt was attended with disaster. The principal cause lay, as I have said, in the unrecognized amount of difficulty introduced even by the very smallest wind, as a breeze of three or four miles an hour, hardly perceptible to the face, was enough to keep the airship from resting in place for the critical seconds preceding the launching.

If we remember that this is all irrespective of the fitness of the launching-piece itself, which at first did not get even a chance for trial, some of the difficulties may be better understood, and there were many others.

During most of the year of 1894 there was the same record of defeat. Five more trial trips were made in the spring and summer, during which various forms of launching apparatus were tried with varied forms of disaster. Then it was sought to hold the *aërodrome* out over the water and let it drop from the greatest attainable height, with the hope that it might acquire the requisite speed of advance before the water was reached. It will hardly be an-

anticipated that it was found impracticable at first to simply let it drop, without something going wrong, but so it was, and it soon became evident that even were this not the case, a far greater time of fall was requisite for this method than that at command. The result was that in all these eleven months the *aërodrome* had not been launched, owing to difficulties which seem so slight that one who has not experienced them may wonder at the trouble they caused.

Finally, in October, 1894, an entirely new launching apparatus was completed, which embodied the dozen or more requisites, the need for which had been independently proved in this long process of trial and error. Among these was the primary one that it was capable of sending the *aërodrome* off at the requisite initial speed, in the face of a wind from whichever quarter it blew, and it had many more facilities which practice had proved indispensable.

This new launching-piece did its work in this respect effectively, and subsequent disaster was, at any rate, not due to it. But now a new series of failures took place, which could not be attributed to any defect of the launching apparatus, but to a cause which was at first obscure, for sometimes the *aërodrome*, when successfully launched, would dash down forward and into the water, and sometimes (under apparently identically like conditions) would sweep almost vertically upward in the air and fall back, thus behaving in entirely opposite ways, although the circumstances of flight seemed to be the same. The cause of this class of failure was finally found in the fact that as soon as the whole was upborne by the air, the wings yielded under the pressure which supported them, and were momentarily distorted from the form designed and which they appeared to possess. "Momentarily," but enough to cause the wind to catch the top, directing the flight downward, or under them, directing it upward, and to wreck the experiment. When the cause of the difficulty was found, the cure was not easy, for it was necessary to make these great sustaining surfaces rigid so that they could not bend, and to do this without making them heavy, since weight was still the enemy; and nearly a year passed in these experiments.

Has the reader enough of this tale of disaster? If so, he may be spared the account of what went on in the same way. Launch after launch was successively made. The wings were finally, and after infinite

patience and labor, made at once light enough and strong enough to do the work, and now in the long struggle the way had been fought up to the face of the final difficulty, in which nearly a year more passed, for the all-important difficulty of balancing the *aërodrome* was now reached, where it could be discriminated from other preliminary ones, which have been alluded to, and which at first obscured it. If the reader will look at the hawk or any soaring bird, he will see that as it sails through the air without flapping the wing, there are hardly two consecutive seconds of its flight in which it is not swaying a little from side to side, lifting one wing or the other, or turning in a way that suggests an acrobat on a tight-rope, only that the bird uses its widely outstretched wings in place of the pole.

There is something, then, which is difficult even for the bird, in this act of balancing. In fact, he is sailing so close to the wind in order to fly at all, that if he dips his head but the least he will catch the wind on the top of his wing and fall, as I have seen gulls do, when they have literally tumbled toward the water before they could recover themselves.

Beside this, there must be some provision for guarding against the incessant, irregular currents of the wind, for the wind as a whole—and this is a point of prime importance—is not a thing moving along all-of-a-piece, like water in the Gulf Stream. Far from it. The wind, when we come to study it, as we have to do here, is found to be made of innumerable currents and counter-currents which exist altogether and simultaneously in the gentlest breeze, which is in reality going fifty ways at once, although, as a whole, it may come from the east or the west; and if we could see it, it would be something like seeing the rapids below Niagara, where there is an infinite variety of motion in the parts, although there is a common movement of the stream as a whole.

All this has to be provided for in our mechanical bird, which has neither intelligence nor instinct, without which, although there be all the power of the engines requisite, all the rigidity of wing, all the requisite initial velocity, it still cannot fly. This is what is meant by balancing, or the disposal of the parts, so that the airship will have a position of equilibrium into which it tends to fall when it is disturbed, and which will enable it to move of its own volition, as it were, in a horizontal course.

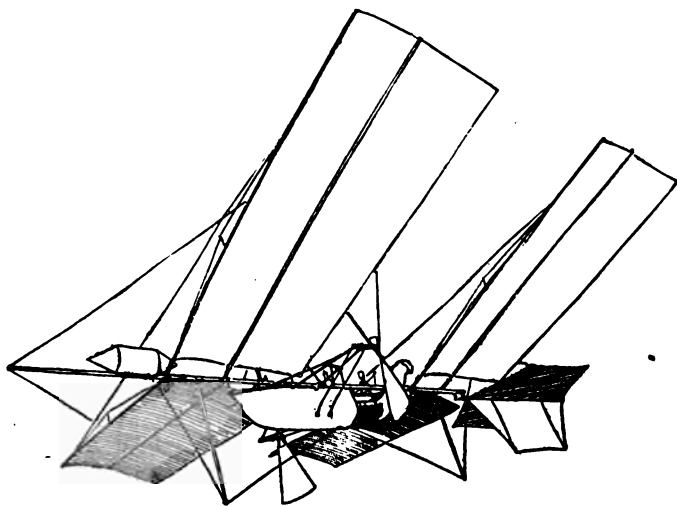


DIAGRAM OF THE AÉRODROME AS DESCRIBED BELOW.

Now the reader may be prepared to look at the apparatus which finally has flown. (See diagram above.) In the completed form we see two pairs of wings, each slightly curved, each attached to a long steel rod which supports them both, and from which depends the body of the machine, in which are the boilers, the engines, the machinery, and the propeller wheels, these latter being not in the position of those of an ocean steamer, but more nearly amidships. They are made sometimes of wood, sometimes of steel and canvas, and are between three and four feet in diameter.

The hull itself is formed of steel tubing; the front portion is closed by a sheathing of metal which hides from view the fire-grate and apparatus for heating, but allows us to see a little of the coils of the boiler and all of the relatively large smoke-stack in which it ends. The conical vessel in front is an empty float, whose use is to keep the whole from sinking if it should fall in the water.

This boiler supplies steam for an engine of between one and one and one-half horsepower, and, with its fire-grate, weighs a little over five pounds. This weight is exclusive of that of the engine, which weighs, with all its moving parts, but twenty-six ounces. Its duty is to drive the propeller wheels, which it does at rates varying from 800 to 1,200, or even more, turns a minute, the highest number being reached when the whole is speeding freely ahead.

The rudder, it will be noticed, is of a shape very unlike that of a ship, for it is adapted both for vertical and horizontal

steering. It is impossible within the limits of such an article as this, however, to give an intelligible account of the manner in which it performs its automatic function. Sufficient it is to say that it does perform it.

The width of the wings from tip to tip is between twelve and thirteen feet, and the length of the whole about sixteen feet. The weight is nearly thirty pounds, of which about one-fourth is contained in the machinery. The engine and boilers are constructed with an almost single eye to economy of weight, not of force, and

are very wasteful of steam, of which they spend their own weight in five minutes. This steam might all be recondensed and the water re-used by proper condensing apparatus, but this cannot be easily introduced in so small a scale of construction. With it the time of flight might be hours instead of minutes, but without it the flight (of the present aërodrome) is limited to about five minutes, though in that time, as will be seen presently, it can go some miles; but owing to the danger of its leaving the surface of the water for that of the land, and wrecking itself on shore, the time of flight is limited designedly to less than two minutes.

I have spared the reader an account of numberless delays, from continuous accidents and from failures in attempted flights, which prevented a single entirely satisfactory one during nearly three years after a machine with power to fly had been attained. It is true that the aërodrome maintained itself in the air at many times, but some disaster had so often intervened to prevent a complete flight that the most persistent hope must at some time have yielded. On the 6th of May of last year I had journeyed, perhaps for the twentieth time, to the distant river station, and recommenced the weary routine of another launch, with very moderate expectation indeed; and when, on that, to me, memorable afternoon the signal was given and the aërodrome sprang into the air,* I

* The illustration on page 649, from an instantaneous photograph by Mr. Bell, shows the machine after Mr. Reed, who was in charge of the launch (and to whom a great deal of the construction of the aërodrome is due), has released it, and when it is in the first instant of its aerial journey.

watched it from the shore with hardly a hope that the long series of accidents had come to a close. And yet it had, and for the first time the *aërodrome* swept continuously through the air like a living thing, and as second after second passed on the face of the stop-watch, until a minute had gone by, and it still flew on, and as I heard the cheering of the few spectators, I felt that something had been accomplished at last, for never in any part of the world, or in any period, had any machine of man's construction sustained itself in the air before for even half of this brief time. Still the *aërodrome* went on in a rising course until, at the end of a minute and a half (for which time only it was provided with fuel and water), it had accomplished a little over half a mile, and now it settled rather than fell into the river with a gentle descent. It was immediately taken out and flown again with equal success, nor was there anything to indicate that it might not have flown indefinitely except for the limit put upon it.

I was accompanied by my friend, Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, who not only witnessed the flight, but took the instantaneous photograph of it which has been given. He spoke of it in a communication to the Institute of France in the following terms:

Through the courtesy of Mr. S. P. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, I have had on various occasions the privilege of witnessing his experiments with *aërodromes*, and especially the remarkable success attained by him in experiments made on the Potomac River on Wednesday, May 6, which led me to urge him to make public some of these results.

I had the pleasure of witnessing the successful flight of some of these *aërodromes* more than a year ago, but Professor Langley's reluctance to make the results public at that time prevented me from asking him, as I have done since, to let me give an account of what I saw.

On the date named, two ascensions were made by the *aërodrome*, or so-called "flying-machine," which I will not describe here further than to say that it appeared to me to be built almost entirely of metal, and driven by a steam-engine which I have understood was carrying fuel and a water-supply for a brief period, and which was of extraordinary lightness.

The absolute weight of the *aërodrome*, including that of the engine and all appurtenances, was, as I was told, about twenty-five pounds, and the distance, from tip to tip, of the supporting surfaces was, as I observed, about twelve or fourteen feet.

The method of propulsion was by *aërial* screw propellers, and there was no gas or other aid for lifting it in the air except its own internal energy.

On the occasion referred to, the *aërodrome*, at a given signal, started from a platform about twenty feet above the water, and rose at first directly in the face of the wind, moving at all times with remarkable steadiness, and subsequently swinging around in

large curves of, perhaps, a hundred yards in diameter, and continually ascending until its steam was exhausted, when, at a lapse of about a minute and a half, and at a height which I judged to be between eighty and one hundred feet in the air, the wheels ceased turning, and the machine, deprived of the aid of its propellers, to my surprise did not fall, but settled down so softly and gently that it touched the water without the least shock, and was in fact immediately ready for another trial.

In the second trial, which followed directly, it repeated in nearly every respect the actions of the first, except that the direction of its course was different. It ascended again in the face of the wind, afterwards moving steadily and continually in large curves, accompanied with a rising motion and a lateral advance. Its motion was, in fact, so steady that I think a glass of water on its surface would have remained unspilled. When the steam gave out again, it repeated for a second time the experience of the first trial when the steam had ceased, and settled gently and easily down. What height it reached at this trial I cannot say, as I was not so favorably placed as in the first; but I had occasion to notice that this time its course took it over a wooded promontory, and I was relieved of some apprehension in seeing that it was already so high as to pass the tree-tops by twenty or thirty feet. It reached the water one minute and thirty-one seconds from the time it started, at a measured distance of over nine hundred feet from the point at which it rose.

This, however, was by no means the length of its flight. I estimated from the diameter of the curve described, from the number of turns of the propellers as given by the automatic counter, after due allowance for slip, and from other measures, that the actual length of flight on each occasion was slightly over three thousand feet. It is at least safe to say that each exceeded half an English mile.

From the time and distance it will be noticed that the velocity was between twenty and twenty-five miles an hour, in a course which was constantly taking it "up hill." I may add that on a previous occasion I have seen a far higher velocity attained by the same *aërodrome* when its course was horizontal.

I have no desire to enter into detail further than I have done, but I cannot but add that it seems to me that no one who was present on this interesting occasion could have failed to recognize that the practicability of mechanical flight had been demonstrated.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

On November 28th I witnessed, with another *aërodrome* of somewhat similar construction, a rather longer flight, in which it traversed about three-quarters of a mile, and descended with equal safety. In this the speed was greater, or about thirty miles an hour. The course of this date is indicated by the dotted line in the diagram on page 660. We may live to see airships a common sight, but habit has not dulled the edge of wonder, and I wish that the reader could have witnessed the actual spectacle. "It looked like a miracle," said one who saw it, and the photograph, though taken from the original, conveys but imperfectly the impression given by the flight itself.

And now, it may be asked, what has been

done? This has been done: a "flying-machine," so long a type for ridicule, has really flown; it has demonstrated its practicability in the only satisfactory way—by actually flying, and by doing this again and again, under conditions which leave no doubt.

There is no room here to enter on the consideration of the construction of larger machines, or to offer the reasons for believing that they may be built to remain for days in the air, or to travel at speeds higher than any with which we are familiar; neither is there room to enter on a consideration of their commercial value, or of those applications which will probably first come in the arts of war rather than those of peace; but we may at least see that these may be such as to change the whole conditions of warfare, when each of two opposing hosts will have its every movement known to the other, when no lines of fortification will keep out the foe, and when the difficulties of defending a country against an attacking enemy in the air will be such that we may hope

that this will hasten rather than retard the coming of the day when war shall cease.

I have thus far had only a purely scientific interest in the results of these labors. Perhaps if it could have been foreseen at the outset how much labor there was to be, how much of life would be given to it, and how much care, I might have hesitated to enter upon it at all. And now reward must be looked for, if reward there be, in the knowledge that I have done the best I could in a difficult task, with results which it may be hoped will be useful to others. I have brought to a close the portion of the work which seemed to be specially mine—the demonstration of the practicability of mechanical flight—and for the next stage, which is the commercial and practical development of the idea, it is probable that the world may look to others. The world, indeed, will be supine if it do not realize that a new possibility has come to it, and that the great universal highway overhead is now soon to be opened.

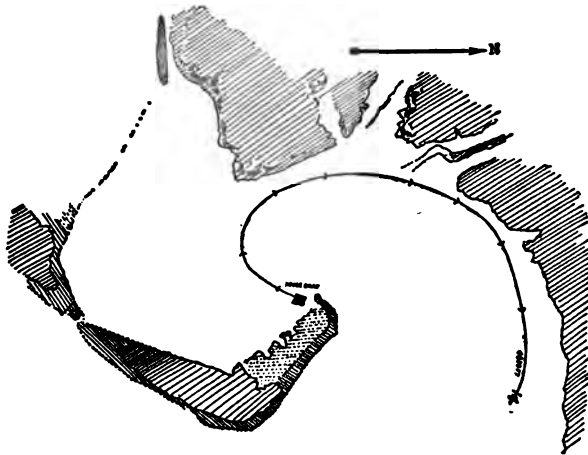


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE AERODROME IN ITS FLIGHT ON THE POTOMAC RIVER AT QUANTICO. SEE PAGE 659.

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN THE WAR.

CAPTAIN MUSGROVE DAVIS.

PLAYING THE REBEL SPY.

"WHO did you say?"

"General Jones, General Salem Jones. Do you know him?"

"I should think so! Well, well; what memories. As a cavalry officer, he had no superior in the Army of the Cumberland. He once offered me a place upon his staff because of an act of desperation; he was good enough to call it pluck.

"Tell you about it? Well, I was going down the Ohio River to rejoin my regiment, and merely to pass away the time on the boat, I must needs play the fool by causing the impression to get about that I was a rebel spy, though, in fact, I wore the straps of a Federal lieutenant. I had no idea there was a general on board, nor did I realize what a serious matter my joke was likely to become if taken in earnest.

"Before I could say Jack Robinson, I was under arrest—by order of General Jones. This aspect of the case made the matter less funny than I had expected. The general got off at Cairo, taking me with him to Fort Henry, Tennessee, a prisoner. He was commanding and recruiting at that point, and I saw that I was in a fair way to go before a drum-head court-martial. I knew no one, being, as I said, on the way to join my regiment. My very folly furnished the strongest proof against me. I had given myself away, but I was wise enough to know that the less I talked the better.

"I asked to see General Jones again.

"General," said I, 'I am a First Lieutenant of the One Hundred and Ninety-ninth New York, Twelfth Corps.'

"The general's countenance grew very stern as he replied: 'You are a spy by your own confession, with a good chance of being shot within two hours.'

"General Jones,' I protested earnestly, 'I am no more a spy than you are.

That I have been a fool, I admit. Why I attempted this silly joke, only the god of fools can tell; but I did.

"General, I faced the hordes of Beauregard at Bull Run; I fought under Sumner at Williamsburgh; I was wounded at Fair Oaks and fell again at Antietam. Believe me, nothing but a foolish, boyish love of excitement has brought me to this pass. I will not even ask you to wait until you can communicate with my regiment, but place me in any position of danger, and with loaded muskets behind me, if you

like; put me in the van of any forlorn hope; only let me prove that I am loyal. Why, my father is an abolitionist of New York State, and I know only anti-slavery views. I was never south of Mason and Dixon's line until I enlisted.'

"Well,' the General replied, 'you are either a knave or a fool, that's certain, and I don't think it makes much difference which. But you protest well, and I will try you.'

"He took me in front of the breastworks, and said: 'Young fellow, you see that expanse before you? It looks innocent enough, but the whole ground is planted with torpedoes, waiting for the enemy's approach. You say that you are loyal, and ask to be allowed to prove it. The evidence is against you, but I give you this one chance. You may walk over that ground for half an hour. If you touch a torpedo, you will be blown to atoms. If you shirk nothing and escape, you shall have your liberty. Take that or a drum-head court-martial.'

"I took the chance. My scalp felt as if it were two inches from my head, and the wind seemed to be blowing through the space. Every particle of my skin seemed to stand out from the flesh underneath it, and the perspiration rolled down my cheeks like the cataract of Niagara.



"THE WHOLE GROUND IS PLANTED WITH TORPEDOES."

"There wasn't a torpedo near the place, and there never had been—but I didn't know it!"

"The general recalled me after a little time, with some pleasant remarks, and offered me the position above alluded to. I thanked him, but was too anxious to get away from that accursed spot; so stood

not upon the order of my going, but went.

"Jones and I have met many times since the war, and he always delights in referring to what he calls 'the fun.' I failed at the time to see where the amusement came in; and I am not exactly sure about the hilarity of the occasion even now."

CAPTAIN BAILEY'S REPORT.

IN the autumn of 1864 Sheridan and Early were having fun with each other in the Shenandoah Valley—most of the fun, it may be remembered, being on Sheridan's side.

Opequan had been won, historic Winchester passed, and the now famous Cedar Creek crossed, when Sheridan found himself face to face with a serious situation at Fisher's Hill. The Confederate position there was a strong one, having one flank resting on the Shenandoah River and the other against North Mountains.

Caution was no less one of this great commander's qualities than dash, and he wisely took a day or two to reconnoiter. He surveyed the situation well, gained all the information he could, and then took his resolve. He decided upon a general advance for a certain day and at a certain hour. The 22d of September was fixed as the day, and five o'clock as the hour. On that day he rode the entire length of the lines and to each general gave the same instructions—"Advance at five o'clock." Coming to the brigade of General Dan. Macauley—he of the Fifty-fourth Indiana—he said: "General Macauley, set your watch with mine. At five o'clock exactly you, with the others, are to advance. In the meantime, I want you to make a reconnaissance in force and ascertain who is in front of you and his strength. I am a little in doubt. Report the result to me as soon as possible. Be sure not to bring on a general engagement."

General Macauley took two regiments for the task, but did not get very far. He found the enemy in force everywhere. At a certain place he said to one of his aides, Captain Bailey: "Go to that point," indicating a little eminence, "and tell me what you discover with your glasses."

Bailey started toward the point designated, followed by an orderly. The reconnoitering party passed on, and finally

returned to their assigned position very little the wiser; but Bailey did not return with them. Five o'clock came, still no Bailey and no orderly. "Oh, well," all thought, "the same old story; killed or captured."

The advance was made at five o'clock, and, we all know, successfully. Finally Appomattox came, the war was over, the great review was held at Washington, and the troops of the Grand Army dispersed to their homes.

General Macauley went back to Indianapolis, where he was not only appreciated as a glorious good fellow, but honored as the hero that he was. In 1867, by an overwhelming majority, he was carried into the mayor's chair. One of his duties, in this position, was to hold the police court. One morning he was striving to get, from out of all the pros and cons, the right of an assault and battery case, when the court-room door opened, and in, on a crutch, stumped a one-legged man. No one noticed him until he was half-way up the court-room, and even then, had it not been that he kept his cap on, he would not have attracted special attention. On he pegged, looking neither to the right nor to the left; on past visitors, witnesses, and lawyers, until he came close to the bench. Then he stopped, saluted, and said in a loud voice and to the consternation of all: "General, I have to report that it's the whole of Gordon's division that's on the other side." Then he saluted again, turned on his crutch, and without changing a feature of his face, and looking neither to one side nor the other, pegged back as he came and passed out at the door.

The court and all in attendance were for the moment paralyzed, but in a second or two General Macauley sprang from his seat, and throwing up both arms, shouted: "Why, that's Jim Bailey, whom I sent out at Fisher's Hill! Mr. Marshal, adjourn the court! Mr. Clerk, go fetch

that man back; and you, prisoner,—go—wherever you will."

Bailey came back, and the two weather-beaten warriors fell upon each other's neck and wept like children. It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. No special "crier" was required by that court. Everybody cried, and then they shouted, and then they cried and shouted again, and Bailey had no use for his crutch when he left the court-

room, for he was carried out on men's shoulders.

It seems that he was wounded and captured on that memorable day at Fisher's Hill, and his leg was taken off in Libby prison. When the war was over, he was released and went straight back to his Massachusetts home. He longed, however, to see his old general, and making the journey to Indianapolis for the purpose, took this way of reintroducing himself.

HELPING A SURGEON TO HIS SENSES.

AT the battle of Savage's Station a corporal named Kelly, known as the "tall corporal," was badly wounded in the leg. I was hit in the arm—not a serious wound, but a painful one. The next morning, as I was lying on my blanket under a tree, waiting for transportation to White House Landing, one of the men remarked: "They're going to take off Kelly's leg, sir!" I sprang to my feet, and, with my arm in its sling still giving me excruciating pain, made my way to the Field Hospital.

Nor was I too soon. Poor Kelly was lying in the line of promotion to the operating table. I found him greatly depressed, and wholly unreconciled to the operation. "There's no call to tack off me lig, Lootinant," said he, "and I'd rather die furst. I'll git well tidy enough af they'll lit me alone. They're nothing but a lot av contract spalpeens, awnyhow, and, be the powers, af oi had me gun they wouldn't do it! Can't ye save me, Lootinant, and may the saints bliss ye?"

I could only say, "I'll try."

I waited until Kelly was near the knife, when I earnestly expostulated with the young surgeon. He looked at me patronizingly, and said, with the politeness of an under-done "medico": "Perhaps you know this business better than I do."

The hot blood leaped in my veins, and with more emphasis than discretion, I replied: "Perhaps I do. I've got a com-

mission for my business, and you haven't got even a diploma for yours. All that man's leg wants is proper probing and dressing, and that's all it will have. He owns the leg and wants to keep it. I am his commanding officer and your superior in rank. Do as I ask, and we will take the responsibility."

For my answer I got a sneer and: "Put him on the table."

Out came my revolver, and before I realized the rashness of the proceeding I had said: "You boy-

butcher! As his commander and as your superior officer I order that you only probe and dress the wound. I've got but one arm, as you see, but put a knife to that leg, and I'll send a bullet through your hand."

Of course I was wrong. Of course I had no command over him; but I had put my hand to the plow, and was too foolhardy to turn back. I should have come to disastrous grief if the matter had ever gone to higher authorities, but, luckily, it did not. We looked at each other for perhaps three seconds (it seemed half an hour); and whether from a prick to his diminutive conscience or because he didn't know his rights, I can't say, but he did simply probe and dress the wound.

That leg afterwards carried the fearless Kelly through many a hard-fought battle, all the way to the Wilderness; but I know nothing of it since he took it away with him in first-rate condition from Appomattox Court-House.



"PUT A KNIFE TO THAT LEG, AND I'LL SEND A BULLET THROUGH YOUR HAND."

A GREAT GAME OF CHECKERS.

BY GEORGE W. ROSE.

"PLAY checkers, Schoolmaster?"

"Oh, yes, I play checkers."

The tone betrayed the rash confidence of youth, but the old farmer met it with a serene smile, born of the memory of many victories.

"Hattie, bring that checkerboard. What kind of a game do you play, Teacher, side or centre?"

"I don't understand your terms," replied the schoolmaster, "but I play the regular openings, and then gauge my play according to my opponent's play."

"Well, I'll be switched!" exclaimed the farmer. "I always thought checkers was checkers the world over, but I never heard of openings, nor gauges nuther."

"I see your board is not numbered," said the teacher. "Do you object to my marking the numbers with a pencil?"

"Mark all you want to, Schoolmaster," replied the hilarious farmer. "Put a sum in mental 'rithmetic in the middle, an' algebra 'round the edges. Turn the board over, an' write out some examples in bot'ny an' hist'ry on the back of 'er. Can't hurt the board any. Ernest, git some of that cider."

After the farmer had won four games in succession, he said to his son: "Here, Ernest, you come an' play with the schoolmaster. This ain't exciting enough for me. I'll go an' set by the fire an' think!"

Ten minutes later Ernest said: "Well, father, this may be fun for you, but it's rather monotonous for me. You'd better play with Hattie, Schoolmaster. You may get a game occasionally, if she's good natured."

So the teacher and his oldest pupil played together. But the memory of certain caustic remarks anent the afternoon's algebra recitation rankled in the young girl's bosom, and she showed him no mercy. She forced his pieces into unprofitable corners; she coaxed him after apparently unprotected "single men," only to slaughter the pursuer, and at last, in completing an innocent-looking combination, swept the board time and again.

Looking up in the midst of the fifth game he became conscious that their normal conditions were reversed. He

knew that his face was flushed, and his brows in a tangle, while she was watching him with a cool, amused smile.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked, suddenly.

"I am thinking of algebra," she answered, demurely. "It does seem"—she gave him a "man"—"as though checkers"—she gave him two more—"was so much easier," and she swept the board.

When the teacher retired that night he registered a vow that he would beat that girl at checkers, even if he had to give up his school and devote his whole time to studying the game. He lay awake a long time, gazing at the bare rafters above his bed, silver gray in the moonlight that streamed through his uncurtained window, and thinking of this remarkable checker-playing family. He remembered the jovial old man's way of pretending to be in extreme fear, and how he would ejaculate: "Ah! now you've got me!" "Look at that, now! I never expected that." "Now, you have got me," etc., and the way his knotty hand would hover over the board in simulated uncertainty.

He remembered Ernest keeping up a laughing conversation with his mother, and apparently not paying any attention to the game. He remembered Hattie, always watching him with that keen, amused smile, and moving her pieces with the swift, sliding touch of a slim, white hand. Then he wondered why he had never noticed her hands before. Also, he remembered a certain vivid color in her cheeks, and wondered if it showed the same by daylight.

It may have been a week after this evening that Edna Bristol, Hattie's pretty but dull seat-mate, found the day too short for her lessons, and had to "stay after school."

Hattie obtained permission to wait for her, and after every one else had gone she said to the teacher:

"I think you have a checkerboard here, Mr. Field. Won't you show me how to play by numbers?"

The schoolmaster rather shamefacedly got out his board and his books: "Rudiments of Draughts," "Spayth," and

"Robertson," and they played games and variations by the dozen. And pretty Edna seemed to find the atmosphere conducive to study, for she mastered the refractory grammar lesson thoroughly.

The next day Edna said:

"Teacher, I can study after school better than any other time. May I stay to-night?" And so the programme was indefinitely extended.

Now a young man cannot play checkers with a pretty girl night after night without coming to give fully as much attention to her as to the game; consequently the schoolmaster felt as though a great blank spot had moved into his life one afternoon when Hattie, without looking at him, left the house immediately at the close of school.

The following afternoon a big, fresh-faced young fellow, whom the schoolmaster had never before seen, called for Hattie, and took her driving in a very dashing equipage. Edna volunteered an explanation after school. "That's Bill Keeler," she said. "He's Hattie's beau, and he wants her to get married. His mother has promised to give him the farm if he'll get a wife before Christmas."

This news threw the schoolmaster into the sulks. The young farmer visited the school, being received with bashful cordiality by the big boys and girls, and with cold civility by the teacher. He took Hattie to the Thursday evening singing-school, and was driving with her and Edna every day.

This week was one of misery for the schoolmaster, though his checkerboard was some consolation. But sitting alone in the darkening schoolroom, while the snow whirled high around the windows, he would imagine that vivid face, lit by great, luminous eyes, opposite him. Or, as he looked from book to board, he would see the swift flash of a slim, white hand above his own.

The week ended at last, and the young farmer returned to his home.

"He's coming again Christmas," Edna said to the schoolmaster.

Monday evening Hattie stayed after school was dismissed, bending a flushed face over a perfectly recited algebra lesson. After a long silence the schoolmaster said, with stiff dignity:

"I am glad, Miss Bates, that you still retain some interest in your studies."

There was no answer.

"I fail to see," persisted the teacher, "what there is so remarkable in that

young fellow that he should take up all your time."

Still no answer.

"Come, tell me, Miss Bates, what on earth is he noted for?"

She looked up sideways into his face. "Pa says," she answered, gravely, "that he is the best checker-player in the county!"

"Can he beat me?"

The question meant a good deal. With a reckless flash of her great gray eyes, and dropping into the Michigan country dialect, which the schoolmaster had labored months to eradicate, she answered:

"'M h'm. Beat the boots off'm you!"

The schoolmaster was furious. He took the checkerboard and flung it into the stove. The books were about to follow, when he felt a little hand laid on his arm, and, turning, saw Hattie, with tears in her eyes. "Don't!" she said. "I should be lonesome without—without the books."

The schoolmaster dropped the books and kissed his pupil.

Then the little hypocrite assumed an air of mighty dignity, and said: "The school laws don't allow that form of punishment!"

"Are you going to marry that fellow?" he asked, peremptorily.

"I don't know."

"Will you marry me?"

With a droll little smile she replied:

"If you please, Mr. Field, that isn't in to-day's lesson."

As that was all the satisfaction he could get, he went to consult with her father.

"Well, Schoolmaster," said the old gentleman, finally, "Hattie has explained the hull thing to me. When Bill is here she thinks she likes him best, and when you're here she sort o' cottons to you most. Now, why don't you and him play a game of checkers to decide it—winner take the girl—eh?"

"I agree to that," replied the teacher.

The proposition was submitted to Hattie, and she, after some consideration, accepted it.

"Now, you mustn't take no advantage of Bill," said the farmer. "He's comin' Christmas eve, an' we'll have the game then, an' the weddin' afterward. You mustn't keep Hattie after school, nor come here to see her till then."

The schoolmaster got a new checkerboard that night, and every evening he studied alone, carefully noting the moves of the great games in his books.

"Science will tell," he said to himself.

"These games were played by champions, and the results are certain as fate."

At last the eventful day came, and at five o'clock the schoolmaster went to the Bates residence.

There was a jolly crowd of neighbors present. The old house was overflowing. Mighty preparations were going on in the kitchen, and the smell of roast turkey and coffee was everywhere.

The minister was there—a nervous little man in an uncomfortable black suit. The teacher's rival came a few minutes later.

Then Farmer Bates took the floor. "Neighbors an' friends," he began oratorically, "I s'pose you know that the schoolmaster and Bill Keeler here are goin' to play a game of checkers for my girl Hattie. Now, I'll 'point Dave Nash an' Uncle Tommy Bilk to be empires, an' you all understand that if any one makes any suggestion on the game it'll all have to be played over. The weddin' 'll be right after the game, an' then we'll have supper. Place your men, empires!"

The rivals were seated, and the board placed between them.

"Here, Hattie," the farmer called, "you set here where they can both see you, an' then they'll know what they're playin' for."

Hattie gave a timid greeting to the two young men, and took the seat indicated. Then the great game began.

The schoolmaster played slowly, relating every move to some game played by the old champions. Bill Keeler played with a dash that had carried him off victor in countless contests.

The spectators crowded around them, breathless at first, then as the game slowly progressed, making whispered comments. One of the older women sang a little, softly, and some one in the background whistled part of a popular air. The "empires" watched the board closely.

It was a great game, and it is a pity that a record of the moves was not kept. When the thirtieth move was made, the old farmer blurted out: "By gum! 't'll be a draw!"

Now the schoolmaster, who was playing the black, was preparing to move 1—5, for his thirty-first move. His hand hovered over the piece, but still he hesitated. Just then Hattie began whistling a queer little tune.

Much surprised the schoolmaster paused.

"Well, Hattie, that is the dumbest tune I ever heard," said her father.

"That is a tune," replied Hattie, slowly

and distinctly, "that has fifty-nine variations."

The schoolmaster was just touching the piece, but that word "variations" stopped him. He stole a quick glance at her, but she was looking resolutely at the carpet.

"Must be the tune the old cow died on," laughed the farmer. "Which variation was you whistlin'?"

"I was whistlin' the fourteenth variation," she answered.

The strong color surged up over the schoolmaster's pale face. "The Laird and Lady" had fifty-nine variations given in his book, and there on the board before him was the identical situation that he and Hattie had noticed and studied in the fourteenth variation.

Now he remembered Wyllie's wonderful play of 16—20, and black to win.

Holding his breath, he made the move.

"Lost the game, Schoolmaster!" shouted the old farmer, but the schoolmaster controlled the moves.

Again, 14—23, and every checker-player stared in amazement. Again, 20—27, and then it slowly dawned on them that the teacher had won the game by a series of remarkable moves.

One more move, and then the piece on 2 went the "long jump," removing three pieces and winning the game.

The players rose, and the people crowded around the successful one, with hearty congratulations.

Bill Keeler slipped into the hall unobserved, and after putting on his great overcoat, cap, and huge lambskin mittens, made his way out and started for the stables. As he passed the kitchen door Edna came out and stopped him.

"Are you going home, Mr. Keeler?" she asked.

"Yes; I haven't anything to stay for," he answered.

"You'll be lonesome drivin' that twelve miles, all alone," said Edna, sympathetically.

"Yes," he answered, "considerin' that I expected to take some one with me, it'll be dum' lonesome!"

The contrast between that moonlit drive as he had pictured it to himself and as it would now be, struck him with full force. He pulled his cap over his eyes. His vocabulary was not extensive:

"Dum' it!" he said; and it is doubtful if any fate could have got more than that from him.

"I'm awful sorry for you, Billy," said

Edna, softly; and then he saw that the pretty, foolish creature was crying.

She had thrown a white woolen "diamond-dusted" thing over her head, and her blond hair blew around her face. The sparkling moonlight fell on snow crystals, diamond dust, and tears, making dazzling brilliants of all.

Bill Keeler's mind moved slowly, but when she repeated "I'm awful sorry," he realized that sympathy is a blessed thing. He took her hand—she slipped into his arms.

The small boy who saw this scene from a "proscenium box" behind the rain barrel could never go on from here in his report. "They stood close together," he said afterward, "an' they jest whispered."

"Where on earth is Bill Keeler?" asked Farmer Bates.

"Guess he's gone home," suggested Uncle Tommy.

"Don't let him go!" exclaimed the hospitable farmer. "Here, Ernest, you run an'—" The kitchen door opened, and there in the doorway stood Bill Keeler with his arm around blushing Edna.

"I come for a wife, an' by jing! I guess I got one," was all he said.

There was a double wedding and a supper to be remembered.

Sometimes in these later days, when Professor Field finds his wife's country wit too sharp for him, he says:

"You know you really proposed to me, for if you hadn't helped me to win that game you would have married Billy."

To which she replies, sedately: "It was purely my interest in checkers, dear. I couldn't bear to see a good game lost by a foolish move."

COL. DENT OF WHITEHAVEN, THE FATHER-IN-LAW OF GENERAL GRANT.

IN illustration of your papers on General U. S. Grant, you give a very good likeness of Col. F. Dent, his father-in-law. I think, however, that your account of Col. Dent gives a wrong impression of his character. I spent the summer of 1858 at Whitehaven. Col. Dent was a remarkable man. He was one of the pioneers of commerce in the Mississippi Valley, and the training of his life made him firm and strong, not "irascible." He had the kindest of hearts, and was justice personified. He, Captain Grant, and myself spent hours at night on the "gallery" of the Whitehaven house, and I, a boy getting my first knowledge of the world, listened eagerly to Captain Grant's discourses, whether narrative, descriptive, or expressive of opinion. When Col. Dent began to talk, Grant became the most attentive of listeners. Col. Dent had been a close observer, and had an excellent knowledge of affairs, and a memory like a written record. Born in the last century, he remembered Washington, who placed his hand on his head and said, "Is this your son, George?" (the elder Dent's name was George), and on receiving an affirmative reply, added, "Ah, he is a fine boy!" Being the first child born in the town of Cumberland, Maryland, he was selected for the ceremony of planting the first stone in the National Road.

Early in the present century he started in life for himself. His commerce on the rivers entailed trips to the Atlantic cities on horseback. Once while east of the Alleghanies, on his way home, he passed a remarkably fine field of corn. At that time but little attention was paid by farmers in the West to selection of seed or breed of stock. Col. Dent jumped over the fence, pulled off two or three of the best ears, and carried them home to St. Louis in his saddle-bags. His farmer planted them the next year, and the product exhibited a still further improvement. All of it was distributed for seed, and

this is the origin of the "Dent corn," which you see quoted in the Western markets.

On one of his Eastern trips Col. Dent found leisure to visit the Capital. Pennsylvania Avenue was a mud-hole at that time, and when riding on horseback from Georgetown to the capitol one day, he was passed by the British minister, also mounted; and followed by a single attendant, on his way to call on the President. The minister, either ignorant or careless in his manner of riding, bespattered Col. Dent plentifully with mud. In the course of his ride back to Georgetown, Col. Dent fell in with the minister again. Putting the horse to his best speed, Col. Dent gave a yell like that of a Comanche, pulled a slight turn on the reins, drove the spurs anew into the horse's sides, and splashed by. When he looked back he saw that the debt of the morning had been paid with interest.

"Where were you at the time of the New Madrid earthquake?" I once asked him. "On a flatboat below the mouth of the Ohio," was his reply; and then he continued with a graphic description of the scene. The crew were panic-stricken and, falling on their knees, commenced to pray. Col. Dent, realizing the need of immediate action, ordered them about in a manner beside which the movements of the earthquake seemed insignificant, and soon had them hard at work with their oars. The consequence was that his boat was saved, while many others were lost.

Col. Dent acquired title to many small tracts of land near St. Louis—perhaps five hundred acres within five or six miles of the Court House. But all were wrested from him by legal process, on the plea of defective title. On the Whitehaven estate he lived the typical life of the Southern gentleman. He owned a few families of slaves, and was a kind and just master.

THOMAS SHARP.

ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER—SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Viscount Anne de St. Ives, under the name of Champdivers, while held a prisoner of war in Edinburgh Castle, attracts the attention and sympathy of an aristocratic Scotch maiden, Flora Gilchrist, who, out of curiosity, visits the prisoners, attended by her brother Ronald. On her account St. Ives kills a comrade, Goguelat, in a duel, fought secretly in the night, with the divided blades of a pair of scissors. An officer of the prison, Major Chevenix, with whom St. Ives is in social relations, discovers the secret of the duel and of St. Ives's interest in the young lady; and while at present he respects it, there are intimations that it might be

in safer keeping. St. Ives is visited by Daniel Romaine, the solicitor of his rich uncle, the Count de Kéroural, and learns that his cousin, Alain de St. Ives, hitherto regarded as the uncle's heir, is out of favor. Romaine gives him money; urges him, if possible, to escape from prison, in order to pay his uncle, now near dying, a visit; and advises that, in his flight, he make his way to one Burchell Fenn, who may serve him. The escape is soon after made, in company with a number of comrades. St. Ives steals out to Swanston Cottage, where Flora Gilchrist and her brother live with an aunt, and is kindly concealed by Flora in the hen-house.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HEN-HOUSE.

I WAS half an hour at least in the society of these distressing bipeds, and alone with my own reflections and necessities. I was in great pain of my flayed hands, and had nothing to treat them with; I was hungry and thirsty, and had nothing to eat or to drink; I was thoroughly tired, and there was no place for me to sit. To be sure there was the floor, but nothing could be imagined less inviting.

At the sound of approaching footsteps, my good humour was restored. The key rattled in the lock, and Master Ronald entered, closed the door behind him, and leaned his back to it.

"I say, you know!" he said, and shook a sullen young head.

"I know it's a liberty," said I.

"It's infernally awkward; my position is infernally embarrassing," said he.

"Well," said I, "and what do you think of mine?"

This seemed to pose him entirely, and he remained gazing upon me with a convincing air of youth and innocence. I could have laughed, but I was not so inhumane.

"I am in your hands," said I, with a little gesture. "You must do with me what you think right."

"Ah, yes!" he cried: "if I knew!"

"You see," said I, "it would be different if you had received your commission. Properly speaking, you are not yet a combatant; I have ceased to be one; and I think it arguable that we are just in the position of one ordinary gentleman to another, where friendship usually comes before the law. Observe, I only say *arguable*. For God's sake, don't think I wish to dictate an opinion. These are the sort of nasty little businesses, inseparable from war, which every gentleman must decide for himself. If I were in your place—"

"Ay, what would you do, then?" says he.

"Upon my word, I do not know," said I. "Hesitate, as you are doing, I believe."

"I will tell you," he said. "I have a kinsman, and it is what *he* would think that I am thinking. It is General Graham of Lynedoch—Sir Thomas Graham. I scarcely know him, but I believe I admire him more than I do God."

"I admire him a good deal myself," said I, "and have good reason to. I have fought with him, been beaten, and run away. *Veni, victus sum, evasi.*"

"What!" he cried. "You were at Barossa?"

"There and back, which many could not say," said I. "It was a pretty affair and a hot one, and the Spaniards behaved abominably, as they usually did in a pitched field; the Marshal Duke of Belluna

made a fool of himself, and not for the first time; and your friend Sir Thomas had the best of it, so far as there was any best. He is a brave and ready officer."

"Now, then, you will understand!" said the boy. "I wish to please Sir Thomas: what would he do?"

"Well, I can tell you a story," said I, "a true one too, and about this very combat of Chiclana, or Barossa as you call it. I was in the Eighth of the Line; we lost the eagle of the First Battalion, more betoken, but it cost you dear. Well, we had repulsed more charges than I care to count, when your 87th Regiment came on at a foot's pace, very slow but very steady; in front of them a mounted officer, his hat in his hand, white-haired, and talking very quietly to the battalions. Our major, Vigo-Roussillon, set spurs to his horse and galloped out to sabre him, but seeing him an old man, very handsome, and as composed as if he were in a coffee-house, lost heart and galloped back again. Only, you see, they had been very close together for the moment, and looked each other in the eyes. Soon after the major was wounded, taken prisoner, and carried into Cadiz. One fine day they announced to him the visit of the general, Sir Thomas Graham. 'Well, sir,' said the general, taking him by the hand, 'I think we were face to face upon the field.' It was the white-haired officer!"

"Ah!" cried the boy,—his eyes were burning.

"Well, and here is the point," I continued. "Sir Thomas fed the major from his own table from that day, and served him with six covers."

"Yes, it is a beautiful—a beautiful story," said Ronald. "And yet somehow it is not the same—is it?"

"I admit it freely," said I.

The boy stood awhile brooding. "Well, I take my risk of it," he cried. "I believe it's treason to my sovereign—I believe there is an infamous punishment for such a crime—and yet I'm hanged if I can give you up."

I was as much moved as he. "I could almost beg you to do otherwise," I said. "I was a brute to come to you, a brute and coward. You are a noble enemy; you will make a noble soldier." And with rather a happy idea of a compliment for this warlike youth, I stood up straight and gave him the salute.

He was for a moment confused; his face flushed. "Well, well, I must be getting you something to eat, but it will not be

for six," he added, with a smile: "only what we can get smuggled out. There is my aunt in the road, you see," and he locked me in again with the indignant hens.

I always smile when I recall that young fellow; and yet, if the reader were to smile also, I should feel ashamed. If my son shall be only like him when he comes to that age, it will be a brave day for me and not a bad one for France.

At the same time I cannot pretend that I was sorry when his sister succeeded in his place. She brought me a few crusts of bread and a jug of milk, which she had handsomely laced with whisky after the Scottish manner.

"I am so sorry," she said, "I dared not bring you anything more. We are so small a family, and my aunt keeps such an eye upon the servants. I have put some whisky in the milk—it is more wholesome so—and with eggs you will be able to make something of a meal. How many eggs will you be wanting to that milk? for I must be taking the others to my aunt—that is my excuse for being here. I should think three or four. Do you know how to beat them in? or shall I do it?"

Willing to detain her a while longer in the hen-house, I displayed my bleeding palms; at which she cried out aloud.

"My dear Miss Flora, you cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs," said I; "and it is no bagatelle to escape from Edinburgh Castle. One of us, I think, was even killed."

"And you are as white as a rag, too," she exclaimed, "and can hardly stand. Here is my shawl; sit down upon it here in the corner, and I will beat your eggs. See, I have brought a fork too; I should have been a good person to take care of Jacobites or Covenanters in old days! You shall have more to eat this evening; Ronald is to bring it you from town. We have money enough, although no food that we can call our own. Ah, if Ronald and I kept house, you should not be lying in this shed! He admires you so much."

"My dear friend," said I, "for God's sake do not embarrass me with more alms. I loved to receive them from that hand, so long as they were needed; but they are so no more, and whatever else I may lack—and I lack everything—it is not money." I pulled out my sheaf of notes and detached the top one: it was written for ten pounds, and signed by that very famous individual, Abraham Newlands. "Oblige me, as you would like me to oblige your brother if the parts were reversed, and take

this note for the expenses. I shall need not only food, but clothes."

"Lay it on the ground," said she. "I must not stop my beating."

"You are not offended?" I exclaimed.

She answered me by a look that was a reward in itself, and seemed to imply the most heavenly offers for the future. There was in it a shadow of reproach, and such warmth of communicative cordiality as left me speechless. I watched her instead till her hens' milk was ready.

"Now," said she, "taste that."

I did so, and swore it was nectar. She collected her eggs, and crouched in front of me to watch me eat. There was about this tall young lady at the moment an air of motherliness delicious to behold. I am like the English general, and to this day I still wonder at my moderation.

"What sort of clothes will you be wanting?" said she.

"The clothes of a gentleman," said I. "Right or wrong, I think it is the part I am best qualified to play. Mr. St. Ives (for that's to be my name upon the journey) I conceive as rather a theatrical figure, and his make-up should be to match."

"And yet there is a difficulty," said she. "If you got coarse clothes the fit would hardly matter. But the clothes of a fine gentleman—oh, it is absolutely necessary that these should fit! And above all, with your"—she paused a moment—"to our ideas, somewhat noticeable manners."

"Alas for my poor manners!" said I. "But, my dear friend Flora, these little noticeabilities are just what mankind has to suffer under. Yourself, you see, you're very noticeable even when you come in a crowd to visit poor prisoners in the Castle."

I was afraid I should frighten my good angel visitant away, and without the smallest breath of pause went on to add a few directions as to stuffs and colors.

She opened big eyes upon me. "Oh, Mr. St. Ives!" she cried—"if that is to be your name—I do not say they would not be becoming; but for a journey, do you think they would be wise? I am afraid"—she gave a pretty break of laughter—"I am afraid they would be daft-like!"

"Well, and am I not daft?" I asked her.

"I do begin to think you are," said she.

"There it is, then!" said I. "I have been long enough a figure of fun. Can you not feel with me that perhaps the bitterest thing in this captivity has been the

clothes? Make me a captive—bind me with chains if you like—but let me be still myself. You do not know what it is to be a walking travesty—among foes," I added, bitterly.

"Oh, but you are too unjust!" she cried. "You speak as though any one ever dreamed of laughing at you. But no one did. We were all pained to the heart. Even my aunt—though sometimes I do think she was not quite in good taste—you should have seen her and heard her at home. She took so much interest. Every patch in your clothes made us sorry; it should have been a sister's work."

"That is what I never had—a sister," said I. "But since you say that I did not make you laugh—"

"Oh, Mr. St. Ives! never!" she exclaimed. "Not for one moment. It was all too sad. To see a gentleman—"

"In the clothes of a harlequin, and begging?" I suggested.

"To see a gentleman in distress, and nobly supporting it," she said.

"And do you not understand, my fair foe," said I, "that even if all were as you say—even if you had thought my travesty were becoming—I should be only the more anxious, for my sake, for my country's sake, and for the sake of your kindness, that you should see him whom you have helped as God meant him to be seen? that you should have something to remember him by at least more characteristic than a misfitting sulphur-yellow suit and half a week's beard?"

"You think a great deal too much of clothes," she said. "I am not that kind of girl."

"And I am afraid I am that kind of a man," said I. "But do not think of me too harshly for that. I talked just now of something to remember by. I have many of them myself, of these beautiful reminders, of these keepsakes, that I cannot be parted from until I lose memory and life. Many of them are great things, many of them are high virtues—charity, mercy, faith. But some of them are trivial enough. Miss Flora, do you remember the day that I first saw you, the day of the strong east wind? Miss Flora, shall I tell you what you wore?"

We had both risen to our feet, and she had her hand already on the door to go. Perhaps this attitude emboldened me to profit by the last seconds of our interview; and it certainly rendered her escape the more easy.

"Oh, you are too romantic!" she said,

laughing; and with that my sun was blown out, my enchantress had fled away, and I was again left alone in the twilight with the lady hens.

CHAPTER IX.

THREE IS COMPANY, AND FOUR NONE.

THE rest of the day I slept in the corner of the hen-house upon Flora's shawl. Nor did I awake until a light shone suddenly in my eyes, and starting up with a gasp (for, indeed, at the moment I dreamed I was still swinging from the Castle battlements) found Ronald bending over me with a lantern. It appeared it was past midnight, that I had slept about sixteen hours, and that Flora had returned her poultry to the shed and I had heard her not. I could not but wonder if she had stooped to look at me as I slept. The puritan hens now slept irremediably; and being cheered with the promise of supper I wished them an ironical good-night, and was lighted across the garden and noiselessly admitted to a bedroom on the ground floor of the cottage. There I found soap, water, razors—offered me diffidently by my beardless host—and an outfit of new clothes. To be shaved again without depending on the barber of the gaol was a source of a delicious, if a childish joy. My hair was sadly too long, but I was none so unwise as to make an attempt on it myself. And, indeed, I thought it did not wholly misbecome me as it was, being by nature curly. The clothes were about as good as I expected. The waistcoat was of toilenet, a pretty piece, the trousers of fine kersey-mere, and the coat sat extraordinarily well. Altogether, when I beheld this changeling in the glass, I kissed my hand to him.

"My dear fellow," said I, "have you no scent?"

"Indeed, no!" cried Ronald. "What do you want of scent?"

"Capital thing on a campaign," said I. "But I can do without."

I was now led, with the same precautions against noise, into the little bow-windowed dining-room of the cottage. The shutters were up, the lamp guiltily turned low; the beautiful Flora greeted me in a whisper; and when I was set down to table, the pair proceeded to help me with precautions that might have seemed excessive in the Ear of Dionysius.

"She sleeps up there," observed the boy, pointing to the ceiling; and the

knowledge that I was so imminently near to the resting-place of that gold eyeglass touched even myself with some uneasiness.

Our excellent youth had imported from the city a meat pie, and I was glad to find it flanked with a decanter of really admirable wine of Oporto. While I ate, Ronald entertained me with the news of the city, which had naturally rung all day with our escape; troops and mounted messengers had followed each other forth at all hours and in all directions; but according to the last intelligence no recapture had been made. Opinion in town was very favorable to us: our courage was applauded, and many professed regret that our ultimate chance of escape should be so small. The man who had fallen was one Sombref, a peasant; he was one who slept in a different part of the Castle; and I was thus assured that the whole of my former companions had attained their liberty and Shed A was untenanted.

From this we wandered insensibly into other topics. It is impossible to exaggerate the pleasure I took to be thus sitting at the same table with Flora, in the clothes of a gentleman, at liberty and in the full possession of my spirits and resources; of all of which I had need, because it was necessary that I should support at the same time two opposite characters, and at once play the cavalier and lively soldier for the eyes of Ronald, and to the ears of Flora maintain the same profound and sentimental note that I had already sounded. Certainly there are days when all goes well with a man; when his wit, his digestion, his mistress are in a conspiracy to spoil him, and even the weather smiles upon his wishes. I will only say of myself upon that evening that I surpassed my expectations and was privileged to delight my hosts. Little by little they forgot their terrors and I my caution; until at last we were brought back to earth by a catastrophe that might very easily have been foreseen, but was not the less astonishing to us when it occurred.

I had filled all the glasses. "I have a toast to propose," I whispered, "or rather three, but all so inextricably interwoven that they will not bear dividing. I wish first to drink to the health of a brave and therefore a generous enemy. He found me disarmed, a fugitive, and helpless. Like the lion, he disdained so poor a triumph; and when he might have vindicated an easy valour, he preferred to make a friend. I wish that we should next drink to a fairer and a more tender foe. She found me in

prison; she cheered me with a priceless sympathy; what she has done since, I know she has done in mercy, and I only pray—I dare scarce hope—her mercy may prove to have been merciful. And I wish to conjoin with these, for the first and perhaps the last time, the health—and I fear I may already say the memory—of one who has fought, not always without success, against the soldiers of your nation; but who came here, vanquished already, only to be vanquished again by the loyal hand of the one, by the unforgettable eyes of the other."

It is to be feared I may have lent at times a certain resonance to my voice; it is to be feared that Ronald, who was none the better for his own hospitality, may have set down his glass with something of a clang. Whatever may have been the cause, at least I had scarce finished my compliment before we were aware of a thump upon the ceiling overhead. It was to be thought some very solid body had descended to the floor from the level (possibly) of a bed. I have never seen consternation painted in more lively colors than on the faces of my hosts. It was proposed to smuggle me forth into the garden, or to conceal my form under a horsehair sofa which stood against the wall. For the first expedient, as was now plain by the approaching footsteps, there was no longer time; from the second I recoiled with indignation.

"My dear creatures," said I, "let us die, but do not let us be ridiculous."

The words were still upon my lips when the door opened and my friend of the gold eyeglass appeared, a memorable figure, on the threshold. In one hand she bore a bedroom candlestick; in the other, with the steadiness of a dragoon, a horse-pistol. She was wound about in shawls which did not wholly conceal the candid fabric of her nightdress, and surmounted by a nightcap of portentous architecture. Thus accoutred, she made her entrance; laid down the candle and pistol, as no longer called for; looked about the room with a silence more eloquent than oaths; and then, in a thrilling voice—"To whom have I the pleasure?" she said, addressing me with a ghost of a bow.

"Madam, I am charmed, I am sure," said I. "The story is a little long; and our meeting, however welcome, was for the moment entirely unexpected by myself. I am sure—" but here I found I was quite sure of nothing, and tried again. "I have the honor," I began, and found I had the

honor to be only exceedingly confused. With that, I threw myself outright upon her mercy. "Madam, I must be more frank with you," I resumed. "You have already proved your charity and compassion for the French prisoners. I am one of these; and if my appearance be not too much changed, you may even yet recognize in me that *Oddity* who had the good fortune more than once to make you smile."

Still gazing upon me through her glass, she uttered an uncompromising grunt; and then, turning to her niece—"Flora," said she, "how comes he here?"

The culprits poured out for a while an antiphony of explanations, which died out at last in a miserable silence.

"I think at least you might have told your aunt," she snorted.

"Madam," I interposed, "they were about to do so. It is my fault if it be not done already. But I made it my prayer that your slumbers might be respected, and this necessary formula of my presentation should be delayed until to-morrow in the morning."

The old lady regarded me with undissembled incredulity, to which I was able to find no better repartee than a profound and, I trust, graceful reverence.

"French prisoners are very well in their place," she said, "but I cannot see that their place is in my private dining-room."

"Madam," said I, "I hope it may be said without offence, but (except the Castle of Edinburgh) I cannot think upon the spot from which I would so readily be absent."

At this, to my relief, I thought I could perceive a vestige of a smile to steal upon that iron countenance and to be bitten immediately in.

"And if it is a fair question, what do they call ye?" she asked.

"At your service, the Vicomte Anne de St.-Yves," said I.

"Mosha the Viscount," said she, "I am afraid you do us plain people a great deal too much honor."

"My dear lady," said I, "let us be serious for a moment. What was I to do? Where was I to go? And how can you be angry with these benevolent children, who took pity on one so unfortunate as myself? Your humble servant is no such terrific adventurer that you should come out against him with horse-pistols and"—smiling—"bedroom candlesticks. It is but a young gentleman in extreme distress, hunted upon every side, and asking no

more than to escape from his pursuers. I know your character, I read it in your face"—the heart trembled in my body as I said these daring words. "There are unhappy English prisoners in France, at this day, perhaps at this hour. Perhaps at this hour they kneel as I do; they take the hand of her who might conceal or assist them; they press it to their lips as I do—"

"Here, here!" cried the old lady, breaking from my solicitations. "Behave yourself before folk! Saw ever any one the match of that? And on earth, my dears, what are we to do with him?"

"Pack him off, my dear lady," said I: "pack off the impudent fellow double-quick! And if it may be, and your good heart allows it, help him a little on the way he has to go."

"What's this pie?" she cried stridently. "Where is this pie from, Flora?"

No answer was vouchsafed by my unfortunate and (I may say) extinct accomplices.

"Is that my port?" she pursued. "Hough! Will somebody give me a glass of my port wine?"

I made haste to serve her.

She looked at me over the rim with an extraordinary expression. "I hope ye liked it?" said she.

"It is even a magnificent wine," said I.

"A well, it was my father laid it down," she said. "There were few knew more about port wine than my father, God rest him!" She settled herself in a chair with an alarming air of resolution. "And so there is some particular direction that you wish to go in?" said she.

"Oh," said I, following her example, "I am by no means such a vagrant as you suppose. I have good friends, if I could get to them, for which all I want is to be once clear of Scotland; and I have money for the road." And I produced my bundle.

"English bank-notes?" she said. "That's not very handy for Scotland. It's been some fool of an Englishman that's given you these, I'm thinking. How much is it?"

"I declare to heaven I never thought to count!" I exclaimed. "But that is soon remedied."

And I counted out ten notes of ten pound each, all in the name of Abraham Newlands, and five bills of country bankers for as many guineas.

"One hundred and twenty-six pound five," cried the old lady. "And you

carry such a sum about you, and have not so much as counted it! If you are not a thief, you must allow you are very thief-like."

"And yet, madam, the money is legitimately mine," said I.

She took one of the bills and held it up. "Is there any probability, now, that this could be traced?" she asked.

"None, I should suppose; and if it were, it would be no matter," said I. "With your usual penetration, you guessed right. An Englishman brought it me. It reached me, through the hands of his English solicitor, from my great-uncle, the Comte de Kërroual de St.-Yves, I believe the richest *émigré* in London."

"I can do no more than take your word for it," said she.

"And I trust, madam, not less," said I.

"Well," said she, "at this rate the matter may be feasible. I will cash one of these five-guinea bills, less the exchange, and give you silver and Scots notes to bear you as far as the border. Beyond that, Mosha the Viscount, you will have to depend upon yourself."

I could not but express a civil hesitation as to whether the amount would suffice, in my case, for so long a journey.

"Ay," said she, "but you have nae heard me out. For if you are not too fine a gentleman to travel with a pair of drovers, I believe I have found the very thing, and the Lord forgive me for a treasonable old wife! There are a couple stopping up-by with the shepherd-man at the farm; to-morrow they will take the road for England, probably by skriegh of day—and in my opinion you had best be traveling with the stots," said she.

"For heaven's sake, do not suppose me to be so effeminate a character!" I cried. "An old soldier of Napoleon is certainly beyond suspicion. But, dear lady, to what end? and how is the society of these excellent gentlemen supposed to help me?"

"My dear sir," said she, "you do not at all understand your own predicament, and must just leave your matters in the hands of those who do. I daresay you have never even heard tell of the drove-roads or the drovers; and I am certainly not going to sit up all night to explain it to you. Suffice it, that it is me who is arranging this affair—the more shame to me!—and that is the way ye have to go. Ronald," she continued, "away up-by to the shepherds; rowst them out of their beds, and make it perfectly distinct that Sim is not to leave till he has seen me."

Ronald was nothing loath to escape from his aunt's neighborhood, and left the room and the cottage with a silent expedition that was more like flight than mere obedience. Meanwhile the old lady turned to her niece.

"And I would like to know what we are to do with him the night!" she cried.

"Ronald and I meant to put him in the hen-house," said the encrimsoned Flora.

"And I can tell you he is to go to no such a place," replied the aunt. "Hen-house, indeed! If a guest he is to be, he shall sleep in no mortal hen-house. Your room is the most fit, I think, if he will consent to occupy it on so great a sudden. And as for you, Flora, you shall sleep with me."

I could not help admiring the prudence and tact of this old dowager, and of course it was not for me to make objections. Ere I well knew how, I was alone with a flat candlestick, which is not the most sympathetic of companions, and stood studying the snuff in a frame of mind between triumph and chagrin. All had gone well with my flight: the masterful lady who had arrogated to herself the arrangement of the details gave me every confidence; and I saw myself already arriving at my uncle's door. But, alas! it was another story with my love affair. I had seen and spoken with her alone; I had ventured boldly; I had been not ill received; I had seen her change color, had enjoyed the undissembled kindness of her eyes; and now, in a moment, down comes upon the scene that apocalyptic figure with the nightcap and the horse-pistol, and with the very wind of her coming behold me separated from my love! Gratitude and admiration contended in my breast with the extreme of natural rancor. My appearance in her house at past midnight had an air (I could not disguise it from myself) that was insolent and underhand and could not but minister to the worst suspicions. And the old lady had taken it well. Her generosity was no more to be called in question than her courage, and I was afraid that her intelligence would be found to match. Certainly, Miss Flora had to support some shrewd looks, and certainly she had been troubled. I could see but the one way before me: to profit by an excellent bed, to try to sleep soon, to be stirring early, and to hope for some renewed occasion in the morning. To have said so much and to say no more, to go out into the world upon so half-hearted a parting, was more than I could accept.

It is my belief that the benevolent fiend sat up all night to balk me. She was at my bedside with a candle long ere day, roused me, laid out for me a damnable misfit of clothes, and bade me pack my own (which were wholly unsuited to the journey) in a bundle. Sore grudging, I arrayed myself in a suit of some country fabric, as delicate as sackcloth and about as becoming as a shroud; and, on coming forth, found the dragon had prepared for me a hearty breakfast. She took the head of the table, poured out the tea, and entertained me as I ate with a great deal of good sense and a conspicuous lack of charm. How often did I not regret the change!—how often compare her, and condemn her in the comparison, with her charming niece! But if my entertainer was not beautiful, she had certainly been busy in my interest. Already she was in communication with my destined fellow-travelers; and the device on which she had struck appeared entirely suitable. I was a young Englishman who had outrun the constable; warrants were out against me in Scotland, and it had become needful I should pass the border without loss of time, and privately.

"I have given a very good account of you," said she, "which I hope you may justify. I told them there was nothing against you beyond the fact that you were put to the haw (if that is the right word) for debt."

"I pray God you have the expression incorrectly, ma'am," said I. "I do not give myself out for a person easily alarmed; but you must admit there is something barbarous and mediæval in the sound, well qualified to startle a poor foreigner."

"It is the name of a process in Scots law, and need alarm no honest man," said she. "But you are a very idle-minded young gentleman; you must still have your joke, I see: I only hope you will have no cause to regret it."

"I pray you not to suppose, because I speak lightly, that I do not feel deeply," said I. "Your kindness has quite conquered me; I lay myself at your disposition, I beg you to believe, with real tenderness; I pray you to consider me from henceforth as the most devoted of your friends."

"Well, well," she said, "here comes your devoted friend the drover. I'm thinking he will be eager for the road; and I will not be easy myself till I see you well off the premises, and the dishes washed, before my servant-woman wakes. Praise

God, we have gotten one that is a treasure at the sleeping!"

The morning was already beginning to be blue in the trees of the garden, and to put to shame the candle by which I had breakfasted. The lady rose from table, and I had no choice but to follow her example. All the time I was beating my brains for any means by which I should be able to get a word apart with Flora, or find the time to write her a billet. The windows had been open while I breakfasted, I suppose to ventilate the room from any traces of my passage there; and, Master Ronald appearing on the front lawn, my ogre leaned forth to address him.

"Ronald," she said, "wasn't that Sim that went by the wall?"

I snatched my advantage. Right at her back there was pen, ink, and paper laid out. I wrote: "I love you"; and before I had time to write more, or so much as to blot what I had written, I was again under the guns of the gold eyeglasses.

"It's time," she began; and then, as she observed my occupation, "Umph!" she broke off. "Ye have something to write?" she demanded.

"Some notes, madam," said I, bowing with alacrity.

"Notes," she said; "or a note?"

"There is doubtless some *finesse* of the English language that I do not comprehend," said I.

"I'll contrive, however, to make my meaning very plain to ye, Mosha le Viscount," she continued. "I suppose you desire to be considered a gentleman?"

"Can you doubt it, madam?" said I.

"I doubt very much, at least, whether you go to the right way about it," she said. "You have come here to me, I cannot very well say how; I think you will admit you owe me some thanks, if it was only for the breakfast I made ye. But what are you to me? A waif young man, not so far to seek for looks and manners, with some English notes in your pocket and a price upon your head. I am a lady; I have been your hostess, with however little will; and I desire that this random acquaintance of yours with my family will cease and determine."

I believe I must have colored. "Madam," said I, "the notes are of no importance; and your least pleasure ought certainly to be my law. You have felt, and you have been pleased to express, a doubt of me. I tear them up." Which you may be sure I did thoroughly.

"There's a good lad!" said the dragon,

and immediately led the way to the front lawn.

The brother and sister were both waiting us here, and, as well as I could make out in the imperfect light, bore every appearance of having passed through a rather cruel experience. Ronald seemed ashamed to so much as catch my eye in the presence of his aunt, and was the picture of embarrassment. As for Flora, she had scarce the time to cast me one look before the dragon took her by the arm, and began to march across the garden in the extreme first glimmer of the dawn without exchanging speech. Ronald and I followed in equal silence.

There was a door in that same high wall on the top of which I had sat perched no longer gone than yesterday morning. This the old lady set open with a key; and on the other side we were aware of a rough-looking, thick-set man, leaning with his arms (through which was passed a formidable staff) on a dry-stone dyke. Him the old lady immediately addressed.

"Sim," said she, "this is the young gentleman."

Sim replied with an inarticulate grumble of sound, and a movement of one arm and his head, which did duty for a salutation.

"Now, Mr. St. Ives," said the old lady, "it's high time for you to be taking the road. But first of all let me give you the change of your five-guinea bill. Here are four pounds of it in British linen notes, and the balance in small silver, less sixpence. Some charge a shilling, I believe, but I have given you the benefit of the doubt. See and guide it with all the sense that you possess."

"And here, Mr. St. Ives," said Flora, speaking for the first time, "is a plaid which you will find quite necessary on so rough a journey. I hope you will take it from the hands of a Scotch friend," she added, and her voice trembled.

"Genuine holly: I cut it myself," said Ronald, and gave me as good a cudgel as a man could wish for in a row.

The formality of these gifts, and the waiting figure of the drover, told me loudly that I must be gone. I dropped on one knee and bade farewell to the aunt, kissing her hand. I did the like—but with how different a passion!—to her niece; as for the boy, I took him to my arms and embraced him with a cordiality that seemed to strike him speechless. "Farewell!" and "Farewell!" I said. "I shall never forget my friends. Keep me sometimes in

memory. Farewell!" With that I turned my back and began to walk away; and had scarce done so, when I heard the door in the high wall close behind me. Of course this was the aunt's doing; and of course, if I know anything of human character, she would not let me go without some tart expressions. I declare, even if I had heard them, I should not have minded in the least, for I was quite persuaded that, whatever admirers I might be leaving behind me in Swanston Cottage, the aunt was not the least sincere.

CHAPTER X.

THE DROVERS.

It took me a little effort to come abreast of my new companion; for though he walked with an ugly roll and no great appearance of speed, he could cover the ground at a good rate when he wanted. Each looked at the other: I with natural curiosity, he with a great appearance of distaste. I have heard since that his heart was entirely set against me; he had seen me kneel to the ladies, and diagnosed me for a "gesterin' eediot."

"So, ye're for England, are ye?" said he.

I told him yes.

"Weel, there's waur places, I believe," was his reply; and he relapsed into a silence which was not broken during a quarter of an hour of steady walking.

This interval brought us to the foot of a bare green valley, which wound upwards and backwards among the hills. A little stream came down the midst and made a succession of clear pools; near by the lowest of which I was aware of a drove of shaggy cattle, and a man who seemed the very counterpart of Mr. Sim, making a breakfast upon bread and cheese. This second drover (whose name proved to be Candlish) rose on our approach.

"Here's a mannie that's to gang through with us," said Sim. "It was the auld wife, Gilchrist, wanted it."

"Aweel, aweel," said the other; and presently, remembering his manners, and looking on me with a solemn grin, "A fine day!" says he.

I agreed with him, and asked him how he did.

"Brawly," was the reply; and without further civilities, the pair proceeded to get the cattle under way. This, as well as almost all the herding, was the work of

a pair of comely and intelligent dogs, directed by Sim or Candlish in little more than monosyllables. Presently we were ascending the side of the mountain by a rude green track, whose presence I had not hitherto observed. A continual sound of munching and the crying of a great quantity of moor-birds accompanied our progress, which the deliberate pace and perennial appetite of the cattle rendered wearisomely slow. In the midst my two conductors marched in a contented silence that I could not but admire. The more I looked at them, the more I was impressed by their absurd resemblance to each other. They were dressed in the same coarse homespun, carried similar sticks, were equally begrimed about the nose with snuff, and each wound in an identical plaid of what is called the shepherd's tartan. In a back view they might be described as indistinguishable; and even from the front were much alike. An incredible coincidence of humors augmented the impression. Thrice and four times I attempted to pave the way for some exchange of thought, sentiment, or—at the least of it—human words. An *Ay* or a *Nam* was the sole return, and the topic died on the hillside without echo. I can never deny that I was chagrined; and when, after a little more walking, Sim turned towards me and offered me a ram's horn of snuff, with the question, "Do ye use it?" I answered with some animation, "Faith, sir, I would use pepper to introduce a little cordiality." But even this sally failed to reach, or at least failed to soften, my companions.

At this rate we came to the summit of a ridge, and saw the track descend in front of us abruptly into a desert vale, about a league in length, and closed at the farther end by no less barren hilltops. Upon this point of vantage Sim came to a halt, took off his hat, and mopped his brow.

"Weel," he said, "here we're at the top o' Howden."

"The top o' Howden, sure eneuch," said Candlish.

"Mr. St. Ivey, are ye dry?" said the first.

"Now, really," said I, "is not this Satan reproving sin?"

"What ails ye, man?" said he. "I'm offerin' ye a dram."

"Oh, if it be anything to drink," said I, "I am as dry as my neighbors."

Whereupon Sim produced from the corner of his plaid a black bottle, and we all drank and pledged each other. I found these gentlemen followed upon such occa-

sions an invariable etiquette, which you may be certain I made haste to imitate. Each wiped his mouth with the back of his left hand, held up the bottle in his right, remarked with emphasis, "Here's to ye!" and swallowed as much of the spirit as his fancy prompted. This little ceremony, which was the nearest thing to manners I could perceive in either of my companions, was repeated at becoming intervals, generally after an ascent. Occasionally we swallowed a mouthful of ewe-milk cheese and an inglorious form of bread, which I understood (but am far from engaging my honor on the point) to be called "shearer's bannock." And that may be said to have concluded our whole active intercourse for the first day.

I had the more occasion to remark the extraordinarily desolate nature of that country, through which the drove road continued, hour after hour and even day after day, to wind. A continual succession of insignificant shaggy hills, divided by the course of ten thousand brooks, through which we had to wade, or by the side of which we encamped at night; infinite perspectives of heather, infinite quantities of moor-fowl; here and there, by a stream side, small and pretty clumps of willows or the silver birch; here and there, the ruins of ancient and inconsiderable fortresses—made the unchanging characters of the scene. Occasionally, but only in the distance, we could perceive the smoke of a small town or of an isolated farmhouse or cottage on the moors; more often, a flock of sheep and its attendant shepherd, or a rude field of agriculture perhaps not yet harvested. With these alleviations, we might almost be said to pass through an unbroken desert—sure, one of the most impoverished in Europe; and when I recalled to mind that we were yet but a few leagues from the chief city (where the law courts sat every day with a press of business, soldiers garrisoned the castle, and men of admitted parts were carrying on the practice of letters and the investigations of science), it gave me a singular view of that poor, barren, and yet illustrious country through which I traveled. Still more, perhaps, did it commend the wisdom of Miss Gilchrist in sending me with these uncouth companions and by this unfrequented path.

My itinerary is by no means clear to me; the names and distances I never clearly knew, and have now wholly forgotten; and this is the more to be regretted as there is no doubt that, in the course of

those days, I must have passed and camped among sites which have been rendered illustrious by the pen of Walter Scott. Nay, more, I am of opinion that I was still more favored by fortune, and have actually met and spoken with that inimitable author. Our encounter was of a tall, stoutish, elderly gentleman, a little grizzled, and of a rugged but cheerful and engaging countenance. He sat on a hill pony, wrapped in a plaid over his green coat, and was accompanied by a horsewoman, his daughter, a young lady of the most charming appearance. They overtook us on a stretch of heath, reined up as they came alongside, and accompanied us for perhaps a quarter of an hour before they galloped off again across the hillsides to our left. Great was my amazement to find the unconquerable Mr. Sim thaw immediately on the accost of this strange gentleman, who hailed him with a ready familiarity, proceeded at once to discuss with him the trade of droving and the prices of cattle, and did not disdain to take a pinch from the inevitable ram's horn. Presently I was aware that the stranger's eye was directed on myself; and there ensued a conversation, some of which I could not help overhearing at the time, and the rest have pieced together more or less plausibly from the report of Sim.

"Surely that must be an *amateur drover* ye have gotten there?" the gentleman seems to have asked.

Sim replied, I was a young gentleman that had a reason of his own to travel privately.

"Well, well, ye must tell me nothing of that. I am in the law, you know, and *tace* is the Latin for a candle," answered the gentleman. "But I hope it's nothing bad."

Sim told him it was no more than debt.

"Oh, Lord, if that be all!" cried the gentleman; and, turning to myself, "Well, sir," he added, "I understand you are taking a tramp through our forest here for the pleasure of the thing?"

"Why, yes, sir," said I; "and I must say I am very well entertained."

"I envy you," said he. "I have jogged many miles of it myself when I was younger. My youth lies buried about here under every heather-bush, like the soul of the licentiate Lucius. But you should have a guide. The pleasure of this country is much in the legends, which grow as plentiful as blackberries." And directing my attention to a little fragment of a broken wall no greater than a tomb-

stone, he told me, for an example, a story of its earlier inhabitants. Years after it chanced that I was one day diverting myself with a Waverley Novel, when what should I come upon but the identical narrative of my green-coated gentleman upon the moors! In a moment the scene, the tones of his voice, his northern accent, and the very aspect of the earth and sky and temperature of the weather, flashed back into my mind with the reality of dreams. The unknown in the green coat had been the Great Unknown! I had met Scott; I had heard a story from his lips; I should have been able to write, to claim acquaintance, to tell him that his legend still tingled in my ears. But the discovery came too late, and the great man had already succumbed under the load of his honors and misfortunes.

Presently, after giving us a cigar apiece, Scott bade us farewell and disappeared with his daughter over the hills. And when I applied to Sim for information, his answer of "The Shirra, man! A'budy kens the Shirra!" told me, unfortunately, nothing.

A more considerable adventure falls to be related. We were now near the border. We had traveled for long upon the track beaten and browsed by a million herds, our predecessors, and had seen no vestige of that traffic which had created it. It was early in the morning when we at last perceived, drawing near to the drove road, but still at the distance of about half a league, a second caravan, similar to but larger than our own. The liveliest excitement was at once exhibited by both my comrades. They climbed hillocks, they studied the approaching drove from under their hand, they consulted each other with an appearance of alarm that seemed to me extraordinary. I had learned by this time that their stand-off manners implied, at least, no active enmity; and I made bold to ask them what was wrong.

"Bad yins," was Sim's emphatic answer.

All day the dogs were kept unsparingly on the alert, and the drove pushed forward at a very unusual and seemingly unwelcome speed. All day Sim and Candlish, with a more than ordinary expenditure both of snuff and of words, continued to debate the position. It seems that they had recognized two of our neighbors on the road—one Faa, and another by the name of Gillies. Whether there was an old feud between them still unsettled I could never learn; but Sim and Candlish were prepared for every degree of fraud or vio-

lence at their hands. Candlish repeatedly congratulated himself on having left "the watch at home with the mistress"; and Sim perpetually brandished his cudgel, and cursed his ill-fortune that it should be sprung.

"I wilna care a jot to gie the daashed scoon'rel a fair clout wi' it," he said. "The daashed thing micht come sindry in ma hand."

"Well, gentlemen," said I, "suppose they do come on, I think we can give a very good account of them." And I made my piece of holly, Ronald's gift, the value of which I now appreciated, sing about my head.

"Ay, man? Are ye stench?" inquired Sim, with a gleam of approval in his wooden countenance.

The same evening, somewhat wearied with our day-long expedition, we encamped on a verdant little mound, from the midst of which there welled a spring of clear water scarce enough to wash the hands in. We had made our meal and lain down, but were not yet asleep, when a growl from one of the colliers set us on the alert. All three sat up, and on a second impulse all lay down again, but now with our cudgels ready. A man must be an alien and an outlaw, an old soldier and a young man in the bargain, to take adventure easily. With no idea as to the rights of the quarrel or the probable consequences of the encounter, I was as ready to take part with my two drovers as ever to fall in line on the morning of a battle. Presently there leaped three men out of the heather; we had scarce time to get to our feet before we were assailed; and in a moment each one of us was engaged with an adversary whom the deepening twilight scarce permitted him to see. How the battle sped in other quarters I am in no position to describe. The rogue that fell to my share was exceedingly agile and expert with his weapon; had and held me at a disadvantage from the first assault; forced me to give ground continually, and at last, in mere self-defence, to let him have the point. It struck him in the throat, and he went down like a ninepin and moved no more.

It seemed this was the signal for the engagement to be discontinued. The other combatants separated at once; our foes were suffered, without molestation, to lift up and bear away their fallen comrade; so that I perceived this sort of war to be not wholly without laws of chivalry, and perhaps rather to partake of the character of

a tournament than of a battle *à outrance*. There was no doubt, at least, that I was supposed to have pushed the affair too seriously. Our friends the enemy removed their wounded companion with undisguised consternation; and they were no sooner over the top of the brae than Sim and Candlish roused up their wearied drove and set forth on a night march.

"I'm thinking Faa's unco bad," said the one.

"Ay," said the other, "he lookit dooms gash."

"He did that," said the first.

And their weary silence fell upon them again.

Presently Sim turned to me. "Ye're unco ready with the stick," said he.

"Too ready, I'm afraid," said I. "I am afraid Mr. Faa (if that be his name) has got his gruel."

"Weel, I wouldnae wonder," replied Sim.

"And what is likely to happen?" I inquired.

"Aweel," said Sim, snuffing profoundly, "if I were to offer an opinion, it would not be conscientious. For the plain fac' is, Mr. St. Ivey, that I div not ken. We have had crackit heids—and rowth of them—ere now; and we have had a broken leg or maybe twa; and the like of that we drover bodies make a kind of a practice like to keep among oursel's. But a corp we have none of us ever had to deal with, and I could set nae leemit to what Gillies might consider proper in the affair. Forbye that, he would be in raither a hobble himsel', if he was to gang hame wantin' Faa. Folk are awfu' throng with their questions, and parteicularly when they're no wantit."

"That's a fac'," said Candlish.

I considered this prospect ruefully; and then, making the best of it, "Upon all which accounts," said I, "the best will be to get across the border and there separate. If you are troubled, you can very truly put the blame upon your late companion; and if I am pursued, I must just try to keep out of the way."

"Mr. St. Ivey," said Sim, with something resembling enthusiasm, "no a word mair! I have met in wi' mony kinds o' gentry ere now; I hae seen o' them that was the tae thing, and I hae seen o' them that was the tither; but the wale of a gentleman like you I have no sae very frequently seen the bate of."

Our night march was accordingly pursued with unremitting diligence. The stars

paled, the east whitened, and we were still, both dogs and men, toiling after the wearied cattle. Again and again Sim and Candlish lamented the necessity; it was "fair ruin on the bestial," they declared; but the thought of a judge and a scaffold hunted them ever forward. I myself was not so much to be pitied. All that night, and during the whole of the little that remained before us of our conjunct journey, I enjoyed a new pleasure, the reward of my prowess, in the now loosened tongue of Mr. Sim. Candlish was still obdurately taciturn: it was the man's nature; but Sim, having finally appraised and approved me, displayed without reticence a rather garrulous habit of mind and a pretty talent for narration. The pair were old and close companions, co-existing in these endless moors in a brotherhood of silence such as I have heard attributed to the trappers of the west. It seems absurd to mention love in connection with so ugly and snuffy a couple; at least, their trust was absolute; and they entertained a surprising admiration for each other's qualities; Candlish exclaiming that Sim was "grand company!" and Sim frequently assuring me in an aside that for "a rale, auld, stench bitch, there was nae the bate of Candlish in braid Scotland." The two dogs appeared to be entirely included in this family compact, and I remarked that their exploits and traits of character were constantly and minutely observed by the two masters. Dog stories particularly abounded with them; and not only the dogs of the present, but those of the past contributed to their quota. "But that was naething," Sim would begin: "there was a herd in Manar, they ca'd him Tweedie—ye'll mind Tweedie, Can'lish?" "Fine, that!" said Candlish. "Aweel, Tweedie had a dog—" The story I have forgotten; I daresay it was dull, and I suspect it was not true; but, indeed, my travels with the drovers had rendered me indulgent, and perhaps even credulous, in the matter of dog stories. Beautiful, indefatigable beings! as I saw them at the end of a long day's journey frisking, barking, bounding, striking attitudes, slanting a bushy tail, manifestly playing to the spectator's eye, manifestly rejoicing in their grace and beauty, and turned to observe Sim and Candlish unornamentally plodding in the rear with the plaids about their bowed shoulders and the drop at their snuffy noses—I thought I would rather claim kinship with the dogs than with the men. My sympathy was unreturned; in

their eyes I was a creature as light as air; and they would scarce spare me the time for a perfunctory caress or perhaps a hasty lap of the wet tongue, ere they were back again in sedulous attendance on those dingy deities, their masters—and their masters, as like as not, cursing their stupidity.

Altogether, the last hours of our tramp were infinitely the most agreeable to me, and I believe to all of us; and by the time we came to separate, there had grown up a certain familiarity and mutual esteem that made the parting harder. It took place about four of the afternoon on a bare hillside from which I could see the ribbon of the great north road, henceforth to be my conductor. I asked what was to pay.

"Naething," replied Sim.

"What in the name of folly is this?" I exclaimed. "You have led me, you have fed me, you have filled me full of whisky, and now you will take nothing!"

"Ye see we indentit for that," replied Sim.

"Indented?" I repeated; "what does the man mean?"

"Mr. St. Ivey," said Sim, "this is a maitter entirely between Candlish and me and the auld wife, Gilchrist. You had naething to say to it; weel, ye can have naething to do with it, then."

"My good man," said I, "I can allow myself to be placed in no such ridiculous position. Mrs. Gilchrist is nothing to me, and I refuse to be her debtor."

"I dinna exac'ly see what way ye're gaun to help it," observed my drover.

"By paying you here and now," said I.

"There's aye twa to a bargain, Mr. St. Ivey," said he.

"You mean that you will not take it?" said I.

"There or thereabout," said he. "Forbye, that it would set ye a heap better to keep your siller for them you awe it to. Ye're young, Mr. St. Ivey, and thoughtless; but it's my belief that, wi' care and circumspection, ye may yet do credit to yourself'. But just you bear this in mind: that him that *awes* siller should never *gie* siller."

Well, what was there to say? I accepted his rebuke, and bidding the pair farewell, set off alone upon my southward way.

"Mr. St. Ivey," was the last word of Sim, "I was never muckle ta'en up in Englishry; but I think that I really ought to say that ye seem to me to have the makings of quite a dacent lad."

CHAPTER XI.

THE GREAT NORTH ROAD.

It chanced that as I went down the hill these last words of my friend the drover echoed not unfruitfully in my head. I had never told these men the least particulars as to my race or fortune, as it was a part, and the best part, of their civility to ask no questions; yet they had dubbed me without hesitation English. Some strangeness in the accent they had doubtless thus explained. And it occurred to me that if I could pass in Scotland for an Englishman, I might be able to reverse the process and pass in England for a Scot. I thought, if I was pushed to it, I could make a struggle to imitate the brogue. After my experience with Candlish and Sim, I had a rich provision of outlandish words at my command, and I felt I could tell the tale of Tweedie's dog so as to deceive a native. At the same time, I was afraid my name of St. Ives was scarcely suitable, till I remembered there was a town so called in the province of Cornwall, thought I might yet be glad to claim it for my place of origin, and decided for a Cornish family and a Scots education. For a trade, as I was equally ignorant of all, and as the most innocent might at any moment be the means of my exposure, it was best to pretend to none. And I dubbed myself a young gentleman of a sufficient fortune and an idle, curious habit of mind, rambling the country at my own charges, in quest of health, information, and merry adventures.

At Newcastle, which was the first town I reached, I completed my preparations for the part, before going to the inn, by the purchase of a knapsack and a pair of leathern gaiters. My plaid I continued to wear from sentiment. It was warm, useful to sleep in if I were again benighted, and I had discovered it to be not unbecoming for a man of gallant carriage. Thus equipped, I supported my character of the light-hearted pedestrian not amiss. Surprise was indeed expressed that I should have selected such a season of the year; but I pleaded some delays of business, and smilingly claimed to be an eccentric. The devil was in it, I would say, if any season of the year was not good enough for me; I was not made of sugar, I was no molly-coddle to be afraid of an ill-aired bed or a sprinkle of snow; and I would knock upon the table with my fist and call for t'other

bottle, like the noisy and free-hearted young gentleman I was. It was my policy (if I may so express myself) to talk much and say little. At the inn tables, the country, the state of the roads, the business interest of those who sat down with me, and the course of public events, afforded me a considerable field in which I might discourse at large and still communicate no information about myself. There was no one with less air of reticence; I plunged into my company up to the neck; and I had a long cock-and-bull story of an aunt of mine which must have convinced the most suspicious of my innocence. "What!" they would have said, "that young ass to be concealing anything! Why, he has deafened me with an aunt of his until my head aches. He only wants you should give him a line, and he would tell you his whole descent from Adam downward and his whole private fortune to the last shilling." A responsible, solid fellow was even so much moved by pity for my inexperience as to give me a word or two of good advice: that I was but a young man after all—I had at this time a deceptive air of youth that made me easily pass for one-and-twenty and was, in the circumstances, worth a fortune—that the company at inns was very mingled, that I should do well to be more careful, and the like; to all which I made answer that I meant no harm myself and expected none from others, or the devil was in it. "You are one of those very prudent fellows that I could never abide with," said I. "You are the kind of man that has a long head. That's all the world, my dear sir: the long-heads and the short-horns! Now I am a short-horn." "I doubt," says he, "that you will not go very far without getting sheared." I offered to bet with him on that, and he made off, shaking his head.

But my particular delight was to enlarge on politics and the war. None denounced the French like me; none was more bitter against the Americans. And when the north-bound mail arrived, crowned with holly, and the coachman and guard hoarse with shouting victory, I went even so far as to entertain the company to a bowl of punch, which I compounded myself with no illiberal hand, and doled out to such sentiments as the following:

"Our glorious victory on the Nivelle!" "Lord Wellington, God bless him! and may victory ever attend upon his arms!" and, "Soult, poor devil! and may he catch it again to the same tune!"

Never was oratory more applauded to the echo—never any one was more of the popular man than I. I promise you, we made a night of it. Some of the company supported each other, with the assistance of boots, to their respective bed-chambers, while the rest slept on the field of glory where we had left them; and at the breakfast-table the next morning there was an extraordinary assemblage of red eyes and shaking fists. I observed patriotism to burn much lower by daylight. Let no one blame me for insensibility to the reverses of France! God knows how my heart raged. How I longed to fall on that herd of swine and knock their heads together in the moment of their revelry! But you are to consider my own situation and its necessities; also a certain light-heartedness, eminently Gallic, which forms a leading trait in my character, and leads me to throw myself into new circumstances with the spirit of a schoolboy. It is possible that I sometimes allowed this impish humor to carry me further than good taste approves; and I was certainly punished for it once.

This was in the episcopal city of Durham. We sat down, a considerable company, to dinner, most of us fine old vatted English Tories of that class which is often so enthusiastic as to be inarticulate. I took and held the lead from the beginning; and, the talk having turned on the French in the Peninsula, I gave them authentic details (on the authority of a cousin of mine, an ensign) of certain cannibal orgies in Galicia, in which no less a person than General Caffarelli had taken a part. I always disliked that commander, who once ordered me under arrest for insubordination; and it is possible that a spice of vengeance added to the rigor of my picture. I have forgotten the details; no doubt they were high-colored. No doubt I rejoiced to fool these jolter-heads; and no doubt the sense of security that I drank from their dull, gasping faces encouraged me to proceed extremely far. And for my sins, there was one silent little man at table who took my story at the true value. It was from no sense of humor, to which he was quite dead. It was from no particular intelligence, for he had not any. The bond of sympathy, of all things in the world, had rendered him clairvoyant.

Dinner was no sooner done than I strolled forth into the streets with some design of viewing the cathedral; and the little man was silently at my heels. A few

doors from the inn, in a dark place of the street, I was aware of a touch on my arm, turned suddenly, and found him looking up at me with eyes pathetically bright.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but that story of yours was particularly rich. He—he! Particularly racy," said he. "I tell you, sir, I took you wholly! I *smoked* you! I believe you and I, sir, if we had a chance to talk, would find we had a good many opinions in common. Here is the 'Blue Bell,' a very comfortable place. They draw good ale, sir. Would you be so condescending as to share a pot with me?"

There was something so ambiguous and secret in the little man's perpetual signaling that I confess my curiosity was much aroused. Blaming myself, even as I did so, for the indiscretion, I embraced his proposal, and we were soon face to face over a tankard of mulled ale. He lowered his voice to the least attenuation of a whisper.

"Here, sir," said he, "is to the Great Man. I think you take me? No?" He leaned forward till our noses almost touched. "Here is to the Emperor!" said he.

I was extremely embarrassed, and, in spite of the creature's innocent appearance, more than half alarmed. I thought him too ingenuous and, indeed, too daring for a spy. Yet if he were honest he must be a man of extraordinary indiscretion, and therefore very unfit to be encouraged by an escaped prisoner. I took a half course, accordingly—accepted his toast in silence, and drank it without enthusiasm.

He proceeded to abound in the praises of Napoleon, such as I had never heard in France, or at least only on the lips of officials paid to offer them.

"And this Caffarelli, now," he pursued, "he is a splendid fellow, too, is he not? I have not heard vastly much of him myself. No details, sir—no details. We labor under huge difficulties here as to unbiased information."

"I believe I have heard the same complaint in other countries," I could not help remarking. "But as to Caffarelli, he is neither lame nor blind, he has two legs, and a nose in the middle of his face. And I care as much about him as you care for the dead body of Mr. Perceval!"

He studied me with glowing eyes.

"You cannot deceive me!" he cried. "You have served under him. You are a Frenchman! I hold by the hand, at last, one of that noble race, the pioneers of the glorious principles of liberty and brother-

hood. Hush! No, it is all right. I thought there had been somebody at the door. In this wretched, enslaved country we dare not even call our souls our own. The spy and the hangman, sir—the spy and the hangman! And yet there is a candle burning, too. The good heaven is working, sir—working underneath. Even in this town there are a few brave spirits, who meet every Wednesday. You must stay over a day or so, and join us. We do not use this house. Another; and a quieter. They draw fine ale, however—fair, mild ale. You will find yourself among friends, among brothers. You will hear some very daring sentiments expressed!" he cried, expanding his small chest. "Monarchy, Christianity—all the trappings of a bloated past—the Free Confraternity of Durham and Tyneside deride."

Here was a fine prospect for a gentleman whose whole design was to avoid observation! The Free Confraternity had no charms for me; daring sentiments were no part of my baggage; and I tried, instead, a little cold water.

"You seem to forget, sir, that my emperor has reëstablished Christianity," I observed.

"Ah, sir, but that was policy!" he exclaimed. "You do not understand Napoleon. I have followed his whole career. I can explain his policy from first to last. Now, for instance, in the Peninsula, on which you were so very amusing, if you will come to a friend's house who has a map of Spain, I can make the whole course of the war quite clear to you, I venture to say, in half an hour."

This was intolerable. Of the two extremes, I found I preferred the British tory; and, making an appointment for the morrow, I pleaded sudden headache, escaped to the inn, packed my knapsack, and fled, about nine at night, from this accursed neighborhood. It was cold, starry, and clear, and the road dry, with a touch of frost. For all that, I had not the smallest intention to make a long stage of it; and about ten o'clock, spying on the right-hand side of the way the lighted windows of an ale-house, I determined to bait there for the night.

It was against my principle, which was to frequent only the dearest inns; and the misadventure that befell me was sufficient to make me more particular in the future. A large company was assembled in the parlor, which was heavy with clouds of tobacco smoke and brightly lighted up by

a roaring fire of coal. Hard by the chimney stood a vacant chair in what I thought an enviable situation, whether for warmth or the pleasures of society; and I was about to take it, when the nearest of the company stopped me with his hand.

"Beg thy pardon, sir," said he; "but that there chair belongs to a British soldier."

A chorus of voices enforced and explained. It was one of Lord Wellington's heroes. He had been wounded under Rowland Hill. He was Colburne's right-hand man. In short, this favored individual appeared to have served with every separate corps and under every individual general in the Peninsula. Of course I apologized. I had not known. The fiend was in it if a soldier had not a right to the best in England. And with that sentiment, which was loudly applauded, I found a corner of a bench, and awaited, with some hopes of entertainment, the return of the hero. He proved, of course, to be a private soldier. I say of course, because no officer could possibly enjoy such heights of popularity. He had been wounded before San Sebastian, and still wore his arm in a sling. What was a great deal worse for him, every member of the company had been plying him with drink. His honest yokel's countenance blazed as-if with fever, his eyes were glazed and looked the two ways, and his feet stumbled as, amidst a murmur of applause, he returned to the midst of his admirers.

Two minutes afterward I was again posting in the dark along the highway; to explain which sudden movement of retreat I must trouble the reader with a reminiscence of my services.

I lay one night with the out-pickets in Castile. We were in close touch with the enemy; the usual orders had been issued against smoking, fires, and talk, and both armies lay as quiet as mice, when I saw the English sentinel opposite making a signal by holding up his musket. I repeated it, and we both crept together in the dry bed of a stream, which made the demarcation of the armies. It was wine he wanted, of which we had a good provision and the English had quite run out. He gave me the money, and I, as was the custom, left him my firelock in pledge, and set off for the canteen. When I returned with a skin of wine, behold, it had pleased some uneasy rascal of an English officer to withdraw the outposts! Here was a situation with a vengeance, and I looked for nothing but ridicule in the pres-

ent and punishment in the future. Doubtless our officers winked pretty hard at this interchange of courtesies, but doubtless it would be impossible to wink at so gross a fault, or rather so pitiable a misadventure as mine; and you are to conceive me wandering in the plains of Castile, benighted, charged with a wine-skin for which I had no use, and with no knowledge whatever of the whereabouts of my musket beyond that it was somewhere in my Lord Wellington's army. But my Englishman was either a very honest fellow, or else extremely thirsty, and at last contrived to advertise me of his new position. Now, the English sentry in Castile and the wounded hero in the Durham public-house were one and the same person; and if he had been a little less drunk, or myself less lively in getting away, the travels of M. St. Ives might have come to an untimely end.

I suppose this woke me up; it stirred in me besides a spirit of opposition, and in spite of cold, darkness, the highwaymen, and the footpads, I determined to walk right on till breakfast-time: a happy resolution, which enabled me to observe one of those traits of manners which at once depict a country and condemn it. It was near midnight when I saw, a great way ahead of me, the light of many torches; presently after, the sound of wheels reached me and the slow tread of feet, and soon I had joined myself to the rear of a sordid, silent, and lugubrious procession, such as we see in dreams. Close on a hundred persons marched by torchlight in unbroken silence; in their midst a cart, and in the cart, on an inclined platform, the dead body of a man—the center-piece of this solemnity, the hero whose obsequies we were come forth at this unusual hour to celebrate. It was but a plain, dingy old fellow of fifty or sixty, his throat cut, his shirt turned over as though to show the wound. Blue trousers and brown socks completed his attire, if we can talk so of the dead. He had the horrid look of a waxwork. In the tossing of the lights he seemed to make faces and mouths at us, to frown, and to be at times upon the point of speech. The cart, with this shabby and tragic freight, and surrounded by its silent escort and bright torches, continued for some distance to creak along the high road, and I to follow it in amazement, which was soon exchanged for horror. At the corner of a lane the procession stopped, and as the torches ranged themselves along the hedgerow-side, I became aware

of a grave dug in the midst of the thoroughfare, and a provision of quicklime piled in the ditch. The cart was backed to the margin, the body slung off the platform and dumped into the grave with an irreverent roughness. A sharpened stake had hitherto served it for a pillow. It was now withdrawn, held in its place by several volunteers, and a fellow with a heavy mallet (the sound of which still haunts me at night) drove it home through the bosom of the corpse. The hole was filled with quicklime, and the bystanders, as if relieved of some oppression, broke at once into a sound of whispered speech.

My shirt stuck to me, my heart had almost ceased beating, and I found my tongue with difficulty.

"I beg your pardon," I gasped to a neighbor, "what is this? what has he done? is it allowed?"

"Why, where do you come from?" replied the man.

"I am a traveler, sir," said I, "and a total stranger in this part of the country. I had lost my way when I saw your torches, and came by chance on this—this incredible scene. Who was the man?"

"A suicide," said he. "Ay, he was a bad one, was Johnnie Green."

It appeared this was a wretch who had committed many barbarous murders, and being at last upon the point of discovery fell of his own hand. And the nightmare at the cross-roads was the regular punishment, according to the laws of England, for an act which the Romans honored as a virtue! Whenever an Englishman begins to prate of civilization (as, indeed, it's a defect they are rather prone to), I hear the measured blows of a mallet, see the bystanders crowd with torches about the grave, smile a little to myself in conscious superiority—and take a thimbleful of brandy for the stomach's sake.

I believe it must have been at my next stage, for I remember going to bed extremely early, that I came to the model of a good old-fashioned English inn, and was attended on by the picture of a pretty chambermaid. We had a good many pleasant passages as she waited table or warmed my bed for me with a curious brass warming-pan, fully larger than herself; and as she was no less pert than she was pretty, she may be said to have given rather better than she took. I cannot tell why (unless it were for the sake of her

saucy eyes), but I made her my confidant, told her I was attached to a young lady in Scotland, and received the encouragement of her sympathy, mingled and connected with a fair amount of rustic wit. While I slept the down-mail stopped for supper; it chanced that one of the passengers left behind a copy of the "Edinburgh Courant," and the next morning my pretty chambermaid set the paper before me at breakfast, with the remark that there was some news from my lady-love. I took it eagerly, hoping to find some farther word of our escape, in which I was disappointed; and I was about to lay it down, when my eye fell on a paragraph immediately concerning me. Faa was in hospital, grievously sick, and warrants were out for the arrest of Sim and Candlish. These two men had shown themselves very loyal to me. This trouble emerging, the least I could do was to be guided by a similar loyalty to them. Suppose my visit to my uncle crowned with some success, and my finances reestablished, I determined I should immediately return to Edinburgh, put their case in the hands of a good lawyer, and await events. So my mind was very lightly made up to what proved a mighty serious matter. Candlish and Sim were all very well in their way, and I do sincerely trust I should have been at some pains to help them, had there been nothing else. But in truth my eyes and my heart were set on quite another matter, and I received the news of their tribulation almost with joy. That is never a bad wind that blows where we want to go, and you may be sure there was nothing unwelcome in a circumstance that carried me back to Edinburgh and Flora. From that hour I began to indulge myself with the making of imaginary scenes and interviews, in which I confounded the aunt, flattered Ronald, and now in the witty, now in the sentimental manner, declared my love and received the assurance of its return. By means of this exercise my resolution daily grew stronger, until at last I had piled together such a mass of obstinacy as it would have taken a cataclysm of nature to subvert.

"Yes," said I to the chambermaid, "here is news of my lady-love indeed, and very good news too."

All that day, in the teeth of a keen winter wind, I hugged myself in my plaid, and it was as though her arms were flung around me.

(To be continued.)

LIFE PORTRAITS OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT, MOTHER OF THE PRINCESS VICTORIA, AND THE PRINCESS AT THE AGE OF TWO YEARS (1821).

From a painting by Sir William Beechey, R. A., now in the Royal Collection at Windsor; reproduced by arrangement with Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Her Majesty's Printers, from "Sixty Years a Queen." Victoria was born May 24, 1819, at Kensington Palace, England. Her father, Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., died the next year; and a special responsibility thus devolved upon the mother, which she is said to have met with remarkable punctuality and prudence. The Duchess of Kent was the daughter of Francis, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and the sister of Leopold, King of the Belgians. The Duke of Kent was her second husband, the first being the Prince of Leiningen, who died in 1814. After a time, with the Duchess of Kent was associated the Duchess of Northumberland in the education of the princess.

VICTORIA



THE PRINCESS VICTORIA IN 1823. AGE 4 YEARS.

From a painting by Denning. Above the portrait is the Princess Victoria's autograph, written at the time.



THE PRINCESS VICTORIA IN 1824. AGE 5 YEARS. FOWLER.



FROM A MINIATURE PAINTED BY A. STEWART, 1826



THE PRINCESS VICTORIA IN 1830. AGE 11 YEARS.

From a painting by R. Westall, now at Windsor Castle, England. Reproduced by arrangement with Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Her Majesty's Printers, from "Sixty Years a Queen." The Princess Victoria's uncle George IV. died in June, 1830, leaving no legitimate issue, and was succeeded by his brother, the Duke of Clarence, crowned as William IV. As William IV. at his accession had no legitimate issue, the heir presumptive to the throne thereupon became his niece the young Princess Victoria.



THE PRINCESS VICTORIA AND HER MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF KENT. DATE UNCERTAIN, BUT ABOUT 1834, WHEN THE PRINCESS WAS FIFTEEN.

After a pencil drawing by Sir George Hayter, now at Windsor Castle, England.



THE PRINCESS VICTORIA SHORTLY BEFORE HER ACCESSION—ABOUT 1836. AGE 17 YEARS.

From a painting by George Hayter. An engraving was made of this painting by James Bromley and published on the day of Her Majesty's accession, June 20, 1837, by Colnaghi & Co. William IV. died about two o'clock in the morning of June 20, 1837, at Windsor Castle, and immediately high official messengers set off to Kensington Palace to summon Victoria, then just eighteen, to the throne. The messengers reached Kensington about five in the morning. They found the Princess in "such a sweet sleep" that her attendants were loath to waken her. "In a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."



Earl of Albemarle.
Duke of Argyll.

Marquis of Lansdowne. Lord John Russell
Lord Cottenham. Viscount Melbourne.

Archbishop of Canterbury. The Duke of Wellington. Sir Robert Peel. Lord Holland.
The King of Hanover. The Duke of Sussex (the Queen's uncle).

THE QUEEN'S FIRST COUNCIL, KENSINGTON PALACE, JUNE 20, 1837. FROM A PAINTING BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A., NOW AT WINDSOR CASTLE.



QUEEN VICTORIA IN THE ROBES OF THE GARTER. ABOUT 1838. AGE 19 YEARS. FROM A PAINTING BY THOMAS SULLY.

Sully's portrait of the Queen, the upper part of which is reproduced here in the large picture and the full-length in the smaller, has an especially interesting history. This history is related in the records of the Society of the Sons of St. George, Philadelphia, as follows: "In the year 1837, soon after the accession of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to the throne of Great Britain, the Society determined to memorialize Her Majesty to sit for her portrait to Mr. Thomas Sully, the artist, who departed for England in October of that year, carrying with him the memorial, which declared that the Society wished 'to place it in a conspicuous situation as the means, at the meetings of our Society, of cherishing the recollections of the country from whence we sprung.' The portrait was finished in April, 1838, and subsequently brought to this city [Philadelphia] by the artist. The portrait was soon after exhibited by the Society and brought into its funds a considerable sum." The portrait is signed "T. S., 1839," but this date is in conflict with the record just quoted, and is believed by members of the Society who are familiar with the subject to be wrong. The present reproductions are from a photograph copyrighted, 1897, by the Society of the Sons of St. George.



QUEEN VICTORIA TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE. 1837. AGE 18 YEARS.

From a painting by Hayter. Engraved by W. H. Egleton in 1851. Reproduced by permission of Henry Graves & Co. Limited, London.



QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER BRIDAL DRESS, 1840. AGE 20. FROM A DRAWING BY DRUMMOND.



PRINCE ALBERT, QUEEN VICTORIA, THEIR INFANT SON PRINCE ARTHUR, AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, IN 1851.

From a painting by F. Winterhalter, commemorative of the International Exhibition of 1851, of which Prince Albert was the chief promoter. Reproduced by arrangement with Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode.



QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1860 (AGE 41 YEARS) AND HER DAUGHTER VICTORIA, THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

From a photograph by Lombardi & Co., London. Victoria, the oldest of the Queen's nine children (four sons and five daughters), was born in 1840. In 1858 she was married to Frederick William, then Crown Prince of Germany, and from March 9 to June 15, 1888, Emperor. It was to the instructor of the young Victoria that the Queen wrote her famous memorandum: "I am quite clear that she should be taught to have great reverence to God and to religion, but that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our Heavenly Father encourages His earthly children to have for Him and not one of fear and trembling, and that the thoughts of death and an after-life should not be represented in an alarming and forbidding aspect, and that she should be taught, as yet, to know no difference of creeds and not to think she can only pray on her knees, or that those who do not kneel are less fervent and devout in their prayers."



THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE CONSORT. 1861.

From an engraving by W. Hall, after a photograph by Day. Queen Victoria was married to Albert, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and second son of the then reigning duke, on February 10, 1840, at St. James's Palace; and not the least of the distinctions of her long reign is the exalted confidence and concord that marked her relations with her husband. Prince Albert, indeed, was a man of rare character and ability. "He shunned ostentation and sank his own existence in that of his wife;" and yet all the time he was a positive and recognized influence, not only in the family circle, but in the state. He was born near Coburg, August 26, 1819, and died at Windsor Castle, December 14, 1861, shortly after the above picture was taken. He was thus a few months younger than the Queen, and lived to be but forty-two.



THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES, ABOUT 1862.



THE QUEEN IN 1867. AGE 48 YEARS.



THE QUEEN IN 1877. AGE 58 YEARS.



THE QUEEN IN 1879. AGE 60 YEARS.

The portraits on this page are from photographs by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.



THE QUEEN IN AUGUST, 1887. AGE 68 YEARS.



THE QUEEN IN 1893. AGE 74 YEARS.

June 20, 1887, Queen Victoria had reigned fifty years, and the jubilee of her accession to the throne was celebrated with great enthusiasm in England. A grand thanksgiving service was held in Westminster Abbey, attended by Her Majesty and all the Royal Family, by various kings, queens, and royal princes, and by "representatives from every nation on earth." The entire assemblage is estimated to have numbered ten thousand people. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, conducted the service. The ceremonies of the celebration continued through several weeks. On June 22d the Queen received addresses and gifts at Buckingham Palace. On the 25th there was a state banquet at Windsor, on the 28th a jubilee ball, and on the 29th a garden-party. The concluding demonstration was a grand military review at Aldershot on July 9th. From all parts of the world the Queen received commemorative gifts, many of them of great value. "The women of England" presented her with £75,000 (\$375,000). The two portraits on this page are from photographs by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.



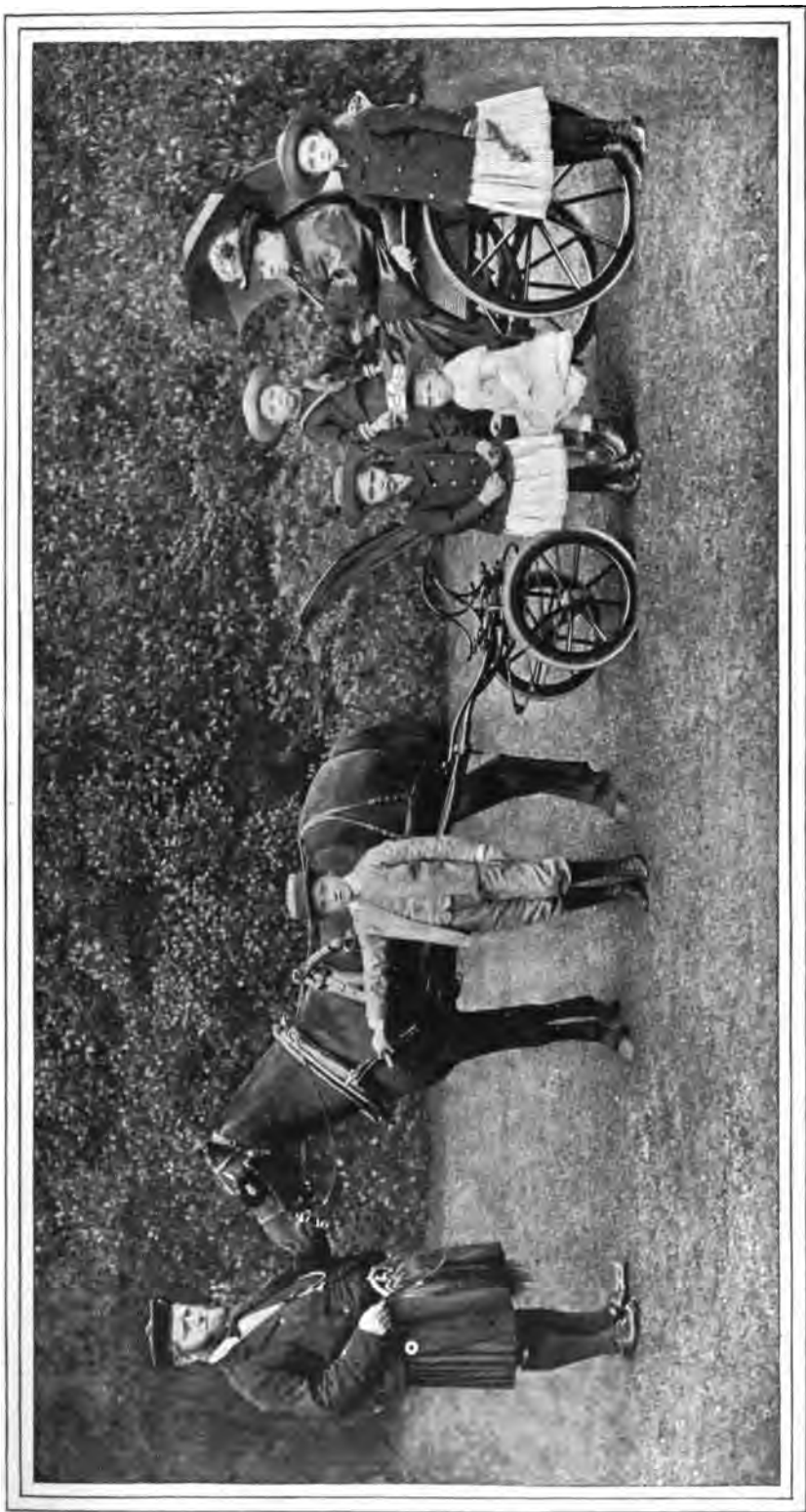
THE QUEEN IN THE DRESS WORN BY HER AT THE JUBILEE OF HER ACCESSION TO THE THRONE, 1887. AGE 68 YEARS.

From a photograph by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.



THE QUEEN AS SHE APPEARED AT THE TIME OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF YORK, JULY 26, 1893. AGE 74 YEARS.

From a photograph by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.



THE QUEEN AT OSBORNE, HER COUNTRY-SEAT IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT, AUGUST, 1890. AGE 71 YEARS.
From a photograph by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.



THE QUEEN IN THE SIXTIETH YEAR OF HER REIGN, 1897. AGE 77 YEARS.
From a photograph taken at Buckingham Palace by Gunn & Stuart, London.



THE QUEEN AT THE PRESENT TIME.
From a photograph by Russell & Sons, London.



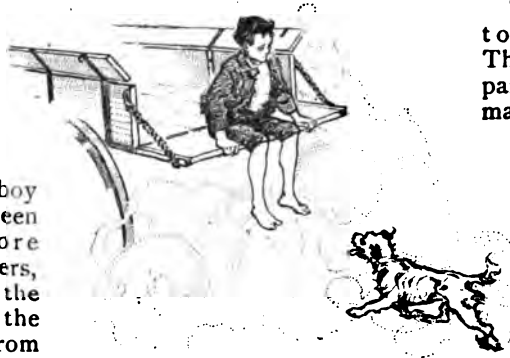
Na small town, every man who has been in the community long enough to become thoroughly known to the townsmen has a place in the human mosaic; that place seldom changes. Occasionally a man is a year in finding his place. The town of Willow Creek located Calhoun Perkins in two days. Wednesday he arrived in town with his son, whom he called "Bud"; Thursday night it was reported that he had been fishing the second time. That settled it. After that the boasting of Perkins about his family in Tennessee and his assertion that he expected to go into business only made the men laugh when Perkins left a group of them. They were not interested in Perkins by the following Saturday; and Monday every man in the town felt that his judgment of a man who would go fishing every day had been handsomely vindicated, when it was learned that Perkins had served in the Confederate army.

When Perkins had been in the town three years, the anecdotes illustrating his shiftlessness multiplied, and his name was a synonym for that trait of character known in the vernacular as "no-'count." In the third spring, after a winter's tussle with rheumatism, Perkins died. His funeral was of so little importance that none of the corpulent old ladies in black alpaca, holding their handkerchiefs carefully folded in their hands, came panting across the town to attend it. No women came at all. And the Perkins boy stood by stolidly while the dry clods were rumbling upon the pine box in the grave. The boy wished

to be alone, and he would not sit on the seat with the driver. He wiped a little moisture from his eyes, and rode to town with his feet hanging out of the back of the wagon that had held the coffin.

When the wagon came to the thick of the town, Bud Perkins quietly slid to the ground, and joined a group of afternoon idlers who were playing marbles on the south side of a livery barn. Here and there in the group a boy said: "H'lo, Bud," when the Perkins boy joined the coterie, but many of the youngsters, being unfamiliar with the etiquette of mourning, were silent, and played on at their game. When the opportunity came the Perkins boy put a marble in the ring without saying a word. He went back to "taws," and "lagged for goes," with the others. He spoke only when he was addressed. A black sense of desolation lowered over him, and he could not join in the ejaculations and responses of the game. His luck was bad, and he lost marble after marble. In an hour, when the sun was still in the south, he withdrew from the game and sat alone against the barn, drawing figures on the earth with a broken piece of hoop-iron. The boy could not fight off the thought of the empty home waiting for him down by the river. He saw, as he sat there, all the furniture, his father's clothes hanging at the foot of the bed, the stove in disorder; and then he realized that in the whole town not one hand was held out to him. He was a child, yet the heartlessness of it all cut him to the quick. This thought kept overwhelming him, again and again, each

time with more agonizing force, like an augmenting wave, and as one flood washed over him with fiercer passion than the others, the boy rose hurriedly and ran around the barn, and flung himself upon a pile of hay. There he gave way to a storm of sobs. One of the group that the Perkins boy had left, who had been watching him more closely than the others, soon withdrew from the game, and taking the opposite direction from that taken by Bud Perkins, came tiptoeing around the haystack.



"... and would not sit on the seat with the driver."

The paroxysm of sobs had ceased, and Bud was lying face downward as if asleep. He heard the step, but pretended not to hear it. He felt some one pressing the hay beside him. He knew who it was, and the two boys lay upon the hay without speaking. The Perkins boy turned his head away from the new-comer; but try as he would, Bud could not keep from sniffing. In a few moments the other boy tried to roll the Perkins boy over. It was a vain attempt. Then the sobbing began anew. But it was a short attack, and, at length, the other boy said: "Bu-ud?" Again he said, "Bu-ud?" There came no response. "O, Bud—I got somethin' to tell you!" The sniffing continued, and the other boy kept on pleading. "Ah, Bud, come on; I got somethin' real good," he said. Silence answered. The teasing went on: "Say, Bud, I won back all your marbles." That was repeated twice. Then a hand went over toward the other boy. He filled it with marbles, and it went back. Another silence was followed by a rustle of hay, and a dirty face turned over, and a voice said through a pathetic apologetic smile: "This old nicked glassey ain't mine." The two heads nestled together, and four eyes gazed at the blue sky and the white clouds for a long time. It was the Perkins boy who spoke: "Say, Piggy, I bet you'd cry, too, if you was me." The boy addressed

as "Piggy" wormed his arm under the hay around the Perkins boy's neck, as he asked, "What you goin' to do to-night, Bud?"

"I dunno. Why?" replied Bud.

"Well, I'm comin' out to stay all night. They're goin' to have a party at our house, and ma said I could."

Bud drew himself up slowly; then threw himself with a quick spring on top of Piggy, and the two began to wrestle like kittens in the hay.

Even while Piggy Pennington and Bud Per-

kins were sitting at dusk on the back-porch steps of the Pennington house, eating turkey-wings which Mrs. Pennington had given to them, and devouring ham sandwiches which Piggy had taken from the big platterful in the pantry, looking the hired girl boldly in the face as he did it, even then the preparations for the Pennington entertainment were progressing indoors. The parlor, the sitting-room, and the dining-room, which had been decorated during the warm afternoon with borrowed palms and with roses from the neighbor's vines, were ventilating. Windows were rising, and doors opening. The velvety air of May was fluttering everywhere. And there was so much life in it, that when Mrs. Pennington saw the two boys pass out of the alley gate, she saw the Perkins boy grab her son's hat and run away whooping, while Piggy followed, throwing clods at his companion's legs



"His luck was bad . . ."

and feet. She thought, as she turned to her turkey-slicing, that the Perkins child was not taking his father's death "very hard." But she did not know that the boyish whoop was the only thing that saved him from sobbing, as he left the house where he saw such a contrast to his own. How could a woman carrying the responsibilities of the social honor of the Methodist church in Willow Creek have time to use her second sight?

The guests at the Pennington house that evening divided the honors equally between the new preacher, for whom the party was made, and Miss Morgan, whose last niece had married and left her but two days before. Most of the guests had met the new preacher; but none of them—save one or two of her intimates—could know how the lonely little old woman was faring in the cottage whence one by one her adopted birds had flown. They called her "little Miss Morgan" in the town, and the story of her life of devotion to her brothers' and sisters' children was familiar to every one about her. For ten years she had lived in Willow Creek caring for her brothers' orphans. She came to the community from the East, and found what she brought—culture, friends, and kindness at every turn. The children whom she had cared for had grown up, filed through the town real estate college, and then had mated and left the little spinster alone.

At the Penningtons' that evening she was cheerful enough—so cheerful, indeed, in her little bird-like manner, that many of those who talked with her fancied that the recourseful little body was beyond the reach of petty grief. The modest, almost girlish smile beamed through the wrinkles of fifty autumns as brightly that evening at the Penningtons' as the town had ever seen it. From her place in the high-backed chair in a corner, Miss Morgan, in her shy, self-deprecatory way, shed her faint benediction about her as she had done for a decade. There was a sweetness in Miss Morgan's manner that made the old men gallant to her in a boyish way; and the wives, who loved her, were proud of their husbands' chivalry. During the evening at the Penningtons' the conversation found much of its inspiration in the Memorial Day services on the morrow and in anecdotes about the thriftlessness of Calhoun Perkins. Memorial Day was one of the holidays which Miss Morgan kept in her heart. Then she decorated each year a lover's grave—a grave she had never seen.

The day had been sacred in her heart to the memory of a spring night, and the moon and the lilacs and the blue uniform of a soldier. Upon other days she waved this memory away with a gay little sigh, and would have none of it. But on Memorial Day she bade the vision come into her heart and bide a while.

But she did not open the door there at the party. They said to one another, going home that night: "Well, I don't see 's she minds it a bit. Isn't that pluck for you—not lonesome, not grumpy—just the same little body she was when we first saw her. Well—I know one thing—I couldn't do it."

As for Miss Morgan, while she was walking home that night, she was thinking of the women of her age whom she had just left; the romance seemed to be gone completely from their lives, their faces seemed a trifle hard to her, and she was wondering if life would have gone so with her if there had been no Shiloh.

The town clock in the school-house was tolling eleven, as Miss Morgan turned the key in the front door. The night was starry and inviting, and as her house stood among the trees, somewhat back from the street, Miss Morgan did not feel afraid to sit in a porch chair, refreshing herself, before going indoors. The wind brought the odor of the lilacs from the bush at the house corner, and the woman sat drinking in the fragrance. She saw a pair of lovers strolling by, who did not observe her. She could hear the murmur of their voices; she did not try to catch their words. She sat silently dreaming and wondering. Again and again her eyes went to the stars in a vain questioning, and her lips moved.



Maybe she was asking "where," maybe she was asking "why." As the moments slipped by, the years fell away from her. She had carried her little romance in her heart unsullied by reality. To-night the talk of Memorial Day had brought it all back, and the thrill of other days returned with the odor of the lilacs. She yielded to a vague, crazy notion, and in an impulsive girlish run she went to the corner of the porch and broke a sprig from the lilac tree.

Then with a short sigh, that had just the hint of a smile in it, she took the lilac sprig into the house. Perhaps she fancied that no one would see the flowers but she. Maybe the oppressive stillness of the empty house burdened her. Certainly something was heavy upon her, for there was no smile in the sigh that came deeply from her heart, as she locked the door. It must have seemed lonely for Miss Morgan, coming from the crowded parlor, and the questions that her friends asked about her plans may have followed her. Perhaps it was the answer to these questions that kept her awake. She sat by her window and went over and over again the question, what should she do? The wedding that had so recently livened the cottage kept coming to the little old woman's mind, and with it came the bride. When

the other children had gone away, Miss Morgan let them go with her blessing, and was glad of their good fortunes. But this last child to go had been Miss Morgan's pet. As the lonely spinster sat there she recalled how the child had been molded by her; how she had fancied the child's heart was hers, cherishing in it the ideals, the sentiment, the tender-nesses that the older heart had held sacred for a life-time. Miss Morgan recalled how she and the girl had mingled their tears over the first long dress that their hands made, knowing, each of



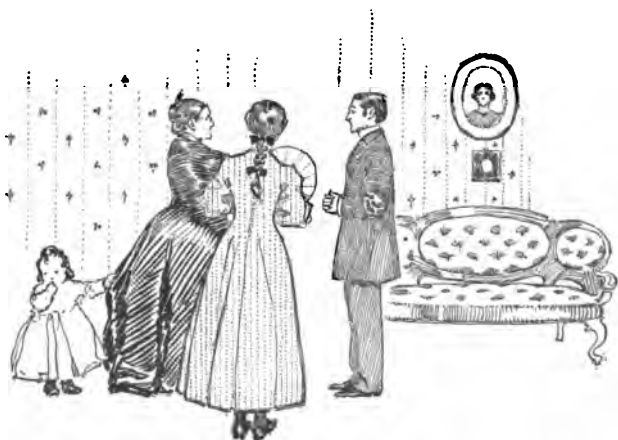
"... as she turned to her turkey-dicing ..."

them, that it meant the coming of the parting. As she looked into the awful vistas of the stars, the woman knew that she was one of God's creatures, all alone—without one soul that she might even signal to.

The word "alone" came to her so strangely that she repeated it in a whisper. Its sound touched some string within her bosom, and she put her head upon the open window sill and wept, sobbing the word "alone" until sleep soothed her.

The morning's sunlight helped Miss Morgan to put aside the problems of the night; she hummed an old war tune as she went about her work, but the sunlight did not lift the silence from the house. The rooms, which a few days before had been vocal with life, were so dead that the clock ticking in the parlor might be heard

in the kitchen. The canary's cheerful song echoed shrilly through the silent place. Miss Morgan said to him, "Dickey, Dickey, for gracious sake, keep still—you'll drive me wild." But her voice only increased the bird's vehemence, and the throbbing in her ears brought on a headache. When she put a paper over the cage, the clock annoyed her. A boy passing the house whistling "The Girl I Left behind Me" with all his might, but sadly off the key, irritated the little woman. She went to the window to see who could whistle so badly, and saw Bud Perkins.



"... the new preacher, for whom the party was made ..."

She did not know that the child had just arisen from a cheering breakfast at the Penningtons'—even if she knew how much a hearty breakfast cheers up any boy. But the spectacle of the orphan facing the world so bravely moved Miss Morgan, and she felt a sudden wave of pity, and with it came the conviction of guilt—that she had been selfish while the boy was suffering. She had heard at the Penningtons' that the county would probably take charge of him; but she recalled what she had heard in its full meaning to the child only when she saw him turn the corner, going toward the center of the town. There was a feeling of keen joy in her heart as she realized that she was not useless in the world, and she went about her morning's work with the lightest heart in all Willow Creek beating in her breast.

Bud Perkins had seen but two Memorial Days in Kansas—and upon each of these days he and his father went fishing. The boy knew it was a soldiers' holiday, and from Piggy Pennington, Bud had found out what were the purposes of the day. He knew that his father had been a soldier—a soldier on the wrong side. But he did not know that Confederate soldiers' graves were not included in the day's sacrament.

"Mornin', Captain," said Bud to a slight, gray-haired old man, stooping over a basket of flowers in a vacant store-room in the main street of the town.

When the man replied kindly the boy took heart to say: "You must be kind o' runnin' things here, I guess."

"I'm in charge of the flowers, Bud, just for to-day," replied Captain Meyers, who did not wish to seem as vainglorious as he was.

"Goin' to put flowers on all the soldiers' graves—are you?" queried Bud. The elder replied that the post aimed to do so.

"Did you know my dad was a soldier?" was the boy's next question.

The captain's heart was pricked when he saw what was in Bud's mind. The captain knew what

the next query would be. He was a gentle man, and kind. So looking about to see if any comrades of a sterner sect than he were in hearing before replying, he said: "You mustn't feel bad now, Buddie, but it's only for them on the Union side—whose graves we decorate to-day. I wouldn't mind, if I was you." Captain Meyers was not a diplomat, and he said the words poorly.

In an instant the boy's eyes filled with tears. They dried in anger before they reached his flushed cheek. He clinched his hands, and turned and walked hotly out of the room. In the door he paused and whirled around and cried,

"Yank! Yank! Rick-stick-stank!
High ball, low ball, dirty-faced Yank!"

"Dickey, Dickey . . ."

Then he ran wildly down the street to escape the infuriated mob which he believed would pursue him. The knowledge that he was cut off from the day's festivities made him wince with pain as he ran. Not until he came out upon the road across the prairie did he stop—breathless, worn out, crying. During the next two hours the boy wandered on the prairie and in the woods gathering wild flowers. By the time the exercises in the Willow Creek opera house were finished and the procession was formed, Bud Perkins had a heaping armful of field blossoms. He was coming over the hill to the cemetery when he heard the band strike up the "Dead March" down in the village.



" . . . the first long dress "

His impulse was to run away. He checked himself and walked across the place, past the shafts and monuments, toward his father's grave under the hill furthest from the town. In the middle of the cemetery the boy stopped. His eyes were caught by a marble lamb over a child's grave. The

inscription he read was "Mary Pennington, aged two years, three months, and ten days." The date line upon the stone told of a year that had passed before the Perkins boy was born. He gazed at it a moment, and put there a handful of his choicest flowers. Looking up he saw some early visitor to the silent place stepping from behind a monument. Bud had scattered his flowers before he saw that he was being watched; so he pretended to hunt for stones to throw. He gathered several, and peppered them at shafts and at birds.

Bud Perkins walked to the freshly-made mound where his father lay, and scattered his posies over it. The village "cornet band" was coming nearer and nearer to the hill. The boy curbed an impulse to leave. He walked lazily about the grave until the Memorial Day procession had entered the big iron gate a hundred yards away. Calhoun Perkins's grave could not be seen from the plot where the townspeople had gathered. The



"... know my dad was a soldier?"

boy sat down with his back to the crowd. He did not know how near the people were to him. He felt that they were staring down, perhaps laughing, at him. So he tried to assume a careless air. He picked up clods and tossed them at adjacent objects. Tiring of this, he chewed the grass stems,

and sucked the nectar from the corolla of wild honeysuckles. But this did not keep the lump out of his throat, and it did not subdue the turmoil of sorrow in his heart at the thought that his father was scorned in the town. Once his small frame shook with a strangled sob, but immediately afterward he threw an unusually big clod at a post near by. He had been hearing voices and footsteps on the brow of the hill for several minutes. Occasionally he

picked out a familiar voice, and once he heard his name. He did not answer the boy who called, but a woman standing a little further up the hill said, "Who is it, Harold?" "Bud," said the youngster. "Bud who?" asked the woman's voice.

The Perkins boy heard the dialogue. He was throwing clods into the air, and catching them as they fell. He was sitting down, and this appeared to be an engrossing task.

"Bud Perkins. He's sittin' down by his pa's grave," replied the boy on the hill. The child by the fresh mound pictured himself as the other boy saw him, and his eyes brimmed over with tears. He seemed so desolate.



"... wandered on the prairie ..."

"Why don't you go to him?" insisted the woman, coming nearer.

"Oh, Miss Morgan," said the boy whom she addressed, lowering his voice, but not lowering it sufficiently, "Miss Morgan, you don't know *him*."

Just then Bud was startled by a footstep at his side. He looked up and saw Piggy Pennington, who had a big bunch of roses in his hands, and who, seeing the stained face of his friend, said in embarrassed confusion: "Ma sent 'em." Piggy put the roses by the new pine head-board, and lay down—lying across his companion's feet.

"Get off me," said Bud, when he had treated himself to a long, trembling sniff, after a painful silence, "I ain't no side-walk."

When Piggy went to get his flying hat, he said under his breath to Bud, "Wipe your face, quick; some one's comin'." Then he stood awkwardly at Bud's back and shielded him. Piggy spoke first to the little woman, now only a few paces away.

"H'lo, Miss Morgan; lookin' for old Tom? He's buried off to the right yonder."

"No, my dear. I want to speak to Henry Perkins," replied the woman, beaming the kindest of smiles into the guardsman's face. He stepped from the line between Miss Morgan and the Perkins boy, not sure that the intruder would find a welcome. Bud was glaring steadfastly at the earth, between his hands and knees. Piggy said, "Bu-ud?"

"Whut," was the response.

"Miss Morgan wants to talk with you," replied Piggy.

"What's she want?" inquired the Perkins boy, with his head still between his knees.

Miss Morgan had been coming nearer and nearer to him as the dialogue had progressed. She was standing in front of Bud when he added, "I ain't done nothin'."



"Mary Pennington, aged two years . . ."

Miss Morgan bent down and touched his head with her hands. Piggy was shaking his head warningly at her with much earnestness. He feared that such an effeminate proceeding would anger his comrade. When Miss Morgan sat upon the ground beside Bud and took one of his hands, stroking it without the boy's resisting, Piggy Pennington was dumb with wonder. He could not hear the gentle breaking of the agonizing lump in the child's throat. Even little Miss Morgan

could not see the tears that had burst over the brims of the orphan's eyes. His face was averted. She stroked his hand, and snuggled closer to him. Then she heard a faint whimper, and her heart could stand the strain no longer; she leaned upon the child's shoulder, and mourned with him. The Pennington boy did not comprehend it all; but as he looked politely away from





"... and smuggled closer to him."

his friends, he felt the moisture in his eyes. He wiped it away quickly, glancing to see if his weakness had been de-

tected. The woman recovered in a few moments, and arose with the boy's hand gripping hers warmly. He had felt her tears through his thin clothing, and was conquered.

"Come on, Henry; we're going now," said Miss Morgan, and drew the lad up with her hand.

"Whur to?" asked Bud, who knew the answer instinctively.

"Home," replied the little woman, who knew that the boy knew, and who was sure that he had consented. "Our home—yours and mine."

The boy arose, still holding her hand, and looked toward the grave with the flowers strewn over it. He gripped her hand tightly—so tightly that it pained her—and sobbed, as he faced away from her: "O pop!"

Then they walked on in silence, till they came up with Piggy, who had gone a few steps ahead. It was Bud who spoke first. He said: "You don't live far from Piggy's, do you, Miss Morgan?"

And Piggy Pennington pointed his finger at Bud's dripping eyes and grinned, while Miss Morgan smiled happily at the clouds.



A MASTER SOLD BY A SLAVE.

BY JOHN STUART BONNER.

ONE of the most successful negro speculators on the Peninsula in the forties was a man named James Hubbard, who lived upon his own estate near Yorktown, and was accounted one of the wealthiest men in those parts. He was a man of powerful physique and coarse manners. His hair and eyes were intensely black, and his complexion so swarthy that he would have suffered by comparison with many of the human chattels he dealt in.

About the year 1845 James Murder, a young man, last in the male line of one of the old colonial families, died suddenly, leaving his large estate so involved that it was necessary to sell off everything to satisfy his creditors. Among his slaves was a body-servant called "Mack," who was nearly the same age as his deceased master. The two had been reared together from infancy, the slave had enjoyed the same advantages as the master, and through association with the best society of many countries had acquired an ease of manner and fluency of speech which, combined with his handsome person, would have made him an ornament to any circle. There was little negro blood in his veins, and he would have passed as a white man anywhere. He was held in high esteem by all of Murder's friends.

It was therefore determined that in the sale of Murder's slaves Mack should be saved from the hands of the speculators, and a number of gentlemen attended at the court-house in Williamsburg prepared to pay a large price for the young negro. James Hubbard was also there, and he swore an oath that he would have "that nigger" if it cost him his fortune. For Hubbard had a twofold grudge to gratify. Many a time before, the Williamsburg men had prevented him from securing a "bargain"; and he was very bitter against them also because of the social ostracism which his business had brought upon his family. The result was that Mack was knocked down to Hubbard for a price seldom paid for a slave in Virginia. A few days later Hubbard started South with a band of negroes, taking Mack with him as a body-servant.

On their arrival at New Orleans Hubbard soon disposed of his negroes to good

advantage, but, either because he could not find a buyer at the high figure he had paid or because he had taken a fancy to him, he retained Mack in his personal service. Mack had some money of his own, and, as a matter of pride as well as business, Hubbard dressed him like a gentleman, and also allowed him much liberty.

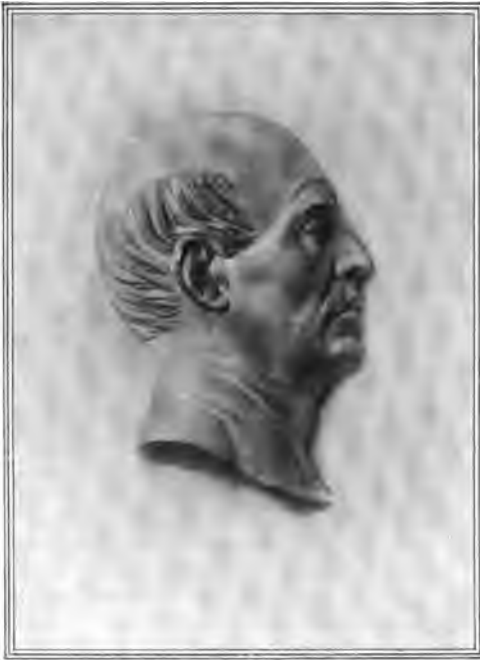
Keeping carefully out of his master's way, Mack frequented the various fashionable saloons and gaming houses, where he easily passed as a Virginia planter, and contrived to form a considerable acquaintance among the fast set of the day. He was walking the street one evening with one of these acquaintances, when his master passed by on the opposite side. "See that boy over there?" said he, carelessly, indicating Hubbard. "I brought him down here with me, but he's got so independent that I've got to sell him."

"What will you take for him?"

"Why, he ought to bring me fifteen hundred quick, but I'll take a thousand if it can be arranged quietly."

In less than twenty-four hours they had come to terms, and Hubbard was sold by his own slave. The papers were regularly made out and transferred, and the money paid over, Mack only stipulating that the buyer should take his property quietly.

When Hubbard was seized, of course there was trouble. He fought like a wild-cat, but was finally overpowered and taken from the fashionable hotel where he was staying, amid the jeers of his quondam friends. He appealed to the law; but not until three well-known citizens of Williamsburg, properly fortified with papers of identification from the authorities, made the long trip to New Orleans was he released. The trial cost him thousands of dollars, and consumed a great deal of time. Meanwhile Mack, well supplied with money by the sale, had got beyond pursuit. Large rewards were offered for his apprehension, and the best detectives were employed, but without avail. He was never traced beyond the wharf where he took passage for the North. He is supposed, however, to have gone to France, where he had lived during his former master's student days.



FRANÇOIS BULOZ, FOUNDER OF THE "REVUE."
From a medallion made a short time before his death.



F. BRUNETIÈRE, PRESENT EDITOR OF THE "REVUE."
From a photograph by Eugene Piron, Paris.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

BY TH. BENTZON,

A Member of the Staff of the "Revue."

THE DIFFICULTIES UNDER WHICH IT WAS FOUNDED AND DEVELOPED BY BULOZ.—ITS NOTED CONTRIBUTORS.—ITS CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE.—THE VISIT OF ITS PRESENT EDITOR TO THE UNITED STATES.



WITHIN a few weeks the United States have received a visit from Mr. Ferdinand Brunetière. He has lectured before the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, and at other colleges, and has in various ways made his presence felt. This seems, therefore, to be a good time to say a word about the great periodical publication he edits.

Though the "Revue des Deux Mondes" is highly esteemed in America, it is perhaps chiefly known to a limited circle. And even this select circle is only partly aware of its importance, for it is not merely a *magazine*, but rather an institution, a sort of annex to the Académie Française. The

Forty Immortals of the Academy are very frequently recruited among its contributors. Let us mention as a proof: Messrs. Cherbuliez and de Vogüé, Vandal and André Theuriet, Mézières; Boissier, the *secrétaire perpétuel* (permanent secretary, a life-position); Albert Sorel, the Count d'Haussonville, Henry Houssaye, and Brunetière himself. Among those who have just vanished from the scene were Renan, Taine, Caro, Octave Feuillet, who, like so many others, all had belonged to the "Revue des Deux Mondes," or to the "Revue," as is generally said, with a certain disparagement of its rivals, however interesting they may be.

The preponderance maintained by the "Revue" for more than half a century,

in a country said to be the home of caprice and inconstancy, is nothing short of miraculous, and this preponderance is far from declining. The most varied forms of talent are as eager as ever to ask for its lofty consecration. "The 'Revue' is the real title-giver, after all," said Sainte-Beuve, a short time before his death. This is the "Revue's" position as regards authors; as for the public, all serious-minded people read the "Revue," and those who are not serious-minded, but wish to seem to have general information, never fail to read it also.

Bicycling, if one may believe the publishers, has done much harm to the book-trade since its recent introduction; still, it has not yet succeeded in hurting the "Revue des Deux Mondes." A few spiteful attacks, a few coarse insults, from a handful of "barbarians," as François Buloz used to call them, have only served to increase its prestige, by proving that it cannot be approached except by those who are entitled to do so, and that the unsuccessful ones revenge themselves as best they can. All this does not alter the fact that the part taken by the "Revue," ever since its foundation in 1831, has been most important. It would be impossible to mention any movement of public thought, any social problem, any new idea, that it has not signaled and discussed, always bearing the banner of liberty firmly aloft, yet, at the same time, never relaxing its hold on the ferule of order and common sense. Curious, in a measure, as to the customs and condition of foreign nations, open to art, philosophy, and science quite as freely as to literature, constantly faithful to liberal principles in politics, without ever systematically keeping the voice of any party away from its platform, it yet retained its personal opinion, which was as much opposed to revolutionary doctrines as to the arbitrary undertakings of absolute governments. These are high claims to glory, and the fact of having begun this long and brilliant career without material resources, by the sole power of one man's will, certainly does not lessen them.

The prolific period immediately following the Revolution of 1830, among the many works pertaining to all branches of human imagination and intelligence called forth, produced this powerful political and literary focus. Its creator, however, was neither a writer nor a politician. François Buloz, a contemporary of the magnificent efflorescence of the romantic era, saw what good could be gained by setting all

the scattered brilliant minds in a single cluster, which would somewhat resemble the English reviews, especially the "Edinburgh Review," with the additional advantage of more frequent periods of publication, and a wider, more elastic, more varied scope. This dream had nothing in common with a financial speculation, although Buloz was successful in this direction as well; he aimed higher, as his faithful friend and collaborator, Mr. de Mazade, has so well explained in the touching and respectful pages he has dedicated to Buloz's memory—he aimed at appealing to the highest intellectual culture everywhere, at reaching the directing classes, at offering them an accredited organ which would carry the French tongue and ideas to the remotest limits of the earth. For, above all else, François Buloz was a patriot, and one can say that the reverses of 1870 killed him just as surely as if he had been struck by a bullet on the battle-field, although he survived the wound for six years.

When he planted the mustard-seed which was to be transformed into the vigorous tree on whose branches so many rare birds were to come and sing, this peasant's son was about twenty-seven years old. Coming from a little Savoyard village, he had only a good college education. His father, a plain farmer, had been most anxious to give this great advantage to his three sons, who were all very remarkable for their intelligence and will-power. One of them wrote historical works, another emigrated to America to seek his fortune, while the third had, at first, to make use of his knowledge in humble situations. He worked in a chemical factory for a time, and then became a printer. And it can truly be said that François Buloz knew how to make the most of all the experiences of his life. The degree of excellence he attained as a proof-reader counted for much in the skilful management he was able to give the "Revue" later on. Never was there a more vigilantly careful reader; never did severe clear-sightedness, permitting no imperfection whatsoever to escape it, manifest itself in so extraordinary a measure; and these master qualities were acquired during his early "hard times" as a workman. Buloz did not know what it was to do anything by halves, and, in his opinion, nothing was insignificant if perfectly well done. How many times we have heard him say: "It is better to have made a faultless shoe than a poor statue."

In the beginning of 1831, a printer by the name of Auffray took this resolute and industrious young man as his partner in the management of a magazine called "The Traveler's Journal." On its cover there was a figure of America, in wampum belt and moccasins, offering the traditional olive-branch to a more fully draped Europe. This was the germ of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*." It had so few subscribers, and its condition was so precarious, that the new manager's salary was only 1,200 francs (\$240) a year. In addition to this, he was to receive two francs (forty cents) for each new subscription. When one thinks of the number of subscribers to the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" at its apogee, and of its shares at 90,000 francs apiece, one marvels at the ground it has covered.

It is true that not even the vigorous quality of Buloz's character, nor his naturally keen scent for going straight towards talent and extracting all that it could possibly give, would have sufficed to bring about such a miracle. Most fortunate circumstances came to aid him. Never did genius flourish in such varied forms, at any one time, as during the period between 1830 and 1848; and whether they were rich or poor, the writers of that epoch wrote first and foremost for the sheer delight of writing.

Henri Blaze de Bury, Buloz's brother-in-law, who joined the newly formed staff of the "*Revue*" and distinguished himself there by his brilliant versatility, used to say, and in the most charming way, too: "We wrote for glory; when it became known that a hive of ideas was being started in an obscure corner of the Faubourg St. Germain, a swarm of free and joyous talents suddenly winged their way to it, and no one stopped to inquire whether Buloz had any money or not. His first contributors only thought of launching their names in connection with higher education, politics, poetry, or the drama. Buloz fully understood that all this strength needed to be marshaled, and offered his services in the very 'nick of time.'" Let us enter in the Golden Book the names of the idealists who gave themselves so unconditionally. They were Alfred de Vigny, Jules Sandeau, Prosper Mérimée, Alfred de Musset, and George Sand.

One cannot cast one's eyes over the index of the early years of the "*Revue*" without being dazzled by the array of illustrious names. Chateaubriand brought

fragments of his "*Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*;" Lamennais, "*The Words of a Believer*;" Michelet, some of the finest chapters of his "*History of France*." Catholic Montalembert stands side by side with the pantheist, Edgar Quinet; Balzac figures there with such gems as "*The Message*" and "*The Rendez-vous*;" Sainte-Beuve makes a most brilliant prelude to the rich and abundant work of his later years; Villemain on the one hand, Mignet and Augustin Thierry on the other, send their admirable historical studies; Heine, the French version of his "*Reisebilder*;" Alexander Dumas, his amusing "*Impressions of Travel*," while Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Auguste Barbier, and Brizeux offered melodious or splendid verses. And as far back as 1832, let it be noted, the "*Revue*" took an interest in North American affairs. The philosopher Theodore Jouffroy, a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and his colleague, Michel Chevalier, the Saint Simonian economist, were the first who wrote about America's politics, finances, and industries. Philarète Chasles dashed in next, with all the ardor of a pioneer, to discover a literature which a little later on was to inspire the much more serious work of Emile Montégut, the admirable introducer of Emerson, Longfellow, and Hawthorne.

A summary of political and diplomatic events, under the title of "*Revolutions of the Fortnight*," was written up to 1840 by Loève-Veimars, whose sharp pen at times alarmed such ministers as Mr. Guizot and Mr. Thiers.

Criticism, that essential branch of a review whose part it is to sift and discuss everything, was in the hands of Sainte-Beuve, St. Marc Girardin, and Gustave Planche, and the work done was of the very highest order. All foreigners know and admire the first of this trio, the author of the "*Lundis*" ("*Monday Talks*"); but many have never heard of the great learning of the second, nor of his celebrated lectures on the "*History of the Drama*," delivered at the Sorbonne. As for the third, his name seems to be hardly known outside of France, and yet Gustave Planche has the honor of having carried the independence and integrity of his judgment to greater lengths than any one until then had dared to do. The victims of his rigor might, indeed, justly complain of a certain narrow-mindedness on his part, but they had to acknowledge, even while they suffered from his blows, that his authority

was unquestionable, his honesty incorruptible, his hand marvelously sure, and his knowledge profound. Personally, Planche was an eccentric and not very sympathetic person, for he was cynically dirty as to his clothing and too much given to writing his most distinguished articles at a café table before a glass of brandy. He was poor, but on inheriting 20,000 francs (\$4,000), he spent the whole sum at once, and to the last penny, in a trip to Italy.

Buloz knew how to manage his contributors. Willy-nilly, he would, from time to time, have Planche clothed anew from top to toe; and pay Alfred de Musset's debts without saying a word about it, for the poet, while he despised "filthy lucre," was rather fond of spending money.

Buloz loved George Sand for the splendid regularity of her work, for the continued outpouring of that inexhaustible genius, which, like a stream, flowed uninterruptedly towards the "Revue." On the other hand, he highly esteemed Planche's literary honesty, and never sacrificed him to the exasperated egoism of the authors who rebelled against his criticism. This made him lose Balzac, Victor Hugo, and several other haughty contributors; not without regrets indeed, still without compromising. The blind flattery lavished inconsiderately even on the greatest, who, being but human, have their hours of weakness, was unbearable to him; the school of mutual admiration, in which it is so easy to be enrolled nowadays, made him shrug his shoulders contemptuously. He always spoke right out, and, autocratic as he may have been, allowed others around him the same privilege. The most illustrious were no more protected by their celebrity against the implacable perspicacity of his judgment than the obscurity of a beginner prevented him from carefully examining what claims he might have to be accepted. His keenest pleasure was to discover a new and talented aspirant. He has been described as a brutal "pedagogue," who loved to pick at words, and even punctuation, which, he maintained, was half one's style; but no one has sufficiently declared the value of his counsels, expressed in that surly voice of his, in which, however, so much frank good-nature could vibrate.

I was at his school, and can say that writers could learn much there. The gratitude I bear him is sincere, in spite of the persistency with which he refused my first efforts, and his over-scrupulous discussions, which, however, taught me how to work. I

was quite young the first time I entered his private office in the Rue St. Benoît, a bare and severe room, looking out on a little terraced garden. I shook from head to foot with fear and respect, and still tremble a little when I recall it. He seemed a colossus to me, filling the whole room with his powerful and imperious personality. I found that his single eye, which had sufficed him to decipher so many manuscripts (often refused like mine), had an unparalleled expression of remarkable penetration. But, later on, I learned that he had uttered no idle word when he promised me that when the hour came he would be my literary sponsor, even though I should have to work hard and wait still longer. Once I was admitted to that house, so repellent of aspect, I never quitted it again. This was the general rule: one belonged to the "Revue" body and soul, and once for all.

But why speak of myself and my unimportant personality, only too glad, naturally, to accept the lessons of even a hard and exacting master, when this same "tyrant" has met so much good-tempered docility in the greatest, in George Sand and Musset? From them he had most admirable letters on subjects far more interesting to publish than the old love-letters now cast to scandal-mongers by an indiscreet press. After all, perhaps one must be a George Sand to be able to say so gaily: "Remember, I am going on to sixty, and I still have to finish my education; I really have no time to lose!" Or one must be a Musset to write, with almost child-like grace: "I am so stupid that I cannot correct my own mistakes. Do tell me what I ought to do!" People who were not ankle-high to either of these cried out that Buloz, by ordering and inspiring all he published, ran all the "Revue's" articles into the same mold and stamped them with his form and ideas. Not a word of this is true. He criticized of course, looked at things from the public's standpoint, and judged that, when anything shocked or seemed dull to him, it ran the risk of displeasing others too. But he took good care not to substitute himself for the writer. To assure one's self of this, it is quite enough to notice the diversity of talents and opinions which appeared, as they still appear, in the "Revue." There were, however, certain traditions with which Mr. Buloz would not allow one to break. He quarreled with George Sand herself, his pet contributor, when she wanted to force him to accept her socialis-

tic novels. Neither do I wish to deny that he has reminded prolix novices that Mérimée, who knew far more than they, could say all there was to be said on any subject whatever in thirty-two pages; nor that he used to brandish his great sword against what he called "bargain-counter" literature; that is to say, "ready-made" stuff, written "to fit all sizes." He had turned away too many people not to make himself the target of invective and calumny—and he was very proud of it!

It took ten years for the review Buloz had created to gain its political importance. From the "Globe" newspaper it inherited considerable reinforcements, among them Mr. de Rémusat, the author of celebrated studies on English statesmen; Mr. Vitet, whose vivid historical scenes have all the interest of dramas; and Mr. de Lavergne, with his beautiful work on contemporary politics, finance, colonial topics, and social and political economy. Philosophy was represented by Victor Cousin; and Littré's opinions did not frighten Buloz any more than did Renan's somewhat later. A nicely balanced system made him permit both the orthodox and free-thinkers to "speak their minds" with equal impartiality.

Those who knew Buloz best say that he never paid any attention to an author's name when reading a manuscript, nor laid any stress on letters of recommendation; on the contrary, the vigilance with which he scanned a "protected" manuscript only served to make his judgment sharper and more rigorous. A delightful novel, "Madeleine's Sin," reached him by mail, unsigned. This little adventure, wrapped in mystery, was a subject of profound joy for him. The public spoke of it a long time, and several clever women tried to make people think they had committed this lucky "sin," of which Mrs. Caro, the wife of the philosopher, was alone "guilty." She proved this by continuing to write successfully for the "Revue."

Mr. Buloz worshiped talent, no matter whence it came; and for this reason nearly one thousand names drafted from the four cardinal points of literature and politics can be found in the index of the "Revue" (a wonderful alphabetical, analytical, and geographical index, admirably arranged for hunting out all the wealth of this vast encyclopedia). If he was incapable of being complaisant, he never kept any one out by a foregone conclusion. Among the contributors to the "Revue" there have been diplomatists

and ministers of every form of French government, marshals of France and princes next to publicists, poets and storytellers side by side with bohemians like Henri Murger and poor Gérard de Nerval, the latter of whom lived without a home and ended by hanging himself in a disgusting alley.

Mr. Buloz had the following theory as to personal relations: "Frequent those who are above you, or who know more than you do, and from whom you have a chance of learning something." Hence his friendships with Count Molé and the Count of Montalivet, both government ministers, and with Mr. Thiers, whom he had opposed more than once when he was in office, while remaining much attached to him personally. When the Italian war of 1859 brought them together, he became the intimate friend of Cavour. This great statesman understood and appreciated him better, perhaps, than any one else.

It is an interesting fact that, although the "Revue" had been in existence for fifteen years and had reached the climax of its influence, it had not for all that grown materially prosperous. Having begun with 350 subscribers, it had only 2,500 in 1846, just enough to get along on. This, however, did not prevent it from being powerful.

Mr. Buloz had had several partners as business managers, among them the brothers Bonnaire. But these gentlemen wishing the "Revue" to be more ministerial and more agreeable to the government, he resolutely dissolved his connection with them, in spite of the pecuniary difficulties this involved. To meet these, he made the "Revue" a stock company, which it still is. Those who entered it did not think of gaining money by it, they merely wanted to help keep up an independent political and literary organ. In reality, it was a splendid investment. Very soon after, the Revolution of 1848 broke out, and seemed likely to prove fatal to the "Revue;" but all things, even apparently contrary events, were henceforward to contribute to its growth. The fall of Louis Philippe caused Mr. Buloz to lose the position he had held since 1838 as director of the Théâtre Français, with the title of Commissioner of the King, a position which had enabled him to favor Rachel's *début* and have Alfred de Musset's "Caprice" performed. Perhaps it was a loss for the theatre, but the "Revue" gained by it; he gave himself up to it entirely. For three years, all the efforts of the choice

staff he led tended to conjure the threats of socialism resounding from nearly every part of Europe at once. Although attached at heart to constitutional government, Buloz was not hostile in the least to the idea of republicanism; "always provided that the greatness and liberty of the country remain intact," he would say. Its *prosperity* alone was not enough for him, for he never could be hoodwinked by the promises of the Second Empire, against which he maintained an attitude of most decided opposition to the very last. This was what gave the "Revue" its greatest success. Even before the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, its subscribers had doubled; but from that date the number of its contributors was increased by all the leading men who left active political life through the course of events. The "Revue" was never more successful than under the Empire.

Forcade, who had a genius for polemics, was then writing from fortnight to fortnight the sparkling political chronicles which were looked forward to by all cultured Europe, and which even his adversaries were forced to admire. His method of working was singular. He gathered all his information, correspondence, and observations during the two weeks at his disposal; then, on the fourteenth and on the thirtieth of the month, the days preceding publication, he would appear in Mr. Buloz's office, settle himself there, and taking up his pen, never stop until his fortnightly chronicle was finished. He corrected on the proof-sheets only. Eight hours of dizzy work, preceded by a copious luncheon, sufficed him for dashing off his masterpieces covering a sheet, or sixteen pages, in small print. One day, however, extravagant phrases entangled themselves in the interesting views and the correct discussions of his manuscript, and the next day he was insane.

All of Buloz's lieutenants overworked themselves, therein following their chief's example, who, as he never measured his efforts, expected from others the same devotion to that which was more important to him than all the rest of the world put together—the "Revue." As for himself, he never took a vacation, but sought rest—and a dearly bought rest too—at his estate of Ronjoux in Savoy, where, after 1859, he went on the first and fifteenth of every month, not dreading the fatigue of the long journey, and carrying off rolls and bundles of proofs in his pockets to read out of doors. This country-seat, whence

he had a magnificent view over his native mountains, was, with the "Revue," the object of his love. Here he received his friends and was always in a mood which he rarely showed in Paris, where his anxiety about the perfection of the "next number" killed all his amenity.

The opposition made to the Empire by the "Revue" was unremitting, in spite of administrative repression and all warnings and threats. At that time it was a daring thing to publish the writings of the Orleans princes under a transparent *nom de plume*, or to print Ampère's or Beulé's attacks on the imperial government. More than once Buloz expected the suppression of the "Revue," and philosophically made his preparations for exile at Brussels or Geneva. On the other hand, when great national events, such as the Crimean or Italian wars, occurred, the "Revue" gave itself up wholly to its country's glory, without a thought about its grievances against the government. The latter tried in vain to seduce or buy it. The greatest offers of money would never have made François Buloz either give up or modify the character of his creation. Under the Monarchy of 1830, the Empire, and the Republic, he never altered his attitude—that of an ardent patriot. And that patriotism never asserted itself more plainly than in 1870. Long before the war began, numerous articles, prior even to 1867, had warned French political leaders against the mistakes they were to make; but when disaster had to be faced, the "Revue" had but one aim—to prove to the enemy that intellectual France was still erect and as proud as ever. For five months it held out and remained worthy of itself in a besieged city, in the very heart of the struggle. From time to time, a number sent out by balloon told the provinces that it was still alive, that its intrepid editor had succeeded in keeping a group of writers about him, even under the fire of the enemy. When Paris capitulated, there was nothing left in the "Revue's" offices, neither paper nor type, for carrying it on.

After his campaign, which had been as arduous as that of any soldier, Mr. Buloz had gone to rest at Ronjoux, when the horrors of the Commune burst over Paris. He returned in haste to Versailles, and the publication of the "Revue" went on without interruption, thanks to the courage and presence of mind of Madame Buloz, who gathered the last contributors about her, and, as she was a woman, could go to

Paris and back unmolested. This valiant action on the part of a person who had always remained most modestly in the background, is very characteristic of the French woman, who concentrates her life within the family circle, both by habit and education, yet is capable, when the time comes, of the deepest devotion.

Towards the end of his life Mr. Buloz was somewhat influenced by the inevitable pessimism of old age. "The young men of my generation," he would say, "worked for art and the elect; those of the present day want money, no matter in what company; there is no more order, nor discipline, nor dignity, nor self-respect." He departed without having made the shadow of a concession, and after his death we saw that, in spite of his gloomy forebodings, the instrument constructed by him went on working without any signs of weakening, although deprived of the cunning hand that had set it in motion. The death of his eldest son, on whom he had relied to carry out his plans, had been a bitter and inconsolable sorrow; but a younger son took his place, and was well seconded by conscientious and talented men trained in his father's school. The serried battalion of collaborators remained almost intact, even while certain inevitable transformations were taking place. George Sand, Cherbuliez, and Octave Feuillet were followed by "up-to-date" novelists, whose modernism might perhaps have been kept in check by Mr. Buloz, Senior. But what changed more than all, was the external appearance of the "*Revue*," now sumptuously housed in number 15 Rue de l'Université, in a mansion built in 1788, and later inhabited by the Empress Josephine's son, Prince Eugène de Beauharnais.

When Mr. Charles Buloz's resignation in 1893 paved the way for Mr. Ferdinand Brunetière, it was well known that the new editor had long been performing the duties of the position and only needed to assume them officially. This reassured all the friends of the "*Revue*." The feeling has every reason for growing stronger. Neither Planche nor Sainte-Beuve ever wielded a more forceful or brilliant pen than Brunetière; while Valbert, that reincarnation of Cherbuliez, the Vicomte de Vogüé, Jules Lemaitre, Pierre Loti, and others, can certainly bear comparison with any of their predecessors. The political chronicle has naturally lost a part of its importance since republican France has passed out of its period of combats, but it is none the less valuable. It continues to furnish all

the elements of a very complete general history and a most useful one to consult on all the principal events of our epoch. And—what may be considered a great progress—the movement now carrying all minds towards economic questions is presenting itself in the most interesting way. A new field for study and observation has been opened. All great international questions, all sociological problems, all points relating to public works, the condition of the working classes, colonization, labor, commerce, industry, finance, are examined with renewed zeal. The documented articles of Leroy-Beaulieu, and those of the Vicomte d'Avenel on the mechanism of modern life, are eagerly read in all countries. In short, the "*Revue*" is paying more attention to foreigners than ever, to their literature, systems of philosophy, religious discussions, carefully studying the affinities which may draw nations closer to each other, or the progress made by them abroad. It sends out delegates in various directions.

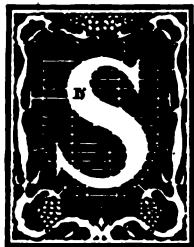
Times have changed; Mr. Brunetière has not the same task as had François Buloz, who was obliged to curb the feverish imaginations of the romantic period. If we can no longer grow intoxicated on anything, we now are uncertain and drifting, and Mr. Brunetière's faultless logic and earnest convictions have their great usefulness, their wholesome and beneficent influence. Although his will is as strong as any man's, and he certainly cannot be accused of a lack of fixed principles, this new leader is not like the founder of the "*Revue*," a man of a single idea; he has all ideas, and is equal to his task; he is enterprising, hospitable to contributors of various countries, favors the development of cosmopolitan literature, is incredulous as to inveterate racial differences and most desirous of a cordial understanding and fusion among intellectual nationalities. At this very moment, by his visit to the United States, he shows his energetic desire to see and learn for himself what is going on outside of our France, who has too long thought that she was quite sufficient unto herself. We think that under the management of Mr. Brunetière the "*Revue*" will become a more and more powerful link between the two hemispheres, destroy many prejudices, create noble alliances, and deserve, in a higher degree even than to-day, its wide and universal title, already consecrated by so much success.

THE VICISSITUDES OF ENGINE 107.

A TRUE RAILROAD STORY.

BY CY WARMAN,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer."



SOME fifteen years ago the Baldwins received an order from a Western road for two locomotives of a peculiar type. They were for a narrow-gage line which at that time connected the East and West, and by which the tourist traveled across the Rocky Mountains. They were to be compact, short, strong, and swift, capable of pulling like a mule on a heavy grade and running like a scared wolf in the valley.

At that time the factory was turning out a locomotive complete every twenty-four hours. Let us look at the workmen as they begin to erect the two "Rock-aways," as they were afterwards called, probably because they rolled and rocked when running at a high rate of speed through the crooked cañons of Colorado. On the floor of the great shop are two boilers, two sets of frames, cylinders, eccentrics—in short, all the parts of a locomotive in duplicate—and from this heap the helpers bring one of each of the duplicate parts, and the machinists put them together until one locomotive is completed and rolled out to be painted. Out of what is left the second is made. There is no culling or sorting, and as the separate parts of each are made by one and the same pattern, there is no good reason why these two locomotives should not ride, run, and steam equally well. When the two were completed, painted, and numbered, they were loaded upon a standard-gage flat-car and shipped to the road for which they were built. When they arrived and had taken stalls in the roundhouse at Pueblo, they became engines 107 and 109, and attracted a great deal of attention from the enginemen of the division.

"She's a scary lookin' devil," said Baldy Hooten, as he stood in front of the

107, and she really did look a bit top-heavy with her long legs, short body, and "feet" so close together that they could almost run on one rail.

"Take her, you fellows that are lookin' for fly runs; I do' want her." And with that Baldy walked out of the roundhouse.

When the two engines had been raced around the yards a few days and "limbered up," the 109 was coupled to the Pacific express one night and introduced to the curves and corners of the Grand Cañon. The road then was not what it is now. The next time you go through there, if you sit on the rear platform, you will notice that the crumbling grade that marks the route of the old narrow-gage crosses the present standard track one hundred times in fifty miles. It was so crooked, Baldy said, that a new runner was sure, at some of the corners, to shut off for his own headlight. However, the 109 held the rail and made a good record; so good, in fact, that, notwithstanding it was Friday, the 107 was sent out on the following night. She left the house an hour before leaving time, and it was lucky she did, for she ran off the track at the water-tank, and was got back barely in time to take her train out.

"No man can call me superstitious," said the engineer. "But they ain't no sense in temptin' Providence by takin' a new engine out on a Friday."

"It'll be midnight before you reach the cañon," said the night foreman, "and there is no danger this side."

"There's danger in bed ef it's down that way," was the sullen response of the driver as he backed down and coupled to the express.

It was one of those fair, moonlight nights that make every peak and pinnacle on the mountain ranges stand out as clear and distinct against the cold sky as they do in the daytime: a moonlight that shames the headlight, and shows the twin threads of steel running away off yonder and meeting and going on together where the dark-

ness begins. Being new, with a clean boiler, the 107 steamed like a burning house, and the fireman, not being affected by the fact of its still being Friday, found time to hang out of the open window and watch the silvery ripples that were romping on the cold, white bosom of the winding river along whose banks the road lay.

Not a word had passed between the engineer and fireman since they started, and now they were swinging round

the curves at a good express gait. The new engine was rocking like a light boat on a rough sea, but otherwise she was riding as easily as a coach. It was 11.50 when they passed Goodnight, and two minutes later the fireman was startled by that dreadful word which almost every fireman has heard at one time or another: "Jump!"

It is as natural for an engineer to call to his fireman to jump and save himself—for he is of no use on a locomotive about to



"A GREAT ROCK . . . CAME DOWN WITH THE SPEED OF A CANNON-BALL. . . . AND STRIKING THE ROCKAWAY SHOT HER INTO THE RIVER."

be wrecked—as it is for the engineer to remain at his post and die.

“Jump!” shouted the driver, and the fireman, glancing ahead, saw a confused mingling of horns, hoofs, and tails between him and the track. He jumped, and came down on a bunch of sage brush, amid a shower of steers, and saw the 107 leave the track, plow along the side of the low bank, and finally stop without turning over. The train—the engineer having set the air—stopped with all the cars, save the mail-car, still on the track.

Thus, on her first trip the 107 made a bad record and got herself talked about. Of course she was put back on the run as soon as a few slight injuries were repaired, for it was no unusual thing in those days, where the track was not fenced in, to plow up a herd of cattle on a run like this. In fact, a railroad track seems to be a favorite place for cattle to sleep and deaf people to walk. The “one-seven” went along for a week or more, and her crew had begun to think well of her, when she disgraced herself by breaking both parallel rods—those bars of steel that tie the wheels together—and with the broken ends whipped her cab into splinters before the fireman could crawl over her high boiler-head and shut her off; for the engineer had both legs broken, and from the ripped and riddled deck was unable to reach the throttle, though the fireman said he tried, standing on the two stubs of his broken legs.

When the “scary lookin’ devil,” as Baldy Hooten had called her, had gone to the shops and her driver to the hospital, the trainmen and enginemen began to discuss her from a superstitious standpoint. Not one railroad employee in a dozen will admit that he is the least little bit superstitious, but watch them when they see a new moon, and if nine out of every ten don’t go down in their clothes and “turn over silver,” it’s because they are “broke;” and in the left pocket of three out of every five switchmen you meet, sandwiched in between a lead pencil and a tooth-brush, you will find the fuzzy foot of a graveyard rabbit, killed in the dark of the moon.

For the third time within three months from the day she left the Baldwin shops the 107 was limbered up and put on the regular night run from Pueblo to Leadville; and on the second trip she left the track at a switch and turned over, killed the engineer and fireman, and crippled the mail agent. The switch, upon examina-

tion, was found to be all right, and, in fact, no one seemed able to give any good reason why the engine should have left the rail; only her old driver, turning over in his little iron bed, said “Friday,” and went to sleep again.

Of course the railway officers simply laughed at the foolish talk of the men about the Rockaway being “unlucky” because she went out on Friday; but when she was rebuilt she was transferred to another division and put on a less important run, with not so many people behind her.

“It’s all nonsense,” said McIvor, oiling the engine; “this Friday talk is child’s talk;” then he stopped short, looked at the new moon, and made a wish.

“Of course it is,” said Paymaster O’Connor, who, noticing McIvor’s play at the moon, worked his fingers in his trousers’ pocket and made riot with the silver there.

The unlucky engine was taking out the pay-train, consisting of two light cars. The first day was uneventful, but at the close of the second day, while they were rolling down the Black Cañon, trying to make Cimarron for the superintendent’s special, they turned a corner and came suddenly upon a big rock in the middle of the track. McIvor made a desperate attempt to stop, but before he could do so the 107 had her belly on the boulder and hung there, her wheels still revolving as though she were trying to claw the rock to pieces.

“What is to be, will be, if it never comes to pass,” said McIvor, as he climbed out of the cab. “I never did believe that I was born to be killed on an engine.”

For a long time after that the 107 stood out in the field at the company’s shops near Denver, where all the old relics were side-tracked, and the employees began to hope that she might be allowed to remain there. But the company, if for no other reason than to prevent the employees from becoming hopelessly superstitious, put her into the shops, rebuilt and repainted her, so that when she came out again to be limbered up she looked better than ever before. When she had “found herself” again, as Mr. Kipling would say, she was sent back to the mountain division, the scene of her last escapade. Her coming was not regarded as a joyful event by the trainmen and enginemen of the fourth division, and the division master mechanic knew it, and for some time she stood in the roundhouse, with the dust and ashes on her jacket, until her rods rusted and her bell

began to corrode. Then, for the same reason that she had been brought out of the field at Denver, she was taken from the roundhouse and put in order for the road.

One of the regular engines on what, in the early days, had been called "The Death Run" having been disabled, the Rockaway was ordered out in her place. While every man on the road dreaded her and hated the sight of her, there was not one among them who would shun the responsibility of handling her if it fell to him; so when Engineer Ryan and Fireman North were called to take the night run with the 107 they made nothing of it, but signed the book, said good-by to their families, and went away. It may be that each lingered at the door a little longer than usual and took an extra kiss or two from his wife and little ones, but that was all. They did not mention the fact to their wives that the engine on the call-book was the fatal 107. To do that would have been to increase the anxiety of the women folks without diminishing the danger of the trip.

Ryan, though usually cheerful and entertaining with his delightfully musical Irish accent, was silent as he went about oiling and inspecting the machinery, and "Noah," as North was called, looked like a man going to his own funeral.

The train came in on time, drawn by the 109, and 109 stood with calm dignity on the siding while her wild, wayward, and disreputable sister, all gaudy in her new paint, with clanging bell and blowing steam, with polished headlight and new flags fluttering at her shoulders, glided backward, like a gay girl on roller skates, to take her place. She had a helper up the hill, one of those heavy mountain-climbers, and when they came to the steep grade, and the powerful mogul with steady step marked perfect time, the Rockaway chafed and fretted like a spoiled colt. At every curve her feet would fly from under her, and her wheels go round so fast that it seemed she would strip herself; and when the driver shut off and dropped sand to allow her to get her footing again, she blew off steam and wasted the water which is so precious on a heavy grade. Between stations she would foam and throw water out of her stack, and when shut off show dry blue steam in her gages; so, when they stopped, the driver had to hold her on the center, with her valves closed and throttle wide open, for that keeps the boiler strained and holds the water up

over the flues and crown-sheet. In good time the mogul dragged her and her train to the top of the mountain, 10,050 feet above the sea, and left her to fall down the western slope.

Ryan smiled at "Noah," and "Noah" smiled back over the boiler-head, as they whistled for Gunnison. But their smiles soon changed to sadness, for the dispatcher came out with an order for them to continue over another division. This took them through the Black Cañon, which was then to trainmen what the Black Sea is to sailors. A new road in a mountain country is always dangerous until the scenery gets settled, and the loosened rocks roll down, and the cuts are properly sloped; and this piece of track through the Black Cañon was then especially so, though not now.

They were nearing the place where McIvor had found the rock. The night was clear, the rail good, the grade easy, and they were turning the curves gracefully, while now and then the steam—for she was always hot—escaping from the dome of the Rockaway, screamed in the cañon and startled a lion, or caused a band of elk or deer to scamper away up a side cañon.

An excursion party, in heavy wraps, sat in an open observation car at the rear of the train, viewing the wonderful scenery, made weird by the stillness of the night. How wild the walls looked with their white faces where the moonlight fell and dark recesses where the shadows were. To the right, beyond the river, the falls of Chipeta leaped from the rocks 500 feet above the road-bed and tumbled into the water below; while to the left Curicanti's needle stood up among the stars.

It was not the time of year for rocks to fall, for rocks only fall in the spring, and this was summer; but the unexpected is hardest to avoid, and now, for some unaccountable reason, a great rock, whose wake was afterwards followed for more than a mile up the mountain, came down with the speed of a cannon-ball, and striking the Rockaway just forward of the air-pump, cut her clear from her tank, and shot her into the river with poor "Noah" North underneath her. The swift current brought the lucky Irishman out of the cab, however, and at the next bend of the river threw him out on a rock. The parting of the air-hose set the automatic brakes, which, as the train was on a down grade, were already applied lightly, and, the track being uninjured, the train stopped before the second car had passed the

point where the engine left the rail. The murderous rock, standing in the middle of the deep stream, showed still three or four feet above the surface of the river.

The road-master, another Irishman, whose name, I think, was Hickey, came from the smoking-car, took in the situation at a glance, and being used to such wrecks, ran along the bank below to be at hand if either of the enginemen came to the surface. Finding Ryan, dazed and dripping, seated upon a rock, he caught him in his arms and asked: "Tom, are yez hurted?"

Tom, upon hearing the voice of his friend, realized that he was really alive, and said, coolly, "Hurted? Now why should I be hurted?"

"That's so," said Hickey, whose wit was as handy as was that of his friend, "that's so; I wonder yez got wetted."

They worked for two days and nights

before the Rockaway could be lifted. Then she came up slowly, and "Noah's" body floated to the surface and was taken back to Salida and buried. While the railroad company was in no way responsible for the accident, it gave Mrs. North \$500 to start her in business for herself.

The 107 was not rebuilt for a long time, and was never again employed in passenger service. The foreman in one of the repair shops wrote to Philadelphia and learned that the 109 was completed on Thursday and the 107 on Friday. And now, a dozen years after the incidents related here, which are those only that the writer remembers, the tank and cylinders of the 107 are rusting in the scrap heap at Salida, while her boiler, stripped of its bright jacket, is made to boil water for a pump at Roubideau. But every Thursday night, at midnight, the fire is drawn, on Friday the boiler is washed out, and at midnight she is fired up again.

GRANT'S FIRST GREAT WORK IN THE WAR.*

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main-travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

GRANT AT CAIRO.—THE QUICK CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY AND FORT DONELSON.—GRANT'S RELIEF FROM COMMAND IN THE HOUR OF HIS TRIUMPH.—PITTSBURG LANDING.—PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GRANT.

AFTER tendering his services for the defence of the Union unavailingly to the general government and four States, Grant at last found employment as colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois volunteers, by the appointment of Governor Yates. He immediately showed a rare capacity, and thereafter his rise was rapid. In less than two months, on August 7, 1861, President Lincoln promoted him to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers, the commission dating back to May 17th. He had already, under the rank of colonel, risen to the command of a sub-district in Missouri. Within twenty days, by order of General Frémont, then in command of the Western Department, he was given the command of all the troops of southeastern Missouri and southern Illinois, with headquarters at Cairo.

His headquarters consisted of a suite of rooms in a business block a short distance up the levee, with windows fronting on the wide river. There he spent his quiet hours smoking his long pipe and gazing abstractedly out upon the water, with a map on his knees, planning movements to open the Mississippi River. He was a great student of maps, and they formed a large part of his wall decorations. "He had not a single trained soldier or officer of the regular army under his command. Officers and men alike required instruction. He was busy from morning till night—and frequently from night till morning writing orders, endorsing papers, and doing other work that fell to him."

The second day after he had established himself at Cairo, a scout came in and reported a force of Confederates mov-

* This series of papers will conclude in the July number with a paper on Grant in the Vicksburg campaign, where his military genius came to its full maturity and recognition. The aim here has necessarily been only to indicate the general course of Grant's progress as a great commander, and give some close glimpses of his character and personality at the important points in it. A detailed history of movements and battles would not have been practicable, though it will be so in the book form which the papers are ultimately to take.

ing northward to take Paducah, which was at the mouth of the Tennessee River, in Kentucky, only a short distance above Cairo. It was the gate to a great waterway, and Grant perceived at once the importance of possessing it. He telegraphed to Frémont for permission to take it. He received no reply, but, nevertheless, began to arrange for the movement. He telegraphed again later in the day, with all preparations made, saying, "Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I shall move on Paducah to-night." About 10:30 at night, having still had no word from Frémont, he said to his staff: "I will take Paducah if I lose my commission by it."

He took possession of the town early the next morning, without firing a gun. A force of the enemy, estimated at four thousand strong, was actually on the way, and within three hours' march of the place, when Grant's troops entered. They turned back at the news of Grant's approach, and Paducah was saved to the Union.

Grant returned to Cairo, leaving only a garrison at Paducah. His troops were eager to fight. Some of the officers were afraid the war would be over before they could distinguish themselves sufficiently to go to Congress on the strength of their military careers. They all remembered Jackson and Harrison and Taylor, and they desired to make war a means to political glory. The general was also quite ready to fight, and the chance came early in November. Frémont, in taking the field against Price in Missouri, felt it necessary to have Grant make a diversion to keep General Polk, who was at Columbus, Kentucky, from sending reinforcements to Price. This movement resulted in the battle of Belmont, which was successful from Grant's point of view, as it prevented Polk from reinforcing Price.

Returning to Cairo, Grant set himself to drilling and provisioning and otherwise preparing his army for further active service. He was eager to push on to the South. He wished to get possession of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers before the enemy had time to reinforce and fortify. He appealed to General Halleck, who had now succeeded General Frémont in command of the Western Department, to be at once allowed to advance on forts Henry and Donelson, the fortifications which commanded these rivers. But General Halleck did not reply, and little was done during December but prepare.

On January 6th Grant went to St. Louis to see General Halleck in person. His trip

was in a sense a failure. Halleck cut him short in the explanation of his plans and gave him no encouragement. Grant felt this deeply, for, though an undemonstrative man, he was, in fact, of a keen sensibility. But he was not a man to allow pique to stand in the way of a great enterprise. On his return to Cairo he laid the matter before Commodore Foote, who was in command of the flotilla of newly-finished gunboats then lying at Cairo. The commodore was much impressed both with Grant and his plans, and joined him in a new request to General Halleck for permission to make a joint attack on Fort Henry. At last Halleck consented. Immediately upon receiving the word, Grant began to move. On February 5th, he advanced against the fort; it capitulated on the 6th. He telegraphed to Halleck, "Fort Henry is ours. The gunboats silenced the batteries before the investment was completed;" and then, with a spirit which had not before appeared in the Northern army, he added: "I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th and return to Fort Henry."

But in place of a swift advance, which Grant had hoped to make across the twelve miles of land between the two rivers and forts, a period of annoying delay intervened, accompanied by much suffering on the part of the troops. Violent storms arose. Grant was in an agony of impatience, but nothing could be done but wait. The roads were swimming in water; "the infantry could hardly march, and to move artillery was impossible." He had only about 15,000 men, and had orders from General Halleck to hold Fort Henry and to intrench, though he felt that "15,000 men were worth more on the 12th than 50,000 men a little later."

At last he moved out of Fort Henry, calm and resolute, although he was approaching a battle before which all his Mexican campaigns and experiences were insignificant. Fort Henry had been a gunboat victory; but now his little army was marching against 21,000 men strongly intrenched. The unavoidable delay had allowed the enemy to reinforce by boat from Nashville.

When Grant invested Fort Donelson he had only General McClernand and General C. F. Smith with him—in all about 15,000 men. Commodore Foote had not arrived; nor General Lew Wallace, who was on the road with reinforcements. But Grant did not hesitate to assume the responsibility of besieging 21,000 Confederates strongly

intrenched. Gideon Pillow, the senior in command of the fort, was a Mexican War veteran, and Grant was aware of his constitutional timidity and counted upon it.

At the very time the army was closing relentlessly around Donelson under Grant's leadership, General Halleck telegraphed to Grant to "strengthen the land side of Fort Henry and transfer guns to resist a land attack." On the 13th there was some fighting as the besieging army moved into new and stronger positions, but the night was more terrible than the battle upon the troops. They were ordered to sleep upon their arms and without campfires. Sleet fell, and it grew bitterly cold toward morning. Grant was quartered in a farm-house at the left. He slept little, being apprehensive of an early attack, before reinforcements could arrive.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

During the night Commodore Foote's fleet steamed up, and General Lew Wallace came marching in from Fort Henry, and took position between Smith and McClernand, thus completing a semi-circular line from the river below to the bank above the fort. Grant was now confident. He ordered an attack from the gunboats while the army held the enemy within the lines, his hope being to capture the entire Confederate force. The gunboats failed to get above the batteries, however, and were forced to fall back disabled. On the night of the 14th Grant telegraphed to General Cullum, General Halleck's chief-of-staff, at Cairo, "Appearances indicate now that we will have a protracted siege."

It was well that the army did not know his thought, for the storm continued, and they were not merely cold, but hungry as well. They bore it all with such cheer as a freezing and starving soldier can muster to his comfort.

Before daylight on the 15th, Grant received a note from Commodore Foote, in command of the flotilla, asking him to come to the flag-ship, as he was too much injured to leave the boat. Grant at once mounted and rode away. The roads were very bad, and he could not move out of a walk. "He came on the boat with old hat battered, the muddiest man in the army. He was chewing a cigar, and was perfectly cool and self-possessed." He found the commodore and his boats about equally disabled. After a conference, Grant gave the commodore leave to re-

tire, and started upon his return to the front.

On his way he met an aide white with alarm and excitement. The enemy had made a fierce attack on the forces of McClernand. Grant set spurs to his horse, and left the aide far behind. He came upon the scene of action, his old "clay-bank" spattering the yellow mud in every direction—a most welcome figure. There was need of him. He rode rapidly along the lines. He saw no dismay in Smith's division; it was intact and eager for battle. Wallace's lines were in order. But McClernand on the right had sustained a heavy attack and was still threatened, and the brave but inexperienced commander was in consultation with General Wallace and asking for reinforcements. As Grant rode along he saw the men standing in knots talking in a most excited manner. "The soldiers had their muskets but no ammunition, while there were tons of it near at hand." They were disturbed and apprehensive: just at a point where retreat, even rout, was possible.

The general heard one discouraged man say, "Why, they have come out to fight all day; they have got their knapsacks full of grub." "Is that true?" said Grant. "Bring me one." He opened two or three, and found three days' rations in each. His trained eye read in all this a different story. He turned and said, "They are attempting to force their way out; the one who attacks first now will be victorious." Then to McClernand and Wallace he added, "Gentlemen, the position on our right must be retaken. I shall order an immediate assault on the left; be ready to advance at the sound of Smith's guns."

As he rode down the line his aide, at his direction, called out:

"Fill your cartridge boxes quick, and get into line! The enemy is trying to escape and must not be permitted to do so."

At once the Union forces lined up, responsive to the power of unhesitating leadership. The commander rode rapidly to the left, arranging a grand assault. He came upon General Smith standing with his troops in order, ready to advance. "General," said Grant, "the enemy has tried to force his way out on our right. I think you had better attack soon. He has undoubtedly weakened the line before you."

"Very well, sir," replied Smith, "I am ready to move at any time." Grant turned and rode toward the center again.

The assault became general all along the line, and the enemy was driven back. The conditions of the morning were restored, the enemy was again shut in, and night fell once more upon the Union forces, unsheltered and hungry, but as confident now of victory as their imperturbable commander.

On the night of the 15th, within the fort, the three Confederate generals, Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner, held an acrimonious council. General Floyd, who had but recently assumed command, begged leave to turn the command over to General Pillow, but Pillow declined it. Both were quite willing that General Buckner should take the command, and proceed as he thought best. General Buckner did not anticipate hanging, provided he surrendered, and was unwilling to shed the blood of his soldiers needlessly. He regarded the situation as one warranting surrender. He accepted the command, and sat down to write a letter to Grant. General Pillow begged to know if he were privileged to depart.

"Yes; provided you go before the terms of capitulation are agreed upon," was Buckner's curt reply.

Floyd seized two steamers and escaped with about 3,000 men. Pillow fled in a flat-boat, while Forrest, afterward a most redoubtable leader of cavalry, forded the river and got away with a regiment of horse.

General Buckner sturdily held his ground, but sent a messenger to sue for terms. Grant replied in the simplest and most direct manner: "No terms except immediate and unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

Buckner grumbled at these "unchivalrous terms," but yielded, and when he met Grant within the defenses, he said, with a bow and smile, "General, as they say in Mexico, this house and all it contains is yours."

Grant said, "I thought Pillow was in command."

"He was," replied Buckner.

"Where is he now?"

"Gone."

"Why did he go?"

"Well, he thought you'd rather get hold of him than any other man in the Southern Confederacy."

"Oh!" said Grant quickly, with a smile, "if I'd got him I'd let him go again. He would do us more good commanding you fellows." *

General Buckner was the Captain Buckner who had come to Grant's relief so handsomely in New York in 1854, when Grant, having resigned from the army on the Pacific Slope, landed from his ship penniless and forlorn. Grant recalled the generous action, and while he did not allow his gratitude to interfere with his duty, yet, when the details of the surrender were finally arranged, he placed his private purse at General Buckner's disposal. "Our relations continued amicable to the last," says General Buckner. "He did everything he could to make us comfortable. He was a humane and magnanimous conqueror."

GRANT DEPRIVED OF HIS COMMAND.

With pardonable pride and with something more than his usual expression of emotion, Grant issued a congratulatory order to his troops, and sent a despatch of mathematical brevity to General Halleck announcing his capture of Fort Donelson. He then sat down to plan an immediate advance on Nashville, which was uncovered by the fall of Donelson. On the night of February 20th he was in counsel with Commodore Foote, with the plan fully matured to move upon Nashville the next day, when a telegram from General Halleck arrived, forbidding the gunboats to move above Clarksville. Grant read the message in silence, and passed it to Commodore Foote. Foote said, "Well, that ends our movement."

Being anxious, however, to know what had happened at Nashville, Grant proceeded thither himself in a single transport, to meet and confer with General Buell. He considered this entirely within his province. General McClellan had been asking General Halleck for returns of his troops, and Halleck in turn began at this time to call on Grant for records of the troops at Fort Donelson. He telegraphed several days without receiving an answer. Grant, upon his return from Nashville some days later, found this telegram from Halleck awaiting him: "You will place General C. F. Smith in command of expedition, and remain yourself at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and positions of your command?"

It was a most painful situation for Grant. Soon he saw the great army which he had lately led to victory marching away up the river toward the enemy, with another man in command. "I called to see him at Fort

* From an interview with General Buckner himself, held expressly for McClure's Magazine.

Henry," says General John M. Thayer,* "and I shall never forget the expression of deep sadness on his face. The army he had organized and led so splendidly was passing out of his hands. He alluded to his position; then took from his pocket Halleck's curt despatch. As I looked up from reading it I saw the tears on his face. He said mournfully, 'I don't know what they mean to do with me.' Then he added, with a sad cadence in his voice, 'What command have I now?'"

In the course of a few days, however, the entanglement got straightened out, and Grant at once took passage up the river to join his army. He made his headquarters at Savannah, a few miles below the place where the army had been disposed by General Smith. Pittsburg Landing was merely the terminus of a road at a wharf at which steamers could land. The road, an ordinary dirt road, came down a ravine and made a turning before the landing. Two or three log huts made up the settlement. The army was debarked on the southwest side of the river at this point, because of the nearness to Corinth, where the Confederate forces were again assembling. Grant had such loyal regard for General Smith's ability, that he made no great change in the disposition of the forces; they were, in fact, in a fairly strong position. There was a deep creek on either hand, and the river at the back. Attack was possible only from the front. Sherman was in advance.

Delay was dangerous, and Grant's disposition was to act; but under General Halleck's orders, he awaited reinforcements from General Buell, who commanded the Army of the Ohio. Meanwhile, the Confederate general, Albert Sidney Johnston, a brilliant and powerful leader, hurried his ranks together, and pushed forward to crush the Union army before Buell's troops could arrive. It was a bold and soldierly movement, and was not expected by the people of the North. Yet every indication of a great battle was in the reports between Grant, Halleck, and Sherman. Halleck had ordered Buell to join Grant, and he was on the road and his advance guard was expected any hour.

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

On the 5th of April Grant received word from Sherman at the front, "All is quiet

* From an interview held expressly for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*. General Thayer, afterwards governor of Nebraska and representative of that State in the United States Senate, was an intimate friend of Grant's throughout the war and after.

along my lines now. . . . The enemy has cavalry on our front, and I think there are two regiments of infantry and one battery of artillery about two miles out." Later, the same day, Sherman wrote to him further, "I have no doubt nothing will occur to-day more than some picket firing. The enemy is saucy, but got the worst of it yesterday, and will not press our pickets far. I will not be drawn out far unless with certainty of advantage, and I do not apprehend anything like an attack on our position." Yet at the time Sherman was writing these assuring notes, the entire Confederate army was encamped but a short distance away, ready to attack in force.

It was an ominous night, that of April 5th, dark, foggy, and windless. Grant was in great pain from an injured ankle. His horse, during a trip to the front, on the evening of the 4th, had slipped on a smooth log, and in falling had crushed the ankle. His boot had to be cut from his foot, so terribly had the ankle swollen, and he could not walk without crutches. He was early astir on the morning of the 6th. It was a Sunday morning, and nature was tuned to nothing harsher than the songs of the birds and the ringing of church bells. The sun rose warm, but veiled in fog. While the general was at breakfast, however, through the soft, damp, fragrant air came a faint, far-off jarring sound. It was the noise of cannon. The battle was on. He wrote a quick note to General Buell: "Heavy firing is heard up the river, indicating plainly that an attack has been made upon our most advanced positions. I have been looking for this, but did not believe it would be made before Monday or Tuesday. This necessitates my joining the forces up the river instead of meeting you to-day as I had contemplated. I have directed General Nelson to move to the river with his division. He can march to opposite Pittsburg." Then he hobbled painfully to a boat, and started up the river.

At Crump's Landing, about half-way up the river to Pittsburg Landing, General Lew Wallace was stationed. To him Grant said in passing: "General, have your men ready to march at a moment's notice."

"They are all under arms," replied Wallace.

When the boat neared Pittsburg Landing, Grant, leaning on his chief-of-staff, hobbled to the side of his horse, and swung into the saddle, regardless of pain.

The moment the gang-plank fell, he was ashore. He rode at once to Sherman's lines. He found Sherman wounded, but calm and alert.

"How is it with you?" asked Grant.

"We've about held our own," replied Sherman, "but it has been a heavy attack."

"Things don't look so well on our left. I have left orders at Crump's Landing for Wallace's division to come up on your left. Look out for him."

All day Grant rode along the lines, exposing himself at times recklessly, encouraging his subordinates by promise of reinforcements, reforming stragglers, and giving helpful advice as well as definite orders. Something great and admirable came out in his character. His coolness, his alertness, his perfect clarity of vision under the appalling strain, evidenced the great commander of men. One of his old friends, who met him about 2 o'clock, says of his appearance at this time, "His face showed anxiety; I had never seen him look that way before." The Confederate forces outnumbered the Union forces till Wallace arrived, which was too late in the day for him to take any part in the battle. Buell also arrived too late for any share in the work of the day. To him, indeed, at his arrival, all seemed lost, but Grant said simply: "I have not despaired of whipping them yet."

As night came on, the Union line, crushed back close to the river, lay down in the rain and waited for the dawn, the men sleeping on their arms. Grant, though suffering great pain from his ankle, and worn with the work of the day, gave no thought to his own rest or comfort. The reforming of commands and the posting of the newly-arrived forces of Wallace and Buell continued all night. "Grant visited each division commander, including Nelson, after dark, directing the new position of each, and repeating in person the orders for an advance at early dawn. 'Attack with a heavy skirmish line as soon as it's light enough to see, then follow up with your entire command, leaving no reserves.'"

About midnight he returned to the landing, and lay down on the ground with his head against a tree. Toward morning, becoming chilled, he moved to the porch of one of the log huts, and tried to rest there. But the hut was filled with wounded men, and their moans and cries of anguish were unendurable, and drove him back to the shelter of his tree. It was a long,

long night. Before daylight (Monday, April 7th) he was again lifted into his saddle, lame, worn, and covered with mud. As he rode along the line, he said to his aide, "See that every division moves up to the attack; press the enemy hard the minute it is light enough to see."

Conditions had changed; Grant was now the aggressor. Buell and Wallace had given the Union forces preponderance; the stragglers reformed, and moved with the confidence which reinforcements give. But the Confederates withstood the attack with marvelous skill and bravery. At last, late in the afternoon, however, their guns on the left became silent. On the right the battle still continued in intermittent ferocity. Moments of comparative silence began to intervene like lulls in a gale—followed by volley after volley of musketry, until the guns grew hot and the gunners weary. Each returning wave of sullen savagery seemed weaker, and the firing became fainter and fainter, and, finally, almost died away. Grant sat on his clay-colored war horse, surrounded by his staff, looking intently in the direction of the firing. As the firing became thus intermittent, his face lighted up. The enemy was preparing to retreat! Now was the moment for a final charge. Gathering up two or three fragments of regiments, Grant led them in person against the enemy's last stand. The line broke, the gray-coated men fled. The field of Shiloh had taken its place in history as one of the great battlefields of the human race.

The battle of Shiloh showed Ulysses Grant to be a commander of a new type. His personal habits in conflict were now apparent to all his staff. He did not shout, vituperate, or rush aimlessly to and fro; he had no vindictiveness. His anxiety and intensity of mental action never passed beyond his perfect control. He fought best and thought best when pushed hard. No noise or confusion of line, no delay or mistake of commanders, no physical pain could weaken or affright him. A man of singular humanity, he still had the faculty of conceiving a body of soldiers in the mass. Considerate of individuals in private life to an uncommon degree, he was able in battle to regard a regiment as simply an implement, a hammer for breaking down a wall. He looked beyond the death of a thousand men to the good to spring from their blood. Without this dual constitution of mind no general can become a commander of the highest class.

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

BY BELLE MOSES.



WELL, if that chap isn't in a swearin' humor, I never seen one"—and John's laugh sounded distinctly triumphant as he took his seat beside Jerry on the box.

The individual addressed said nothing, but turned a contemptuous glance towards the slender footman on his left, as he gathered up the

reins. The spirited horses needed no touch of the whip; they drew the carriage rapidly along the silent streets. The night was bitterly cold, but they were blooded animals and there was fire in their veins. Jerry had them under firm control, however. He sat erect, looking neither to one side nor the other, the collar of his sable cape drawn high up over his ears, entirely hiding his face in its impenetrable gloom.

John grew restive under the silence, which, added to the cold, was unbearable. The murmur of voices coming from the interior of the carriage provoked him once more to speech.

"Listen to that, now. They're havin' it hot, I can tell yer—that ain't billin' an' cooin'. You couldn't hide the pepper an' vinegar in there!"

John jerked his finger backward and downward in his most expressive manner. "No—not if you was ter swamp it in molasses."

Without relaxing his hold on the reins, Jerry turned his head towards his companion.

"Shut up!" he commanded, and there was something in the strong, smooth-shaven face which compelled obedience.

The younger man subsided at once, but it was clear that he still held to his own opinion, for he smiled significantly once or twice as an occasional angry tone was wafted from below. He folded his arms across his slight expanse of chest and cocked his head on one side, waiting for Jerry to speak. He was a smart lad in a

small way, and knew the weaknesses of his superior. He was sure Jerry's tongue would wag before the journey's end, if only in defense of the couple inside, and John was not mistaken. He presently came out of his collar and began to talk in an admonishing though conciliatory manner. "If I was in your place, young one," he said, breaking a long pause, "I would be careful about meddling with other people's concerns. I'd like to know what difference it could make to you if Mr. and Mrs. Arnold had high words every night of their lives—which they don't. They get along as well as any young married folks, and better than most. Why, man, I've drove for Mr. Carpenter—that's Miss Ethel's—Mrs. Arnold's father—ever since I was a chap your size, and I've drove the three young ladies in turn, first to the church and then for a whole year after they were married, and this I tell you is the finest pair of them all."

"You're right about that," owned John; "it isn't the lookin', it's the actin' that gets me."

"You've always got your ears cocked. What did you hear to-night?" asked Jerry, hiding beneath his severe aspect a very natural curiosity mingled with a great deal of family pride, on the alert to resent anything that looked like impertinence on John's part. Jerry was a very stanch supporter of the family dignity.

"I heard and seen, both," asserted John, quite willing to be drawn out. "I was standin' on the sidewalk holdin' the carriage door open when they come down the steps. Mr. Arnold was a-mutterin' to himself kinder, with a black scowl on his face, an' the mistress, she said something very low, an' he answered, mad as thunder, 'Be silent!' just like one of them fellers on the stage, an' she turned as white as chalk. They both got into the carriage an' he slammed the door—you heard him, didn't you? Well, I don't call that real lovin'."

"Humph!" said Jerry, "you don't know a thing about it. I just listened for some such tale as that. Johnny, you must never judge by outside appearances; those two don't take on much in public."

"Don't they?" sneered John, derisively. "They took on loud enough for all the cabbies to hear and grin to themselves. You mark my words, Jerry, that this couple inside ain't goin' to live together in peace an' harmony for long. Hark to that now! What would you call it?"

Both were silent. Each was straining his ears to catch the stifled sounds from the carriage. It was a woman's distressed weeping, broken by sobs which no one could mistake.

Jerry's rugged face grew a trifle pale. He set his teeth and laid his whip with unintentional force across the unoffending backs of the two horses. They started forward with an energy which it took some minutes to subdue, at the end of which time he was able to speak quite naturally.

"I didn't hear anything so wonderful. I don't never set myself to listen and spy on people like you do. If you'd been born deaf, Johnny—you'd have filled your place better."

"You know she's cryin' hard—you're just puttin' me off."

"Well, suppose she is," admitted Jerry—not seeing well how he could dispute this fact. "If you weren't a fool—which I can't help it if you are, John—you'd understand people cry for a lot of things—sometimes for just nothing at all—just as the notion takes 'em. You couldn't tell by that if they're mad or glad."

"Maybe so—maybe so—but that there weepin' don't sound joyful, I tell you what, Jerry."

But Jerry was not listening; he had graver things to consider than a matter of argument with this young jackanapes. The sounds inside were very disquieting—Jerry had heard them several times before, but somehow they had never struck upon his ear so ominously as now.

His heart was suddenly oppressed with a strange foreboding—what if John were right, after all? Suppose there was an end to peace and harmony between those two for whom he—Jerry—felt in some odd way responsible! Had he not openly sanctioned the marriage by assuming a public rôle at the wedding festivities, and would he not virtually hold the reins for the youthful pair for the allotted year and a day? How could he face the servants' inquiring glances, if things went wrong, or prevent John from seeing the jagged ends of disagreement that were forever showing themselves under the footman's inquisitive nose? And, pray, what right had

John to be inquisitive? He wasn't paid for anything but to sit up there beside him with his arms folded and his mouth shut, and to make himself useful when he was wanted. It was none of his business how the young couple were getting along—least of all to let his gossiping tongue wag for lack of something else to do.

Jerry would have liked to turn upon his box there and then, and shake the lad soundly for daring to venture an opinion concerning his betters; he should be taught his place, and there was no time like the present; but prudence was a wholesome element in Jerry's nature, and he argued that such a betrayal of his indignation would only give John's chatter a sharper edge. A wiser plan would be to divert his attention as much as possible during the remainder of their long drive, though how to do this effectively was a difficult problem, for angry words in the master's deep voice came to them distinctly—words which carried their weight and sting, and could not be misunderstood.

John glanced furtively at his superior, but no movement showed the trend of Jerry's thoughts. It was pretty poor work to sit and hug oneself in silence with not even the usual threadbare conversation to beguile the way, and there was that devil of a row going on below that made his blood tingle. What was he sparring at her for, anyway?

"Oh, Winston, dearest, don't say that!"

The sweet voice rose for an instant to the height of entreaty, but was soon lost in choking sobs. The sound passed through Jerry like an electric current. He faced about suddenly and looked at his companion.

"Well, did you hear that now?" There was a jovial ring in his voice which might have deceived a less astute person than the youthful John. "If that don't sound for all the world like when they were little sweethearts together! They always had it out like that, and made it all up after. That's just the way Miss Ethel—that's Mrs. Arnold—always did call out; it carries me way back, it seems like yesterday."

"Yes, just like yesterday and the day before," remarked John. "It's been goin' on nigh to a week, I guess."

Jerry smothered a sharp reply and went on talking for talk's sake. "Mr. Winston was the likeliest boy you ever did see, and always dead set on Miss Ethel; for all they used to have their little spats



"THERE WAS NO TALKING, ONLY A SMOTHERED SOB NOW AND THEN."

"Yes, Miss Ethel bein' the youngest, was terrible spoiled when she was little; she always liked to have her way, which was natural for a baby like her, but, then, Mr. Winston was always hot and fiery, from the time he was a small chap; they're about even matched, I guess. That ain't a real quarrel—don't you believe it. You don't know women, John—they take on right frequent; it's their habit. She an' him will make it up before we get home."

pretty regular. Mr. Winston never could bear for any young fellow to look at Miss Ethel, he'd get that jealous."

"Humph!" said John, "I guess that's what's up now; he'd like to stick her into a corner at all them parties they go to and charge ten cents a look, and she's kickin' agin the traces—she ain't made of sawdust, I'll bet."

Jerry compressed his lips. John's language showed only too plainly his stable origin, but he felt that it was his duty to keep the conversational ball rolling as pleasantly as possible, in order to drown the discord which occasionally rang out on the still, frosty air.

"Humph!" grunted John, the unbelieving; "that there quarrelin' ain't the patch-up kind—don't you believe it. I'll wager you five to one them two parts company this night. You ain't never goin' to convince me, Jerry, that there's a pair of turtle doves in this carriage. These fine folks don't fight fair, anyhow. Whv—thunder don't he light out with his fi—hit her straight between the eyes?"



"JERRY TURNED HIS HEAD TOWARDS HIS COMPANION."

against the coachman's stalwart form.

But this sort of thing could not go on forever. The horses were panting as they pulled against Jerry's restraining hold. They were reaching the outskirts of the city; the Arnolds' fine old homestead was at least a mile beyond. There were no more cobble-stones. The horses' hoofs struck soft on the country road.

the way our sort patch up their rows—only the patchin' comes after."

Jerry winced and set his teeth hard as John pointed out this gruesome path to peace. It was high time, he thought, to turn the discourse into pleasanter channels; but how could this be done when open war was being waged within earshot, and the family honor and dignity compromised before this fledgling of a footman? His young master's high-pitched, excited voice betrayed utter forgetfulness of time and place, and there was no way to warn him.

With the energy of despair, Jerry once more used the whip. Once more the horses sprang forward, rattling at a brisk pace through the quiet streets. The noise of their clattering hoofs was sufficient, Jerry found, to drown the voices, so he kept the animals up to speed, the winter wind whistling around them as they cut through it. Here was a respite then, and while he handled the reins with the skill of a master, he was busy planning what to do next, to divert John's mind from the occupants of the carriage. He might lash the horses into a furious gallop, but that would incur the danger of a runaway; the horses might stumble and fall on the slippery road, and it was hard on the poor things after their good night's work. No, it was best, after all, to keep to this even ringing gait; it would give John all he could do to look after himself as they jolted over the cobble-stones, for Jerry took good care that they did jolt. The young footman's slight figure swayed and bumped incessantly

Jerry pulled in. There was no use going fast now. He would gain nothing by it, and John was quite breathless. He listened intently for some sound from the carriage. There was no talking, only a smothered sob now and then, that cut the faithful fellow like a knife, but the silence was grateful for all that.

The road stretched out, a long moonlit line before him, with pretty villas lying in the shadow on either hand. There was a turning somewhere in the distance which meant home, and home to Jerry's simple nature was a sacred place, the haven where quarreling and bickering dared not enter. All would be well when they reached home. At the turn of the road, then—

"Jerry, stop the carriage!" The voice was his master's; it struck him like a thunderbolt; but with his usual obedience he drew rein, sitting erect and almost passive as young Mr. Arnold sprang to the ground, slamming the carriage door behind him. His eyes were blazing with anger, his face pale with passion.

"Drive on," he said, curtly, "I'm not going home."

"Sir?" asked Jerry, upon whom the command fell like a dash of cold water, nearly taking away his breath. He knew John was listening with greedy interest, but for the life of him he could not utter another word.

"Drive on, I say," repeated the young master, imperiously, for Jerry seemed unusually slow of comprehension; it was too cold a night to bandy words.

"Without you, sir?" questioned Jerry, incredulously.

"Certainly; I am going to walk."

"It will be late when you get home, sir," said Jerry, respectfully.

"I am not going home. I shall walk back to the city."

Any other coachman would have uttered an exclamation, but this rare exception sat apparently unmoved upon his box, though perfectly aware that John's elbow was digging persistently into his side.

"It's a freezing night, sir," he began in his slow way, "and that coat of yours is only fit for the carriage. If you've left anything in the city, I'll see to it in the morning."

Young Mr. Arnold stamped his foot impatiently.

"Confound you, Jerry! Can't you do as I tell you? Drive Mrs. Arnold home directly—I'm going to tramp it—so be off!"

Jerry tightened his slack rein preparatory to a start. He glanced at John; that functionary might have been carved in wood for all the sign he gave. He stooped slightly and his searching eyes looked straight into the angry ones just below him.

"It's a pity," he said. "You'd better change your mind, sir—the weather's horrid cold—you might—"

"Well, I won't," interrupted his master, "so drive on."

"Perhaps you'd be goin' to walk as far as that little drug-store we passed a while since, sir," went on Jerry imperturbably. "It's there they keep good cigars. If you're feelin' a bit restless, you might have a smoke on your way back, and we'll wait for you at the turn of the road. I may as well give the horses a breathin' spell anyhow."

"The devil you will! You trot them straight home—do you hear?"

"Yes, sir—but"—here Jerry's prerogative of old servitude stood him in good stead—"I must wait a bit to see if you don't come—you sometimes are real changeable, Mr. Winston—Miss Ethel now will be that worried if you should take a cold—"

Winston Arnold laughed. There was no mirth in the sound; it rang harshly out on the silent world. Then, without a word, he turned away abruptly and headed for the twinkling city in the distance.

Jerry touched his hat in his usual fashion, but the voice he sent after his master into the darkness was determined against all odds: "Remember, sir, that drug-store is on the right-hand side going back; we'll wait for you at the turn of the road." Then he touched his horses with the whip, and the carriage rolled smoothly onward.

John unbent before the wheels had made a dozen revolutions.

"Well, I never seen the beat of that fur temper," he began; "p'r'aps you'll tell me, Jerry, he was funnin'—it was the biggest bluff fur fun I ever heard on; that's all I've got to say about it."

Jerry maintained a dignified silence. He knew John's last remark was a mere figure of speech. He had evidently a great deal more to say.



"A FIGURE EMERGED FROM THE SHADOW AND HASTENED TOWARDS THE CARRIAGE."

"Humph!" went on this worldly-wise youth with a wag of his head, "I've seen his kind, many's the time—soft soap afore and brickbats after. My eye! but he was ragin' when he tramped off. Maybe you think he's comin' back—yer as innocent as the babe unborn, Jerry. Them great big fellers your size ain't much in seein' through things—p'r'aps you're goin' to stop at the cross-roads an' make a fool o' yourself, besides freezin' out the missus—"

Jerry smiled.

"Don't worry, young one; the missus won't freeze, and I guess I know the master better than you do. I'm goin' to wait. You can walk home if you want to. I ain't keepin' you." There was a twinkle in Jerry's eye. He was a man of few words, but he usually hit straight in a controversy.

John looked at his immaculate topboots, and was silent on that head.

"See here, Jerry," he said, returning once more to the charge, "I bet yer a fiver the master don't come home this night. I ain't got too much tin, but I'm that certain I don't see no risk."

"Done!" said Jerry, solemnly, and the situation in John's opinion having reached a climax, there was nothing for it but to wait results.

They drove on in reflective silence the rest of the way. It was not far to the turn of the road. When they reached this objective point Jerry headed his horses for home, but drew rein beneath some great gaunt trees.

"You'd best get down, John, and walk about a bit; it'll unstiff your joints," said Jerry, with his professional air of command, "and you may as well look in at the carriage window an' tell Mrs. Arnold that the master's just gone for a cigar an' will be back directly. An' look sharp now—don't you be mountin' this box again till you see the light of that there cigar bobbins' along the road. Mind what I tell you, Johnny," and Jerry looked very forbidding as he knitted his brows.

A grunt from John showed his distrust of the future, but he executed the orders of his superior to the very letter, and tramped up and down, beating off the cold with his wiry arms, and stamping his

booted feet, striking sparks from the frozen ground.

Jerry sat immovable, looking neither to the right nor to the left. This time of waiting was a crisis in his life, and he began to question if he had been wise to stake everything, even his professional reputation, upon the wayward humor of his young master; but, then, something had to be done. He could not submit to this eternal questioning on the part of his subordinate, a mere stable lad who knew no better. Yet there was only one way to silence him, and that way this great-hearted fellow, in his simple instinct, trusted to Providence.

The cold was biting; the wind whistled fiercely through the trees. The horses pawed impatiently, while the steady tramp, tramp of the young footman never relaxed for a single moment. Jerry listened for some sound from the carriage. His keen ear could occasionally catch a long-drawn sigh, but that was all.

Suddenly there was a halt in John's rapid, measured strides. The interruption brought the blood to Jerry's heart. For the first time he looked behind him.

A shifting spark of light in the darkness told the tale. Nearer and nearer it came, dancing to the tune of a man's brisk walking.

John turned for the last time, just as a figure emerged from the shadow and hastened towards the carriage.

"All right, John," said the master, cheerily; "drive on, Jerry." He flung his cigar into the road, opened the carriage door, and sprang in.

John mounted stolidly. Jerry cracked his whip, and off they started to the music of the horse's ringing hoofs.

John kept silence until the house loomed up in front.

"I'll pay that fiver, Jerry, with my next month's wages."

Then Jerry relaxed and laid a hand on the slight shoulder.

"Oh, keep your money," he said, kindly. "I ain't for bidding on a sure thing. Only hold your tongue next time an' trust to your betters," with which sugar-coated admonition Jerry drew up in his best style before the broad carriage step of the old homestead.

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McClure's for August—Midsummer Fiction Number

A striking new ballad by **Rudyard Kipling**; a strong Western story by **Octave Thanet**; a charming dialect poem by **James Whitcomb Riley**; a particularly interesting installment of **Robert Louis Stevenson's** "St. Ives"; a romantic story of a king who got his freedom, by **Robert Barr**; a characteristic engineer's poem by **Cy Warman**; an adventurous tale of the high seas, by **Conan Doyle**; and a beautiful chapter of child life by **William Canton**, author of the delightful and popular "W. V. Her Book"—these are some of the features of what will be throughout a most interesting number.

THE GREAT DYNAMITE FACTORY AT ARDEER, SCOTLAND,—where "nitroglycerin, a teaspoonful of which would blow you to fragments, surrounds you in hundreds and thousands of gallons"—will be the subject of a descriptive paper by H. J. W. Dam, profusely illustrated from photographs and drawings made for this special use. [This article, at first designed for the July number, will certainly appear in the August number.]

ILLUSTRATIONS. The number will be no less notable on its artistic than on its literary side. It will have a cover of special design, and the illustrations will be many and of unusual interest.

S. S. McCLURE, President
F. N. DOUBLEDAY, Vice-President
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THE S. S. McCLURE CO.
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GREAT BUSINESS ENTERPRISES

How a Piano is Made.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.



THE ANCESTOR OF THE MOD-
ERN PIANO.

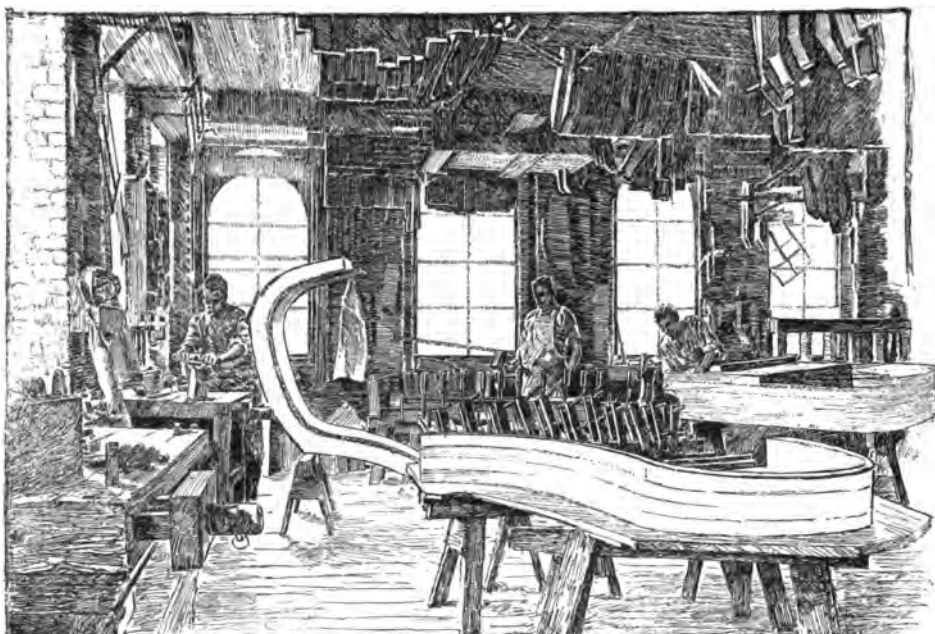
TO trace the develop-
ment of a modern
piano back to its
origin would bring
us to that uncertain
time, centuries be-
fore the Christian
era, when that fine
philosopher, Py-
thagoras, learned
the secret of making
strings vibrate over
a sounding-board,
with the help of
supporting bridges.

The first instrument of this sort, known as the monochord, had but one string, and the various notes were produced by shifting one of the bridges from point to point so as to vary the lengths of vibration. For a thousand years after the birth of Christ the monochord underwent small improvement; but in the eleventh and twelfth centuries the Italians introduced keys for striking the strings, and gradually the clavitherium and the clavichord and the spinet and the virginal and the harpsichord came into existence and attained favor among musicians; many of them were wrought in beautiful woods, and beautifully decorated. And, as a climax in this long series of stringed instruments, as a triumph of patient struggle and love of music, the world has to-day that most

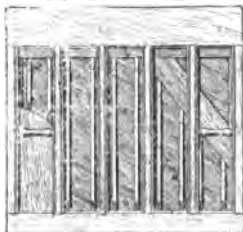
admirable and wonderful of all instruments, the modern piano, to the practical making of which we now will give some consideration.

While it is true that the musical tones in a piano are produced by the striking of hammers against steel wires, and while a cursory view of the instrument shows a great display of metal, including numberless metal strings and a massive iron plate, yet it is also true that the making of a piano in a modern piano factory is largely a matter of cabinet work, of measuring pieces of wood and fitting them together, of smoothing and truing, of gluing and varnishing. Not less than thirty pounds of glue are used in putting together the ordinary upright piano, while a gallon of varnish will scarcely bring its surfaces to proper finish. And of the time occupied in making a piano, say six months, nearly one-half goes in varnishing and gluing, in letting the glue set and the varnish dry. One is surprised to learn that in so heavy a construction, leaving aside the iron plate and its attachments, there are no screws, bolts, or nails, all the parts being held by glue. Glue binds together the heavy timbers of the "back," with no scrap of metal to assist it. Glue secures the sounding-board in its place and keeps the sides, the legs, the key-bed, panels, etc., where they belong. And to come suddenly into a room where half a dozen sounding-

NOTE.—These articles on Great Business Enterprises are prepared under the supervision of the editor of the MAGAZINE, by a member of its regular staff, and with the same literary and artistic care as articles designed for the body of the MAGAZINE. The cost of them is borne, however, by the several firms whose industries they describe.



CASE-MAKING.



UPRIGHT BACK (REAR VIEW).

boards are thus being put in place might make you fancy yourself in a forest of banyan trees, for each board rests under the pressure of forty or fifty "go-

bars" of second-growth ash, "sprung," with diverging tops, between benches and ceiling. This is one of many devices for perfect gluing, and the immense pressure obtained may be judged from the fact that the rafters overhead must be held down with iron clamps, lest the whole floor be lifted bodily.

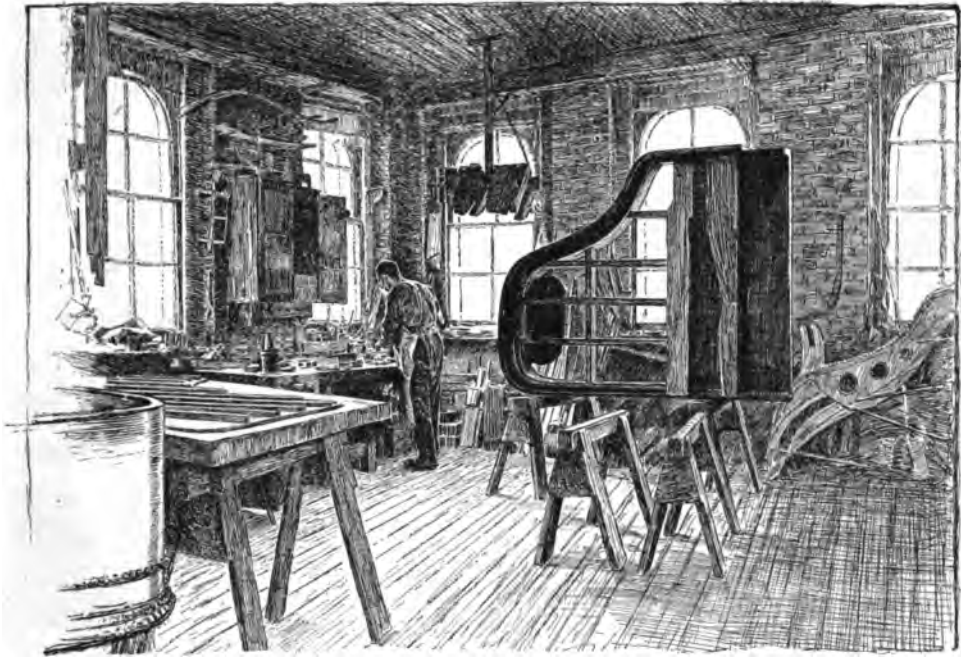
The reason for this extensive use of glue in piano-making is that screws or bolts might work loose in their fittings and give a rattle disturbing to the resonance of the strings; but glue, laid on as the best piano-makers know the art, never loosens its hold, and keeps the parts as one piece.

The visitor to a piano factory finds himself amid piles of lumber in rooms lined with benches where workmen are busy with saws and planes, with mallets and chisels. The ceiling is hung with boards, the floor is heaped with hand-screws and odd shapes of wood destined for this or that part of the piano, while here and there in the litter rise the heavy masses of nearly finished cases. In the air is the

wholesome smell of shavings and varnish, and glue-pots steam everywhere. But for a monotonous striking of notes from near by, where the tuners are working, you might forget you were at the birth-place of a musical instrument, and imagine all this a place for making folding beds or something of the sort.

A piano of first-class make contains about a dozen different kinds of wood, the pride of many forests, each chosen for some special adaptability in some particular part. The lumber alone in a great piano plant represents a small fortune.

And all this lumber must be cut and seasoned with greatest care, and in a particular way, at least for best results. A great establishment like the Weber factory must have its extensive yards, where the wood, after being "quarter-cut" in the sawmills, is left for months or years to season under cover. This quarter-cutting of the wood is most important, since, with it, there is less liability to splintering or cracking, and no danger of warping, besides producing a better tone in the instrument. By the old way a tree-trunk was sawed across in parallel slices, no attention being paid to the grain nor to the spongy part at the heart; but in quarter-cutting, the trunk is first quartered and then sawed into planks with cuts running to the center, at right angles with the circumference, and a wedge-



PREPARING THE SOUNDING-BOARDS.

shaped piece which is waste wood being taken out from time to time to make this possible. Quarter-cut lumber costs more than straight-cut lumber, but it gives far better service. When brought from the yards to the factory, the various kinds of wood are still further seasoned, during a period of weeks or months, in drying kilns, which are large rooms heated by steam to a temperature of 130 to 140 degrees Fahrenheit, with a constant circulation of air kept dry by condensation.

And now we come to the first step in the manufacture; that is, in the making of the "back," which is the strain-bearing skeleton of the piano. In the ordinary upright it consists of six vertical posts of elm, sometimes ash, the best seasoned timbers these, six inches by three inches, and reinforced by cross-bars of maple. Along the top of this is glued the heavy rock-maple pin-block (also known as the "wrest-plank"), which is covered with five layers of best seasoned maple veneers, each layer three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness. This pin-block has almost the importance of the keystone in an arch, for in it are sunk the 230 tuning-pins (in the Weber upright) that must bear the six-ton pull of the 230 strings, and bear it without the smallest yielding. Such is the sturdy square of the "back," which is literally a back, as may be seen by any one

who peers behind an upright piano, for it stands there uncovered. Between two of its posts are handles used by the movers, and directly in front, spread over its vertical surface, is the sounding-board, with curving ribs in plain view.

The slopes of the Adirondacks furnish spruce for these sounding-boards and send it in strips of varying widths. Trees are selected with largest possible girth, for the older the growth the better the wood will wear and the more mellow will be the tone of the boards. A dozen pieces make up the average sounding-board, these glued together side by side and secured with cross-ribs of spruce, secured under stern pressure so as to follow the bend of the ribs and give a proper bellying to the front. The rigidity of the sounding-board in this bellying shape constitutes in the upright piano one of its chief points of superiority over the old square piano, in which, through inevitable faults of construction, the sounding-board was liable to collapse, and present a concave form under the strings instead of a convex form, this result being fatal to the instrument's tone qualities. The strips of spruce are chosen with the utmost care, many thousands of feet of spruce being looked over in the selection of a few hundred feet. And somewhat harder strips are used in the treble than in the bass, this insuring



SOUNDING-BOARDS UNDER PRESSURE.

greater vibration where it is needed, that is, in the lower tones; in other words, the sounding-board of a piano tapers in thickness from treble to bass, the change being from three-eighths of an inch to one-quarter of an inch. Indeed, it is in the bass of a piano that the sounding-board renders greatest service, for here, without the board, the strings would give only a disagreeable buzzing noise.

Before the ribs are put on, the sounding-boards, ranged in rows, are left for a week or ten days in special drying kilns, hot closets, where the temperature is kept at 110 degrees Fahrenheit. Then, first, the bridges are glued fast on the side opposite the ribs, there being two of these bridges, a short one for the bass strings and a long one that looks like a disfigured golf-stick for the treble strings. The bass strings, which are very heavy, and covered with copper wire, are stretched over the others, and at an angle with them, so that each bridge has its own place on the sounding-board. Great pains are taken in making these bridges, which are composed of eight thicknesses of rock-maple glued together, edges up, and capped with a thick veneer of the same wood. The need of this will be understood when it is remembered that all the strings drag heavily upon the bridges, and are held firmly on them by means

of steel pins driven in deep. The treble bridge alone has nearly four hundred of these pins, there being six pins to a note, and the driving of the pins in the holes drilled for them, and the planing off of the bridges to give a good bearing for the wires, takes many hours of a workman's time. When this is done and the ten ribs made fast on the other side, the sounding-board is glued to the back in the novel way described above, by the pressure of two or three dozen "go-bars." Finally the board is reinforced with strips of maple glued around the edges.

It should be said that the tone quality of a piano depends much upon the shape and quality of the sounding-board and upon the position of the bridges. The curve of the bridges determines the points at which the hammers will strike the strings. The placing of the bridges to the right or to the left will affect the amount of sounding surface given to any particular string. A slight error here may grievously impair the final result, and it is to the superiority of its sounding-board patterns and formulas that the Weber piano owes its beautiful tone. Those formulas and patterns are part of the treasure of the factory.

Over the sounding-board is laid the bronzed iron plate, with its weight of several hundred pounds and its queer-shaped

big holes. This is made fast to the heavy timbers of the "back" by means of fifty screws and bolts, some of them five inches long. No danger of this plate escaping.

Now this whole mass, "back" and sounding-board and iron plate, is laid on a carriage-table that moves easily in any direction, and is brought under a steam-drill which bores 230 holes in the pin-block, these holes to receive the brightly nickel-plated tuning-pins. A slight consideration of the piano scale will make it plain why there is need of just this number of holes. The ordinary keyboard contains eighty-eight notes, of which the upper sixty-two have three steel wires to a note, and, of course, each wire must have its own tuning-pin. That gives 186 pins for the notes with triple wires. Then the eighteen notes below the upper sixty-two have two covered wires each, which gives thirty-six more pins, and finally, the eight lowest notes have one covered wire each, which gives eight more pins, or 230 in all. This arrangement makes more difficult the task of the piano-tuner, who must see to it that each one of the three wires or the two wires which go to a single note are drawn to absolutely the same pitch.

In order to understand why it is that some of the notes have three wires while others have only two, and a few in the lower scale only one, it is necessary to consider for a moment the mathematics of sound production. Let us assume, as is true in the Weber piano, that the highest note of the scale, the uppermost C, has a length of steel wire (three wires, of course, side by side) of exactly two inches. This is the shortest length of wire for any note, the longest being about four feet in the upright piano, and six feet six inches in the "grand." Now, according to familiar laws of physics, the C and octave below the highest C must have twice its

length of string; that is, a length of four inches, assuming that wire of the same kind be used. And the C an octave lower still would again require double the length of wire, or eight inches, and so the lengths of string would go on doubling with each octave, and would be sixteen inches, thirty-two inches, sixty-four inches, 128 inches, and, finally, for the lowest C in the seventh octave, 256 inches, or over twenty feet. It is plain that no piano for practical use

could contain so long a wire; indeed, as has been said, the longest wire in an ordinary "upright" does not exceed four feet. Therefore, to make these shorter wires give forth the deep tones desired, and to have continuity of tone throughout the whole scale, it has been found necessary to use different thicknesses of wire for different parts of the keyboard. Thus, as the notes descend from the treble, the desired tones are produced, without lengthening the wires as much as the law would require, by making

the strings gradually heavier, ten or twelve thicknesses of wire being used successively, as the notes become lower. And when this device proves insufficient for the necessary fullness and sweetness in the bass tones, a new device is adopted, that of covering the steel wires with tight coils of copper wire, the twenty-six lowest tones of the scale being so produced. And of these twenty-six notes the first eighteen have two covered strings to a note, while the eight heaviest and deepest ones, at the very bottom of the scale, have only one covered string to a note. It is a matter of delicate adjustment, of softening hammers, and regulating the action to make imperceptible the change from one set of wires to another. It is interesting to note that in a Weber piano, justly famous for its peculiarly sympathetic quality of tone, the B flat in the second octave from the bass has two covered wires which are actually four



DRILLING HOLES FOR TUNING-PINS.

or five inches shorter than the three uncovered wires of the B natural, half a tone above it.

The accompanying drawing shows the "back" of an upright piano with sounding-board and iron plate in position and strings stretched from the tuning-pins at the top to the hitch-pins at the bottom,



PUTTING STRINGS IN PLACE ON UPRIGHT PIANO.

the former sunk in the heavy pin-block, the latter drilled in the iron frame. It will be seen that the bass strings are drawn diagonally from left to right, and lie over the treble strings (more accurately the uncovered strings) which are drawn diagonally from right to left. As soon as they are in place these strings receive a preliminary tuning, and from this time on until the piano stands completed, they are tuned at each new step in the process of construction. In this way every Weber piano is tuned about fifteen times before it gets its final tuning prior to delivery to the purchaser. It may be noted here that when a piano gets out of tune it nearly always flats, which means that the wires come down to a lower tension, usually by stretching. There is one case, however, where the tuning of a piano may err on the other side and the tones become too sharp; this is where the instrument has been tuned in a very warm room and later exposed to a sudden chill. The result is that the cold draws the strings to undue tension and lifts the pitch too far. A piano should be kept in a place of uniform temperature. It will be easily understood that the great strain put upon the strings in this continued stretching calls for the greatest possible strength in them, and, indeed, it is a fact that piano wire is the strongest material known for its size, and is used by scientists in deep-sea soundings.

Now, with the strings stretched over the sounding-board, we have for the first time some semblance of a musical instrument; at least tones may be obtained by striking the wires with the fingers, although the hammers are not yet in place. And next comes the gluing on of the sides, the fitting in of the key-bed, panels, legs, pedals, etc., all of which have been separately made ready in the shops and brought to a fine finish with veneer and varnish. These processes of veneering and varnishing form the chief business of two entirely distinct departments, and deserve some attention, since they add materially to the piano's beauty. Most people know something about varnish, but there are many who know little about veneers, and scarcely suspect that the walnut or mahogany which shines resplendent on their pianos is not solid,

but only a layer of the handsome wood applied over ash or maple, and so thin that twenty thicknesses of it would be needed to make an inch. Practically all the surfaces in the Weber piano are double-veneered; that is, there are two layers over the parts beneath, with the grains running at right angles. This gives a better finish, and prevents any danger of cracking. The layers of mahogany or walnut used for the veneers are sawed in strips of varying thickness, some as thin as one-twentieth of an inch, some as thick as one-quarter of an inch, these latter being used only on the heavy pin-blocks. In pianos of inferior make very much thinner veneers are used, the strips being cut forty or fifty to an inch; and it is even possible, by boiling the wood nearly to a pulp, to cut it as thin as wall-paper. Needless to say that pianos finished with such very thin veneers are not apt to stand the test of wear.

It is well to note here what is true, not only of veneers, but of all parts in a piano, that the use of the best materials in the market or of inferior materials makes a very great difference not only in the quality of the final product, but in the cost of manufacture. Mahogany veneers, for example, when cut, may be had from three to ten cents per square foot, while sawed veneers of the finest mahogany often bring fifty cents a square foot. This

means that the mahogany veneers for a cheap upright piano (with an area for veneering of 175 square feet) might be had for three dollars and seventy-five cents, while the veneers in a Weber might cost the makers sixty to one hundred dollars. And the finest satin-wood veneers sometimes bring as much as sixty cents a square foot. Facts like this make one understand why the best pianos cost more than those of less careful make. They are worth more.

And now let us observe how these veneers are treated after the two layers of walnut or mahogany have been glued fast, for glue serves here as elsewhere. One is so accustomed to the fine polish of a well-made piano that one never thinks of the pains taken at the factory to secure that polish. As a matter of fact, it means nearly three months' work in varnishing and drying, in re-varnishing and re-drying, in rubbing, scouring, and smoothing until the surfaces take on a perfect gloss, and the grain of the wood stands out in all its beauty. After the veneers are "laid," there comes a filling in of the pores with a preparation of oil and silicate that evens up the surfaces and makes the wood smoother. There follows a wait of several days before the first coat of varnish is put on, and seven days at least are needed to let this dry. Some piano manufacturers, eager for quick results, give less time for drying, but they make a mistake, and the veneers suffer. Six times each separate part of a piano—the sides and top, the keyboard and rail, the legs, the panels, etc.—are varnished and sent to the drying-room, and each time the surfaces become more like glass under the touch. The mere varnishing of the consoles occupies a special force of men and forms a department by itself, for piano consoles (or legs) are turned out in many shapes and styles of finish. Like the other parts, they are done in black, in walnut, in oak, in red and white mahogany, to suit the prevailing taste, and, however done, the same pains in the varnishing must be taken.

Now after rubbing with pumice-stone

and water, the varnished surfaces get a "flowing;" that is, a special varnishing in which the finest badger-hair brushes are used. Under this flowing the mahogany and walnut shine like quicksilver, with perhaps too much of a dazzle, but this is toned down presently in a polishing with rotten-stone and fine pumice-stone, and a smoothing with the workman's bare hand, better than any cloth or oil, if the workman have a hand of proper softness and dryness. This removes all grit and particles of dust left after the "flowing;" and then a final finish with piano-oil and alcohol leaves the piano surfaces in perfect lustre.

It may be noted here that the immense top of a grand piano is veneered and varnished and polished in one piece, the saw-cut which divides it for the hinging being made after these operations. This insures a matching of the grain in the two parts.

So far we have considered the piano case and seen it built securely about the



SAWING KEYBOARD.

"back," and we have seen how the sounding-board and strings have been put inside; now we come to the striking mechanism—the keys, the hammers, and the "action." And we will observe, first, the making of the keys, which is a story by itself. The average person, looking at the eighty-eight notes of a piano, with their coverings of ivory and ebony, would conclude that these impelling levers are made separately, turned out by the thousands, probably, like clothes-pins, and taken by the workmen as needed, out of barrels or boxes. Not an unnatural supposition that, yet totally

incorrect. As a matter of fact, the making of piano keys is the most delicate kind of work, and each key has so much its own individuality that it would be easier to take eighty-eight men at haphazard and expect them to change hats and be fitted than to make the eighty-eight keys of any particular piano exchange places. The thing could not be done any more than you could cut a sheet of paper in squares and then make the squares change places. Each piano key is specially made

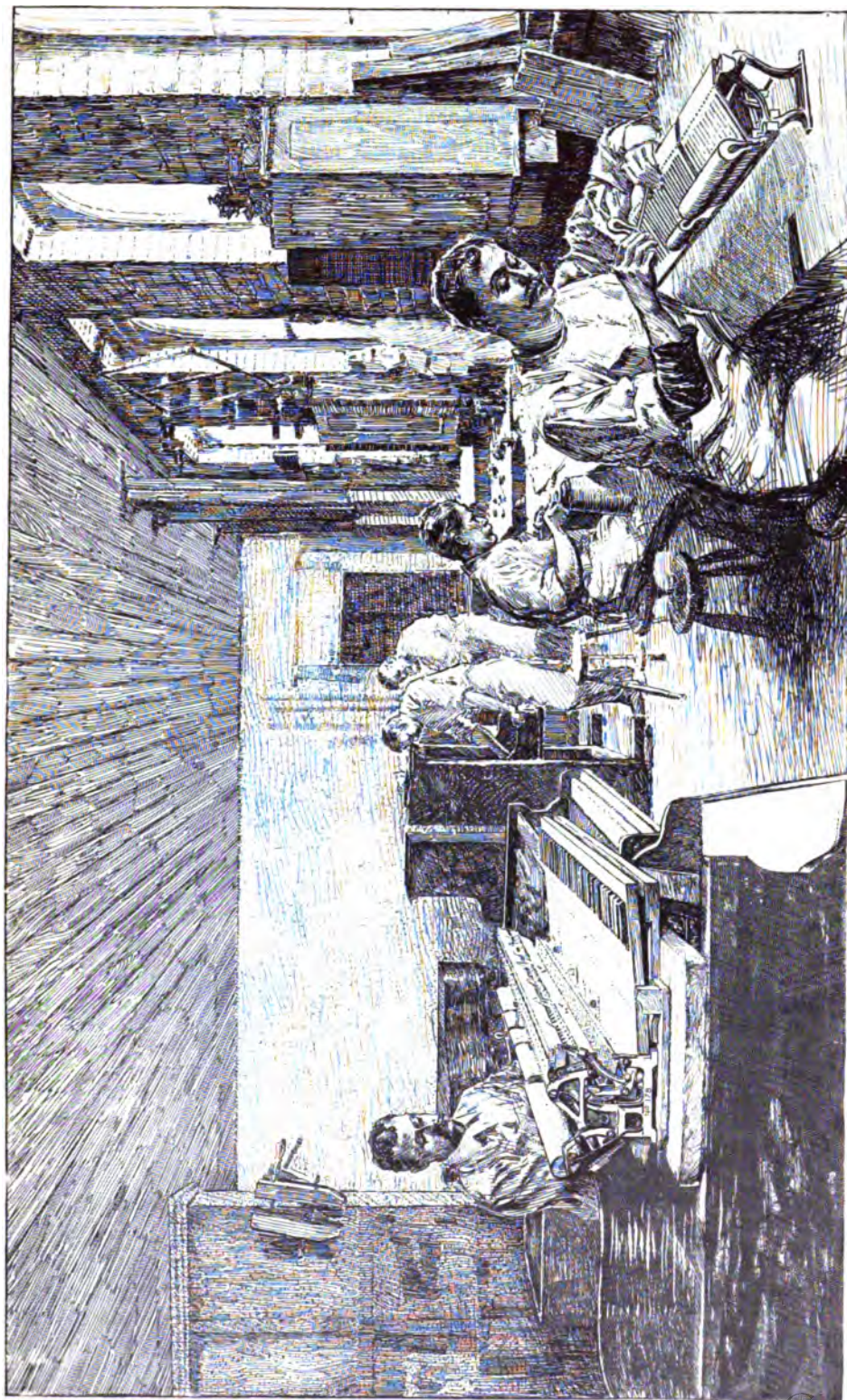
for its own instrument and no other, and for its own place in that instrument and no other. Each key is plainly marked with its own number and must keep to that number.

Not only that, but the eighty-eight keys, so far from being made separately, are cut from a single board of pine about four feet long and a foot and a half wide, which, before the cutting, looks rather like a lady's lapboard. It is a clean, smooth-grained board of white pine, made of eight or ten strips evenly matched up, and then carefully marked with lines and dots to guide the saws and drills. And the lines marking out the separate keys do not run parallel from front to back, but diverge slightly at the two ends of the scale to suit the arrangement of the strings. And the separate keys are not even straight (not all of them, at least), but are somewhat deflected, as will be seen in the accompanying illustration.

This keyboard, properly glued and planed, is fastened to a frame of equal size, known as the key-frame, destined to support the keys and give them a bearing point in the "balance-rail," this being a strip of ash running down the middle of the key-frame and raised above its level. Keyboard and key-frame, held together securely, are then bored by a steam-drill with 176 vertical holes, a row of eighty-eight holes along the front, one through each key just beneath the point where the fingers strike, and another row of eighty-eight holes about ten inches back from the front, just over the balance rail. These holes will correspond later on with an equal number of pins set in key-frame and balance-rail, and each one of the eighteen-inch key-levers will move upon the balance-rail pin as an axis, and up and down upon the front pin as a guide to hold it in its place. After the boring of these 176 holes, there is a mortising of them to be done, and a countersinking and bushing for exactness of fitting, and then a strip of basswood is glued along the front of the keyboard, covering the front row of holes. The purpose of this basswood is to prevent the resin in the pine levers from working its way upward and discoloring the ivories that will presently be laid on. Barring this one difficulty, thus provided against, pine is by far the best wood for piano keys, since it offers the least liability to twist or spring. This same white pine is the wood chosen by billiard-table makers for the surfaces of their tables, and also for the straight-edges used in marking out those surfaces.

Next comes the laying of the ivories that cover the fifty-two white keys, the ebony for the thirty-six black keys being put on later. Although not apparent to the eye, the ivory for each white key is really in two parts, the head, or wide piece, at the front; and the tail, or narrow piece, at the back. These pieces of ivory, specially made in another factory, have a thickness of about one-eighteenth of an inch at the front, and get thinner toward the back, with a slight taper. Their extreme whiteness is obtained by bleaching in the sun (some makers use a chemical bleach, but this leads to cracking), and before the laying on they are dried carefully for three or four days in racks kept at a temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit. This drying shrinks the ivory, which is very sensitive to dampness, and might, but for this measure, open in disfiguring cracks between the heads and tails. After the ivories have been glued down to the boards with a careful fitting of joints, the boards are set aside for two full months to see if any defects reveal themselves. Then comes a scraping of ivory planes and a polishing with alcohol and whitening until the keys shine like a mirror.

Up to this time the keys have remained one continuous board of pine, but now the key-frame is taken from beneath, and the upper board, with ivories on, and holes bored, and fittings as described, is brought to a band-saw to be cut under the workman's careful eye into eighty-eight separate keys. And here it becomes plain why these keys may not be interchanged, since there is some difference in the form of each; some bend to the left, some to the right, and the saw-cuts must be kept side by side, as made, to insure exact fitting on the pins. After this sawing the keys are finished separately with plane and sandpaper and brought to perfect smoothness, and then each separate key-lever is set upon the two pins in the key-frame that support it, and each for the first time may be moved up and down upon these pins, the balance-rail giving the point of bearing. It remains to regulate the movement of these key-levers, and for this each hole in each key-lever over the balance-rail is capped with a neat button of basswood, an oblong piece pierced to fit the pin, and lined with cloth so as to give each key just play enough, and not a fraction too much. And in the same way each hole at the front is lined with cloth, so that the keys move easily on the pins, but do not swerve from side to side. The accurate adjust-



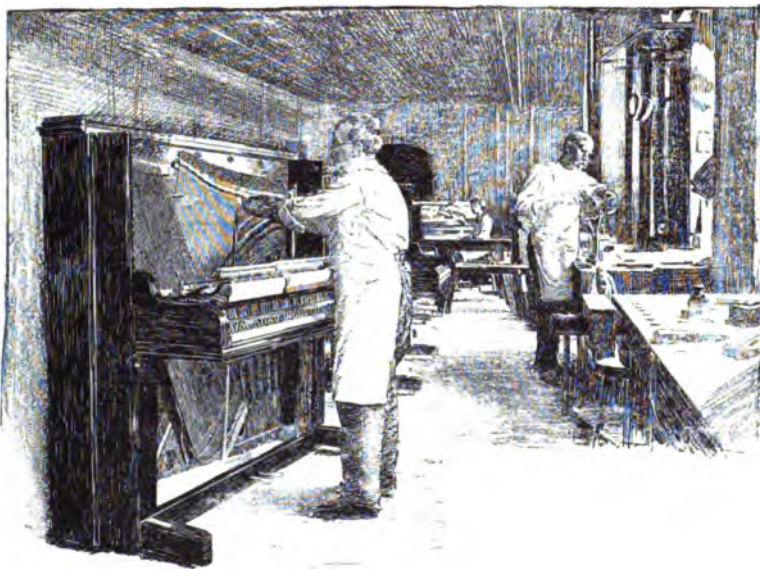
IN THE "FINISHING" DEPARTMENT.

and fixing pedal connections, and doing a dozen other things of which the ordinary piano player has no idea, but which are vastly important for the playing. Unless men of the highest skill are employed for this work, men who have grown up with the factory, as is true at the Weber establishment, the result will go awry.

Now, with action regulated and cabinet work done, that is, the parts of the case in place and the hinges on, the piano goes to the tone regulator (there is a special force of these workmen), whose skill has much to do with the instrument's sympathetic quality. The tone regulator devotes his attention mainly to the hammers;

color, retaining this as well when the keys are struck lightly as in heavy playing. In the fineness of its tone coloring the Weber piano has no equal.

After a preliminary tone regulating, each instrument goes to the fine action regulator, who looks over the mechanism again, and gives a final adjustment to keys, hammers, jacks, springs, etc., and then makes way for the fine tuner, whose skill of hand and ear bring some shade of improvement to the pitch, in spite of the many tunings the piano has already received. The final looking over of a Weber piano is done in the company's warerooms at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Six-



REPLACING A STRING.

for, of course, the quality of a note depends upon the quality of the hammers and how they strike the wires. To begin with, all hammers used in Weber pianos are made specially in the factory, not purchased ready made, as is the case in most pianos. A "moulding" of eighty-eight hammers is prepared for each individual piano, the best quality of German felt being stretched over a core of beech-wood, and the outer surface shaved down so as to give the requisite hardness. As he goes over the keys, the tone regulator equalizes the tones and produces the desired tone shadings by a certain softening of the hammers; that is, a pricking of the felt surfaces with needles, and he softens some hammers more, some less, as the need may be. It is his business to see that each piano gets its proper tone

teeth Street, where a special room, fitted up for this purpose, is set apart at the top of the building.

Such is the journey of the upright piano from the sawmill to the wareroom. And all that has been said of this upright piano, as made at the Weber factory, of the endless pains taken at each step in the manufacture, of the care used in selecting materials, of the workman's skill, applies with still greater force to that most admirable of musical instruments, the Weber Grand. Just as its proportions are nobler than those of the upright, its framework heavier, its action more perfect, and its tones more beautifully sympathetic, so a higher degree of skill and art are needed to produce this result. The scale of the Weber Grand, the design of its sounding-



12





LAYING VENEER ON GRAND TOP—ALL ONE PIECE.

board, the curves of its bridges, represent the labor of years and the result of experiments that involve great expense. The proper construction of every part, as shape of case; thickness of sounding-board; arrangement of ribs and their proper size and material; construction of the bridges; size, quality, spacing, and bearing of the strings; quality of felt; shape and size of hammers; proper leverage of keys; proper balancing of *all* the working parts,—these are some of the details which, if not carefully and intelligently attended to, will nullify and render abortive the best of scales.

While it is true that many piano-makers turn out in their factories a limited number of grands, since without its grand piano no house can claim high prestige, it

is also true that the country counts very few houses, four or five at the most, which have any substantial trade in grands; and it is keeping within facts to say that two-thirds of the business in grand pianos done in the United States is in the hands of two houses. And while the necessary greater cost of the grand piano limits its use in the main to the wealthy classes and to professional performers, yet there is no surer criterion of the standing of any piano manufacturer and the ranking of his instruments than the excellence of the grand piano he turns out. And it is a fact, admitted by those who are competent to speak, that in beauty of tone and sympathetic quality the Weber Grand is without superior in the world.



POLISHING TOPS, COVERS, AND CASINGS.

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PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND.

From a late photograph, considered by Professor Drummond's friends to be the best portrait of him; taken by MacIure, Macdonald & Co., Glasgow.

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THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC IN THE WORLD.

BY MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

With illustrations from photographs by M. W. Cooper, taken expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

STATISTICAL INTRODUCTION.

SIZE AND LOCATION: Farm, forty-eight acres, in Freeville, near Elmira, New York.

INHABITANTS: Two hundred boys and girls, between twelve and seventeen years of age, from tenement districts of New York City, pledged to remain seventy days; some stay longer—about forty all winter.

GOVERNMENT: *Executive.*—The chief executive is Mr. William R. George, the founder and President of the Republic. He holds the power of absolute veto on the actions of Congress.

Legislative.—A Congress of two branches, Senate and House of Representatives. The members are elected by popular vote; senators for two weeks, representatives for one.

Judiciary.—There are civil and criminal courts, presided over by judges appointed by the President. Every citizen charged with crime is entitled to a trial by a jury of his peers. Imprisonment and fines are the penalties for crime.

Police.—A permanent force is maintained, chosen from the citizens by competitive examination.

Finances.—The Republic lays taxes, like any other government, and maintains a bank and a monetary system of its own. It also derives an income from its tariff and the sale of licenses and passes, or permits to go outside of the grounds at will. The coin of the government is circular pieces of tin, stamped "George Junior Republic," and issued in denominations of from one dollar down. In this coin most of the business of the country is transacted; but the coin is ultimately redeemed by the government in potatoes and clothes, which the citizen is expected to send home. The bank receives on deposit the savings of the citizens, makes loans, and pays wages for government work.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND INSTITUTIONS: There are three principal wooden buildings, and in summer several tents. The Capitol is Mr. George's residence. The courthouse, besides accommodating the several courts, contains also the halls of Congress, the police station, and the jail. In the Waldorf Hotel building are located the bank, post-office, and dispensary.

EDUCATION: The citizens attend school at the Republic, except a few of the most advanced boys, who attend the high school at Dryden, three miles distant. There are practically two schools, but only one of them is considered a school by the citizens; the second is known as a publishing house. The first, "the school," is established for the benefit of boys and girls who work and receive

pay at other occupations in the Junior Republic, and to fulfil the law of the State. The second, or "publishing house," in fact, does the work of a school. The tasks that are set in this establishment are performed for pay at regular rates; to the younger employees, or pupils, simple problems in arithmetic are given, to which are added spelling exercises, and, finally, literary composition. There is a public library of over 600 volumes; and also an institution known as the "college," governed by a "faculty" composed of boys who are above sixteen years of age, and devoted especially to lectures.

TRADES AND PROFESSIONS: All the citizens are encouraged to be workers, but idleness is not punished. Non-producers find themselves at a great disadvantage, and their moneyless condition soon brings them to the pauper's table, at which only the plainest fare is dispensed. The paupers are compelled to do a certain amount of work for meals and lodging. All the citizens who work at all receive good wages—the skilled laborers ninety cents a day, the unskilled fifty cents, and the middle class seventy cents. It should be explained that all the workers, boys and girls, are thus graded. The boys have their regular occupations—farm labor, landscape gardening, and carpentering. A number are in the government employ; there are two lawyers, admitted after examination to the bar. Others are hotel and restaurant keepers, or engage in trade on their account. The girls employ themselves at sewing, millinery, laundry work, and cooking. Only half the day is given to work; the remaining hours in summer are free for recreation.



The Buildings of the Republic. From left to right—Girls' Dormitory, Waldorf, Courthouse, Kitchen, Capitol.

OBSERVATIONS OF A VISITOR TO THE LITTLE REPUBLIC.

A SMALL boy sat on the floor of the entrance of the Capitol, discharging from a dirty pocket a small collection of coin.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven; seven cents, a nickel, and a two-center. How many's that, Jackson?"

"Fourteen cents," answered the older boy from the dignity of a chair.

"I kin git twenty cents on the dollar for that to-day," continued the small boy, with a knowledge of percentage of which his arithmetic gave no intimation.

"Too late. United States money 's no good to-day."

"It was yisteddy."

"Store opens this afternoon," said the sententious Jackson.

"By Zux." The small boy put the money back in his pocket. Jackson's answer was conclusive. After a desperate financial crisis Camp money was again at par.

Financial topics had superseded every other interest since the weekly financial budget had been posted on the outside of the post-office, where the bulletins of the government were to be found. There were few moments in the day when groups of excited citizens were not standing before it in hot discussion. Even the girls in the Hotel Elmira kept me awake denouncing the government's management of the crisis.

For some time the expenses had been running ahead of the income, and at the

same time money was so easy that many of the citizens were living like capitalists on their incomes, refusing to work. The demoralization among the dishwashers and scrubbers was particularly unfortunate, and the Board of Health was kept busy with complaints.

Accordingly, the government proposed a poll tax of a dollar a head, and a tax of five per cent. on all deposits in bank over five dollars.

I was in the House of Representatives when the bill was brought up. It was the first day of the new session. The Speaker sat on a stool, with his elbows resting on his knees, and fingering the occasional buttons of a torn waistcoat. He was a big, *blase* Bowery youth, now serving his second term as Speaker. With the aid of a female member, in her second term, he was endeavoring to steer the new members into parliamentary lines.

The bill was entrusted to one of the government party.

"I object," a member sprang to his feet.

"You're out of order, Mr. Dover," said the Speaker. "Oh, dry up, Dover," he continued; "the bill isn't before the House."

"I'll second it," said the female member, who was also a government ally.

"Mr. Speaker."

"Mr. Dover has the floor. Now let her go, Gallagher," continued the Speaker, shifting a pair of badly clad feet. Plainly politics had not paid.

"Well, Mr. Speaker, I oppose the second part of that bill. When a citizen has been industrious and laid up money in bank instead of spending it in foolishness, I don't see no justice in taxing him to pay for other citizens who are lazy and don't support the government. I ain't saying anything against the poll tax, that hits us all alike; but I'm down on taxing property we earn."

The honorable member was the richest citizen in Camp—for this took place in the House of Representatives of the George Junior Republic at Freeville, New York. It was currently reported that Dover had two hundred dollars in bank. He was part proprietor of Sherry's. He was one of the two practising lawyers, and the law was in large demand in Camp. But speculation was the

chief source of Dover's wealth. He bought up United States money, floating dimes and nickels, from the little boys. These he invested in caramels and gumdrops from the village store. After paying the tariff levied on all goods from outside countries, these candies were sold to the same small and greedy little boys at five cents apiece. The profit was enormous. Dover's example was followed by others of the older boys, and speculation filled the air.

Under the circumstances Dover's speech was convincing. The second clause of the bill was defeated. As modified, it appeared on the public bulletin:

"A poll tax of twenty-five cents shall be levied for the week ending August 24th. Those who are unable to pay shall work out the amount in government employment."

This tax scarcely alleviated the situation. The government deficit was increasing, while its depreciated currency was being absorbed by the speculators and locked up in bank. The government now determined on a bold move. The various concessions of the Camp, which is the familiar name of the little settlement, are put up at auction every Saturday evening. These are the hotels Waldorf, Elmira, Ithaca, Dryden, and the restaurants Sherry's and Delmonico's. Through its agents the bids were run up until the government virtually became the owner of the two restaurants. The prices of the meals were now doubled. Sherry's, formerly ten cents a meal, was now a quarter; Delmonico's, from a quarter, rose to fifty cents.





The House of Representatives in Session.

in the Junior Republic. Citizens who are content with rags wear rags. It was not uncommon to hear somebody accost a citizen in this fashion:

"Say, you'd better sew up that hole, or you'll get run in," there being laws that bore on such matters.

But it was a reasonable ambition in each citizen to want to go back home well clad and take presents to the folks. Saturday

The Camp resounded with the outcries of citizens at this unexpected step. Dover bought a box of sardines, and peddled them out to those who vowed they would starve before they'd stand the raise. Rows of small boys stood disconsolately in front of Sherry's, with sad memories of the last gumdrop and caramel.

But it is well understood that waiters and dishwashers get their meals for their services. For several days the proprietors could not get hands. The dishes went unwashed; the floors unscrubbed, while the Board of Health gathered in the fines. Now happened what the government anticipated. After going without one meal, the little boys and girls literally tumbled over one another to get places in the restaurants. There was a corresponding rush for employment in the shops and on the government works. The opening of the store, as was intimated in the beginning, ended the crisis. The money of the Republic went to par, for, as every citizen knows, United States money will buy nothing in Camp.

The opening of the store was significant. In a few weeks the summer citizens would go back to town. In the store were dresses, shoes, bonnets, shawls, suits of clothes, resplendent neckties, some finery, many useful things. These had been sent in by the Republic's many friends, and were for sale at much the same prices as they can be bought for in the United States. A good pair of shoes might be three dollars; a coat and waistcoat, five dollars; a nice dress, four dollars. Nothing is a gift

afternoon shopping was, in consequence, an event in Camp. Lively was the discussion of tastes and prices over the counters, girls knee-high bargaining for grown-up wrappers, little boys considering striped worsted shawls with a knowing air. For it is in such manner, and with the products of the farm, that the money of the Republic is redeemed.

The money graciously corresponds to our own currency, dollars, half-dollars, quarters, dimes, and pennies; looks like it—with a difference that secures it against any charge of counterfeiting by the greater nation; and jingles pleasantly in the pocket. It passes into the hands of the citizens from the government treasury but in one way—by work. This is not necessarily manual labor. There are official positions with salaries attached. Such are the Representatives of the people, the Judges of the Civil and Criminal Courts, the Commissioner of Public Works, the Chief of Police and his staff, the Warden of the Prison. The judges are the best paid, receiving one dollar and twenty cents a day, the legislators getting one dollar and ten cents, and the police, ninety cents, the same price that is paid to skilled carpenters. In general wages there are three grades. The foremen on the farm and the section boss of a street-cleaning gang get fifteen cents an hour, while the men only receive eight and ten cents an hour, as their abilities warrant. The same prices rule in the millinery and dressmaking departments, where doll dresses and hats are made for sale when no citizen requires a bonnet; and in

the cooking-school, where nice work is done for the Capitol table.

The chief business is keeping hotel. The contracts for this, as was said, are sold by the government every Saturday evening. The Waldorf is the swell hotel of the place. Only capitalists and high officials can pay four dollars a day for lodgings. The Waldorf is over the post-office and bank. It has a sitting-room under the ridge pole, and bedrooms on each side, where each lodger has his own tin washbasin. Not every one can realize what a degree of luxury this implies. Dover, to be sure, has an office in the courthouse, which is also his bedroom. But Dover, as every citizen remarks, has "money to burn." The Hotel Elmira, the girls' dormitory, is a loft over the cooking and millinery girls' parlor, and is naturally valuable property. The other hotels are but long shelter tents covering two rows of wire-bottomed cots, where beds are from ten to twenty cents a night. The concessions vary according to the accommodations, but each is an active and profitable business accordingly as it is managed. Ethel Moore, who conducted the Hotel Elmira during the crisis, lost money. She exhibited a collection of promissory notes from out of a heterogeneous pocket.

"I can't ever collect them without going to law," she said. "Neither Dover nor Smith will look at a case for less than ten dollars."

The next week I observed that Katy Monaghan, who was half partner in the Hotel Elmira, collected the money from the beds each night, and frequently loud and vain were the cries.

"An' ye'll pay me ye're twenty cents or ye'll git up, Bertha Rose."

"But I can't, Katy. I've only earned forty cents to-day, and I spent the last cent on my supper."

"I seen ye eatin' caramels three times to-day."

"Callaghan give them to me."

"Oh, oh," chorused the surrounding beds.

The evidence seemed to show that Bertha had bought the caramels. This brought out a great deal of truly superior morality, mingled with much personal comment.

"You never can believe Bertha, girls. Why, she says that they have a glass door in their parlor, and Josie says she was there onct, and they hain't got but one room."

The conversation was here transferred to town, mixed up with accounts of the prowess of the Eighty-seventh Street boys, who could "clean out the whole gang." This occasioned so much uproar, that the night policeman called up that he would arrest everybody engaged if they didn't shut up. This he could have done, for one of the laws of the young Republic is that citizens shall be quiet after ten o'clock.

Bertha was now in tears, so some of the softer-hearted girls made up the twenty cents, and peace at length descended on the Hotel Elmira.

Katy Monaghan, when questioned the next morning in the spirit of inquiry, said business was business, and she had a note in bank of her own to pay.

On their part, the proprietors are bound to keep the beds clean and the hotel in order. The boarders are no more expected to make their own beds than they would be in the hotels of the metropolis. Katy Monaghan had a partner, and the two, with rolled-up sleeves, were at it early to get in order before the inspectors of the Board of Health made their daily rounds.

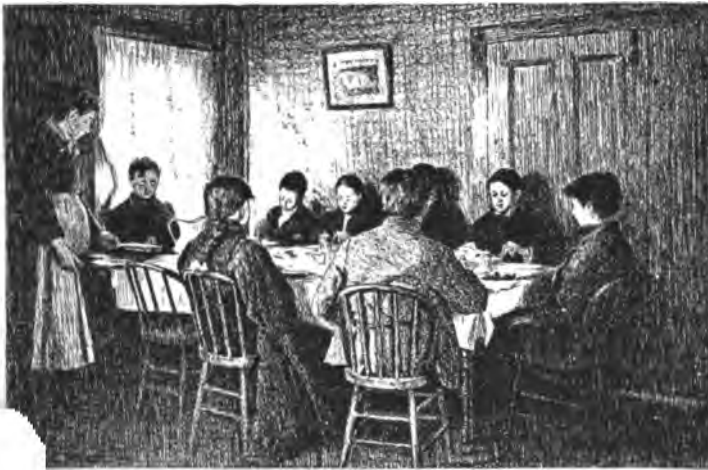


The Street Cleaning Department at Work.



But Ethel had to hire a maid, and had much the same trials with her help that vex other hotel proprietors.

The *concessionnaires*, on their part, hold the government to a strict account for its performance of the contract. There were suspicions on the part of the Board of Health that the Hotel Dryden and the Hotel Ithaca had more guests than were paying for lodgings. Accordingly it was ordered that all the blankets be fumigated. This was done by one of their agents, a young theologian, who



at the Waldorf: A Two-dollar-a-week Room; a Hallway, showing Waldorf Proprietor; the Twenty-five-cent Table.

was a temporary servant of the Republic, and so successfully, that a number of the blankets were burned. The Board of Health then went to the other hotels, and took a blanket from each bed for the temporary accommodation of the Hotel Ithaca and the Hotel Dryden. Unhappily the night turned cold, and the guests of the Hotel Waldorf, being unable to sleep, said they "didn't pay four dollars a day to freeze." This state of affairs continued for several days, for the money of the Re-

public not being current in Freeville, it was not possible to run down to the store and order a fresh supply. Some alleviation was found in eleven blankets which a prisoner in jail had secured for himself from the empty bunks, he being the only occupant. The stress, however, did not pass until the young preacher returned from consultation with friends of the Republic in neighboring towns.

As his guests refused to pay for their discomfort, the proprietor of the Hotel Waldorf brought suit against the government for one thousand dollars damages. It was tried in the Civil Court before Judge Moore. Dover appeared for the plaintiff Dugan, and Smith for the government. Different guests, after being duly sworn, testified as to their privations, when Dugan took the stand. After being examined by counsel, he was handed over to Smith for cross-examination.

In their practice it

was observed that Dover was always employed by the disaffected citizen, while Smith was in the service of authority. Engle being elected District Attorney, and now off on a case of forgery, Dover and Smith were the only two practising lawyers, and, naturally, rivals.

"Didn't the government offer to make good your loss?" asked Smith.

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you say so? What made you bring this suit, anyway?"

"Well, I didn't think they offered enough."

"What did they offer?"

"Well, they didn't exactly say."

"You were told that if you sued you could get bigger damages?"

"Yes."

"Who told you so, your lawyer?"

"Now, don't you git sassy," said Dover, who was standing by his client just outside the rail.

"Order, order," rapped the court.

"Your Honor," said Smith, "we will prove that an offer was made to the plaintiff the night the blankets were taken and he professed to be satisfied. I don't

want anything more of you, Dugan."

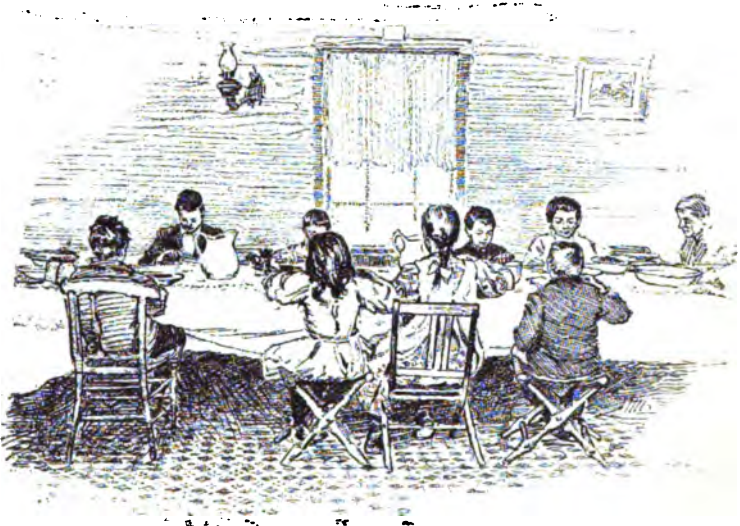
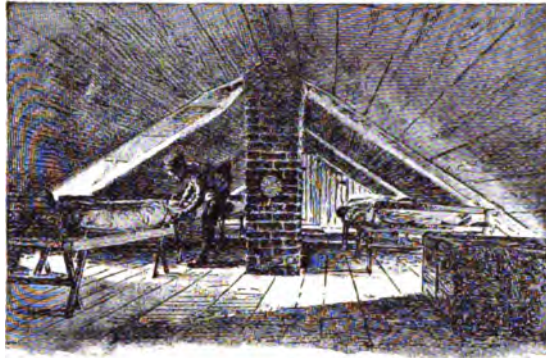
Mrs. George was then sworn as the member of the Board of Health who took the blankets and had made the offer in question. Dover, with great courtesy, refused to cross-examine her.

The summing up was eloquent. Dover pictured the hardship of a contractor to make both ends meet the way things were carried on. Smith enlarged on the beneficence of a government which was not obliged by the terms of the contract to chase away midnight excursionists, but

was only moved by the good of the citizens, yet had offered to make up the losses occasioned by the mishap of the fire.

Judge Moore was one of the older citizens, and had acquired that paternal manner and apparent comprehension of the follies and humors of human nature that

are accounted among the personal attributes of the just judge. These were more especially brought out in another trial, for defamation of character: *Grow vs. Jackson*. The defendant had written a letter to the plaintiff, and her contention was that it



Scenes in the Waldorf. The Fifteen-cent Lodgings (proprietor making bed); the Fifteen-cent Table.

had caused her to be laughed at and injurious remarks to be made about her. Under the skilful guidance of her lawyer, Smith, Citizen Grow told a moving tale of the discomforts she had suffered from the laughter and jeers, chiefly, it must be said, of her fellow-boarders at the Hotel Elmira. Jackson, a little fellow with dancing, bead-like black eyes, said he wasn't going to pay no lawyer; he could defend himself. He was permitted to cross-examine the plaintiff.

"How did anybody know about the letter?" he asked. "Did you tell?"

"Yes, I did," said Citizen Grow, with a pout.

"Then it's your fault you got laughed at, not mine. I didn't tell. Your Honor, I wrote that letter to her to tease her. If she hadn't blabbed, nobody would have known it."

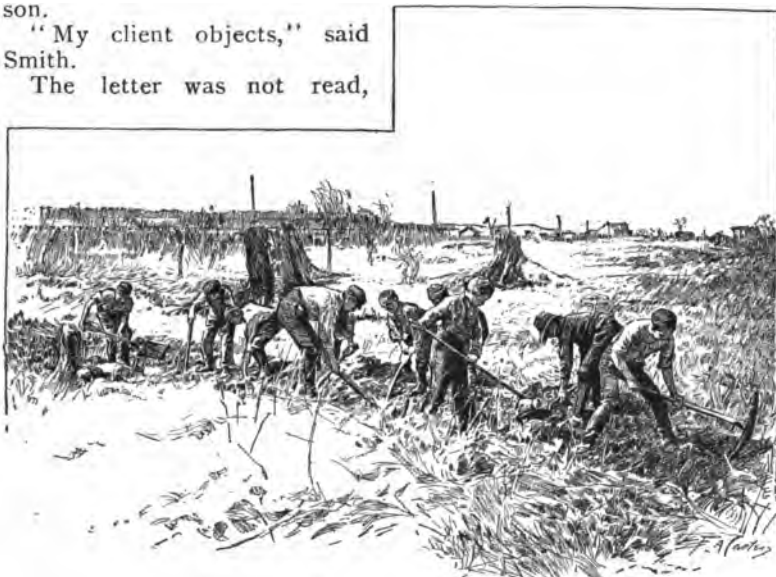
The letter, exhibit A, was handed up to the judge, at his request, by Smith. He read it with a humorous smile.

"There doesn't seem to be anything very dreadful in this. Perhaps if it is read in court any injury done to Citizen Grow will be mended. Are you willing the letter should be read?"

"I'm willing," said Jackson.

"My client objects," said Smith.

The letter was not read,



Digging a Ditch.

greatly to the disappointment of the spectators, who, under the circumstances, thronged the courtroom.

"It doesn't seem to me this is a case for damages," said the court. "Dismissed. But, Jackson, don't do it again."

The letter, in fact, was only the work of a teasing boy, and altogether harmless. The tendency to take all troubles into court was easily apparent in the little community. As in older nations the law was the standard of ethics. "I'll sue you," "I'll have you arrested," made part of the dialogue of every dispute. The elemental way of settling differences with fists seemed altogether effaced. Jackson, who had been in jail twenty-eight times the previous season for fighting, had not been

once arrested this season. Such facts as these will be commonly believed to indicate a distinct advance in self-government and citizenship, which is the primary object of the George Junior Republic.

To the fascinations of the law and of the paraphernalia of the courts must be given due weight. The daily session of the police court is the event of the day. It is held at nine o'clock, and to be there in time, carryalls and wheels are seen coming over the road from Freeville, Dryden, Elmira, and the surrounding towns, and visiting professors in sociology from the colleges beg to stay over night that they may be present.

The judge of the police court is still in knickerbockers, and is familiarly known as Jakey. But when the policeman posted at the bar calls "Hats off," the citizens square themselves around into orderly rows, and even the visitors, disposed to regard the affair as a bit of play-acting, drop their voices to a whisper, and finally cease trying to communicate at all. The offenders, when

not on bail, are brought up in charge of the police, by a private stairway, from the jail below. There is a grim reality about the jail, with its narrow cells, plank beds, iron-barred doors, and warden with jingling keys. This is apt to be reflected in the faces in the "pen." The procedure is modeled after the police courts of New York City, with an exception in favor of the decorousness and general judicial atmosphere of the lesser court. It is worth seeing the facetious visitor with blushes try to efface himself under the judicial eye, and woe unto the offender disposed to look jokingly upon his offense. There are occasional cases of petty larceny, but the offenses are rarely more serious than breaches of the

peace, cigarette smoking, disorderly behavior, and going out of bounds without a pass. It is interesting to watch the face of the youthful judge as he may be disposed to exercise his paternal discretion over two small girls up for calling one another names, or endeavoring to determine the fine that may be both a punishment and a deterrent. There is no hesitation in his decisions. "Case dismissed," "Dollar fine; next offense, doubled," and perhaps accompanied by advice or warning.

One of the most interesting features of Mr. George's little Republic lies in its encounters with the same influences, and struggles with the same difficulties, that disturb the greater nations. One of these was instructively illustrated in the police court.

Two citizens were arrested for disorderly behavior at Sherry's. The first of these was Dover, whose wealth and importance in the community have been set forth. Dover, coming in late to dinner, had pushed one of the small boys out of his seat and eaten his dinner. The small boy had resisted; there was a disturbance, and Dover was arrested. The second was a little boy, also too late, who had helped himself to the coffee reserved for the waitresses, with a corresponding outcry. The case against Dover was especially flagrant, for he was larger and older than the boy he had deprived of his dinner. What gave peculiar significance to these cases was that the principal witness against the offenders was one of the volunteer assistants of Mr. George, delegated to Sherry's. The courtroom was crowded, the citizens being on the alert to see what "Jakey dast do to Dover."

The judge heard the case gravely, evidently aware of his responsibility. The witness for the government was unimpeachable. Very seriously, and as if to gain time, the judge rebuked Dover for using his strength on a smaller boy; then, with a moment of hesitation, he said, "Fifty cents. Next case." Here, as elsewhere, "money talks." Dover, to whom his wealth is dear, promptly paid his fine.

Meanwhile the smaller boy was before the bar, testified against by the same wit-



Farmyard Scene.

ness for the government. "One dollar," said the judge, and the little fellow emptied his pockets.

The sociological professors did not dare speak, but looked significantly at one another. It is out of these difficulties, as the young nation has encountered them, that its system of laws has been created. The legislature had a Lexow committee then investigating charges of favoritism and cruelty on the part of the police. The Chief of Police and the warden of the jail were before the committee and sharply examined. The charges were brought forward with conviction, and resisted with the calmness of innocence. The chief, a boy familiarly known as Eddy, was clad in blue denim with gold braid, the uniform of the police, and wore his rank on a crownless straw hat. He was already observed for his calm temperament and the persuasive manner in which he allayed disorder where his subordinates flourished clubs. He had come from more unhappy surroundings than any boy in Camp, but here he was easily seen to be one of the healthful influences of the place. The result of the investigations of the Lexow committee was afterward seen publicly posted:

"Keepers of the prison are hereby forbidden to strike prisoners except in self-defense. A dark cell shall be provided, in which refractory prisoners may be subjected to solitary confinement."

The police force enjoys the same authority and conspicuousness that it does in larger communities. The details are posted at six o'clock, relieved at noon, and again at night, with orderly precision. There



Policeman making an Arrest.

are five posts guarding the boundaries of the fifty-acre farm which constitutes the area of the Junior Republic. These are the only guards, and may be passed at any time by any citizen holding a pass. The only penal offense of the season was the forgery of a pass. The District Attorney was then working up the case. It was to be a trial by jury, and conviction would involve the wearing of stripes and convict labor. This was the first trial of the kind during the season. This had been remarked in contrast to the year before, when penal offenses had been common and a gang of convicts rather permanently maintained.

In the same manner, out of the needs of the Republic was created the Street Cleaning Department, one of the most efficient bureaus of the place. It was cheering in the morning to see Commissioner Staigg out overlooking his gangs. The commissioner was a blond youth, rakishly attired in a white flannel blazer, knee breeches, and long blue stockings. Two of the section bosses were lanky, half-clad young men who had taken a week to beat their way out from town to the Junior Republic, of which they had heard. They were typical lodging-

house youths. Yet how potent is responsibility! Their devotion to pickaxes and brooms, early and late, was conspicuous in a community where passes to Freeville and freedom to orchards and groceries could be purchased for five dollars. The Junior Republic occupies forty-eight acres on the edge of town. These are under the supervision of the Street Cleaning Department, and kept scrupulously clean. A glance at the bulletin posted in front of the post-office will give an idea of its methods:

STREET CLEANING DEPARTMENT.

"The employees of the Street Cleaning Department shall have power to arrest all persons who litter up the grounds.

"There shall be five volunteer inspectors, members of the House, whose duties will be to see that no injustice is done to the department or to the citizens.

"The contract for the construction of board walks shall be resold on August 22d."

The presence of citizens wearing shawls and aprons in the legislature has implied equal suffrage. This by no means always prevailed. The young Republic being modeled on the greater republic, its law-making was exclusively in the hands of the boys. But the taxes being levied according to valuation on all citizens alike, the girls began to ask: "Why do we have to pay for having things done?"

The question was carefully explained.

"Very well," said one; "then we will go up to the next legislature and have something to say."

But one of the swells of the Camp, a boy of seventeen, and a great favorite of the girls, told them that if they did go they couldn't vote. Besides, it wasn't ladylike to vote, anyway. No ladies voted in the city.

This satisfied the girls, who said they "didn't want to vote after all." But in time, another



The Workhouse Gang. Toilers whom hunger drives to the workhouse are given plain food in exchange for a certain amount of work.

and larger tax bill was presented. This enraged them. They declared they were not going to put up with any such work. A deputation accordingly went to Mr. George, who is the president of the Junior Republic, and asked him what they could do about it. They were told that they had the right to petition the legislature to give them the right to vote. This they did, but the bill was defeated. They made, however, a second effort, and the suffrage was granted.

It was my good fortune to attend a primary. There were three parties—that in power, that intimating a ring and charging favoritism on the part of the government, and the girls' ticket. There were nominating speeches, and clamorous charges of fraud in the caucus, repeaters being haled out by the police and taken to the station-house. It is gratifying, however, to add that this proved to be the result of ignorance and not intention on the part of the arrested. The election was held the next afternoon, after a busy morning of electioneering, under the auspices of the police, in the courthouse, and the results posted that evening.

The machinery of elections corresponds to that of the greater republic, including the latest improvement, the blanket ballot. It will have been noticed throughout that no ideal system of government is attempted. On the contrary, the defects as well as the virtues of our republican system, as far as practicable, are followed. This, which might be considered an experiment of doubtful value by perfectionists, has something to say for itself. Such was Dod Wotton's view.

"I tell youse, I've been a citizen meself, an' Jimmy O. will never lead me around by the nose, like he leads me fader.



Busy Time in the Police Court. (The whole procedure is exactly modeled on the New York City police courts.)

I knows a thing or two about politics meself."

The actual state, Mr. George would argue, is essential to the making of good citizens, which it is the object of the Junior Republic to do. Consequently it should involve a knowledge of the pitfalls as well as of the benefits of government. With Mr. George naturally resides the veto power. This he tells me he has been called to exercise not over six times; and usually it has been in the case of some law the consequences of which were further reaching than the people's representatives could see.

For example, the charge for issuing passes is five dollars. With chivalrous intent, Congress passed a law requiring the girls to pay only two dollars and a half.

This law President George vetoed, since it was not improbable that on some future occasion the girls might be discriminated against on the ground that they only paid half price for their passes, anyway.

The familiar name of Camp to



Convicts Breaking Stone.

designate the fifty acres occupied by the Junior Republic indicates that the military obligations of the citizens are not neglected. There are three companies, armed with State rifles, under a colonel and his staff, and with an inspiring fife and drum corps. The last only is uniformed. The colonel at least has a coat, but there are not a few privates with three fingers on the ribs bare. The relative unimportance of boots, suspenders, and neckties to soldierly qualities was forced on the observation. In fact, to the outsider, one of the lessons of this novel experiment is how little, after all, is essential. The troops are drilled by a member of the Seventh regiment, one of Mr. George's volunteer aides, and would be a credit to any military school which more fortunate young people attend. There are glorious afternoons spent in sham fights over the slopes and in imposing clouds of blue smoke rent with battle cries. The feature of the closing day is dress parade. It is a sight impressive to solemnity. This is partly due to the contributory landscape, beautiful under the declining rays of the sun; but more to the sentiment of the occasion. There is almost always a picturesque group behind Mr. George, commander-in-chief—grave professors, farmers, and fine ladies alike stealthily disposing of vagrant tears. Dress parade is carried out in all its details, and to these is added the flag drill of the company of girls, duly officered, and no less conspicuous for their martial bearing than the boys.

Six days of observation had demonstrated the complete freedom of the citizen under the laws for which he was responsible. But people who can keep their hands off the individual on week days can rarely resist at least touching the shoulder on Sunday. Mr. George, to whom is due the idea of this enterprise and its development, is preëminently a religious man. Faith shines in his face and illumines his eyes. But here is absolute separation of Church and State. The courthouse bell

rings for a chance sermon. There is a Sunday-school. Decorous groups attend, girls in a fresh ribbon, boys girt about the neck. But citizens are strolling over the grounds, lying on the sunny slopes, spending the day as they are so minded with book or company. There is some religious activity. The Sunday-school supports a missionary, who is waitress and member of the lower House as well. There is a Junior Endeavor Club, in which such a

number of nationalities may be counted cross-legged on tables and the floor that it might seem like a little corner of the millennium; but this is rather due to the cohesive power of song, even though it be that of Gospel hymns.

During the summer the only schools are industrial, and are regarded rather as trades for which wages are paid. The organization of the Republic, however, is kept up through the winter. Thirty-five boys, as many as the buildings would accommodate, were selected to remain. These go to school. Freeville declined their company. Thus the school of the Republic was instituted with educational fea-



Borrowing Money and Making Out a Note.

tures of its own. The essential difference is that school here is a business. There are workmen, inspectors, and teachers. These are paid according to their services. All are pupils. The teachers are the older boys under Mr. George's guidance. The workmen are the younger boys, and the inspectors are from the middle grade. These are not mere terms. In arithmetic, for example, the workman contracts to build a sewer, dig a ditch, or lay stone according to certain specifications. These tasks involve those arithmetical principles that he is ready to encounter. The inspectors look over the work to see if it is properly done. If the workman needs assistance, he can hire the inspector, who in this way earns his living. One result is that the idle boy, when required to do work for John Smith of Elmira, in a hurry to get his foundations built, or eggs packed for the winter market, will keep

at it, big with responsibility, until the work is done.

But perhaps no better idea of the workings of the Junior Republic in the full exercise of its functions can be gained than from the "Financial Budget" which is weekly posted at the post-office door, and of which the following is an example:



Sewing for the Government.

<i>Income.</i>		<i>Expenses.</i>	
Hotel Ithaca.....	\$22 25	Garbage.....	\$17 75
" Dryden.....	20 25	Closets.....	16 00
" Elmira.....	14 50	Lamps.....	4 50
" Waldorf.....	40 00	Police.....	75 00
Delmonico's.....	165 00	Senate.....	22 50
Sherry's.....	50 00	House.....	43 50
Cortland.....	50 00	Post-office.....	6 30
Fines.....	70 17	Prison.....	16 00
Passes.....	20 00	Watchman.....	14 00
Office Rent.....	3 00	Tool Clerk.....	5 50
Post-office.....	2 60	Library.....	5 50
Tariff.....	7 59	Dues.....	10 00
Surplus.....	308 50	Judgments.....	230 00
Taxes.....	43 50	Armors.....	8 70
		Grounds.....	100 00
		Future Projects.....	30 00
	\$817 36		\$589 25

These details are soberly inspected by the citizens going to and fro from post-office and bank, to see what are the rates of concession for hotels and restaurants, and the amount of surplus in view of future taxation.

The Republic is the result of the dissatisfaction of a young New Yorker, Mr. William George, with philanthropic methods. These tend to lose the individual in the system, when the need is for good citizens and free men. The fact of citizenship never had firmer hold on the mind of man than it has in the hatless, shoeless boy with his hands in his pockets, walking

over the slopes of this little domain. It is seen in the personal relations of the President of the Junior Republic and its citizens, whose frankness of intercourse and mutual respect would confound those hierarchies that call for superintendents and matrons.

Mr. George's most capable chief-of-staff is his mother. Most familiarly she is known as "Mother George," a title which dispenses with explanation. Yet as member of the Board of Health she may be called by an indignant citizen to defend her acts before the courts, and after justice is appeased, go forth as ever-beneficent, untiring Mother George.

The George Junior Republic was last year but in its second summer. The greater number of its two hundred inhabitants were new. They had come pledged for seventy days—a pledge they were required to keep.

There have been deserters, two of whom were recaptured at a neighboring town by the police of the Republic, and subsequently became honorable citizens. The inhabitants are chosen from the least fortunate, and the worst surroundings. No boy is too bad for admittance. One of the most hapless of these children is a boy under twelve who has committed arson five times and bears the marks of the congenital offender. But heredity does not appear to be considered here. The boy has a guardian appointed by the government in an older boy who is responsible for him. Thus far the responsibility has worked admirably for both. No one would contend that the two brief years of the Junior Republic has yet demonstrated more than that it is an interesting experiment, fortified by such instances as this—a boy is a consistent law-breaker, and after some forty arrests and punishments, sagely concludes that law-breaking does not pay. He goes to work, and before the season closes has laid up forty dollars, which, redeemed in potatoes, is sufficient to keep his family at home all winter.

THE GRINDSTONE QUESTION.

BY ROBERT BARR,

Author of "The Face and the Mask," "In the Midst of Alarms," etc.

OLD Monro's general store was supposed to contain everything that a human being might require. The shelves on the right-hand side as you entered were filled with all kinds of groceries, canned goods, spices, and so forth, not to mention glass jars containing brilliantly colored candies, the envy of all the children in the place, which made the boys resolve that when they grew up they would be grocers: an aspiration augmented by bags of hazel nuts and boxes of raisins placed just beyond the reach of a long arm. On the counter at this side stood a big pair of scales by means of which the various commodities were weighed. What rested under the counter nobody exactly knew; it was an unknown land, into which the grocer or his assistant dived, bringing to light sugar, coffee, tea, or almost anything that was called for, with something of the mystery that surrounds a conjurer when he develops an unexpected omelette from a silk hat.

On the public side of the counter were ranged barrels of nails, for the most part, which served as seats for lazy customers or loiterers about the store, while at the same time the contents of the barrels did not offer the temptation to purloiners that soda crackers or nuts might have done. On the left-hand side of the store were bolts of cloth for men and women, chiefly for the latter; and instead of scales being on that counter, there were brass-headed nails driven on the inside edge of it, that measured a yard, half a yard, quarter of a yard, and so forth, enabling the deft assistant to run off speedily the length required, snip it at the exact spot with the little scissors from his vest pocket, and then, with an ear-satisfying rip, tear the cloth across.

Sam, the assistant, was easily the leading man of the place, for he understood the mysteries of bookkeeping and he arrayed himself with the gorgeousness which no young man of the neighborhood could hope to emulate, as Sam had the resources of this emporium at his command, getting neckties and other necessities at wholesale prices.

Old Monro himself was rather a tough-looking, gnarled individual, who paid little attention to dress, as often as not serving his customers in his shirt-sleeves, and was thus thought by the youth of the village to underestimate his privileges, although the lumbermen rather envied him his run of the tobacco-box, where the black plugs lay tightly wedged together and had to be dislodged by a blunt chisel. Old Monro chewed tobacco continually, and all he had to do when one plug was exhausted was to go to the box and take out another: surely a most entrancing prerogative.

The young man who now stood before the counter in the public part of the store seemed somewhat incongruous in such a place. He was dressed neatly, and in what was referred to with some contempt as "city style," which dwellers in the country naturally despised. His carefully-tied scarf, instead of being like Joseph's coat, of many colors, and those all flaming, was of one quiet hue; and the disdain with which Sam contemplated him was tintured uneasily by the feeling that perhaps, after all, this was the correct thing, although it made such little show.

Old Monro's thoughts, however, were not on dress. Nevertheless, he regarded the young man before him with a look in which pity was the predominant element. Monro was not now acting in his capacity of store-keeper, but in his rôle of school trustee, one of three, and the chief one, who had the management of the educational interests of Pineville. Russell Copford, who had applied for the position of teacher in the Pineville school, had some expectation that his scholastic attainments were to be critically looked into, but this was not the case.

"Do you think you can lick the big boys?" asked old Monro. "They're a tough lot; ain't they, Sam?"

"You bet!" replied Sam.

"I'm not a believer in corporal punishment," said young Copford, "and I hope to be able to manage the school without it."

"Don't believe in licking?" cried old

Monro, with evident doubt of the applicant's fitness for the post. "What do you think of that, Sam?"

"Don't think much of it," said Sam.

"No more do I," replied Monro. "I don't see how you can run a school without the gad."

"Well," said the young man reflectively, with the air of one who has an open mind on all subjects, "I hope to interest the pupils so much in what I have to teach them, that punishment will not be necessary; but if it is necessary I shall not hesitate to employ it."

The old man laughed, with an inward chuckle of enjoyment rather than any outward demonstration of merriment.

"Let's see, Sam," he said; "is it three teachers they've run out of this section?"

"Four, I think," said Sam.

"Well, it's either three or four. Yes, I guess it *was* four. My boy licked three of them, I think, and Waterman's boy he knocked out the other. Billy Waterman and our Tom they're pretty hard seeds; aren't they, Sam?"

"They're a tough lot," said Sam impartially.

"Yes," continued the old man, his mind apparently running back over the past and bringing strict impartiality to bear on his retrospect, "we've had a good deal of trouble with our teachers. The fact is, we don't hardly know what to do with the school; do we, Sam?"

"No, we don't," said Sam.

"Our boys don't seem to take to learning, and when the teacher puts on any airs with them, they up and lick him. One of the teachers brought an action for assault and battery. Let's see," continued Monro, meditatively, "was it against Billy Waterman, or against our Tom?"

"It was against Tom," said Sam.

"I expect it was. Anyhow, the magistrate said that if the teacher didn't know how to run the school, he wasn't there to learn him, and so he dismissed the case. That's why I want to warn you, for it ain't no picnic to run our school; is it, Sam?"

"No, it ain't," agreed Sam.

"Why, some years ago we tried, as a sort of experiment, how a woman teacher would do. She was a mighty pretty, nice little girl; wasn't she, Sam?"

"Yes, she was," replied Sam, fervently, adjusting his rainbow necktie.

"Well, I guess she'd 'a' got on all right if she hadn't been so mighty particular. She was going to correct Billy Waterman for drawing pictures on his slate instead of

ciphering, and Billy he just up and took her in his arms and kissed her, and then the girl she sat down at her desk and cried fit to kill, and resigned the school. I told old Waterman Billy oughtn't to have done it, and he allowed it wasn't just right, but he ain't got much control over Billy, no more'n I have over Tom; have I, Sam?"

"Tom *does* run a little wild," admitted Sam.

"I don't mind your having the situation, Mr. Copford," said old Monro, impartially, "but if the boys turn round and thrash you, don't come whining here to me, because, you see, I've warned you; haven't I, Sam?"

"You have," said Sam.

"That is all right," replied Copford, with a twinkle in his eye. "But on the other hand, Mr. Monro, if they bring Tom home some day on a shutter, don't blame me."

The old man threw back his head and laughed.

"Well, youngster," he said, "you've got some spunk, although you don't look it. That's the way I like to hear a fellow talk, but you ain't seen our Tom yet; has he, Sam?"

"No," replied Sam, emphatically, "he hasn't."

And so, with little formality, it was arranged that Russell Copford should teach the public school at Pineville.

The young man turned away from the general store and walked up the sawdust street of the village with anything but a light heart. For one who had had an education in a great university and who had spent a year in Paris studying art, it was indeed an appalling thing to be condemned for an unknown length of time to teach a backwoods school in America. Sudden financial disaster had overwhelmed his father and brothers, who were in business, but who, nevertheless, looked into the future with confidence and hoped to retrieve their former position. But meanwhile Russell had to do the best he could for himself, and hope for better times; and when a young man in America does not know what to do, he plays trumps and tackles school teaching—that stepping-stone for lawyers, clergymen, and professional men of all sorts, and even presidents.

The town was built of pine, it smelt of pine, it lived on pine, and the resinous, healthful odor of pine pervaded every corner of it. The droning roar of the cir-

cular saws eating their way through pine logs filled the air, accentuated by the shriller scream of the glittering buzzsaws revolving with such incredible swiftness as they edged the boards that they seemed to stand still, and were, as the proverb says, not healthy to "monkey" with.

The population of Pineville were all connected either directly or indirectly with the lumber industry, and the children whom Copford was supposed to teach could hardly be expected to have the manners of Vere de Vere. It was also quite evident that the chief man interested in the progress of the school regarded the assaulting of a teacher by one of the big boys as rather a joke than otherwise.

Young Copford set his teeth rather firmly as he walked up the sawdust street of the place. *Monro* had given him the keys of the schoolhouse—a large key for the outer door and a smaller one for the schoolmaster's desk, tied together by a string—and with these jingling in his pocket, he sought the temple of learning.

The schoolhouse stood alone, some distance outside of the village, and was a rough, unpainted structure, with a well-trodden playground surrounding it, and not a plant, tree, or any living green thing anywhere near it. On entering, Copford found a large room with a platform at one end, on which stood a desk. There was a blackboard along the wall behind the desk, while some very tattered colored maps hung at the farther end of the room. The school furniture was of the rudest possible kind, evidently built by the carpenter who had erected the schoolhouse. A broad desk of plank ran round three walls, on benches before which the elder children undoubtably sat. In the center of the room were movable benches, without desks in front of them, which seemed to indicate that the greater portion of the pupils were still studying the useful, but not particularly advanced, alphabet.

On Monday morning the school began at nine, and about a quarter before that hour Copford appeared, and saw for the first time the thirty or forty boys and girls, of all ages and sizes, whom he was to instruct. He had little difficulty, even before he asked the pupils their names, in distinguishing *Tom Monro* and *Billy Waterman*; they were the two biggest boys in the school, and *Monro* had the shrewd, humorous look of his father, with the added air of truculence which comes to a boy who is the acknowledged boss of

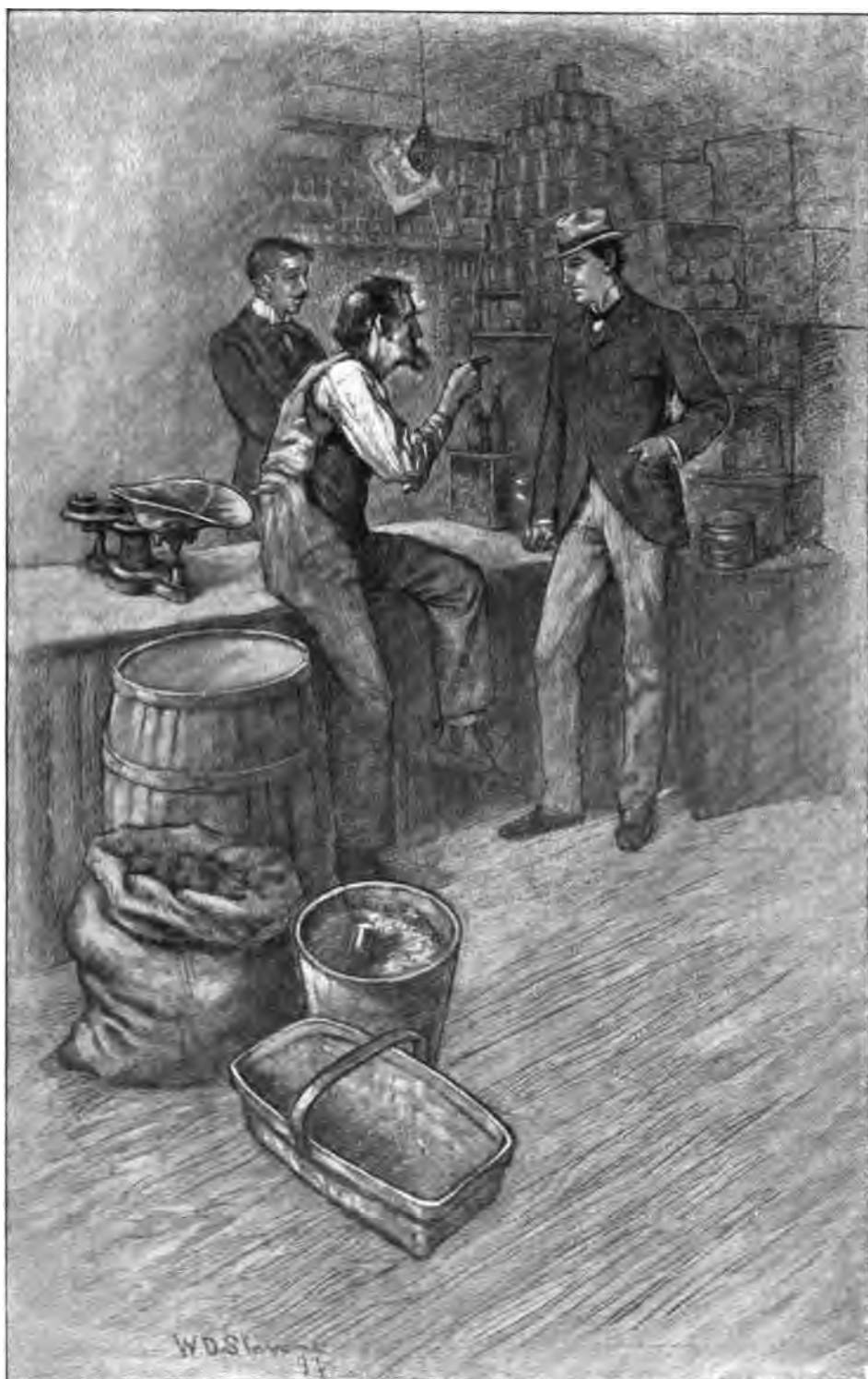
the school, not to speak of the unusual record of having thrashed three teachers. His closely cropped, bullet head showed him to be a combative, stubborn person who would not be easy to coerce or persuade. On the other hand, *Billy Waterman* was a surprise. As Copford looked at him, he could hardly credit the fact that he also had a teacher's scalp at his belt, although he could quite readily believe he had picked up a schoolmistress and kissed her.

Billy was a dreamy-eyed, poetic-looking young fellow, robust enough, but not at all one who might be finally placed in the category of hopelessly bad boys. There was no question, however, but *Tom Monro* would prove a match, if it came to fisticuffs, for nearly any teacher in the State.

Copford was amazed to see among his pupils nearly half a dozen girls who would have been classed as young ladies anywhere else. One in particular was exceedingly pretty, and she modestly told him, when he asked, that her name was *Priscilla Willard*. Copford was quick to see that he was going to have little trouble so far as the girls were concerned, for before the day was over it was quite palpable that they all liked him; but he had his doubts whether this preference would make his way smoother with the boys, especially with those whom he might, without exaggeration, have termed young men.

The first week passed with nothing particular to distinguish its progress, and Copford found his elder pupils further advanced than he expected, especially in arithmetic, which the parents thought a more practical branch of education than such comparatively ornamental departments as geography and grammar. Copford also, to his amazement, realized that he liked his new profession. Children generally are filled with such eager curiosity that it is a man's own fault if he fails to interest them; and Copford's methods were a continual surprise to his pupils. He actually laughed if a boy, expecting a thrashing, made a joke at his expense; and then he told them stories to which they listened with wide-open eyes. For the first time in their lives geography became a living thing to them, for the wonderful young man before them had actually visited many of the places which were to them but names on the map, and he often gave them thrilling accounts of adventures he had had in this foreign city or the other.

The teacher was quite palpably on the



"I DON'T MIND YOUR HAVING THE SITUATION. . . . BUT IF THE BOYS TURN ROUND AND THRASH YOU, DON'T COME WHINING HERE TO ME."

road to immense popularity, for when children do like a teacher they adore him; there is no half-way ground with the young. But Monro and Waterman held sulkily aloof; they apparently were not going to make friends with a man they would shortly be compelled to thrash.

The gauntlet was first flung down by Billy Waterman. One day in the second week, Copford had returned to school after having had dinner, and seated himself at his desk. The stillness that reigned was unnatural and oppressive. He saw something was wrong, but could not tell what it was. The fair head of Priscilla was bent over her desk, but there was an expression of intense indignation on her brow. Waterman and Monro were exhibiting an industry over their slates that was more than usually ominous. One of the very small boys in the front A-B-C row giggled in a sudden manner that indicated previous suppression of his feelings, and then tried to choke off his ill-timed merriment by burying his mouth in his hands, a look of intense fear coming into his eyes.

"Well, Peter," said Copford, genially, "what is the fun about? I don't think you should keep it to yourself, if the joke is as good as all that."

"It's on the blackboard, master," said the frightened boy, in a hysterical gurgle between a laugh and a cry.

Copford turned his head and saw on the blackboard an exceedingly clever caricature of himself, drawn in white chalk. The exaggerated likeness was obvious, and the malicious intent equally so. The master rose to his feet, turned his back upon the school, and gazed for a few moments on the caricature, while an intense quiet reigned in the room. Finally he turned and said:

"Who drew that picture?"

There was no reply. Billy Waterman, turning a trifle pale about the lips, bent his head over his slate. No pupil gave the slightest indication of the culprit, but Tom Monro looked directly at the master with an expression that said, "Now we'll see how much grit he's got."

"Well, Master Waterman," said Copford, easily, "if I had drawn a picture as clever as that, I shouldn't be ashamed to own it."

"Who said I drew it?" muttered Billy, truculently, not going to be caught by such chaff as that.

"Who says it? I say it."

"Oh, do you?" remarked Billy, menac-

ingly. "Well, what else have you got to say about it?"

"I'm not going to say," replied the master. "I'm going to do."

"Well, what are you going to do?" cried Billy, throwing one leg over the bench on which he sat, and turning from the wall, so that he might be ready for either attack or defence.

Priscilla looked up in alarm, her face pale, gazing beseechingly at the master, as if to warn him of his danger.

"What am I going to do?" said the teacher. "Now if you will all pay attention for a moment, I'll show you. You see this picture; it is a very good caricature of myself, but just watch me add a few lines to it."

Copford took up the white finger of the chalk crayon, and gave a touch to the blackboard, near the eye of the figure, then drew a swift line or two about the mouth, a dab here and a dab there, and stood back quickly, so that all might see the result of his work. An instantaneous roar broke out from the school—a roar of laughter. The result on the board was the dead image of the master, with a comicality added to his expression that was simply irresistible. Billy Waterman gazed with dropped jaw and incredulous, wide-open eyes at the picture.

"Well, I swan!" he cried, unconscious that he was speaking.

The master turned again to the blackboard, and after a few strokes, very rapidly accomplished, stood back again, and exhibited to their wondering eyes a picture of Billy himself as he gazed with open mouth at the result. And now the children applauded as if they were at a theatre. No such expertness had they ever seen even at the most interesting show which had heretofore visited the town. Copford picked up the woolly brush used for cleaning the blackboard, and was about to obliterate the result of his labors, when Billy Waterman arrested his hand by crying out, entreatingly:

"Oh, master, don't blot it out."

"Very well," said the teacher. "We will let it stay there for the remainder of the afternoon; but I hope none of the trustees will come in and see what we have been doing. I think, however, we will shorten up one or two of the classes, and thus get time for me to teach you a little about drawing. It is a most interesting study, and I believe I can give you some hints that will be useful."

Russell Copford knew from that hour

onward Billy Waterman was his slave. The young fellow's dreamy eyes followed him wherever he went, quite undisturbed by the sneers of Tom Monro, who had no sympathy with such foolishness.

The teacher had all the pupils with him now, bar one. Tom Monro was not clever in any line, except in the single subject of arithmetic; and although Copford frequently praised the celerity with which the lad solved difficult problems, yet the intended flattery made no impression upon Tom's hard, bullet head. There came into the young man's eyes, on these occasions, a lowering look, which said as plainly as words, "You can't soft solder me."

One evening, after school had been dismissed, Copford sat at his desk, writing in the head-lines of the copy-books, for this was before the days of Spencerian copper-plate head-lines, and it was the teacher's duty to inscribe carefully at the top of the page such innocent expressions as: "Many men of many minds, many birds of many kinds," which gave the pupil working on the letter *M* a sufficient quantity down the page of both capital and small script *M*'s to inure his hand to its intricacies. Tom Monro had been more than usually sullen that day, and although it was evident the cloud would soon break, yet impending disaster did not trouble the mind of the teacher. There arose, instead, between his eye and the page, the fair comely head of Priscilla, and he wondered to find such a flower of sweetness and light in a rough mill town. He took up her copy-book and looked long at the pretty, accurate, round hand, the letters of which were formed even better than he could write them himself. Then he did something that was exceedingly unlike what we might expect from a grave pedagogue, and which would have amazed his pupils had they sat in that empty room. He raised the copy-book to his lips for one brief moment, and, as he did so, was startled by a timid knock at the inside door.

"Come in," he cried, the color mounting to his cheeks.

The door opened, as one might say, timorously, and there he saw Priscilla herself standing before him, her smooth cheeks flushed like a lovely sunset, as if she had been running, her hand trembling as she held the knob of the door.

"Oh, master," she cried, breathlessly, "please do not give us the grindstone question to-morrow!"

"The grindstone question?" repeated Copford with rising inflection, not under-

standing what she meant, then adding with softened voice: "Come in, Priscilla."

But the girl still stood on the doorstep, which communicated with the outside closed porch that shielded her from view had any one been passing, a most unlikely event, for the schoolhouse stood in a lonely situation.

"Four men, A, B, C, D," said the girl, hurriedly, "bought a grindstone four feet in diameter, and each agreed to grind off his share. How many inches should A, B, C, and D grind off respectively?"

"What an idiotic way of buying a grindstone!" said Copford, laughing and advancing towards her, but the girl shrunk against the door. The young man seeing her timidity, stopped in his approach, and added, a shade of tenderness unconsciously mellowing his voice:

"Won't you come in, Priscilla? I have never tried the grindstone question, but I think I can manage it. I will work it out on the blackboard here. If you sit down I will explain it as I go along."

"Oh, it isn't that!" cried Priscilla, with an anxious note in her voice. "I can do the question as it is done in the book, although I am afraid I don't understand it very well; but what I wanted to tell you is, that Tom Monro does it in another way and gets the correct answer. He is very stubborn, and refuses to do it in the way the book says it should be done. Then there is trouble—and—and—"

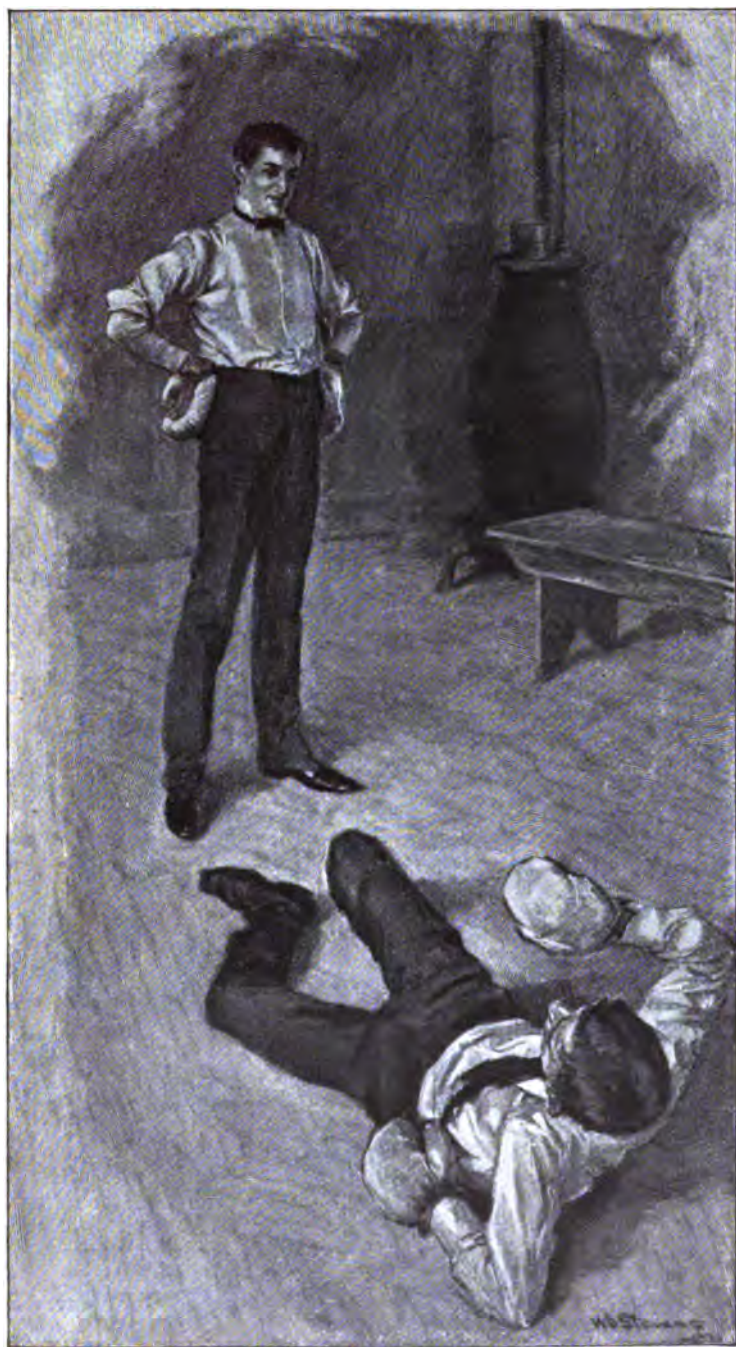
"And Tom thrashes the teacher?" supplemented Copford, inquiringly.

"Yes, sir," replied Priscilla, blushing deeply, her eyes on the floor. "The smaller children are frightened, and they cry, and we all sit here helpless. It makes me feel how uncivilized we are, and if it ever happens again, I shall never return to school."

"Ah, Priscilla, that would be cruel; I should not care to teach if you were not here. If the good pupils desert," he added quickly, seeing the look of alarm that came into her face, with a movement indicative of retreat, "and leave the teacher alone with the bad, then are the innocent punished, while the guilty are triumphant. So you want me to avoid the grindstone question to-morrow?"

"Yes, please."

"It seems to me rather shirking my responsibilities, but I'll tell you what I will do; I'll let it stand over until day after to-morrow, and perhaps in the meantime I can devise some method of avoiding a public conflict. By the way, did any of



"'WELL, TOMMY, MY BOY,' SAID THE TEACHER, 'WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE GLOVES?'"

the former teachers show Tom Monro where he was wrong in his solution?"

"They knew he was wrong, because he refused to do it the way it was done in the arithmetic."

"Oh, I think that was entirely to his

credit," said the schoolmaster, frankly; "always supposing that his solution is not an arbitrary one and can be explained step by step."

Copford went to his desk and picked up a volume which treated of arithmetic, running the pages past his thumb and examining the book here and there. Without looking up, he said quietly:

"I can't find the grindstone question; where is it?"

"I'll show you," replied the girl, innocently, advancing and taking the book from his hand.

"There it is," she added, pointing out the knotty problem.

The schoolmaster looked at it critically. Underneath the question itself, on the same page, was the solving of it in plain figures; the compiler of the book evidently thinking that his grindstone question might perhaps baffle the teachers themselves, which indeed was the case, for most of them clung to that solution as an inebriate man clings to a lamp-post, afraid to move away from it.

The schoolmaster apparently examined the unraveling of the problem with knitted brow.

"Well," he said at last, closing the book, "I will spend a little time with this question privately, and see if there is any other method of solving it. When you entered, Priscilla, I was just examining your copy-book. Here it is, you see, open on my desk, and I have come to the con-

clusion that you write much better than I do myself, so it seems rather useless for me to set you any more head-lines. I could not help thinking what silly mottoes and adages the pupils are made to transcribe. Just notice the inanity of the page you have been doing. 'Many men of many minds, many birds of many kinds.' Could anything be more futile! Now, as the next page begins with *N*, I have picked out a line for you, and I am going to ask you to write it yourself."

The girl laughed, and sat in his chair, taking his pen in her hand and placing the copy-book before her. Copford turned the pages of a small volume which lay open on his desk, and read the line:

"'Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others.'"

"That is a beautiful line," she said, as she finished writing it.

"Yes," he answered, "and it looks more beautiful now that your pen has traced it. Do you know to whom it refers?"

"No, I never heard it before," she said, gently shaking her head.

"Then listen to the lines that go with it:

"'Truly, Priscilla,' he said, 'when I see you spinning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed or visibly changed in a moment;
No longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner.'"

"Which I will amend by calling you Priscilla the beautiful writer."

"It is Longfellow, is it not?" she asked. "There is a part of 'Evangeline' in our text-book, and it reads like that."

"Yes, this is one of Longfellow's poems, and the one I like most of all. I wish you would let me give you this book for you to keep in remembrance of the time you warned me. Here, I shall write on the fly-leaf:

"'Priscilla, thoughtful of others.'"

"Oh, I must go," she cried, a tumult rising in her heart, but she took the book and hurriedly thanked him.

He held her hand for a moment, his whole impulse being to draw her toward him and treat her as he had treated her copy-book, but he had mercy on her diffident modesty and restrained his impulse, hoping selfishly that a future reward would wait on his self-restraint, which it undoubtedly did; but with that we have nothing to do, for this story does not extend to the courtship and marriage of

Russell Copford and Priscilla Willard; it deals with war, and not with love.

Next day Copford announced in the school that he would postpone the arithmetic class until the morrow, and would give them a lesson in drawing instead. This proclamation did not appear to gratify Tom Monro, although it filled the rest of the school with delight. Tom had prepared himself for the sequel to the inevitable grindstone question, and he did not care to have the contest postponed; so he sat sullenly in his place, paying no attention to the brilliant art display which the teacher exhibited on the blackboard by means of various colored chalk crayons.

When school was dismissed at four o'clock, Copford said to Tom Monro: "I want you to wait until the others have gone."

"What for?" asked Tom, gruffly.

"I have something to show you," replied the master.

"I don't know that I care about seeing it," said Tom, rudely. "I get enough schoolmastering from nine till four. I've got other things to do after school's out. If you think I'm interested in drawing, you're mistaken."

"I can see that you are not interested in drawing," said Copford, mildly, "and I am not going to speak to you about it; so you need have no fears on that score. The fact is, Tom, I want you to do me a favor. I haven't had any exercise since I came to this place, and I want to limber up a little, if I may put it that way. There, now, the last lingerer has gone, and we are alone."

Copford opened his desk and drew from the inside two pairs of boxing-gloves, which, closing the desk, he placed upon the lid.

"Have you ever seen wearing apparel of that nature before?" he inquired.

"No," said Tom, interested in spite of himself. "What are they for?"

"They are boxing-gloves. I am very fond of boxing, and used to be rather good at it, so it struck me you might oblige me by giving me the chance of a little exercise. I should say from your build that you ought to make a fair fighter, if you know how to use your strength."

Tom's eyes lit up with the flame of lust of combat.

"Nobody that ever stood up to me ever had any complaint to make that I didn't know how to fight," he said. "But I fight with my fists; I don't see the use of them things."

"These," said the master, "are very useful for deadening a blow, and yet you can give pretty good hard licks with them."

"I fight with my fists," persisted Tom, "and I don't care to have them swathed in pillows, no matter what the other fellow might think."

"Well," said Copford, genially, "you can't expect me to go round town with a black eye and a swollen nose, can you? And yet I have known such gloves to close up a man's eye. Here, help me to place these benches out of the way."

Tom went to work with a will, and in a few minutes the whole central portion of the schoolroom was clear.

"Now I'll tie on the gloves for you," said Copford, which he did, afterwards putting on his own.

Tom swung round his arms, with the unaccustomed pillows, as he called them, at the ends of them.

"I don't like these things a little bit," he said. "They seem to me clumsy. I don't see how anybody can do anything with them."

"I knew I should interest you," said the teacher. "That was why I asked you to wait. Now, smite me with one of them. But, I say, Tom, you mustn't stand like that, or you'll get knocked over before you know where you are. Put your foot forward as you see me doing."

"Look here, master," said Tom pugnaciously, "you stand as you like, and I'll do the same, and be very thankful if you can stand at all when I get through with you."

"All right," replied the teacher, "but remember I have warned you. Now hit out, and let us see what you can do."

Tom lunged forward and had his blow parried. Again and again he tried to strike the young man, who seemed to stand so carelessly before him, yet whose arm was ever ready to nullify the most powerful blow he had to offer. The harder Tom worked the angrier he got. Thinking he was impeded by the hand-gear, he denounced the gloves.

"These are no good," he roared. "Even if I could hit you, it wouldn't amount to anything. You take the gloves off, and I'll show you what we're here for."

Hitherto Copford had merely stood on the defensive, but now that the gloves were maligning he shouted out to his opponent:

"Look out for yourself; I'll show you

whether they are so innocent as you seem to think."

Tom rushed in where angels would have had good reason to fear to tread, and received an unexpected shoulder blow straight in the face that staggered him. Whereupon he roared once more and came in again; but this time the teacher, with a swinging movement, hit him such a stinging blow on the ear that sent Tom over and down in a heap on the floor.

"Get up!" cried Copford with ringing voice. "Why, bless me, I'm ashamed of you! I never saw anybody so useless with his fists as you are. It reminds me of fighting a cow."

Tom sprang to his feet, his face ablaze with rage at the insult, and rushed at his antagonist with the impetuosity of a mad bull, receiving a blow in the jaw that would undoubtedly have floored him, if, as he went over, he had not encountered a left-hander on the other ear, that restored his equilibrium.

"That's Christian," shouted the master, who was getting tolerably excited. "When you are smitten on one cheek, you turn the other. Of all helpless infants, I never saw the like of you."

Tom put down his head like a belligerent ram, and drove blindly at his adversary, receiving a body blow in the breast that not only straightened him up, but took every atom of breath from him; and then came swift oblivion, for there descended full in his face the most appalling impact ever experienced outside the prize-ring, and Tom's heels went up, and the back of his head came down like a sledge-hammer on the floor, where he lay.

When Tom opened his eyes, he saw standing above him the master, with a cynical smile on his lips, his gloved hands resting on his hips. It seemed to Tom that he spoke in a far-off voice, for his head was spinning, and he felt a strange weakness and unwonted timidity creeping over him. He had a dazed idea that he had been fighting a thunder-storm and had got struck by lightning.

"Well, Tommy, my boy," said the teacher, "what's the matter with the gloves?"

"They're all right, I suppose," replied Tom, weakly.

He raised himself slowly to his elbow, then put his hand to his head, and finding the glove still on, looked at that as if he had not seen it before.

"Now," said the master, genially, when Tom had once more attained his feet, feel-



"THE MASTER ROSE, AND PLACED HIS HAND ON TOM'S SHOULDER. 'BOYS AND GIRLS,' HE SAID TO THE CLASS, 'WE HAVE HERE A BORN MATHEMATICIAN.'"

ing very unsure of their stability, "if you are tired of the gloves, and want to take to the naked fists, I am ready to accommodate you. Your father said he wouldn't grumble if I sent you home on a shutter. So we will take off the gloves, if you don't mind, and see if you can do any better with bare fists."

"Well, master," said Tom, "I guess I know when I've had enough."

"Are you sure you *have* had enough, Master Monroe? I don't want any mistake

to creep in, and as your skull is pretty thick, I want to feel certain I have got an idea or two into it. If you will just stand up to me once more, and let me get an upper cut under your chin, I can promise you a sensation that will make you think your head has come off. Do you want to experience it?"

"No, thank you," said Tom, humbly.

"Very well, then. Now I am going to talk to you in a straight and friendly manner. This, although you may not think

it, is really an amicable meeting, because I didn't want to be compelled to hit you some day in school with my ungloved fist. I want to say to you that I think it is an ungentlemanly thing for a young man like you to fight or propose fighting in the presence of girls and little children. I therefore wanted you to have an entirely satisfactory measurement of your strength against my skill here alone this evening, and if you are not thoroughly convinced that you are a helpless infant as far as your fists are concerned, I shall be glad to renew the contest at once, either with or without gloves. But I warn you that if you try any of your capers with me in school, there will be but one blow struck, and you will get it. Furthermore, you will get it squarely in the face, and you won't be able to leave your bed for a month after. Ever since I came here you have been acting in high and mighty sulkiness, strutting round as if you were really a bully, whereas you are as soft as a feather bed. I am not going to stand it any longer. I am going to teach this school, and you are going to be a mighty civil pupil; do you understand that?"

"I think you are pretty hard on me, master," said Tom, nearly whimpering.

"I am not; but I want a fair and square understanding, and I want to have it now. I'll treat you in school with the greatest respect, and you must treat me in the same way. When I say, 'Thomas, I want you to stay after the rest are gone,' you are not to growl, 'What for?' You are to say, cheerfully, 'Yes, sir.'"

"I'll do it, master," said Tom. "You are a man, you are, and I never went to a man's school before."

"All right," said Copford, holding out his hand, and clasping that of his truculent pupil. "There is no more to be said, and I won't mention this little contest if you don't. So, now, good-night."

Next day the arithmetic class was called, and ranged itself along the front benches before the master's desk. Tom Monro was at the head of the class, for he was a good mathematician; and Priscilla, near the middle, looked with alarm when the master's sonorous voice rang out with the

words: "Four men, A, B, C, and D, bought a grindstone four feet in diameter. Each ground off his share. How many inches did A, B, C, and D grind respectively?"

For a few moments the silence was broken only by the scribbling of pencil on slate, and then one by one the slates were piled on the desk in front of the master. When all were in place except the two belonging to the inefficient couple at the foot of the class, who admitted their inability to do the grinding, even when their books showed them how it should be done, the master turned over the slates, and took up the first, which was that of Tom Monro. There was an anxious stillness in the room.

"Thomas," said the teacher, "you have not solved this problem as it is done in your text-book. Do you know how to do it as the text-book gives it?"

"Yes-sir."

"Then take the chalk and go to the blackboard and solve it as the text-book solves it."

Without a word Tom Monro went to the blackboard and worked out the problem at it was done in the book.

"Now," said Copford, "show the class your own way of doing it; then take the pointer and explain, step by step, what you have done."

When this was accomplished, Tom stood patiently before the blackboard, awaiting the next order.

The master rose, and placed his hand on Tom's shoulder.

"Boys and girls," he said to the class, "we have here a born mathematician; and speaking for myself, I like Tom's solution better than the one given in the book. So, Thomas, we will here shake hands on the grindstone question, and tell your father, when you go home, that he has every reason to be proud of you; and, furthermore, that your teacher and the school are proud of you."

Big as he was, the tears came suddenly into Tom's eyes, which even the drubbing of the night before had not brought forth. He tried to speak, gulped, then taking his slate, walked silently to his place at the head of the class.



PROFESSOR DRUMMOND IN HIS STUDY.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND.

BY THE REV. D. M. ROSS.

THE STORY OF PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S LIFE.—HIS RARE CHARACTER, POPULARITY, AND INFLUENCE.—HIS WRITINGS AND THEIR WIDE EFFECT.—HIS POWER AS A PREACHER.—HIS PATIENCE UNDER SUFFERING.—HIS DEATH.

IN one of Canon Mozley's Oxford University sermons there is a beautiful Paragraph which some of us have instinctively associated with Henry Drummond. "I do not see why we should object to admit . . . that some persons are, even in point of character, if we may use the expression, favorites of heaven . . . I mean that some persons certainly exhibit, from the first dawn of their existence as moral agents, a spiritual type that is not

only a law written in their hearts, but an implanted goodness and beauty of character, which carries them instinctively to that good which others reach only by many struggles and perhaps many falls. Such have many of us seen—sometimes in humble life, faithful and devoted, loyal to man and full of melody in their hearts to God, their life one act of praise; sometimes in a higher sphere, living amid the pride of life, but wholly untouched by its spells;

free and unensnared souls, that had never been lighted up by the false lights and aspirations of human life, or been fascinated by the evil of the world, though sympathizing with all that is good in it, and enjoying it becomingly; who give us, so far as human character now can do, an insight into the realms of light, the light that comes from neither sun nor moon, but from Him who is the light everlasting!"

Such "a favorite of heaven" was Henry Drummond, from his boyhood full of brightness and frolic on to that sick-room at Tunbridge Wells, which was transformed by the beautiful spirit of the sufferer into a kind of temple. There was a unique charm alike in his personality and in his writing and speaking, and the secret of this charm is to be found, partly at least, in Canon Mozley's suggestion that it "does please the Almighty to endow some of His creatures from the first with extraordinary graces."

Henry Drummond was singularly fortunate in his home life, with its congenial environment of affection, culture, and robust evangelical religion. He was a school-boy to his finger-tips—fonder of extra-academical life than of Latin grammar and the dates of English history, an enthusiast in sports and holiday rambles, "an easy first" in puzzles, tricks, and conundrums, and a keen observer of "the wonders of nature." The school-boy's instincts indeed never died out of his heart, and no religious teacher of our day could win his way so quickly to a boy's confidence.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S UNIVERSITY LIFE.

He was but a lad of fifteen when he entered the University of Edinburgh in 1866. In his undergraduate course he gave no indication of achieving future distinction; nor indeed did his college contemporaries Robert Louis Stevenson and "Ian Maclaren." He did his class work conscientiously, but he was bitten with no enthusiasm for classical studies or philosophy. The only chair whose subject fascinated him was one outside the ordinary curriculum, the newly instituted chair of geology. Here he gained the class medal and formed a life-long friendship with the professor of geology, Sir Archibald Geikie. Outside the university class-rooms, the tall strapping, with his finely-cut features and athletic figure, was a *persona grata* in the social life of his fellow-students. His breezy sunniness, the kindliness of his fun

and humor, the sparkle of his quiet remarks, and his never-failing courtesy and evenness of temper made him a favorite in every company. He was less versed in Thucydides and Kant than some of his companions, but then he knew about interesting books—Ruskin's and George Eliot's and Mark Twain's. No student could have been more human, more social, more alive to the interestingness of the world he lived in; but there was in Henry Drummond, even in those early days, an ethereal element which added piquancy to his personality.

In view of what has been so often and so justly said of the magnetic impressiveness of his platform speaking, it is worth while recalling that in his undergraduate years he was a successful mesmerist. One of his fellow-students he had so completely under his power, that by touching a certain spot on his head with his finger, he could make him do or say anything he willed—sometimes with grotesque results in the students' debating societies. On one occasion, a mesmerized subject mistook what Drummond wished him to do with the poker, and only by the exercise of a ready wit did the mesmerist avert a dangerous blow. Occasionally he was induced to delight an evening party with a mesmerizing *stance*, but from a conviction of the possible harm that might be done to the persons mesmerized, he had renounced the exercise of his peculiar gift long before the close of his student days.

Drummond entered the New College—the Edinburgh Theological Hall of the New Church of Scotland—in 1870, along with Dr. James Stalker and the friend of his boyhood in Stirling, Dr. John Watson. During the first three years of his theological course he still gave no sign of his brilliant future. He was a winsome personality, beloved by all, and sought after by the brightest students for his ever-delightful companionship; but he was no intellectual leader in those days. Like "Ian Maclaren," he had a keen interest in the great English writers of the Victorian era, but he never threw himself with zest into theological study. His chief academic ambition, even in his theological course, was to obtain the degree of doctor of science in the university.

A TERM OF STUDY IN GERMANY.

During the summer of 1873 he spent a semester at the University of Tübingen, in the heart of the charming scenery of the

Swabian Alps. It was my privilege to live under the same roof with him for those three months, and to cement a friendship which for four-and-twenty years has been one of the choicest blessings of my life. As with Scotch students, so with German *burschen*, Drummond, wherever he was known, was a universal favorite. He threw himself with his whole heart into the social life of the *burschen*, and was eagerly sought after by the German students for *kneipes*, for evening walks to the picturesque *wirthschaften* in the surrounding villages, and for holiday excursions to Lichtenstein, Hohenzollern, and the Schwarzwald. There were some dozen Scotch students in Tübingen that summer, and we all scored in the kindness accorded to us by the warm-hearted Teutons from our association with Herr Drummond. Not that Drummond impressed the German *theologs* with his intellectual power: he had a greater reputation as a consummate chess-player than as an expert in the New Testament criticism, for which Strauss, Baur, and Zeller had made Tübingen famous. It was his radiant personality that attracted the Germans, his perennial interestingness, the fascination of his manner, the charm of his character.

One of the chief features of the social life of the University of Tübingen, as of Heidelberg and other German universities, is the existence of different clubs, with their distinctive caps and sashes, their weekly reunions (*kneipe*) in a restaurant (*wirthschaft*), and their natural rivalries and jealousies. The chief gymnastic exercise of the German students is *fechten* (fencing with a long thin rapier), and the skill acquired in the gymnasium is turned to account in the settlement of quarrels between the clubs. Twenty-five years ago not a week passed without a rapier duel

(forbidden, at least nominally, by the university and police authorities) taking place between representatives of clubs or between individuals, in the woods behind a quiet village *wirthschaft*. These duels, which were attended with no serious danger to life, interested Drummond for the insight they gave into the life and temperament of the *burschen*. Oftener than once his friends in the clubs let him into the secret of the time and place of a duel, and in after years his keen observation of the extraordinary skill of the combatants (or athletes, I should rather say) in attack and defense provided him with striking illustrations in addressing young men on their struggle with temptation.

His interest in the workings of human nature sometimes would show itself in forms original as droll. Three of us were walking along a quaint Tübingen street to the university lecture-room. "How easily," said one, "a crowd can be gathered." "Yes," said Drummond, "just let us stop at this grating in the pavement and bend down with an intent look." In a minute or two a crowd was round us; we passed out of it; as it still gazed at the grating and still increased in size, Drummond looked back with an amused smile on his demonstration of the ease with which a crowd can be gathered.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND AND MR. MOODY.

During the New College session 1873-74, when Drummond was in his twenty-third year, came the turning-point in his career—the awakening of his intellectual life and the quickening of his spiritual enthusiasms. In the years when Drummond was at the university and the New College, there was a keen interest amongst the better students in the questions raised for debate between materialistic science and



PROFESSOR DRUMMOND IN 1875. AGE 24 YEARS.

From a photograph by Fergus, Greenock, Scotland.

spiritualistic philosophy and in the questions raised by the newer Biblical criticism. Drummond took no special interest in these discussions. Philosophy was simply a subject in the Arts curriculum which he had to "get up" for his degree. The theological atmosphere of the New College had been electrically charged by the influence of men like Professor Robertson Smith and Professor W. G. Elmslie, who had championed the newer views in the weekly meetings of the Theological Society; but Drummond stood aloof. He had little experience of religious doubt and struggle for faith; as far as outsiders could judge, he was content with the traditional evangelicalism of his church. Neither in the theological nor in the philosophical sphere had his intellectual awakening begun. Nor had he yet thrown himself with enthusiasm into any sphere of practical Christian activity. But from the session of 1873-74 he was another man—with the same fascinating personality, with his fascinating personality indeed indefinitely accentuated, but with a keenness of intellectual edge and with a contagious warmth of spiritual enthusiasm that excited the increasing wonder of his friends. The occasion—I will not say the cause, for Drummond himself would have been slow to admit as much—of this extraordinary renaissance in his life was the first visit of Mr. D. L. Moody to Scotland.

Mr. Moody's evangelistic meetings were held in the Free Assembly Hall, which forms part of the New College buildings. He produced a deep and widespread impression upon the spiritual life of Edinburgh. Drummond was fascinated by the personality of the American evangelist, and was fairly caught in the sweep of the movement of which Mr. Moody was the center. Along with several of the foremost students in the New College, he took part in addressing evangelistic meetings. His power of impressive speech, and his gift of dealing with individuals in the inquiry-room, attracted Mr. Moody's notice, and nothing would satisfy the evangelist but that Drummond should consent to accompany him in his evangelistic tour and be especially an evangelist to young men. Drummond was within a few months of completing his theological course; but he was hot in this new work. He gave up his classes, and spent the next two years in evangelistic work among young men in the chief cities of Scotland, England, and Ireland. From 1874 onward, evangelism was the master passion of his life.

Even in those early years Drummond

had his own message to deliver and his own way of delivering it. He had no quarrel with the traditional evangelicalism, but there were many points in traditional evangelicalism on which he simply laid no emphasis. He found the heart of Christianity in a personal friendship with Christ, and it was his ambition as an evangelist to introduce men to Christ. Friendship with Christ was the secret of a pure manhood and a beneficent life—the true strength for overcoming temptation and the true inspiration for manliness and goodness. It was a simple message; but, delivered with the thousand subtle influences radiating forth from his strong and rich personality, it evoked a wonderful response in the crowded meeting and in the quiet talk in the streets or in young men's lodgings. There was little dogmatic teaching in his message; it was not to a theological creed but to Christ he burned to get men introduced. He had little of the ecclesiastical instinct; what interested him was, not connection with an ecclesiastical organization, but that which constituted the heart of church fellowship and activity—a personal link with Christ. This was at the root of the extreme individualism of his earlier years. He had not learned, as he learned later, to appreciate the spiritual worth of organized social life, and he was quick to detect the weakness of churches and ecclesiastical methods. He was a man of one idea; the sphere of his vision was monopolized with the incomparable worth of the friendship of the individual with Christ. After all, a noble kind of individualism, and an individualism which goes far to explain his non-ecclesiastical temper and catholicity of spirit, and which goes far to explain also the success of his early evangelism.

DRUMMOND'S RARE INFLUENCE OVER MEN.

Mr. Drummond returned to Edinburgh in the autumn of 1876 to complete his theological course at the New College. His was already one of the best known names in the evangelistic world, but he bore himself with a modesty which was the constant admiration of his class fellows. Of the impression he produced upon his fellow-students in those months, it is difficult to speak without seeming to indulge in the language of exaggeration. To those of us who were privileged to enjoy his companionship in after-dinner walks in West Princes Street Gardens, or on quiet Sunday evenings in his rooms, the personal influence of Henry Drummond was a priceless

gift: he was so self-forgetting, so sympathetic, so brotherly, and there was about him such an atmosphere of the upper levels of life. "There are some men and women in whose company we are always at our best. While with them we cannot think mean thoughts or speak ungenerous words. Their mere presence is elevation, purification, sanctity. All the best stops in our nature are drawn out by their intercourse, and we find a music in our souls that was never there before." Such was Drummond himself in the closing months of his academic career.

Drummond knew, however, how to unbend from his strenuous seriousness. Nor could mere conventionalism deter him from giving outlet to his love of fun and adventure. After the close of their theological course, the members of the class met together in a hotel for a farewell supper. Alterations were going on in the hotel, and we were restrained in our mirth by the proximity of other guests in a part of the saloon

curtained off. At Drummond's suggestion we resolved to adjourn outside the city altogether, to the solitudes of Arthur's Seat, where we should be untrammelled. Singing snatches of students' songs and Sankey's hymns by turn, we reached the summit of Arthur's Seat in the midnight hours, where, with the stars looking down on us and on the sleeping city which had nurtured our friendships, we heartened each other by song and speech for the unknown future that was awaiting us beyond the college walls.

During the winter of 1876-77, Drummond gathered round him several of his friends in the New College, and organized a series of Sunday evening meetings for students and other young men in the Gaiety Theater, opposite the Edinburgh University. Out of those meetings there grew up "a certain brotherhood, faithful in criticism, loyal in affection, tender in trouble," known to ourselves as the Gaiety brotherhood. The ten members, drawn



Prof. Geo. Adam Smith. Dr. James Stalker. Prof. Drummond. Rev. D. M. Ross.
J. F. Ewing. Provost Swan. Rev. Frank Gordon. R. W. Barbour.
Rev. Alex. Skene. Rev. James Brown.

A GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE GAIETY CLUB.
From a photograph loaned by the Rev. D. M. Ross.

from different academic years, were linked together by religious affinities and by the memories of college friendships, under the presidency of a dear old Scotchman, Provost Swan of Kirkcaldy, at whose country house—Springfield—the first gatherings of the brotherhood took place. For more than twenty years the brotherhood has met in some quiet retreat for a week each season—a week which has been a big element in the intellectual and spiritual life of its members. The names of some of the brotherhood are known in America—Dr. James Stalker, Dr. John Watson, and Dr. George Adam Smith. In this little circle of old college friends Henry Drummond had a unique place. His mere presence was a perpetual benediction. His courtesy and thoughtfulness for others were unflinching; his playful humor was like glints of sunshine; and in the years when his name had become a household word in English-speaking countries, his forgetfulness of self was a rebuke to every vain and selfishly ambitious temper.

Drummond was a good talker; but what was more striking than his talk was his capacity for listening. There was a genuine modesty in him which made it easy for him to assume the attitude of a learner, even toward those whose knowledge gave them less right to speak than himself. He stooped to learn where another would have exalted himself to teach. Often it would happen that a theological discussion would go on for an hour or two in which Drummond took no part. He would lie back in an easy-chair listening in perfect silence. Then at the end he would ask a quiet question, or make an epigrammatic remark, which was more luminous than all our talk. Drummond was fond of a quiet tête-à-tête carried on to the early morning hours. With that modesty which never failed him, he assumed that his friend had much to teach him, and sat at his feet as a learner. It was himself probably, with his questions, suggestions, and caveats, who was kindling the light, but he put it down to the other's credit. There was a kind of witchery in his personality which drew the intellectual as well as moral best out of a man.

In the autumn of 1877 he began his work as a lecturer on natural science in the Free Church Theological Hall of Glasgow. He was in the habit of winding up the college session by inviting his class to a week's excursion in Arran for field work in the subjects of class study—geology, botany, and zoölogy. "We wound up with four days' geologizing in Arran, and had a

glorious time. Eleven men mustered—the cream of the class, and we hammered the island almost to bits. Nothing left but the hotel and a ledge of rock to smoke on." Such days of companionship with this genial leader are a happy memory, even for those who cared little for the paleozoic, mesozoic and cainozoic periods.

During all the years he was lecturer on science his heart was in evangelism. "I want a quiet mission somewhere, entry immediate, and self-contained if possible. Do you know such a place?" He found this quiet mission in Possil Park, where Dr. Marcus Dod's congregation were fostering a new church in a suburb inhabited by artisans. It was here that "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" had its genesis, as he tells in the preface: "It has been my privilege for some years to address regularly two very different audiences on two very different themes. On week days I have lectured to a class of students on the natural sciences, and on Sundays to an audience for the most part of workingmen on subjects of a moral and religious character. . . . The two fountains of knowledge began to overflow, and finally their waters met and mingled."

As to the impression produced by his ministry upon the artisans of Possil Park, a little incident which came to my knowledge is a more eloquent testimony than any labored description. A woman whose husband was dying came to Mr. Drummond late on a Saturday evening, and asked him to come to the house. "My husband is deen', sir; he's no' able to speak to you, and he's no' able to hear you; but I would like him to hae a breath o' you aboot him afore he dees."

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND AS AN AUTHOR.

Another stage in Mr. Drummond's career was marked by the publication in 1883 of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." For a year or two before its publication the "message" of the book lay upon him like the "burden" of an Old Testament prophet which he must somehow get uttered. In his evangelistic teaching there were two dominant thoughts—the distinctiveness of the Christian life and the reality of conversion. It broke upon him that both of these thoughts were vouched for by science. It was natural that he should exclaim with the enthusiasm of one who had made a great discovery, *Eureka!* If truths which were uncongenial not only to the world of scientific culture,

but even to large numbers of professing Christians, should turn out to be countenanced by the laws of science itself, there was here the possibility of an unexpected reconciliation of science and religion, and religion, too, in a somewhat exaggerated Calvinistic form. Mr. Drummond appealed to the gulf which separates the inorganic kingdom from the organic, in proof of the wideness of the gulf which separates the merely ethical life of man from the distinctively spiritual or Christian, and he appealed to the doctrine of biogenesis (that life can only come from life) in proof of the position that the distinctively spiritual life is a new creation let down suddenly into the natural ethical life. This is not the place to enter into a consideration of the validity of the arguments of "Natural Law." Mr. Drummond had himself ceased to attach much weight to the novelties in its teaching, by which many of its readers were attracted. He learned to appreciate better the deep affinities between the ethical and the spiritual life, and he also learned to appreciate better those elements of human personality, such as self-consciousness and volition, which make it impossible to interpret the moral and spiritual life of man by the help of nothing more than the categories of biological science.

But apart from its apologetic features, on which alone Mr. Drummond himself laid much stress, the book had extraordinary merits, both of style and of spiritual teaching, and deserved the popularity it speedily achieved. It was long, however, before the news of the sensation its publication created reached the author. Shortly after seeing it through the press he had started, at the request of a Glasgow merchant, on an exploring expedition into tropical Africa, the record of which is one of the most brilliant of books of travel. He has himself told us the strange circumstances in which he first heard of the reception of his volume. "For five months I never saw a letter nor a newspaper, and in my new work—I had gone to make a geological and botanical survey of this region—the book and its fate were alike forgotten."

I well remember when the first thunderbolt from the English critics penetrated my fastnesses. One night, an hour after midnight, my camp was suddenly roused by the apparition of three black messengers—despatched from the north end of Lake Nyassa by a friendly white—with the hollow skin of a tiger cat containing a small package of letters and papers. Lighting the lamp in my tent, I read the

letters, and then turned over the newspapers—the first I had seen for many months. Among them was a copy of the 'Spectator' containing a review of 'Natural Law,' a review with criticism enough in it certainly to make one serious, but with that marvelous generosity and indulgence to an unknown author for which the 'Spectator' stands supreme in journalism."

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND AS A PREACHER.

The popularity of Professor Drummond on both sides of the Atlantic might well have turned the head of an ordinary man, but through it all he remained absolutely unspoiled, the same modest, unobtrusive friend as we knew him of old. His master passion was still evangelism. For years he was the unofficial preacher to the Edinburgh University in an unconsecrated building—the small, undignified Odd Fellows' Hall. He came from Glasgow for almost every Sunday during several winter sessions. There are scattered over the world to-day literally thousands of young men—ministers, doctors, teachers, lawyers, merchants—who owe the chief spiritual stimulus of their lives to these students' meetings. We have had great university preachers in our day and great university sermons, but no university preacher has done so much to quicken the spiritual life of a university as this unofficial preacher to the Edinburgh students, and no university sermons have gone home to the heart and inspired for service as his informal talks in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

Professor Drummond had qualifications for his work as Christ's evangelist to students. He believed in the glory and gladness of life; it was a wide, rich, and sunny life he lived himself. It was no gospel for ascetics he preached, but a gospel for youth with its genial energy and generous aspiration. It was no gospel for spiritual recluses, but for chivalrous youths eager to do some knightly service in the stout battle of life. His gospel was for the living present, and not merely for the dim and distant future. Salvation was the theme of his message, salvation, though, not as mere safety for the future, but as the saving of men's lives here and now, the winning of the true life of manhood—"a more abundant life, a life abundant in salvation for themselves and large in enterprise for the alleviation and redemption of the world."

A striking feature in Professor Drummond's career has been his hospitable atti-

tude toward new truth. He was a one-ideaed man in as far as he allowed the truth that was dominant at the moment to take possession of him, to the exclusion sometimes of complementary truths. But no one could have been readier to expect and prepare for new light. The series of booklets which he began to issue in 1889 reveals a wonderful growth in breadth of spiritual insight. In "Natural Law" he had laid an exaggerated emphasis upon the experience involved in sudden conversion; in his later teaching, the "catastrophic" interpretation of spiritual life falls into the background. But perhaps the most important change in Professor Drummond's teaching is the new emphasis he lays upon the social organism and social duty. In "Natural Law" and in the evangelism of that period the individual fills the sphere of his vision—the claim of God on the individual, the friendship of the individual with Christ, the growth of the individual in Christlikeness. But the religious individualism of the early period was enriched in his later years through a deeper understanding of the worth of the social organization for fostering the spiritual life of the individual and a heartier appreciation of the closeness of the connection between spiritual life and social service. If "Natural Law" represents exaggerated individualism, "The City without a Church" almost leans toward an exaggerated socialism. Anyhow, Professor Drummond has here broken away into a noble and inspiring conception of the social mission of Christianity. Some of the passages in this booklet are worthy of being put alongside the impassioned appeals of the great prophet of modern democracy—Joseph Mazzini; as, for example, the passage in which he pleads with Christians to ennoble their life as citizens with the spirit of civic patriotism: "To move among the people on the common street; to meet them in the market-place on equal terms; to live among them, not as saint or monk, but as brother man with brother man; to serve God, not with form or ritual, but in the free impulse of a soul; to bear the burdens of society and relieve its needs; to carry on the multitudinous activities of the city—social, commercial, political, philanthropic: this is the religion of the Son of Man and the only fitness for Heaven which has much reality in it. . . . Traveler to God's last city, be thankful that you are alive. Be thankful for the city at your doors and for the chance to build its walls a little higher before you go. Pray for yet a lit-

tle while to redeem the wasted years. And week by week, as you go forth from worship, and day by day, as you awake to face this great and needy world, learn to 'seek a city' here, and in the service of its neediest citizen to find Heaven."

This growing appreciation of the social organism and of social duty throws light upon the *motif* of Professor Drummond's last and, whether we judge it by a literary or intellectual standard, his greatest book—"The Ascent of Man." His first book had been an apology from the side of science for two positions in his individualistic theory of religion—the distinctiveness of the Christian life and the reality of the sudden appearance of the spiritual life, or sudden conversion. His last book was an apology—again from the side of science—for the law of love, or "struggle for the life of others," as a law deeply embedded in the whole life of the universe. His first book was an apologetic for individualism, his last, an apologetic for socialism.

The delivery of the Lowell lectures on "The Ascent of Man" in 1893 was the last important event in Professor Drummond's public career. He put his strength into these lectures—urged thereto not only by his interest in the apologetic argument for the law of struggle for the life of others, but also by his regard for the audience before whom they were to be delivered. Professor Drummond was no stranger in America. In 1879 he had explored the Rocky Mountains on a geological expedition with Sir Archibald Geikie. Several years afterwards, he visited Northfield on Mr. Moody's invitation, and spent several months in the States, addressing meetings and delivering lectures. He had a genuine liking for America and Americans; he found himself in a congenial atmosphere in the lecture hall at Boston.

Before I refer to the last two years of Professor Drummond's life, it may interest the reader if I turn aside for a little and point out some features in his activity which throw light on his personality.

PERSONAL LIFE AND CHARACTER.

Though Drummond was one of the best known citizens of Glasgow and was keenly interested in the philanthropic and religious life of the city, he loved to live in the shade. Hostesses were eager to secure him for dinners and receptions, but he had a horror of being lionized. He had a power of brilliant talk, a perfection of social manner, and a wide knowledge of men and

cities that, had he cared, would have made him *the* man at the dinner table; but his modesty forbade him to seek to shine. To the distress of entertainers who knew his attractiveness, he shunned "society" functions and preferred a quiet talk, with four feet on the fender. He was in demand as a speaker or chairman at public meetings to draw an audience, but unless he had some special message he wished to deliver, he declined such requests, and would go off, instead, to some little meeting in an obscure hall to encourage a down-hearted worker. But if he avoided the public platform, where he felt no special call to speak, he loved to be in touch with the life of the people. Often he would slink away of a Saturday afternoon to some football field in the East End, where he could find himself (to use one of his own picturesque phrases) "the only man with a collar in the whole crowd." He cared as little for great ecclesiastical as for great social functions, but his friends could count upon him turning up at odd functions in the underground life of the people—such as "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Services" for canal boatmen or evangelistic meetings for thieves and ex-convicts.

Drummond was at home amongst boys. Watching a cricket or football match, he forgot that he was a professor and became a boy again. He had a rich repertoire of conundrums, incidents of adventure, and thrilling ghost stories. In the country a cowslip or an elm-tree in blossom would give him a text for explaining the wonderful devices of nature for the fertilization of flowers. At the fireside or in the woods he never failed to excite the enthusiasm of boys. The poor boys of Glasgow stirred his interest. He had at one time designed a special basket for message boys, to lighten the burden of little fellows struggling under ill-adjusted loads. By his pen and by his addresses he rendered invaluable service to a modern institution—the Boys' Brigade—which has done much for the well-being of thousands of the lads of our cities, and it was fitting that the body of the Boys' Friend should have been laid to rest in Stirling cemetery to the sound of the bugles of the Boys' Brigade.

The ordeal of criticism to which the man and his teaching were subjected for years gave Drummond an opportunity of revealing the strength and beauty of his character. No bitter word did he ever write or speak in reply to his most merciless or ungenerous critics. In his earlier years he was the darling of the evangelistic world.

In later years the broadness of his teaching alarmed many of his former admirers, and some of the religious papers attacked him with a fierceness which bordered on malignity. I know how some of the attacks, imputing unworthy motives and traducing his character, made Drummond's sensitive nature wince; but not only did he not break the silence, but he nourished no bitter grudge in his heart. One instance of his magnanimity to an opponent may be worth recalling. A very able theologian had reviewed in the pages of an influential journal the booklet "The City without a Church," not only in a trenchant, but in a somewhat personally bitter fashion. "What ails So-and-so at me?" was Drummond's comment to a mutual friend; and when he was asked a few weeks afterward by an American theological college to recommend a Scottish theologian for a course of lectures, he named his castigator.

Drummond was a hard worker, but he knew the value of recreation as an intellectual tonic. His favorite pastime was salmon or trout fishing on a lonely Highland loch. He appreciated the solitudes of nature as keenly as the roar of the tide of life in a great city. If there was finished grace in his writing and speaking, there was a finished grace even in his casting of a line. But even more striking than his skilful angling was his happy way with his boatman. With a courtesy and brotherliness which were conspicuous in his bearing toward servants, he would win the boatman's confidence, and learn the story of his life, long before the day's sport was over; he would tell him interesting facts about birds and flowers and insects, and retail stories for his information and amusement, and in the evening the fortunate boatman would gladden his own fireside with an account of a happy day's experience. Drummond preached the duty of making others happy in the common intercourse of life, and what he preached he himself practised.

From the beginning of 1895, Professor Drummond was the victim of pain and weakness. His disease, which baffled medical diagnosis, seized upon the muscles and bones of the trunk of the body, and rendered him, for the most part, a helpless invalid. His illness was but a fresh opportunity for the revelation of the beauty of his character and the charm of his personality. To the last he kept up his interest in what was going on in the intellectual and political world, and his interest in the movements of his friends was as lively as if he had been the strong one caring for

the weak. His sick-room was, as I have said, a kind of temple, where one was made aware of the sacred beauty of a spirit that had triumphed over earth's sufferings and disappointments. "Here I am," he said to me on my last visit to him, in December, "here I am, getting kindness upon kindness from my friends, and giving nothing in return." Little did he suspect how much he gave his friends in an hour's talk from his air couch. His kindly humor never failed him. At Christmas, 1895, he sent his friends as a Christmas card a photograph of himself in a bath-chair, with these words written in pencil underneath: "The Descent of Man." In his pain and weariness a good story was a physical filip; his sick-room became a sort of center for the receiving and distributing of stories. He looked forward to the recovery of strength and the resumption of work, but the end came suddenly, and on March 11th one of the purest, brightest, and most lovable spirits that have ever gladdened God's world passed to

Such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of Heaven.

In estimating Professor Drummond's influence as a spiritual teacher—it is as spiritual teacher, not as scientist or speculative thinker, that his chief work has been done—I single out one or two of the more obvious characteristics of his teaching. For one thing, there is "atmosphere" in his work. Much is said, and too much cannot be said, of the lucidity and beauty of his style. His style is the reflection of a lucid and beautiful spirit. His readers are made to feel that they are in the company of a man who breathes the pure air of that spiritual world which is the home of fair visions and noble thoughts. The restfulness of his spiritual aspiration is specially attractive. One can hear the panting of St. Augustine, and see the strained muscle of John Henry Newman, but in Professor Drummond one is reminded rather of the spiritual calm of the Early Ministry by the Sea of Galilee. Again, his work has the "note" of originality. This quality is reflected in his style; there is scarcely a hackneyed phrase in his pages. His readers may wish that he would look at his subject in more aspects than he does, but then they may be sure of this, that he has himself *seen* whatever aspect of the subject he handles. He reports what of the spiritual world he knows—not what other people have reported, or what his critics would like him to report. He is a *seer*, and his

teaching is all the more valuable because he has resolutely refused to go beyond his own vision of truth. The onesidedness of his teaching—of which, not altogether without ground, complaint is made—is but the shadow cast by that originality which is a hundred-fold more effective for spiritual teaching than balanced views and rounded systems. Another characteristic of his teaching is its catholicity—its singular freedom from theological provincialism. He uses the language, not of the sects or schools, but of Christendom. He is as readily understood in Sweden and Germany as in Scotland and America. He had a wide experience of human life. He had traveled in nearly every country on the globe, and been in contact with all grades of civilization and culture. He had been a lecturer on science and a city missionary; he had been an African explorer and an itinerant evangelist; he had preached to the denizens of the slums and to the flower of the aristocracy of Britain; he had been the friend of workingmen and the companion of statesmen. A "citizen of the world" with so varied a knowledge of life could not well be provincial, but the catholicity of his teaching had its deepest root in an understanding of the spirit of Him in whom there is "neither Greek nor barbarian, bond nor free."

But more striking than all his teaching was the personality of the teacher. The character of Henry Drummond has been a great gift of God to our generation. All unconsciously he has himself given us the truest sketch of his character we are ever likely to have. His booklet "The Greatest Thing in the World"—an exposition of St. Paul's great hymn in praise of love in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians—has been taken more warmly to the heart of Christendom than any other religious book of recent years. It is a singularly beautiful filling in of St. Paul's outline of the Christian character. As those of us who knew what manner of man the writer had been amid the strain and stress of the world's work and temptation read the pages of his booklet, we turned instinctively to his own life as the best commentary on his words. Some of us can never read St. Paul's immortal chapter without recalling "The Greatest Thing in the World," and can never read "The Greatest Thing in the World" without recalling how the love there described with a felicity of language as remarkable as the spiritual glow of the teaching, irradiated his own personality and life.

THE TWO BARKS.

A TALE OF THE HIGH SEAS.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "Rodney Stone," etc.

CAREENING was a very necessary operation for the old pirate. On his superior speed he depended both for overhauling the trader and escaping the man-of-war. But it was impossible to retain his sailing qualities unless he periodically—once a year at the least—cleared his bottom from the long trailing plants and crusting barnacles which gather so rapidly in the tropical seas. For this purpose he lightened his vessel, thrust her into some narrow inlet where she would be left high and dry at low water, fastened blocks and tackles to her masts to pull her over on to her bilge, and then scraped her thoroughly from rudder-post to cut-water.

During the weeks which were thus occupied the ship was, of course, defenceless; but, on the other hand, she was unapproachable by anything heavier than an empty hull, and the place for careening was chosen with an eye to secrecy, so that there was no great danger. So secure did the captains feel, that it was not uncommon for them at such times to leave their ships under a sufficient guard and to start off in the long-boat either upon a sporting expedition or, more frequently, upon a visit to some outlying town, where they turned the heads of the women by their swaggering gallantry, or broached pipes of wine in the market square, with a threat to pistol all who would not drink with them.

Sometimes they would even appear in cities of the size of Charleston, and walk the streets with their clattering sidearms, an open scandal to the whole law-abiding colony. Such visits were not always paid with impunity. It was one of them, for example, which provoked Lieutenant Maynard to hack off Blackbeard's head and to spear it upon the end of his bowsprit. But, as a rule, the pirate ruffled and bullied and drabbed without let or hindrance, until it was time for him to go back to his ship once more.

There was one pirate, however, who never crossed even the skirts of civilization, and that was the sinister Sharkey, of the bark "Happy Delivery." It may have been from his morose and solitary

temper, or, as it is more probable, that he knew that his name upon the coast was such that outraged humanity would, against all odds, have thrown themselves upon him, but never once did he show his face in a settlement.

When his ship was laid up he would leave her under the charge of Ned Galloway, her New England quartermaster, and would take long voyages in his boat, sometimes, it was said, for the purpose of burying his share of the plunder, and sometimes to shoot the wild oxen of Hispaniola, which, when dressed and barbecued, provided provisions for his next voyage. In the latter case the bark would come round to some prearranged spot to pick him up and take on board what he had shot.

There had always been a hope in the islands that Sharkey might be taken on one of these occasions, and at last there came news to Kingston which seemed to justify an attempt upon him. It was brought by an elderly logwood-cutter who had fallen into the pirate's hands and in some freak of drunken benevolence had been allowed to get away with nothing worse than a slit nose and a drubbing. His account was recent and definite. The "Happy Delivery" was careening at Torbec on the southwest of Hispaniola. Sharkey, with four men, was buccaneering on the outlying island of La Vache. The blood of a hundred murdered crews was calling out for vengeance, and now at last it seemed as if it might not call in vain.

Sir Edward Compton, the high-nosed, red-faced governor, sitting in solemn conclave with the commandant and the head of the council, was sorely puzzled in his mind as to how he should use this chance. There was no man-of-war nearer than Jamestown, and she was a clumsy old fly-boat, which could neither overhaul the pirate on the seas, nor reach her in a shallow inlet. There were forts and artillerymen both at Kingston and Port Royal, but no soldiers available for an expedition.

A private venture might be fitted out, and there were many who had a blood-feud with Sharkey—but what could a pri-

vate venture do? The pirates were numerous and desperate. As to taking Sharkey and his four companions, that, of course, would be easy if they could get at them, but how were they to get at them on a large, well-wooded island like La Vache, full of wild hills and impenetrable jungles? A reward was offered to whoever could find a solution, and that brought a man to the front who had a singular plan and was himself prepared to carry it out.

Stephen Craddock had been that most formidable person, the Puritan gone wrong. Sprung from a decent Salem family, his ill-doing seemed to be a recoil from the austerity of their religion, and he brought to vice all the physical strength and energy with which the virtues of his ancestors had endowed him. He was ingenious, fearless, and exceedingly tenacious of purpose, so that when he was still young his name became notorious upon the American coast.

He was the same Craddock who was tried for his life in Virginia for the slaying of the Seminole chief, and though he escaped, it was well known that he had corrupted the witnesses and bribed the judge.

Afterwards, as a slaver, and even, as it was hinted, as a pirate, he had left an evil name behind him in the Bight of Benin. Finally he had returned to Jamaica with a considerable fortune, and had settled down to a life of sombre dissipation. This was the man, gaunt, austere, and dangerous, who now waited upon the governor with a plan for the extirpation of Sharkey.

Sir Edward received him with little enthusiasm, for in spite of some rumors of conversion and reformation, he had always regarded him as an infected sheep who might taint the whole of his little flock. Craddock saw the governor's mistrust under his thin veil of formal and restrained courtesy.

"You've no call to fear me, sir," said he; "I'm a changed man from what you've known. I've seen the light again of late, after losing sight of it for many a black year. It was through the ministration of the Rev. John Simons, of our own people. Sir, if your own spirit should be in need of quickening, you would find a very sweet savor in his discourse."

The governor cocked his Episcopalian nose at him.

"You came here to speak of Sharkey, Master Craddock," said he.

"The man Sharkey is a vessel of wrath," said Craddock. "His wicked horn has been exalted over long, and it is

borne in upon me that if I can cut him off and utterly destroy him, it will be a goodly deed, and one which may atone for many backslidings in the past. A plan has been given to me whereby I may encompass his destruction."

The governor was keenly interested, for there was a grim and practical air about the man's freckled face which showed that he was in earnest. After all, he was a seaman and a fighter, and, if it were true that he was eager to atone for his past, no better man could be chosen for the business.

"This will be a dangerous task, Master Craddock," said he.

"If I meet my death at it, it may be that it will cleanse the memory of an ill-spent life. I have much to atone for."

The governor did not see his way to contradict him.

"What was your plan?" he asked.

"You have heard that Sharkey's bark, the 'Happy Delivery,' came from this very port of Kingston?"

"It belonged to Mr. Codrington, and it was taken by Sharkey, who scuttled his own sloop and moved into her because she was faster," said Sir Edward.

"Yes; but it may be that you have never heard that Mr. Codrington has a sister ship, the 'White Rose,' which lies even now in the harbor, and which is so like the pirate that, if it were not for a white paint line, none could tell them apart."

"Ah! and what of that?" asked the governor keenly, with the air of one who is just on the edge of an idea.

"By the help of it this man shall be delivered into our hands."

"And how?"

"I will paint out the streak upon the 'White Rose,' and make it in all things like the 'Happy Delivery.' Then I will set sail for the island of La Vache, where this man is slaying the wild oxen. When he sees me he will surely mistake me for his own vessel, which he is awaiting, and he will come on board to his own undoing."

It was a simple plan, and yet it seemed to the governor that it might be effective. Without hesitation he gave Craddock permission to carry it out, and to take any steps he liked in order to further the object which he had in view. Sir Edward was not very sanguine, for many attempts had been made upon Sharkey, and their results had shown that he was as cunning as he was ruthless. But this gaunt Puritan with the evil record was cunning and ruthless also.

The contest of wits between two such

men as Sharkey and Craddock appealed to the governor's acute sense of sport, and though he was inwardly convinced that the chances were against him, he backed his man with the same loyalty which he would have shown to his horse or his cock.

Haste was, above all things, necessary, for upon any day the careening might be finished, and the pirates out at sea once more. But there was not very much to do, and there were many willing hands to do it, so the second day saw the "White Rose" beating out for the open sea. There were many seamen in the port who knew the lines and rig of the pirate bark, and not one of them could see the slightest difference in this counterfeit. Her white side line had been painted out, her masts and yards were smoked to give them the dingy appearance of the weather-beaten rover, and a large diamond-shaped patch was let into her foretopsail.

Her crew were volunteers, many of them being men who had sailed with Stephen Craddock before; the mate, Joshua Hird, an old slaver, had been his accomplice in many voyages, and came now at the bidding of his chief.

The avenging bark sped across the Caribbean Sea, and, at the sight of that patched topsail, the little craft which they met flew left and right like frightened trout in a pool. On the fourth evening Point Abacou bore five miles to the north and east of them.

On the fifth they were at anchor in the Bay of Tortoises at the island of La Vache, where Sharkey and his four men had been hunting. It was a well-wooded place, with the palms and underwood growing down to the thin crescent of silver sand which skirted the shore. They had hoisted the black flag and the red pennant, but no answer came from the shore. Craddock strained his eyes, hoping every instant to see a boat shoot out to them with Sharkey seated in the sheets. But the night passed away, and a day, and yet another night, without any sign of the men whom they were endeavoring to trap. It looked as if they were already gone.

On the second morning Craddock went ashore in search of some proof whether Sharkey and his men were still upon the island. What he found reassured him greatly. Close to the shore was a boucan of green wood, such as was used for preserving the meat, and a great store of barbecued strips of ox-flesh was hung upon lines all around it. The pirate ship had not taken off her provisions, and therefore the hunters were still upon the island.

Why had they not shown themselves? Was it that they had detected that this was not their own ship? Or was it that they were hunting in the interior of the island, and were not on the lookout for a ship yet? Craddock was still hesitating between the two alternatives, when a Carib Indian came down with information. The pirates were in the island, he said, and their camp was a day's march from the sea. They had stolen his wife, and the marks of their stripes were still pink upon his brown back. Their enemies were his friends, and he would lead them to where they lay.

Craddock could not have asked for anything better; so early next morning, with a small party armed to the teeth, he set off under the guidance of the Carib. All day they struggled through brushwood and clambered over rocks, pushing their way farther and farther into the desolate heart of the island. Here and there they found traces of the hunters, the bones of a slain ox, or the marks of feet in a morass, and once, towards evening, it seemed to some of them that they heard the distant rattle of guns.

That night they spent under the trees, and pushed on again with the earliest light. About noon they came to the huts of bark which, the Carib told them, were the camp of the hunters, but they were silent and deserted. No doubt their occupants were away at the hunt and would return in the evening, so Craddock and his men lay in ambush in the brushwood around them. But no one came, and another night was spent in the forest. Nothing more could be done, and it seemed to Craddock that after the two days' absence it was time that he returned to his ship once more.

The return journey was less difficult, as they had already blazed a path for themselves. Before evening they found themselves once more at the Bay of Tortoises, and saw their ship riding at anchor where they had left her. Their boat and oars had been hauled up among the bushes, so they launched it and pulled out to the bark.

"No luck, then!" cried Joshua Hird, the mate, looking down with a pale face from the poop.

"His camp was empty, but he may come down to us yet," said Craddock, with his hand on the ladder.

Somebody upon deck began to laugh. "I think," said the mate, "that these men had better stay in the boat."

"Why so?"

"If you will come aboard, sir, you will

understand it." He spoke in a curious, hesitating fashion.

The blood flushed to Craddock's gaunt face.

"How is this, Master Hird?" he cried, springing up the side. "What mean you by giving orders to my boat's crew?"

But as he passed over the bulwarks, with one foot upon the deck, and one knee upon the rail, a tow-bearded man, whom he had never before observed aboard his vessel, grabbed suddenly at his pistol. Craddock clutched at the fellow's wrist, but at the same instant his mate snatched the cutlass from his side.

"What roguery is this?" shouted Craddock, looking furiously around him. But the crew stood in little knots about the deck, laughing and whispering amongst themselves without showing any desire to go to his assistance. Even in that hurried glance Craddock noticed that they were dressed in the most singular manner, with long riding coats, full-skirted velvet gowns, and colored ribbands at their knees, more like men of fashion than seamen.

As he looked at their grotesque figures he struck his brow with his clenched fist to be sure that he was awake. The deck seemed to be much dirtier than when he had left it, and there were strange, sun-blackened faces turned upon him from every side. Not one of them did he know, save only Joshua Hird. Had the ship been captured in his absence? Were these Sharkey's men who were around him? At the thought he broke furiously away and tried to climb over to his boat, but a dozen hands were on him in an instant, and he was pushed aft through the open door of his own cabin.

And it was all different to the cabin which he had left. The floor was different, the ceiling was different, the furniture was different. His had been plain and austere. This was sumptuous and yet dirty, hung with rare velvet curtains splashed with wine stains, and panelled with costly woods which were pocked with pistol marks.

On the table was a great chart of the Caribbean Sea, and beside it, with compasses in his hand, sat a clean-shaven, pale-faced man with a fur cap and a claret-colored coat of damask. Craddock turned white under his freckles as he looked upon the long, thin, high-nostriled nose and the red-rimmed eyes which were turned upon him with the fixed humorous gaze of the master player who has left his opponent without a move.

"Sharkey!" cried Craddock.

Sharkey's thin lips opened and he broke into his high, sniggering laugh.

"You fool!" he cried, and, leaning over, he stabbed Craddock's shoulder again and again with his compasses. "You poor, dull-witted fool, would you match yourself against me?"

It was not the pain of the wounds, but it was the contempt in Sharkey's voice which turned Craddock into a savage madman. He flew at the pirate, roaring with rage, striking, kicking, writhing, and foaming. It took six men to drag him down on to the floor amidst the splintered remains of the table—and not one of the six who did not bear the prisoner's mark upon him. But Sharkey still surveyed him with the same contemptuous eye. From outside there came the crash of breaking wood and the clamor of startled voices.

"What is that?" asked Sharkey.

"They have stove the boat with cold shot, and the men are in the water."

"Let them stay there," said the pirate.

"Now, Craddock, you know where you are. You are aboard my ship, the 'Happy Delivery,' and you lie at my mercy. I knew you for a stout seaman, you rogue, before you took to this long-shore canting. Your hands then were no cleaner than my own. Will you sign articles, as your mate has done, and join us, or shall I heave you over to follow your ship's company?"

"Where is my ship?" asked Craddock.

"Scuttled in the bay."

"And the hands?"

"In the bay, too."

"Then I'm for the bay also."

"Hock him and heave him over," said Sharkey.

Many rough hands had dragged Craddock out upon deck, and Galloway, the quartermaster, had already drawn his hanger to cripple him, when Sharkey came hurrying from his cabin with an eager face.

"We can do better with the hound," he cried. "Sink me if it is not a rare plan. Throw him into the sailroom with the irons on, and do you come here, quartermaster, that I may tell you what I have in my mind."

So Craddock, bruised and wounded in soul and body, was thrown into the dark sailroom, so fettered that he could not stir hand or foot. But his Northern blood was running strong in his veins, and his grim spirit aspired only to make such an ending as might go some way towards atoning for the evil of his life. All night he lay in the curve of the bilge, listening

to the rush of the water and the straining of the timbers, which told him that the ship was at sea and driving fast. In the early morning some one came crawling to him in the darkness over the heaps of sails.

"Here's rum and biscuits," said the voice of his late mate. "It's at the risk of my life, Master Craddock, that I bring them to you."

"It was you who trapped me and caught me as in a snare," cried Craddock. "How shall you answer for what you have done?"

"What I did I did with the point of a knife betwixt my blade bones."

"God forgive you for a coward, Joshua Hird! How came you into their hands?"

"Why, Master Craddock, the pirate ship came back from its careening upon the very day that you left us. They laid us aboard, and, short-handed as we were, with the best of the men ashore with you, we could offer but a poor defence. Some were cut down, and they were the happiest. The others were killed afterwards. As to me, I saved my life by signing on with them."

"And they scuttled my ship?"

"They scuttled her, and then Sharkey and his men, who had been watching us from the brushwood, came off to the ship. His main yard had been cracked and fished last voyage, so he had suspicions of us, seeing that ours was whole. Then he thought of laying the same trap for you which you had set for him."

Craddock groaned.

"How came I not to see that fished mainyard?" he muttered. "But whither are we bound?"

"We are running north and west."

"North and west! Then we are heading back towards Jamaica."

"With an eight-knot wind."

"Have you heard what they mean to do with me?"

"I have not heard. If you would but sign the articles—"

"Enough, Joshua Hird! I have risked my soul too often."

"As you wish. I have done what I could. Farewell!"

All that night and the next day the "Happy Delivery" ran before the easterly trades, and Stephen Craddock lay in the dark of the sailroom, working patiently at his wrist irons. One he had slipped off at the cost of a row of broken and bleeding knuckles, but, do what he would, he could not free the other, and his ankles were securely fastened.

From hour to hour he heard the swish of the water, and knew that the bark must be driving with all set in front of the trade wind. In that case they must be nearly back again to Jamaica by now. What plan could Sharkey have in his head, and what use did he hope to make of him? Craddock set his teeth, and vowed that if he had once been a villain from choice he would, at least, never be one by compulsion.

On the second morning Craddock became aware that sail had been reduced in the vessel, and that she was tacking slowly, with a light breeze on her beam. The varying slope of the sailroom and the sounds from the deck told his practised senses exactly what she was doing. The short reaches showed him that she was manœuvring near shore and making for some definite point. If so, she must have reached Jamaica. But what could she be doing there?

And then suddenly there was a burst of hearty cheering from the deck, and then the crash of a gun above his head, and then the answering booming of guns from far over the water. Craddock sat up and strained his ears. Was the ship in action? Only the one gun had been fired, and though many had answered there were none of the crashings which told of a shot coming home.

Then, if it was not an action, it must be a salute. But who would salute Sharkey, the pirate? It could only be another pirate ship which would do so. So Craddock lay back again with a groan, and continued to work at the manacle which still held his right wrist.

But suddenly there came the shuffling of steps outside, and he had hardly time to wrap the loose links round his free hand, when the door was unbolted and two pirates came in. "Got your hammer, carpenter?" asked one, whom Craddock recognized as the big quartermaster. "Knock off his leg shackles, then. Better leave the bracelets—he's safer with them on." With hammer and chisel the carpenter loosened the irons.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Craddock.

"Come on deck, and you'll see." The sailor seized him by the arm, and dragged him roughly to the foot of the companion. Above him was a square of blue sky cut across by the mizzen gaff, with the colors flying at the peak. But it was the sight of those colors which struck the breath from Stephen Craddock's lips. For there

were two of them, and the British ensign was flying above the Jolly Rodger—the honest flag above that of the rogue.

For an instant Craddock stopped in amazement, but a brutal push from the pirates behind drove him up the companion ladder. As he stepped out upon deck, his eyes turned up to the main, and there again were the British colors flying above the red pennant, and all the shrouds and rigging were garlanded with streamers.

Had the ship been taken, then? But that was impossible, for there were the pirates clustering in swarms along the port bulwarks, and waving their hats joyously in the air. Most prominent of all was the renegade mate, standing on the foc'sle head, and gesticulating wildly. Craddock looked over the side to see what they were cheering at, and then in a flash he saw how critical was the moment.

On the port bow, and about a mile off, lay the white houses and forts of Port Royal, with flags breaking out everywhere over their roofs. Right ahead was the opening of the palisades leading to the town of Kingston. Not more than a quarter of a mile off was a small sloop working out against the very slight wind. The British ensign was at her peak, and her rigging was all decorated. On her deck could be seen a dense crowd of people cheering and waving their hats, and the gleam of scarlet told that there were officers of the garrison among them.

In an instant, with the quick perception of a man of action, Craddock saw through it all. Sharkey, with that diabolical cunning and audacity which were among his main characteristics, was simulating the part which Craddock would himself have played, had he come back victorious. It was in *his* honor that the salutes were firing and the flags flying. It was to welcome *him* that this ship with the governor, the commandant, and the chiefs of the island were approaching. In another ten minutes they would all be under the guns of the "Happy Delivery," and Sharkey would have won the greatest stake that ever a pirate played for yet.

"Bring him forward," cried the pirate captain, as Craddock appeared between the carpenter and the quartermaster. "Keep the ports closed, but clear away the port guns, and stand by for a broadside. Another two cable lengths and we have them."

"They are edging away," said the boat-swain. "I think they smell us."

"That's soon set right," said Sharkey, turning his filmy eyes upon Craddock. "Stand there, you—right there, where they can recognize you, with your hand on the guy, and wave your hat to them. Quick, or your brains will be over your coat. Put an inch of your knife into him, Ned. Now, will you wave your hat? Try him again, then. Heh, shoot him! stop him!"

But it was too late. Relying upon the manacles, the quartermaster had taken his hands for a moment off Craddock's arm. In that instant he had flung off the carpenter and, amid a spatter of pistol bullets, had sprung the bulwarks and was swimming for his life. He had been hit and hit again, but it takes many pistols to kill a resolute and powerful man who has his mind set upon doing something before he dies. He was a strong swimmer, and, in spite of the red trail which he left in the water behind him, he was rapidly increasing his distance from the pirate.

"Give me a musket!" cried Sharkey, with a savage oath.

He was a famous shot, and his iron nerves never failed him in an emergency. The dark head appearing on the crest of a roller, and then swooping down on the other side, was already half way to the sloop. Sharkey dwelled long upon his aim before he fired. With the crack of the gun the swimmer reared himself up in the water, waved his hands in a gesture of warning, and roared out in a voice which rang over the bay. Then, as the sloop swung round her headsails, and the pirate fired an impotent broadside, Stephen Craddock, smiling grimly in his death agony, sank slowly down to that golden couch which glimmered far beneath him.



The 9. Chap:

*Of their voyage, & how they passed f sea;
and of their safe arrival at
Cape Cod. v. v. v*

Sept. 6. These troubles being blown over, and now all being compacted together in one ship, they put to sea againe with a prosperous winde, which continued divers days together, which was some encouragement unto them; yet according to f usual manner many were afflicted with sea-sickness. And y may not omit to hear a special worke of Gods providence; ther was a proud & very profane yonge man, one of f sea-men, of a lustie able body, which made him the more haughty, he would alway be condemning f poore people in their sickness, & cursing them daily with

FACSIMILE OF A PASSAGE IN THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF GOVERNOR BRADFORD'S "HISTORY."

THE LOG OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

GOVERNOR BRADFORD'S LOST "HISTORY OF PLYMOUTH PLANTATION."

THE State of Massachusetts has lately recovered as a friendly gift from England the original manuscript of the "History of Plymouth Plantation," written by William Bradford, one of the founders and second governor of the colony. During the Revolution the manuscript disappeared from the New England Library in the Old South Church, Boston, where it had been deposited, and it was regarded as forever lost. But in 1855 Samuel G. Drake discovered it in the Bishop of London's Library at Fulham, England. How it came there no one knows. The discovery was an event of great historical importance; for while several early historians had had access to the manuscript and had made liberal use of it, the larger part of it had not been published at the time it disappeared, and it is, for the period it covers, the first and almost the only authority. The return of the original manuscript, written in Governor Bradford's own hand, to its natural and proper home, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, is, therefore, an incident of no ordinary interest. There have been two publications of the complete work since its recovery: one in 1856, by the Massachusetts Historical Society; and, recently, a beautiful reproduction in facsimile of the original manuscript, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Neither of these, however, renders it accessible to the general reader. Herewith are given the chapters in which Governor Bradford relates the passage of the "Mayflower" and the first landing and settlement of the Pilgrims on the shores of Cape Cod Bay.—EDITOR.

THE 9 CHAP.

OF THEIR VOYAGE AND HOW THEY PASSED
THE SEA; AND OF THEIR SAFE ARRIVAL
AT CAPE COD.

SEPT. 6th [1620 O. S].—These troubles being blown over, and now being all compacted together in one ship, they put to sea again with a prosperous wind, which continued divers days together, which was some encouragement unto them; yet according to the usual

manner many were afflicted with sea-sickness. And I may not omit here a special mark of God's providence: there was a proud, a very profane young man, one of the seamen, of a lusty able body, which made him the more haughty. He would alway be condemning the poor people in their sickness, and cursing them daily with grievous execrations; and did not let to tell them, that he hoped to help cast half of them overboard before they came to their journey's end, and to make merry with what they had; and if he were by any

gently reproved, he would curse and swear most bitterly. But it pleased God before they came half seas over, to smite this young man with a grievous disease, of which he died in a desperate manner; and so was himself the first who was thrown overboard. Thus his curses light on his own head; and it was an astonishment to all his fellows, for they noted it to be the just hand of God upon him.

After they had enjoyed fair winds and weather for a season, they were encountered many times with cross-winds, and met with many fierce storms, with which the ship was shroudly [sharply] shaken, and her lower works made very leaky, and one of the main beams in the mid-ships was lowered and cracked, which put them in some fear, that the ship could not be able to perform the voyage.

But to omit other things (that I may be brief), after long beating at sea, they fell with that land which is called Cape Cod; the which being made, and certainly known to be it, they were not a little joyful. After some deliberation had amongst themselves, and with the master of the ship, they tacked about, and resolved to stand for the southward (the wind and weather being fair), to find some place about Hudson's River for their habitation. But after they had sailed that course about half the day, they fell amongst dangerous shoals and roaring breakers, and they were so far entangled therewith as they conceived themselves in great danger, and the wind shrinking upon them withal, they resolved to bear up again for the Cape; and thought themselves happy to get out of these dangers, before night overtook them, as by God's good providence they did. And the next day they got into the Cape harbor, where they rid in safety.

But here I cannot but stay and make a pause, and stand half amazed at this poor people's present condition; and so I think will the reader, too, when he well considers the same. Being thus passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation (as may be remembered by that which went before), they had now no friends to welcome them, nor inns to entertain or refresh their weather-beaten bodies, no houses, or much less towns to repair to, to seek for succor. . . . And for the season, it was winter; and they that know the winters of the country know them to be sharp and violent and subject to cruel and fierce storms, dangerous to travel to known places, much more to search an unknown coast.

If it be said they had a ship to succor them, it is true; but what heard they daily from the master and company but that with speed they should look out a place (with their shallop) where they would be, at some near distance; for the season was such as he would not stir from thence till a safe harbor was discovered by them, where they would be, and he might go without danger; and that victuals consumed apace, but he must and would keep sufficient for themselves on their return. Yea, it was muttered by some that if they got not a place in time, they would turn them and their goods ashore and leave them. Let it be also considered what weak hopes of supply and succor they left behind them that might bear up their minds in this sad condition and trials they were under; and they could not but be very small.

What could now sustain them but the spirit of God and his grace? May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say, our fathers were *Englishmen which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this wilderness; but they cried unto the Lord, and He heard their voices and looked on their adversity.*

THE 10 CHAP.

SHOWING HOW THEY SOUGHT OUT A PLACE OF HABITATION; AND WHAT BEFEL THEM THEREABOUTS.

BEING thus arrived at Cape Cod the 11th of November, and necessity calling them to look out a place for habitation (as well as the master's and mariners' importunity), they having brought a large shallop with them out of England, stowed in quarters in the ship, they now got her out and set their carpenters to work to trim her up. But being much bruised and shattered in the ship in the foul weather, they saw she would be long in mending. Whereupon a few of them tendered themselves, to go by land and discover those nearest places, whilst the shallop was in mending; and the rather because as they went into the harbor there seemed to be an opening some two or three leagues off, which the master judged to be a river. It was conceived there might be some danger in the attempt; yet seeing them resolute they were permitted to go, being sixteen of them well armed, under the conduct of Captain Standish, having such instructions given them as was thought meet. They set forth the 15th of November, and when the

mile by the seaside they espied five or six persons, with a dog, coming towards them who were savages. [Here follows a passage reciting how the Indians fled, leaving behind them some corn, which, with more secured by the colonists in a second excursion, became the seed of a crop that saved them the next year from starvation; and how, "the shallop being got ready" at last, other explorations were undertaken—one on December 6, 1620, O. S., in which the explorers had a harmless first brush with the Indians, and named the place where it occurred the "First Encounter."]

From hence they departed, and coasted all along, but discerned no place likely for harbor; and therefore hasted to a place that their pilot (one named Coppin, who had lived in the country before) did assure them was a good harbor which he had been in, and they might fetch it before night, of which they were glad, for it began to be cold weather.

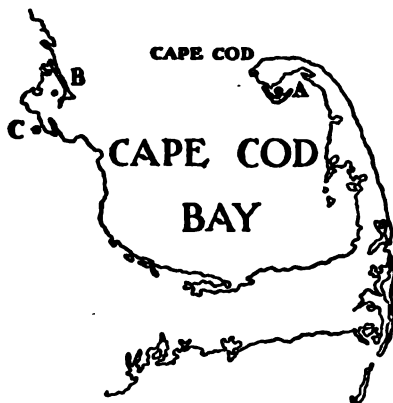
After some hours sailing, it began to snow and rain, and about the middle of the afternoon the wind increased and the sea became very rough, and they broke their rudder, and it was as much as two men could do to steer her with a couple of oars. But their pilot bade them be of good cheer, for he saw the harbor. But the storm increasing and night drawing on, they bore what sail they could, to get in while they could see; but herewith they broke their mast in three pieces, and their sail fell overboard, in a very grown sea, so as they had like to have been cast away. Yet by God's mercy they recovered themselves, and having the flood with them struck into the harbor. But when it came to, the pilot was deceived in the place, and said the Lord be merciful unto them, for his eyes never saw the place before. And he and the mate would have run her ashore, in a cove full of breakers, before the wind, but a lusty seaman which steered bade those which rowed, if they were men, about with her, or else they were all cast away; the which they did with speed. So he bid them be of good cheer and row lustily, for there was a fair

sound before them, and he doubted not but they should find one place or other where they might ride in safety. And though it was very dark and rained sore, yet in the end they got under the lee of a small island and remained there all that night in safety. But they knew not this to be an island till morning, but now doubted in their minds. Some would keep the boat, for fear they might be amongst the Indians. Others were so wet and cold they could not endure, but got ashore, and with much ado got fire (all things being so wet); and the rest were glad to come to them, for after

midnight the wind shifted to the north-north-west, and it froze hard. But though this had been a day and night of much trouble and danger unto them, yet God gave them a morning of comfort and refreshing (as usually He doth to His children), for the next day was a fair sunshining day, and they found themselves to be on an island secure from the Indians, where they might dry their stuff, fix their pieces, and rest themselves, and gave God thanks for His mercies in their manifold deliverances. And

this being the last day of the week, they prepared there to keep the Sabbath. On Monday they sounded the harbor, and found it fit for shipping, and marched into the land, and found divers cornfields and little running brooks, a place (as they supposed) fit for situation. At least it was the best they could find, and the season and their present necessity made them glad to accept of it. So they returned to their ship again with this news to the rest of their people, which did much comfort their hearts.

On the 15th of December they weighed anchor to go to the place they had discovered, and came within two leagues of it, but were fain to bear up again, but the 16th day the wind came fair, and they arrived safe in this harbor. And afterwards took better view of the place, and resolved where to pitch their dwelling; and the 25th day began to erect the first house, for common use, to receive them and their goods.



A.—CAPE COD HARBOR, WHERE THE "MAYFLOWER" FIRST ANCHORED AND THE COLONISTS FIRST LANDED. B.—THE ISLAND WHEREON THE LAST EXPLORING PARTY LANDED. C.—PLYMOUTH.



THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER—SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Viscount Anne de St. Ives, under the name of Champdivers, while held a prisoner of war in Edinburgh Castle, attracts the attention and sympathy of an aristocratic Scotch maiden, Flora Gilchrist, who, out of curiosity, visits the prisoners, attended by her brother Ronald. On her account St. Ives kills a comrade, Goguelat, in a duel, fought secretly in the night, with the divided blades of a pair of scissors. An officer of the prison, Major Chevenix, with whom St. Ives is in social relations, discovers the secret of the duel and of St. Ives's interest in the young lady; and while at present he respects it, there are intimations that it might be in safer keeping. St. Ives is visited by Daniel Romaine, the solicitor of his rich uncle, the Count de K roual, and learns that his cousin, Alain de St. Ives, hitherto regarded as the

uncle's heir, is out of favor. Romaine gives him money; urges him, if possible, to escape from prison, in order to pay his uncle, now near dying, a visit; and advises that, in his flight, he make his way to one Burchell Fenn, who may serve him. The escape is soon after made, in company with a number of comrades. St. Ives steals out to Swanston Cottage, where Flora Gilchrist and her brother live with an aunt. They befriend and conceal him; but he is discovered by the aunt, and thus suffers a check in his addresses to the niece. He so far ingratiates himself with the aunt, however, that she helps him to escape across the border, under the guidance of a pair of drovers. In England he takes to the Great North Road, to make his way by address and audacity as best he can.

CHAPTER XII.

I FOLLOW A COVERED CART NEARLY TO MY DESTINATION.

AT last I began to draw near, by reasonable stages, to the neighborhood of Wakefield; and the name of Mr. Burchell Fenn came to the top in my memory. This was the gentleman (the reader may remember) who made a trade of forwarding the escape of French prisoners. How he did so: whether he had a signboard, *Escapes forwarded, apply within*; what he charged for his services, or whether they were gratuitous and charitable, were all matters of which I was at once ignorant and extremely curious. Thanks to my proficiency in

English, and Mr. Romaine's bank-notes, I was getting on swimmingly without him; but the trouble was that I could not be easy till I had come at the bottom of these mysteries, and it was my difficulty that I knew nothing of him beyond the name. I knew not his trade—beyond that of Forwarder of Escapes—whether he lived in town or country, whether he were rich or poor, nor by what kind of address I was to gain his confidence. It would have a very bad appearance to go along the highway-side asking after a man of whom I could give so scanty an account; and I should look like a fool, indeed, if I were to present myself at his door and find the police in occupation! The interest of the conundrum, however, tempted me, and I

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turned aside from my direct road to pass by Wakefield; kept my ears pricked as I went for any mention of his name, and relied for the rest on my good fortune. If Luck (who must certainly be feminine) favored me as far as to throw me in the man's way, I should owe the lady a candle; if not, I could very readily console myself. In this experimental humor, and with so little to help me, it was a miracle that I should have brought my enterprise to a good end; and there are several saints in the calendar who might be happy to exchange with St. Ives!

I had slept the night in a good inn at Wakefield, made my breakfast by candle-light with the passengers of an up-coach, and set off in a very ill temper with myself and my surroundings. It was still early; the air raw and cold; the sun low, and soon to disappear under a vast canopy of rain-clouds that had begun to assemble in the northwest and from that quarter invaded the whole width of the heaven. Already the rain fell in crystal rods; already the whole face of the country sounded with the discharge of drains and ditches; and I looked forward to a day of downpour and the misery of wet clothes, in which particular I am as dainty as a cat. At a corner of the road, and by the last glint of the drowning sun, I spied a covered cart, of a kind that I thought I had never seen before, preceding me at the foot's pace of jaded horses. Anything is interesting to a pedestrian that can help him to forget the miseries of a day of rain; and I bettered my pace and gradually overtook the vehicle.

The nearer I came, the more it puzzled me. It was much such a cart as I am told the calico printers use, mounted on two wheels, and furnished with a seat in front for the driver. The interior closed with a door, and was of a bigness to contain a good load of calico, or (at a pinch and if it were necessary) four or five persons. But, indeed, if human beings were meant to travel there, they had my pity! They must travel in the dark, for there was no sign of a window; and they would be shaken all the way like a vial of doctor's stuff, for the cart was not only ungainly to look at—it was besides very imperfectly balanced on the one pair of wheels, and pitched unconscionably. Altogether, if I had any glancing idea that the cart was really a carriage, I had soon dismissed it; but I was still inquisitive as to what it should contain and where it had come from. Wheels and horses were splashed

with many different colors of mud, as though they had come far and across a considerable diversity of country. The driver continually and vainly plied his whip. It seemed to follow they had made a long, perhaps an all-night, stage; and that the driver, at that early hour of a little after eight in the morning, already felt himself belated. I looked for the name of the proprietor on the shaft, and started outright. Fortune had favored the careless: it was Burchell Fenn!

"A wet morning, my man," said I.

The driver, a loutish fellow, shock-headed and turnip-faced, returned not a word to my salutation, but savagely flogged his horses. The tired animals, who could scarce put the one foot before the other, paid no attention to his cruelty; and I continued without effort to maintain my position alongside, smiling to myself at the futility of his attempts, and at the same time pricked with curiosity as to why he made them. I made no such formidable a figure as that a man should flee when I accosted him; and my conscience not being entirely clear, I was more accustomed to be uneasy myself than to see others timid. Presently he desisted, and put back his whip in the holster with the air of a man vanquished.

"So you would run away from me?" said I. "Come, come, that's not English."

"Beg pardon, master; no offence meant," he said, touching his hat.

"And none taken!" cried I. "All I desire is a little gaiety by the way."

I understood him to say he didn't "take with gaiety."

"Then I will try you with something else," said I. "Oh, I can be all things to all men, like the apostle. I dare to say I have traveled with heavier fellows than you in my time, and done famously well with them. Are you going home?"

"Yes, I'm goin' home, I am," he said.

"A very fortunate circumstance for me," said I. "At this rate we shall see a good deal of each other, going the same way; and now I come to think of it, why should you not give me a cast? There is room beside you on the bench."

With a sudden snatch he carried the cart two yards into the roadway. The horses plunged and came to a stop. "No, you don't!" he said, menacing me with the whip. "None o' that with me."

"None of what?" said I. "I asked you for a lift, but I have no idea of taking one by force."

"Well, I've got to take care of the cart and 'orses, I have," says he. "I don't take up with no runagate vagabones, you see, else."

"I ought to thank you for your touching confidence," said I, approaching carelessly nearer as I spoke. "But I admit the road is solitary hereabouts, and no doubt an accident soon happens. Little fear of anything of the kind with you! I like you for it, like your prudence, like that pastoral shyness of disposition. But why not put it out of my power to hurt? Why not open the door and bestow me here in the box, or whatever you please to call it?" And I laid my hand demonstratively on the body of the cart.

He had been timorous before; but at this he seemed to lose the power of speech a moment, and stared at me in a perfect enthusiasm of fear.

"Why not?" I continued. "The idea is good. I should be safe in there if I were the monster Williams himself. The great thing is to have me under lock and key. For it does lock; it is locked now," said I, trying the door. "*Apropos*, what have you for a cargo? It must be precious."

He found not a word to answer.

Rat-tat-tat, I went upon the door like a well-drilled footman. "Any one at home?" I said, and stooped to listen.

There came out of the interior a stifled sneeze, the first of an uncontrollable paroxysm; another followed immediately on the heels of it; and then the driver turned with an oath, laid the lash upon the horses with so much energy that they found their heels again, and the whole equipage fled down the road at the gallop.

At the first sound of the sneeze I had started back like a man shot. The next moment a great light broke on my mind, and I understood. Here was the secret of Fenn's trade: this was how he forwarded the escape of prisoners, hawking them by night about the country in his covered cart. There had been Frenchmen close to me; he who had just sneezed was my countryman, my comrade, perhaps already my friend! I took to my heels in pursuit. "Hold hard!" I shouted. "Stop. It's all right! Stop." But the driver only turned a white face on me for a moment, and redoubled his efforts, bending forward, plying his whip, and crying to his horses. These lay themselves down to the gallop, and beat the highway with flying hooves; and the cart bounded after them among the ruts and fled in a halo of rain and spattering mud. But a minute since,

and it had been trundling along like a lame cow; and now it was off as though drawn by Apollo's coursers. There is no telling what a man can do until you frighten him!

It was as much as I could do myself, though I ran valiantly, to maintain my distance; and that (since I knew my countrymen so near) was become a chief point with me. A hundred yards farther on the cart whipped out of the high-road into a wet lane embowered with leafless trees, and became lost to view. When I saw it next, the driver had increased his advantage considerably, but all danger was at an end, and the horses had again declined into a hobbling walk. Persuaded that they could not escape me, I took my time, and recovered my breath as I followed them.

Presently the lane twisted at right angles, and showed me a gate and the beginning of a gravel sweep; and a little after, as I continued to advance, a red brick house about seventy years old, in a fine style of architecture, and presenting a front of many windows to a lawn and garden. Behind I could see outhouses and the peaked roofs of stacks, and I judged that a manor-house had in some way declined to be the residence of a tenant-farmer, careless alike of appearances and substantial comfort. The marks of neglect were visible on every side, in flower-bushes straggling beyond the borders, in the ill-kept turf, and in the broken windows that were incongruously patched with paper or stuffed with rags. A thicket of trees, mostly evergreen, fenced the place round and secluded it from the eyes of prying neighbors. As I came in view of it on that melancholy winter's morning, in the deluge of the falling rain, and with the wind that now rose in occasional gusts and hooted over the old chimneys, the cart had already drawn up at the front door steps, and the driver was already in earnest discourse with Mr. Burchell Fenn. He was standing with his hands behind his back—a man of a gross, misbegotten face and body, dewlapped like a bull and red as a harvest moon; and in his jockey cap, blue coat, and top boots, he had much the air of a good, solid tenant-farmer.

The pair continued to speak as I came up the approach, but received me at last in a sort of goggling silence. I had my hat in my hand.

"I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Burchell Fenn?" said I.

"The same, sir," replied Mr. Fenn, "The same, sir," replied Mr. Fenn, jockey cap in answer to my

civility, but with the distant look and the tardy movements of one who continues to think of something else. "And who may you be?" he asked.

"I shall tell you afterwards," said I. "Suffice it, in the meantime, that I come on business."

He seemed to digest my answer laboriously, his mouth gaping, his little eyes never straying from my face.

"Suffer me to point out to you, sir," I resumed, "that this is an extremely wet morning, and that the chimney-corner and possibly a glass of something hot are clearly indicated."

Indeed, the rain was now grown to be a deluge; the gutters of the house roared; the air was filled with the continuous, strident crash. The stolidity of his face, on which the rain streamed, was far from reassuring me. On the contrary, I was aware of a distinct qualm of apprehension, which was not at all lessened by a view of the driver, craning from his perch to observe us with the expression of a fascinated bird. So we stood silent, when the prisoner again began to sneeze from the body of the cart; and at the sound, prompt as a transformation, the driver had whipped up his horses and was shambling off round the corner of the house, and Mr. Fenn, recovering his wits with a gulp, had turned to the door behind him.

"Come in, come in, sir," he said. "I beg your pardon, sir; the lock goes a trifle hard."

Indeed, it took him a surprising time to open the door, which was not only locked on the outside, but the lock seemed rebellious from disuse; and when at last he stood back and motioned me to enter before him, I was greeted on the threshold by that peculiar and convincing sound of the rain echoing over empty chambers. The entrance-hall, in which I now found myself, was of a good size and good proportions; potted plants occupied the corners; the paved floor was soiled with muddy footprints and encumbered with straw; on a mahogany hall table, which was the only furniture, a candle had been stuck and suffered to burn down—plainly a long while ago, for the gutterings were green with mould. My mind, under these new impressions, worked with unusual vivacity. I was here shut off with Fenn and his hireling in a deserted house, a neglected garden, and a wood of evergreens: the most eligible theatre for a deed of darkness. There came to me a vision of two flags raised in the hall floor, and

the driver putting in the rainy afternoon over my grave, and the prospect displeased me extremely. I felt I had carried my pleasantry as far as was safe; I must lose no time in declaring my true character, and I was even choosing the words in which I was to begin when the hall door was slammed to behind me with a bang, and I turned, dropping my stick as I did so, in time—and not any more than time—to save my life.

The surprise of the onslaught and the huge weight of my assailant gave him the advantage. He had a pistol in his right hand of portentous size, which it took me all my strength to keep deflected. With his left arm he strained me to his bosom, so that I thought I must be crushed or stifled. His mouth was open, his face crimson, and he panted aloud with hard, animal sounds. The affair was as brief as it was hot and sudden. The potations which had swelled and bloated his carcass had already weakened the springs of energy. One more huge effort, that came near to overpower me, and in which the pistol happily exploded, and I felt his grasp slacken and weakness come on his joints; his legs succumbed under his weight, and he groveled on his knees on the stone floor. "Spare me!" he gasped.

I had not only been abominably frightened; I was shocked besides; my delicacy was in arms, like a lady to whom violence should have been offered by a similar monster. I plucked myself from his horrid contact, I snatched the pistol—even discharged, it was a formidable weapon—and menaced him with the butt. "Spare you!" I cried, "you beast!"

His voice died in his fat inwards, but his lips still vehemently framed the same words of supplication. My anger began to pass off, but not all my repugnance; the picture he made revolted me, and I was impatient to be spared the further view of it.

"Here," said I, "stop this performance; it sickens me. I am not going to kill you, do you hear? I have need of you."

A look of relief, that I could almost have called beautiful, dawned on his countenance. "Anything—anything you wish," said he.

Anything is a big word, and his use of it brought me for a moment to a stand. "Why, what do you mean?" I asked. "Do you mean that you will blow the gaff on the whole business?"

He answered me yes with eager asseverations.

"I know Monsieur de St.-Yves is in it; it was through his papers we traced you," I said. "Do you consent to make a clean breast of the others?"

"I do—I will!" he cried. "The 'ole crew of 'em; there's good names among 'em. I'll be king's evidence."

"So that all shall hang except yourself? You villain!" I broke out. "Understand at once that I am no spy or thief-taker. I am a kinsman of Monsieur de St.-Yves—here in his interest. Upon my word, you have put your foot in it prettily, Mr. Burchell Fenn! Come, stand up; don't grovel there. Stand up, you lump of iniquity!"

He scrambled to his feet. He was utterly unmanned, or it might have gone hard with me yet; and I considered him hesitating, as, indeed, there was cause. The man was a double-dyed traitor: he had tried to murder me, and I had first baffled his endeavours, and then exposed and insulted him. Was it wise to place myself any longer at his mercy? With his help I should doubtless travel more quickly; doubtless, also, far less agreeably; and there was everything to show that it would be at a greater risk. In short, I should have washed my hands of him on the spot but for the temptation of the French officers, whom I knew to be so near, and for whose society I felt so great and natural an impatience. If I was to see anything of my countrymen, it was clear I had first of all to make my peace with Mr. Fenn; and that was no easy matter. To make friends with any one implies concessions on both sides; and what could I concede? What could I say of him but that he had proved himself a villain and a fool, and the worse man?

"Well," said I, "here has been rather a poor piece of business, which I daresay you can have no pleasure in calling to mind; and, to say the truth, I would as readily forget it myself. Suppose we try. Take back your pistol, which smells very ill; put it in your pocket or wherever you had it concealed. There! Now let us meet for the first time.—Give you good morning, Mr. Fenn! I hope you do very well. I come on the recommendation of my kinsman, the Vicomte de St.-Yves."

"Do you mean it?" he cried. "Do you mean you will pass over our little scrimmage?"

"Why, certainly!" said I. "It shows you are a bold fellow, who may be trusted

to forget the business when it comes to the point. There is nothing against you in the little scrimmage, unless that your courage is greater than your strength. You are not so young as you once were, that is all."

"And I beg of you, sir, don't betray me to the Vis-count," he pleaded. "I'll not deny but what my heart failed me a trifle; but it was only a word, sir, what anybody might have said in the heat of the moment, and over with it."

"Certainly," said I. "That is quite my own opinion."

"The way I came to be anxious about the Vis-count," he continued, "is that I believe he might be induced to form an 'asty judgment. And the business, in a pecuniary point of view, is all that I could ask; only trying, sir—very trying. It's making an old man of me before my time. You might have observed yourself, sir, that I 'aven't got the knees I once 'ad. The knees and the breathing, there's where it takes me. But I'm very sure, sir, I address a gentleman as would be the last to make trouble between friends."

"I am sure you do me no more than justice," said I; "and I shall think it quite unnecessary to dwell on any of these passing circumstances in my report to the Vicomte."

"Which you do favor him (if you'll excuse me being so bold as to mention it) exac'ly!" said he. "I should have known you anywhere. May I offer you a pot of 'ome-brewed ale, sir? By your leave! This way, if you please. I am 'eartily grateful—'eartily pleased to be of any service to a gentleman like you, sir, which is related to the Vis-count, and really a family of which you might well be proud! Take care of the step, sir. You have good news of 'is 'ealth, I trust? as well as that of Monseer the Count?"

God forgive me! the horrible fellow was still puffing and panting with the fury of his assault, and already he had fallen into an obsequious, wheedling familiarity like that of an old servant—already he was flattering me on my family connections.

I followed him through the house into the stable-yard, where I observed the driver washing the cart in a shed. He must have heard the explosion of the pistol. He could not choose but hear it: the thing was shaped like a little blunderbuss, charged to the mouth, and made a report like a piece of field artillery. He had heard, he had paid no attention; and now, as we came forth by the back door, he

raised for a moment a pale and tell-tale face that was as direct as a confession. The rascal had expected to see Fenn come forth alone; he was waiting to be called on for that part of sexton which I had already allotted to him in fancy.

I need not detain the reader very long with any description of my visit to the back-kitchen, of how we mulled our ale there, and mulled it very well; nor of how we sat talking, Fenn like an old, faithful, affectionate dependant, and I—well! I had myself fallen into a mere admiration of so much impudence that transcended words, and had very soon conquered animosity. I took a fancy to the man, he was so vast a humbug. I began to see a kind of beauty in him, his *aplomb* was so majestic. I never knew a rogue to cut so fat; his villainy was ample, like his belly, and I could scarce find it in my heart to hold him responsible for either. He was good enough to drop into the autobiographical; telling me how the farm, in spite of the war and the high prices, had proved a disappointment; how there was "a sight of cold, wet land as you come along the 'igh-road;" how the winds and rains and the seasons had been misdirected, it seemed "o' purpose;" how Mrs. Fenn had died—"I lost her coming two year ago; a remarkable fine woman, my old girl, sir, if you'll excuse me," he added, with a burst of humility. In short, he gave me an opportunity of studying John Bull, as I may say, stuffed naked—his greed, his usuriousness, his hypocrisy, his perfidy of the back-stairs, all swelled to the superlative—such as was well worth the little disarray and fluster of our passage in the hall.

CHAPTER XIII.

I MEET TWO OF MY COUNTRYMEN.

As soon as I judged it safe, and that was not before Burchell Fenn had talked himself back into his breath and a complete good humor, I proposed he should introduce me to the French officers, henceforth to become my fellow-passengers. There were two of them, it appeared, and my heart beat as I approached the door. The specimen of Perfidious Albion whom I had just been studying gave me the stronger zest for my fellow-countrymen. I could have embraced them; I could have wept on their necks. And all the time I was going to a disappointment.

It was in a spacious and low room, with

an outlook on the court, that I found them bestowed. In the good days of that house the apartment had probably served as a library, for there were traces of shelves along the wainscot. Four or five mattresses lay on the floor in a corner, with a frowsy heap of bedding; near by was a basin and a cube of soap; a rude kitchen table and some deal chairs stood together at the far end; and the room was illuminated by no less than four windows, and warmed by a little crazy, sidelong grate, propped up with bricks in the vent of a hospitable chimney, and where a pile of coals smoked prodigiously and gave out a few starveling flames. An old, frail, white-haired officer sat in one of the chairs, which he had drawn close to this apology for a fire. He was wrapped in a camlet cloak, of which the collar was turned up, his knees touched the bars, his hands were spread in the very smoke, and yet he shivered for cold. The second—a big, florid, fine animal of a man, whose every gesture labeled him the "Cock of the Walk" and the "Admiration of the Ladies"—had apparently despaired of the fire, and now strode up and down, sneezing hard, bitterly blowing his nose, and proffering a continual stream of bluster, complaint, and barrack-room oaths.

Fenn showed me in, with the brief form of introduction: "Gentlemen all, this here's another fare!" and was gone again at once. The old man gave me but the one glance out of lack-luster eyes; and even as he looked a shudder took him as sharp as a hiccough. But the other, who represented to admiration the picture of a Beau in a Catarrh, stared at me arrogantly.

"And who are you, sir?" he asked.

I made the military salute to my superiors.

"Champdivers, private, Eighth of the Line," said I.

"Pretty business!" said he. "And you are going on with us? Three in a cart, and a great trolloping private at that! And who is to pay for you, my fine fellow?" he inquired.

"If monsieur comes to that," I answered civilly, "who paid for him?"

"Oh, if you choose to play the wit!" said he, and began to rail at large upon his destiny, the weather, the cold, the danger and the expense of the escape, and, above all, the cooking of the accursed English. It seemed to annoy him particularly that I should have joined their party. "If you knew what you were doing—thirty

thousand millions of pigs!—you would keep yourself to yourself! The horses can't drag the cart; the roads are all ruts and swamps. No longer ago than last night the colonel and I had to march half the way—half the way to the knees in mud—and I with this infernal cold—and the danger of detection! Happily we met no one—a desert—a real desert—like the whole abominable country! Nothing to eat—no, sir, there is nothing to eat but raw cow and greens boiled in water—nor to drink but Worcestershire sauce. Now I, with my catarrh, I have no appetite; is it not so? Well, if I were in France, I should have a good soup with a crust in it, an omelette, a fowl in rice, a partridge in cabbages—things to tempt me! But here—what a country! And cold, too! They talk about Russia—this is all the cold I want! And the people—look at them! What a race! Never any handsome men; never any fine officers!"—and he looked down complacently for a moment at his waist. "And the women—what faggots! No, that is one point clear, I cannot stomach the English!"

There was something in this man so antipathetic to me as sent the mustard into my nose. I can never bear your bucks and dandies, even when they are decent-looking and well-dressed; and the major—for that was his rank—was the image of a flunkey in good luck. An angel who should have married him, or even dreamed of it, would have been a dead angel for me. Even to be in agreement with him, or to seem to be so, was more than I could make out to endure.

"You could scarce be expected to," said I, civilly, "after having just digested your parole."

He whipped round on his heel, and turned on me a countenance which, I dare say, he imagined to be awful; but another fit of sneezing cut him off ere he could come to the length of speech.

"I have not tried the dish myself," I took the opportunity to add. "It is said to be unpalatable. Did monsieur find it so?"

With surprising vivacity the colonel woke from his lethargy. He was between us ere another word could pass.

"Shame, gentlemen!" he said. "Is this a time for Frenchmen and fellow-soldiers to fall out? We are in the midst of our enemies; a quarrel, a loud word, may suffice to plunge us back into irretrievable distress. *Monsieur le Commandant*, you have been gravely offended. I make it my request, I make it my prayer—if need

be, I give you my orders—that the matter shall stand by until we come safe to France. Then, if you please, I will serve you in any capacity. And for you, young man, you have shown all the cruelty and carelessness of youth. This gentleman is your superior; he is no longer young"—at which word you are to conceive the major's face. "It is admitted he has broken his parole. I know not his reason, and no more do you. It might be patriotism in this hour of our country's adversity, it might be humanity, necessity; you know not what in the least, and you permit yourself to reflect on his honor. To break parole may be a subject for pity and not derision. I have broken mine—I, a colonel of the Empire. And why? I have been years negotiating my exchange, and it cannot be managed; those who have influence at the Ministry of War continually rush in before me, and I have to wait, and my daughter at home is in a decline. I am going to see my daughter at last, and it is my only concern lest I should have delayed too long. She is ill, and very ill; at death's door. Nothing is left me but my daughter, my Emperor, and my honor; and I give my honor. Blame me for it who dare!"

At this my heart smote me.

"For God's sake," I cried, "think no more of what I have said! A parole? what is a parole against life and death and love? I ask your pardon; this gentleman's also. As long as I shall be with you, you shall not have cause to complain of me again. I pray God, you will find your daughter alive and restored."

"That is past praying for," said the colonel; and immediately the brief fire died out of him, and returning to the hearth, he relapsed into his former abstraction.

But I was not so easy to compose. The knowledge of the poor gentleman's trouble and the sight of his face had filled me with the bitterness of remorse; and I insisted upon shaking hands with the major (which he did with a very ill grace), and abounded in palinodes and apologies.

"After all," said I, "who am I to talk? I am in the luck to be a private soldier; I have no parole to give or to keep; once I am over the rampart, I am as free as air. I beg you to believe that I regret from my soul the use of these ungenerous expressions. Allow me. . . . Is there no way in this house to attract attention? Where is this fellow, Fenn?"

I ran to one of the windows and threw

it open. Fenn, who was at the moment passing below in the court, cast up his arms like one in despair, called to me to keep back, plunged into the house, and appeared next moment in the doorway of the chamber.

"Oh, sir!" says he, "keep away from those there windows. A body might see you from the back lane."

"It is registered," said I. "Henceforward I will be a mouse for precaution and a ghost for invisibility. But in the meantime fetch us a bottle of brandy. Your room is as damp as the bottom of a well, and these gentlemen are perishing for cold."

So soon as I had paid him (for everything I found must be paid in advance), I turned my attention to the fire, and whether because I threw greater energy into the business, or because the coals were now warmed and the time ripe, I soon started a blaze that made the chimney roar again. The shine of it, in that dark, rainy day, seemed to reanimate the colonel like a blink of sun. With the outburst of the flames, besides, a draught was established, which immediately delivered us from the plague of smoke; and by the time Fenn returned, carrying a bottle under his arm and a single tumbler in his hand, there was already an air of gaiety in the room that did the heart good.

I poured out some of the brandy.

"Colonel," said I, "I am a young man and a private soldier. I have not been long in this room, and already I have shown the petulance that belongs to the one character and the ill manners that you may look for in the other. Have the humanity to pass these slips over, and honor me so far as to accept this glass."

"My lad," says he, waking up and blinking at me with an air of suspicion, "are you sure you can afford it?"

I assured him I could.

"I thank you, then; I am very cold." He took the glass out, and a little color came in his face. "I thank you again," said he. "It goes to the heart."

The major, when I motioned him to help himself, did so with a good deal of liberality; continued to do so for the rest of the morning, now with some sort of apology, now with none at all; and the bottle began to look foolish before dinner was served. It was such a meal as he had himself predicted: beef, greens, potatoes, mustard in a teacup, and beer in a brown jug that was all over hounds, horses, and hunters, with a fox at the far end and a gigantic

John Bull—for all the world like Fenn—sitting in the midst in a bob-wig and smoking tobacco. The beer was a good brew, but not good enough for the major; he laced it with brandy—for his cold, he said; and in this curative design the remainder of the bottle ebbed away. He called my attention repeatedly to the circumstance; helped me pointedly to the dregs; threw the bottle in the air and played tricks with it; and at last, having exhausted his ingenuity, and seeing me remain quite blind to every hint, he ordered and paid for another himself.

As for the colonel, he ate nothing, sat sunk in a muse, and only awoke occasionally to a sense of where he was and what he was supposed to be doing. On each of these occasions he showed a gratitude and kind courtesy that endeared him to me beyond expression. "Champdivers, my lad, your health!" he would say. "The major and I had a very arduous march last night, and I positively thought I should have eaten nothing, but your fortunate idea of the brandy has made quite a new man of me—quite a new man." And he would fall to with a great air of heartiness, cut himself a mouthful, and before he had swallowed it, would have forgotten his dinner, his company, the place where he then was, and the escape he was engaged on, and become absorbed in the vision of a sick-room and a dying girl in France. The pathos of this continual preoccupation, in a man so old, sick, and overweary, and whom I looked upon as a mere bundle of dying bones and death pains, put me wholly from my victuals; it seemed there was an element of sin and a kind of rude bravado of youth in the mere relishing of food at the same table with this tragic father; and though I was well enough used with the coarse, plain diet of the English, I ate scarce more than himself. Dinner was hardly over before he succumbed to a lethargic sleep, lying on one of the mattresses with his limbs relaxed and his breath seemingly suspended, the very image of dissolution.

This left the major and myself alone at the table. You must not suppose our *tête-à-tête* was long, but it was a lively period while it lasted. He drank like a fish or an Englishman; shouted, beat the table, roared out songs, quarreled, made it up again, and at last tried to throw the dinner-plates through the window, a feat of which he was at that time quite incapable. For a party of fugitives, condemned to the most rigorous discretion, there was never

seen so noisy a carnival; and through it all the colonel continued to sleep like a child. Seeing the major so well advanced and no retreat possible, I made a fair wind of a foul one, keeping his glass full, pushing him with toasts, and sooner than I could have dared to hope, he became drowsy and incoherent. With the wrong-headedness of all such sots, he would not be persuaded to lie down upon one of the mattresses until I had stretched myself upon another. But the comedy was soon over; soon he slept the sleep of the just and snored like a military music; and I might get up again and face (as best I could) the excessive tedium of the afternoon.

I had passed the night before in a good bed; I was denied the resource of slumber, and there was nothing open for me but to pace the apartment, maintain the fire, and brood on my position. I compared yesterday and to-day—the safety, comfort, jollity, open-air exercise, and pleasant roadside inns of the one, with the tedium, anxiety, and discomfort of the other. I remembered that I was in the hands of Fenn, who could not be more false—though he might be more vindictive—than I fancied him. I looked forward to nights of pitching in the covered cart and days of monotony in I knew not what hiding-places; and my heart failed me, and I was in two minds whether to slink off ere it was too late and return to my former solitary way of travel. But the colonel stood in the path. I had not seen much of him; and already I judged him a man of a child-like nature—with that sort of innocence and courtesy that, I think, is only to be found in old soldiers or old priests—and broken with years and sorrow. I could not turn my back on his distress; could not leave him alone with the selfish trooper who snored on the next mattress. “Champdivers, my lad, your health!” said a voice in my ear, and stopped me—and there are few things I am more glad of in the retrospect than that it did.

It must have been about four in the afternoon—at least the rain had taken off, and the sun was setting with some wintry pomp—that the current of my reflections was effectually changed by the arrival of two visitors in a gig. They were farmers of the neighborhood, I suppose, big, burly fellows in great-coats and top-boots, mightily flushed with liquor when they arrived, and before they left, inimitably drunk. They stayed long in the kitchen

with Burchell, drinking, shouting, singing, and keeping it up; and the sound of their merry minstrelsy kept me a kind of company. There was not much variety—we had “Widdicombe Fair” at least three times; and if it was scarce tuneful, it was at least more so than the bestial snoring of the major on the mattress. The night fell, and the shine of the fire brightened and blinked on the panelled wall. Our illuminated windows must have been visible not only from the back lane of which Fenn had spoken, but from the court where the farmers’ gig awaited them. When they should come forth, they must infallibly perceive the chamber to be tenanted; and suppose them to remark upon the circumstance, it became a question whether Fenn was honest enough to wish to protect us, or should have sense enough left, after his long potations, to put their inquiries by. These were not pleasing insinuations; and when our friends below gave us the third time,

“Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me thy gray mare—
All along, down along, out along lee—
I want for to go to Widdicombe Fair,”

I felt I would have gladly borrowed the gray mare myself to escape from the bubbling pot of troubles in which I had plunged myself by my visit to Burchell Fenn. In the far end of the firelit room lay my companions, the one silent, the other clamorously noisy, the images of death and drunkenness. Little wonder if I were tempted to join in the choruses below, and sometimes could hardly refrain from laughter, and sometimes, I believe, from tears—so unmitigated was the tedium, so cruel the suspense, of this period.

At last, about six at night, I should fancy, the noisy minstrels appeared in the court, headed by Fenn with a lantern, and knocking together as they came. The visitors clambered noisily into the gig, one of them shook the reins, and they were snatched out of sight and hearing with a suddenness that partook of the nature of prodigy. I am well aware there is a providence for drunken men, that holds the reins for them and presides over their troubles; doubtless he had his work cut out for him with this particular gigful! Fenn rescued his toes with an ejaculation from under the departing wheels, and turned at once with uncertain steps and devious lantern to the far end of the court. There, through the open doors of a coach-house, the shock-headed lad was already to be seen drawing forth the covered cart. If I wished any

private talk with our host, it must be now or never.

Accordingly I groped my way downstairs, and came to him as he looked on and lighted the harnessing of the horses.

"The hour approaches when we have to part," said I; "and I shall be obliged if you will tell your servant to drop me at the nearest point for Dunstable. I am determined to go so far with our friends, Colonel X. and Major Y., but my business is peremptory, and it takes me to the neighborhood of Dunstable."

Orders were given, to my satisfaction, with an obsequiousness that seemed only inflamed by his potations.

CHAPTER XIV.

TRAVELS OF THE COVERED CART.

My companions were aroused with difficulty: the colonel, poor old gentleman! to a sort of permanent dream, in which you could say of him only that he was very deaf and anxiously polite; the major still maudlin drunk. We had a dish of tea by the fireside, and then issued like criminals into the scathing cold of the night. For the weather had in the meanwhile changed. Upon the cessation of the rain, a strict frost had succeeded. The moon, being young, was already near the zenith when we started, glittered everywhere on sheets of ice, and sparkled in ten thousand icicles. A more unpromising night for a journey it was hard to conceive. But in the course of the afternoon the horses had been well sharpened; and King (for such was the name of the shock-headed lad) was very positive that he could drive us without misadventure. He was as good as his word; indeed, despite a gawky air, he was simply invaluable in his present employment, showing marked sagacity in all that concerned the care of horses, and guiding us by one short cut after another for days and without a fault.

The interior of that engine of torture, the covered cart, was fitted with a bench, on which we took our places; the door was shut; in a moment, the night closed upon us solid and stifling; and we felt that we were being driven carefully out of the courtyard. Careful was the word all night, and it was an alleviation of our miseries that we did not often enjoy. In general, as we were driven the better part of the night and day, often at a pretty quick pace and always through a labyrinth of the

most infamous country lanes and by-roads, we were so bruised upon the bench, so dashed against the top and sides of the cart, that we reached the end of a stage in truly pitiable case, sometimes flung ourselves down without the formality of eating, made but one sleep of it until the hour of departure returned, and were only properly awakened by the first jolt of the renewed journey. There were interruptions, at times, that we hailed as alleviations. At times the cart was bogged, once it was upset, and we must alight and lend the driver the assistance of our arms; at times too (as on the occasion when I had first encountered it) the horses gave out, and we had to trail alongside in mud or frost until the first peep of daylight, or the approach of a hamlet or a high-road bade us disappear like ghosts into our prison.

The main roads of England are incomparable for excellence, of a beautiful smoothness, very ingeniously laid down, and so well kept that in most weathers you could take your dinner off any part of them without distaste. Then, to the note of the bugle, the mail did its sixty miles a day; innumerable chaises whisked after the bobbing postboys; or some young blood would flit by in a curricule and tandem to the vast delight and danger of the lieges. Then the slow-pacing wagons made a music of bells, and all day long the travelers on horseback and the travelers on foot (like happy Mr. St. Ives so little a while before!) kept coming and going, and baiting and gaping at each other, as though a fair were due and they were gathering to it from all England. No, nowhere in the world is travel so great a pleasure as in that country. But unhappily our one need was to be secret; and all this rapid and animated picture of the road swept quite apart from us, as we lumbered up hill and down dale, under hedge and over stone, among circuitous byways. Only twice did I receive, as it were, a whiff of the highway. The first reached my ears alone. I might have been anywhere. I only knew I was in the dark night and among ruts, when I heard very far off, over the silent country that surrounded us, the guard's horn wailing its signal to the next post-house for a change of horses. It was like the voice of the day heard in the darkness, a voice of the world heard in prison, the note of a cock crowing in the mid-seas; in short, I cannot tell you what it was like, you will have to fancy for yourself—but I could have wept to hear it. Once we were belated: the cattle could

hardly crawl, the day was at hand, it was a nipping, rigorous morning; King was lashing his horses, I was giving an arm to the old colonel, and the major was coughing in our rear. I must suppose that King was a thought careless, being nearly in desperation about his team, and in spite of the cold morning, breathing hot with his exertions. We came, at last, a little before sunrise, to the summit of a hill, and saw the high-road passing at right angles through an open country of meadows and hedgerow pollards; and not only the York mail, speeding smoothly at the gallop of the four horses, but a post-chaise besides, with the postboy titupping briskly, and the traveler himself putting his head out of the window, but whether to breathe the dawn, or the better to observe the passage of the mail, I do not know. So that we enjoyed for an instant a picture of free life on the road, in its most luxurious forms of despatch and comfort. And thereafter, with a poignant feeling of contrast in our hearts, we must mount again into our wheeled dungeon.

We came to our stages at all sorts of odd hours, and they were in all kinds of odd places. I may say at once that my first experience was my best. Nowhere again were we so well entertained as at Burchell Fenn's. And this, I suppose, was natural and, indeed, inevitable in so long and secret a journey. The first stop, we lay six hours in a barn standing by itself in a poor, marshy orchard, and packed with hay. To make it more attractive, we were told it had been the scene of an abominable murder and was now haunted. But the day was beginning to break, and our fatigue was too extreme for visionary terrors. The second or third, we alighted on a barren heath about midnight, built a fire to warm us under the shelter of some thorns, supped like beggars on bread and a piece of cold bacon, and slept like gipsies with our feet to the fire. In the meanwhile, King was gone with the cart, I know not where, to get a change of horses, and it was late in the dark morning when he returned and we were able to resume our journey. In the middle of another night, we came to a stop by an ancient, white-washed cottage of two stories; a privet hedge surrounded it; the frosty moon shone blankly on the upper windows; but through those of the kitchen the firelight was seen glinting on the roof and reflected from the dishes on the wall. Here, after much hammering on the door, King managed to arouse an old crone from

the chimney-corner chair, where she had been dozing in the watch; and we were had in, and entertained with a dish of hot tea. This old lady was an aunt of Burchell Fenn's—and an unwilling partner in his dangerous trade. Though the house stood solitary, and the hour was an unlikely one for any passenger upon the road, King and she conversed in whispers only. There was something dismal, something of the sick-room, in this perpetual, guarded sibilation. The apprehensions of our hostess insensibly communicated themselves to every one present. We ate like mice in a cat's ear; if one of us jingled a teaspoon, all would start; and when the hour came to take the road again, we drew a long breath of relief, and climbed to our places in the covered cart with a positive sense of escape. The most of our meals, however, were taken boldly at hedgerow ale-houses, usually at untimely hours of the day, when the clients were in the field or the farmyard at labor. I shall have to tell presently of our last experience of the sort, and how unfortunately it miscarried; but as that was the signal for my separation from my fellow-travelers, I must first finish with them.

I had never any occasion to waver in my first judgment of the colonel. The old gentleman seemed to me, and still seems in the retrospect, the salt of the earth. I had occasion to see him in the extremes of hardship, hunger, and cold; he was dying, and he looked it; and yet I cannot remember any hasty, harsh, or impatient word to have fallen from his lips. On the contrary, he ever showed himself careful to please, and even if he rambled in his talk, rambled always gently—like a humane, half-witted old hero, true to his colors to the last. I would not dare to say how often he awoke suddenly from a lethargy and told us again, as though we had never heard it, the story of how he had earned the cross, how it had been given him by the hand of the emperor, and of the innocent—and, indeed, foolish—sayings of his daughter when he returned with it on his bosom. He had another anecdote which he was very apt to give, by way of a rebuke, when the major wearied us beyond endurance with dispraises of the English. This was an account of the "*braves gens*" with whom he had been boarding. True enough, he was a man so simple and grateful by nature that the most common civilities were able to touch him to the heart and would remain written in his memory; but from a thousand inconsiderable but

conclusive indications, I gathered that this family had really loved him and loaded him with kindness. They made a fire in his bedroom, which the sons and daughters tended with their own hands; letters from France were looked for with scarce more eagerness by himself than by these alien sympathizers; when they came, he would read them aloud in the parlor to the assembled family, translating as he went. The colonel's English was elementary; his daughter was not in the least likely to be an amusing correspondent; and as I conceived these scenes in the parlor, I felt sure that the interest centered in the colonel himself, and I thought I could feel in my own heart that mixture of the ridiculous and the pathetic, the contest of tears and laughter, which must have shaken the bosoms of the family. Their kindness had continued till the end. It appears they were privy to his flight, the camlet cloak had been lined expressly for him, and he was the bearer of a letter from the daughter of the house to his own daughter in Paris. The last evening, when the time came to say good-night, it was tacitly known to all that they were to look upon his face no more. He rose, pleading fatigue, and turned to the daughter, who had been his chief ally: "You will permit me, my dear—to an old and very unhappy soldier—and may God bless you for your goodness!" The girl threw her arms about his neck and sobbed upon his bosom; the lady of the house burst into tears; "*et je vous le jure, le père se mouchoit!*" quoth the colonel, twisting his mustaches with a cavalry air, and at the same time blinking the water from his eyes at the mere recollection.

It was a good thought to me that he had found these friends in captivity; that he had started on this fatal journey from so cordial a farewell. He had broken his parole for his daughter; that he should ever live to reach her sick-bed, that he could continue to endure to an end the hardships, the crushing fatigue, the savage cold, of our pilgrimage, I had early ceased to hope. I did for him what I was able, nursed him, kept him covered, watched over his slumbers, sometimes held him in my arms at the rough places of the road. "Champ-divers," he once said, "you are like a son to me—like a son." And it is good to remember, though at the time it put me on the rack. All was to no purpose. Fast as we were traveling towards France, he was traveling faster still and to another destination. Daily he grew weaker and more

indifferent. An old rustic accent of Lower Normandy reappeared in his speech, from which it had long been banished, and grew stronger; old words of the *patois*, too: *ouistreham*, *matrassé*, and others, the sense of which we were sometimes unable to guess. On the very last day he began again his eternal story of the cross and the emperor. The major, who was particularly ill, or at least particularly cross, uttered some angry words of protest. "*Pardonnez moi, monsieur le commandant, mais c'est pour monsieur*," said the colonel. "Monsieur has not yet heard the circumstance, and is good enough to feel an interest." Presently after, however, he began to lose the thread of his narrative; and at last: "*Qué que j'ai? Je m'embrouille!*" says he. "*Suffit: s'm'a la donné, et Berthe en était bien contente.*" It struck me as the falling of the curtain or the closing of the sepulchre doors.

Sure enough, in but a little while after, he fell into a sleep as gentle as an infant's, which insensibly changed into the sleep of death. I had my arm about his body at the time, and remarked nothing, unless it were that he once stretched himself a little, so kindly the end came to that disastrous life. It was only at our evening halt that the major and I discovered we were traveling alone with the poor clay. That night we stole a spade from a field—I think near Market Bosworth—and a little farther on, in a wood of young oak trees and by the light of King's lantern, we buried the old soldier of the Empire with both prayers and tears.

We had needs invent Heaven if it had not been revealed to us; there are some things that fall so bitterly ill on this side Time! As for the major, I have long since forgiven him. He broke the news to the poor colonel's daughter; I am told he did it kindly, and sure nobody could have done it without tears! His share of purgatory will be brief; and in this world, as I could not very well praise him, I have suppressed his name. The colonel's also, for the sake of his parole. *Requiescant.*

CHAPTER XV.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ATTORNEY'S CLERK.

I HAVE mentioned our usual course, which was to eat in inconsiderable wayside hostelrys, known to King. It was a dangerous business: we went daily under fire

to satisfy our appetite, and put our head in the lion's mouth for a piece of bread. Sometimes, to minimize the risk, we would all dismount before we came in view of the house, straggle in severally, and give what orders we pleased, like disconnected strangers. In like manner we departed, to find the cart at an appointed place, some half a mile beyond. The colonel and the major had each a word or two of English—help their pronunciation! But they did well enough to order a rasher and a pot or call a reckoning; and to say the truth, these country folks did not give themselves the pains, and had scarce the knowledge, to be critical.

About nine or ten at night the pains of hunger and cold drove us to an alehouse in the flats of Bedfordshire, not far from Bedford itself. In the inn kitchen was a long, lean, characteristic-looking fellow of perhaps forty, dressed in black. He sat on a settle by the fireside, smoking a long pipe, such as they call a yard of clay. His hat and wig were hanged upon the knob behind him, his head as bald as a bladder of lard, and his expression very shrewd, cantankerous, and inquisitive. He seemed to value himself above his company, to give himself the airs of a man of the world among that rustic herd; which was often no more than his due, being, as I afterwards discovered, an attorney's clerk. I took upon myself the more ungrateful part of arriving last; and by the time I entered on the scene, the major was already served at a side table. Some general conversation must have passed, and I smelled danger in the air. The major looked flustered, the attorney's clerk triumphant, and the three or four peasants in smock-frocks (who sat about the fire to play chorus) had let their pipes go out.

"Give you good evening, sir!" said the attorney's clerk to me.

"The same to you, sir," said I.

"I think this one will do," quoth the clerk to the yokels with a wink; and then, as soon as I had given my order, "Pray, sir, whither are you bound?" he added.

"Sir," said I, "I am not one of those who speak either of their business or their destination in houses of public entertainment."

"A good answer," said he, "and an excellent principle. Sir, do you speak French?"

"Why, no, sir," said I. "A little Spanish at your service."

"But you know the French accent, perhaps?" said the clerk.

"Well do I do that!" said I. "The French accent? Why, I believe I can tell a Frenchman in ten words."

"Here is a puzzle for you, then!" he said. "I have no material doubt myself, but some of these gentlemen are more backward. The lack of education, you know. I make bold to say that a man cannot walk, cannot hear, and cannot see, without the blessings of education."

He turned to the major, whose food plainly stuck in his throat.

"Now, sir," pursued the clerk, "let me have the pleasure to hear your voice again. Where are you going, did you say?"

"Sare, I am go—ing to Lon—don," said the major.

I could have flung my plate at him to be such an ass and to have so little a gift of languages where that was the essential.

"What think ye of that?" said the clerk. "Is that French enough?"

"Well, well!" cried I, leaping up like one who should suddenly perceive an acquaintance, "is this you, Mr. Dubois? Why, who would have dreamed of encountering you so far from home?" As I spoke, I shook hands with the major heartily; and turning to our tormentor, "Oh, sir, you may be perfectly reassured! This is a very honest fellow, a late neighbor of mine in the city of Carlisle."

I thought the attorney looked put out; I little knew the man.

"But he is French," said he, "for all that?"

"Ay, to be sure!" said I. "A Frenchman of the emigration! None of your Bonaparte lot. I will warrant his views of politics to be as sound as your own."

"What is a little strange," said the clerk quietly, "is that Mr. Dubois should deny it."

I got it fair in the face, and took it smiling; but the shock was rude, and in the course of the next words I contrived to do what I have rarely done and make a slip in my English. I kept my liberty and life by my proficiency all these months, and for once that I failed it is not to be supposed that I would make a public exhibition of the details. Enough that it was a very little error, and one that might have passed ninety-nine times in a hundred. But my limb of the law was as swift to pick it up as though he had been by trade a master of languages.

"Aha!" cries he; "and you are French, too! You tongue bewrays you. Two Frenchmen coming into an alehouse, severally and accidentally, not knowing each

other, at ten of the clock at night, in the middle of Bedfordshire? No, sir, that shall not pass! You are all prisoners escaping, if you are nothing worse. Consider yourselves under arrest. I have to trouble you for your papers."

"Where is your warrant, if you come to that?" said I. "My papers! A likely thing that I would show my papers on the *ipse dixit* of an unknown fellow in a hedge alehouse!"

"Would you resist the law?" says he.

"Not the law, sir," said I. "I hope I am too good a subject for that. But for a nameless fellow with a bald head and a pair of gingham small-clothes, why, certainly! 'Tis my birthright as an Englishman. Where's *Magna Charta*, else?"

"We will see about that," says he; and then, addressing the assistants, "Where does the constable live?"

"Lord love you, sir!" cried the landlord, "what are you thinking of? The constable at past ten at night! Why, he's abed and asleep, and good and drunk two hours ago!"

"Ah, that a' be!" came in chorus from the yokels.

The attorney's clerk was put to a stand. He could not think of force; there was little sign of martial ardor about the landlord, and the peasants were indifferent—they only listened, and gaped, and now scratched a head, and now would get a light to their pipe from the embers on the hearth. On the other hand, the major and I put a bold front on the business and defied him, not without some ground of law. In this state of matters he proposed I should go along with him to one Squire Merton, a great man of the neighborhood, who was in the commission of the peace, and the end of his avenue but three lanes away. I told him I would not stir a foot for him if it were to save his soul. Next he proposed that I should stay all night where I was, and the constable could see to my affair in the morning, when he was sober. I replied I should go when and where I pleased; that we were lawful travelers in the fear of God and the king, and I for one would suffer myself to be stayed by nobody. At the same time, I was thinking the matter had lasted altogether too long, and I determined to bring it to an end at once.

"See here," said I, getting up, for till now I had remained carelessly seated, "there's only one way to decide a thing like this—only one way that's right *English*—and that's man to man. Take off

your coat, sir, and these gentlemen shall see fair play."

At this there came a look in his eye that I could not mistake. His education had been neglected in one essential and eminently British particular: he could not box. No more could I, you may say; but then I had the more impudence—and I had made the proposal.

"He says I'm no Englishman, but the proof of the pudding is the eating of it," I continued. And here I stripped my coat and fell into the proper attitude, which was just about all I knew of this barbarian art. "Why, sir, you seem to me to hang back a little," said I. "Come, I'll meet you; I'll give you an appetizer—though hang me if I can understand the man that wants any enticement to hold up his hands." I drew a bank-note out of my fob and tossed it to the landlord. "There are the stakes," said I. "I'll fight you for first blood, since you seem to make so much work about it. If you tap my claret first, there are five guineas for you, and I'll go with you to any squire you choose to mention. If I tap yours, you'll perhaps let on that I'm the better man, and allow me to go about my lawful business at my own time and convenience. Is that fair, my lads?" says I, appealing to the company.

"Ay, ay," said the chorus of chawbacons; "he can't say no fairer nor that, he can't. Take thy coat off, master!"

The limb of the law was now on the wrong side of public opinion, and, what heartened me to go on, the position was rapidly changing in our favor. Already the major was paying his shot to the very indifferent landlord, and I could see the white face of King at the back door, making signals of haste.

"Oho!" quoth my enemy, "you are as full of doubles as a fox, are you not? But I see through you; I see through and through you. You would change the venue, would you?"

"I may be transparent, sir," says I, "but if you'll do me the favor to stand up, you'll find I can hit pretty hard."

"Which is a point, if you will observe, that I have never called in question," said he. "Why, you ignorant clowns," he proceeded, addressing the company, "can't you see the fellow is gulling you before your eyes? Can't you see that he's changed the point upon me? I say he's a French prisoner, and he answers that he can box! What has that to do with it? I would not wonder but what he can dance.

too—they're all dancing-masters over there. I say, and I stick to it, that he's a Frenchy. He says he isn't. Well, then, let him out with his papers, if he has them! If he had, would he not show them? If he had, would he not jump at the idea of going to Squire Merton, a man you all know? Now, you're all plain, straightforward Bedfordshire men, and I wouldn't ask a better lot to appeal to. You're not the kind to be talked over with any French gammon, and he's plenty of that. But let me tell him, he can take his pigs to another market; they'll never do here; they'll never go down in Bedfordshire. Why, look at the man! Look at his feet! Has anybody got a foot in the room like that? See how he stands! Do any of you fellows stand like that? Does the landlord, there? Why, he has Frenchman wrote all over him, as big as a sign-post!"

This was all very well; and in a different scene I might even have been gratified by his remarks; but I saw clearly, if I were to allow him to talk, he might turn the tables on me altogether. He might not be much of a hand at boxing; but I was much mistaken or he had studied forensic

eloquence in a good school. In this predicament, I could think of nothing more ingenious than to burst out of the house, under the pretext of an ungovernable rage. It was certainly not very ingenious—it was elementary; but I had no choice.

"You white-livered dog!" I broke out. "Do you dare to tell me you're an Englishman, and won't fight? But I'll stand no more of this! I'll leave this place, where I've been insulted! Here! what's to pay? Pay yourself!" I went on, offering the landlord a handful of silver, "and give me back my bank-note!"

The landlord, following his usual policy of obliging everybody, offered no opposition to my design. The position of my adversary was now thoroughly bad. He had lost my two companions. He was on the point of losing me also. There was plainly no hope of arousing the company to help; and, watching him with a corner of my eye, I saw him hesitate for a moment. The next he had taken down his hat and his wig, which was of black horse-hair; and I saw him draw from behind the settle a vast hooded great-coat and a small valise. "Is the rascal," thought I, "going to follow me?"

(To be continued.)

ANDREW JACKSON AT HOME.

REMINISCENCES BY HIS GRANDDAUGHTER RACHEL JACKSON LAWRENCE.

I WAS near thirteen years of age when my grandfather died, and, having lived those years under his roof, our association was much closer than, and very different from, that common between grandfather and granddaughter. Apart from this, I was bound to him by the closer tie of being named for his beloved wife Rachel.

General Jackson was warmly attached to many of his wife's relatives and connections. Having no children of his own, he legally adopted his wife's nephew, when only three days old, taking him to the Hermitage, and naming him Andrew Jackson, his son and heir. He ever felt for this son the most devoted attachment, and he was his only solace after the death of his wife. As a young man, twenty-one years of age, he accompanied his father to the White House in 1829, and in the fall of 1831 married Miss Sarah Yorke of Phila-

delphia, and brought her, a lovely bride, as a daughter to General Jackson, who welcomed her with the tenderest affection. With him there at the White House until the early spring of 1837, this son and daughter, with two grandchildren, Rachel and Andrew, constituted General Jackson's little family, and with him returned to the Hermitage at the close of his presidency.

I remember the journey perfectly, although only five years of age. General Jackson and my mother occupied the back seat of the old family coach, and my father and the general's physician, Dr. Gwynn, were on the front seat. My brother and myself (the two grandchildren, Rachel and Andrew) were in a chartered stage-coach, with our colored nurses, faithful Gracie and Louisa, entrusted to the charge of Colonel Earl. Major W. B. Lewis and one or two other gentlemen, friends of

my grandfather, were in the stage also. The coach was overturned, which caused great excitement; but, fortunately, no one was injured. This incident served to impress the journey on my memory. There was a perfect ovation to General Jackson all along the route. In one town where we stopped, a wreath of laurel leaves was brought and placed upon his head. During the journey he gave away one hundred and fifty silver half-dollars to namesakes, saying to many of the mothers who presented their children to him, as he gave the pieces, "This is our country's eagle. It will do for the little one to cut his teeth on now, but teach him to love and defend it." In those days it took nearly a month to travel from Washington to the Hermitage.

I have mentioned Colonel Earl as being entrusted with the care of us children on the homeward journey. He was the artist who painted so many portraits of General Jackson. He had married a niece of Mrs. Jackson, and was a warm admirer and devoted friend of General Jackson, and he was in every respect worthy of the great attachment my grandfather and all our family had for him. He lived but a few months after our return to the Hermitage.

He was ill only a few hours, and died at dawn. I believe he had been out too much in the hot sun, engaged in laying off the lawn in front of the Hermitage. My mother suggested it, and he drew the plan in the shape of a guitar. He also drew the plan for flower beds in the center of the garden and around Mrs. Jackson's tomb; in all of which grandfather took great interest and was constantly present. The large cedar trees that now form an avenue from the Hermitage to the front gate and around all the walks and drives, were set out then.

I have a small portrait by Colonel Earl, taken at Washington in the spring of 1837. Grandfather is standing on the back porch of the White House, with cane in hand, and his hat on a chair near by. His military cloak is thrown across his shoulders. My brother, Colonel Jackson, has a portrait by Colonel Earl of General Jackson in uniform, on his old white horse, "Sam Patch." I always admired that picture very much. It recalls such delightful associations and remembrances. It was on this old horse, after our return from Washington, that my grandfather took me, every morning after breakfast, and rode around the farm to see the stock. He would stop and talk awhile with old

Dunwoody, at the negro's cabin, about the colts; then to the fields, where the servants were at work picking out cotton; and as soon as he came up and spoke to them, always kindly and gently, they would give three loud cheers for "old master." At first I rode before him, but when larger I rode behind him. When the old horse died at the Hermitage, he was buried there with military honors.

Although none of General Jackson's blood flows in my veins, he is in my heart, and ever will be, my revered and beloved grandfather. Sweet memories of his loving kindness rise up constantly before me. Especially do I love to think of him as he appeared at night. After he had conducted family prayers—first reading a chapter from the Bible, then giving out a hymn, two lines at a time, which all joined in singing, and then kneeling in prayer—we went into my mother's room, adjoining his, while my father, with the general's old servant, George, who always slept in his room, assisted him to bed. Then my mother and I would go into his room to bid him good-night. His bedstead was very high, with tall, solid mahogany posts. Three steps covered with carpet stood alongside, and, as I stood on the top, and, on tip-toe, leaned over to kiss him, he would place his hand most tenderly on my head as he kissed me, saying, "Bless my baby, bless my little Rachel. Good-night." I turned away from him always impressed with his tenderness and love for me.

He grew very feeble toward the end of his days, although he would walk several times up and down the long porch every afternoon, with his tall ebony cane in his right hand, and my mother, his beloved daughter-in-law, on his left. I can hear now in my imagination the ring of his cane as it struck the stone flagging. Just before sunset he always walked alone to the tomb of his wife in the garden at the Hermitage.

At last the end came, and that great and wonderful man's spirit left earth for heaven. I returned from school Friday evening, and he died on Sunday, June 8th, at a little past six o'clock in the evening. We were all around him, and the evening's sun-rays shone in the windows, illuminating the sad room. My father had his arm about him, supporting his head, while faithful George held the pillows behind his back. My mother stood next, holding his hand, and her sister, Aunt Adams, next to her. Our family physician, Dr. Esselman,

was there. I stood at the foot of grandfather's bed, an old-fashioned one without any foot-board, with my hand near his feet, but looking intently into his face, with the only anguish my child's heart had ever felt or known. I noticed the slightest tremor pass to his feet; but did not understand it until Dr. Esselman said, "All is over." He had taken leave of us shortly before, calmly and affectionately. His last consecutive words were, "My dear children and friends and servants, I hope and trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black," looking at all with the tenderest solicitude. He ceased to speak, but fixed his eyes intently on me, and looked, Dr. Esselman said, as though he was invoking the choicest blessing of heaven to rest upon me, the namesake of his cherished wife.

As showing the nature of General Jackson's heart and the fine quality of his love better than any words of mine can possibly do, I will add here some passages from his letters written to my mother at intervals when she was separated from him. Often at night, when his labors and duties forbade the leisure in the day time, he would write; he could not sleep without first writing at least a few lines to her.

April 23, 1832.—"I have this moment rec'd your kind, affectionate letter from Wheeling. It was a balm to my anxious mind, for I began to fear that some accident must have happened and your silence was lest the information might give me pain. I rejoice at your safe arrival at Wheeling, and I hope soon to hear of your safe arrival at the Hermitage. I am truly glad to hear that Andrew has got safely on his fine dog. I was uneasy, as I knew his anxiety to have him lest he might be lost on the way. A dog is one of the most affectionate of all the animal species, and is worthy of regard, and Andrew's attachment for his dog is an evidence of the goodness of his heart. You must write me when you reach the Hermitage, on the farm, the garden, the colts, etc., how the servants are, and how clothed and fed, and, my dear Sarah, drop a kind tear over the tomb of my dear wife in the garden for me."

July 11, 1832.—"I regret to learn that Andrew has been sick. I am fearful he

has exposed himself to some dissipation, hunting or fishing. You must control him, by your affectionate admonitions, from everything that may injure his health. My health is not good. My labor has been too great. I send you enclosed my veto of the bank bill. It has given me much labor. It was delivered to me on the 4th instant, and my message delivered at 10 o'clock A.M. yesterday. With my sincere prayer to an over-ruling Providence that He may take you all under His holy keeping and bless you with health and contentment, believe me your affectionate father. P. S.—Present me to all my servants, and tell them I send my prayers for their health and happiness."

July 17, 1832.—"Congress rose yesterday, and in a few days I shall set out on my way to the Hermitage, where, if health permit, I hope to reach by the 10th or 12th of next month. I rejoice to hear of your health and that of my son and the family, but regret to find your alarm about the cholera. This is not right, my dear child. We ought not to fear death; we know we have all to die, and we ought to live to learn to die well. The cholera is said to be here at Gadsby's. This I don't believe; still it may be true, and I feel myself just as safe as [if] it was 1,000 miles distance, for whenever Providence wills it death must come."

December 22, 1833.—"I wish you and Andrew and my dear little pet Rachel the joys of the season. This I shall ever be deprived of, for on this night five years gone by I was bereaved of my dear wife, and with that bereavement forever after the joys of Christmas in a temporal sense."

September 6, 1835.—"I have had a continual headache until yesterday evening since you left. Am now clear of it. You have not said when you will leave for Washington. I am anxious to see my dear little ones. I appeared to be lost for some time not hearing Andrew in the night, until Mrs. Call, with her child, arrived and I put Mary in your room, whose little one, about the same hour in the night, wakes as Andrew did and appears to be company to me. I do not wish to hurry you, my dear Sarah, but only to say, I would, when it meets your convenience, be glad to see you all home."

LIFE PORTRAITS OF ANDREW JACKSON.

Born in Waxhaw, Carolina, March 15, 1767. Died at the Hermitage, Tennessee, June 8, 1845.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

ANDREW JACKSON, seventh President of the United States, began his public career when a boy of thirteen, by falling into the hands of the British. At twenty-one he was public prosecutor for the district which was formed into Tennessee, and was the first and only Member of Congress from Tennessee 1796-97; United States Senator 1797-98; Justice of the Supreme Court of Tennessee 1798-1804; defeated the Creek Indians in 1813 and 1814; captured Pensacola from the English in 1814; defeated the English at New Orleans, January 8, 1815; commanded against the Seminoles 1817-18; was appointed Governor of Florida in 1821; was United States Senator from Tennessee 1823-25; and was President of the United States from March 4, 1829, to March 4, 1837.

Of the early presidents, Jackson's portrait is the most familiar next to Washington's. Yet the original portraits of him have been the most difficult to find of any in the present series. The first that we have is a crude miniature at twenty-nine. The next is of unusual historical and personal interest. It was painted immediately after the victory at New Orleans, when Jackson was forty-eight years of age, and was sent by him, on the eve of his departure from that city, to Edward Livingston, in whose family it is preserved, framed with the autograph note that accompanied it, as a treasured heirloom. Being a miniature, it discounts at least a decade from Jackson's appearance. It was painted by Jean François Vallée. There are also reproduced here original portraits by Charles Willson Peale in 1819, by Ralph E. W. Earl in 1828, 1830, and 1835; by Joel Tanner Hart in 1838, and by Dan Adams and by George Peter Alexander Healy in 1845.

Jackson was a much painted man; but many of these portraits are now known only through prints, the original paintings having escaped discovery. John Wesley Jarvis, who was constantly flitting between New York and New Orleans, painted a military bust portrait of Jackson in 1815,

which two generations ago belonged to Jonathan Hunt. Two years later Samuel L. Waldo painted a portrait of Jackson, "wholly in the presence of the sitter," which is owned by Mr. John M. Hoe of New York. From it he painted a whole-length, now in the Custom House, New Orleans.

John Vanderlyn, whose picture of Ariadne is the finest nude painting yet produced by an American artist, painted a whole-length portrait of Jackson for the corporation of New York, which hangs in the City Hall. A replica belongs to the city of Charleston, South Carolina.

Anna Claypoole Peale accompanied her uncle, Charles Willson Peale, to Washington, where she painted a miniature of General Jackson which was exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in May, 1819; and the following year, at the same place, William Birch, who was the first enameler, in every sense, in this country, exhibited an enamel of Jackson.

C. B. King painted a portrait of Jackson in 1822; and Joseph Wood, justly distinguished for his miniatures and small cabinet portraits on panel, painted the well-known portrait of Jackson in military cloak, with hair flowing, which was first engraved for Eaton's campaign life of Jackson, issued in 1824.

On September 23, 1829, James Barton Longacre drew a portrait of Jackson from life which he engraved and published in the "National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans." From its fine characterization this has become a standard portrait of Jackson, and Longacre painted a number of small miniatures from it for breastpins. Longacre made a second drawing about the same time, in which Jackson is represented with a white collar, instead of the stiff black stock shown in the first. This portrait has not been reproduced. It is owned by the artist's daughter, Mrs. Horatio C. Wood of Philadelphia.

William J. Hubbard, who was born in England and was killed by the explosion of a shell in Richmond, Virginia, in 1862,

painted in 1830 a thoroughly characteristic whole-length portrait in cabinet size of General Jackson. It was done for Colonel C. G. Childs of Philadelphia, who had it drawn on stone by the deaf and dumb artist, Albert Newsam. Jackson is represented full front, seated, with his hands clasped over his knees. In the same year, 1830, August Hervieu, a French artist, who came to this country in company with Mrs. Trollope, and later designed the illustrations for her "Domestic Manners of the Americans," in one of which he depicts Jackson on horseback, painted a whole-length, life-size military portrait of Jackson, which is now in the Redwood Library, Newport, Rhode Island. It is signed and dated, but is worthy of mention only because it exists.

Hoppner Meyer, a nephew of the celebrated John Hoppner, visited this country, and painted a miniature of Jackson wearing spectacles, which was presented to the President, New Year's Day, 1833. The next day General Jackson sent it to his daughter-in-law, writing, "Having rec'd the within as a New Year's gift, I enclose it to you, having nothing better which I can convey by mail." It now belongs to Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence, and has been engraved.

The distinguished landscape painter Asher Brown Durand, who was "easily first among American engravers and the peer of any of his European contemporaries," before he forsook the graver for the brush, went to Washington in the winter of 1835 to paint a portrait of General Jackson for Mr. Lauman Reed, an early and intelligent encourager of American art. Mr. Reed presented the portrait to the Museum at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Afterwards it was transferred to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. A replica is in the rooms of the New York Historical Society.

A miniature of General Jackson, signed "S. M. Charles, 1836," is owned by Colonel Wright Rives, U. S. A. Another was painted in 1839 by Miner K. Kellogg of Cincinnati, which now belongs to the artist's widow, Olive Logan. Yet another was painted at the Hermitage in 1842, by John W. Dodge of New York. This was skilfully engraved by M. I. Danforth, and published jointly by painter and engraver. The head from this miniature was used on the large black two-cent postage stamp issued in 1863. This stamp became the means of extensive swindling through the medium of newspaper advertisements offer-

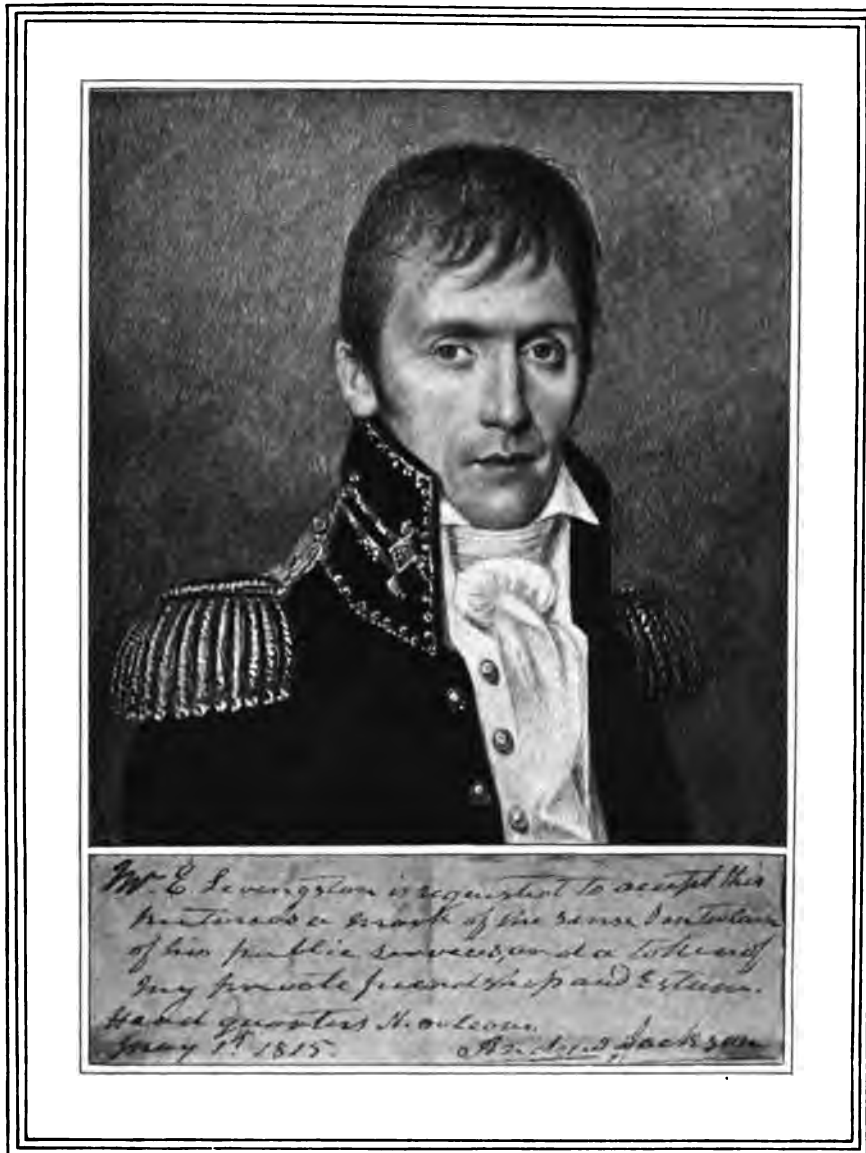
ing "a fine steel engraving of Andrew Jackson for twenty-five cents."

America's first native-born sculptor, William Rush, exhibited a bust of Jackson in 1824 at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. John Frazee also modeled Jackson, and busts of him by Hiram Powers are owned by Colonel Andrew Jackson and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. There are portraits of Jackson in the State Capitols at Nashville, Tennessee, and Atlanta, Georgia. There is also a portrait in the possession of the Tennessee Historical Society. Most of these are whole-lengths, but it is impossible to ascertain anything authentic concerning them.

General Jackson had light blue eyes and sandy hair. His form and figure were easily caricatured, and some of the most distinguishing and life-like portraits of him are to be found in the caricatures which were produced in extraordinary numbers during the period of his presidential candidacies and administrations. An English traveler of the time says, "General Jackson is tall, bony, and thin, with an erect military bearing, and a head set with a considerable *fierté* upon his shoulders. A stranger would at once pronounce upon his profession, and his frame and features, voice and action, have a natural and most peculiar warlikeness. He has, not to speak disrespectfully, a *game cock* all over him. His face is unlike any other. Its prevailing expression is energy; but there is, so to speak, a lofty honorableness in its worn lines. His eye is of a dangerous fixedness, deep-set, and overhung by bushy gray eyebrows. His features long, with strong ridgy lines running through his cheeks. His forehead a good deal seamed, and his white hair stiff and wiry, brushed obstinately back."

There is but one original portrait from life of General Jackson's wife. It is a miniature painted in 1819 by Miss Anna C. Peale, and is reproduced herewith. The noted episode of Jackson's marriage to Rachel Donelson, the wife of Lewis Robarts, upon the false report of her being divorced, was the source of some of his most bitter quarrels with political opponents. Mrs. Jackson was born in North Carolina in the year of Jackson's own birth, and died at the Hermitage, December 22, 1828. Jackson's devotion to her and to her memory is matter of history. It is emphasized in the note to her miniature and also in the reminiscences of him by his granddaughter, published in this number of McClure's.

LIFE PORTRAITS OF ANDREW JACKSON.



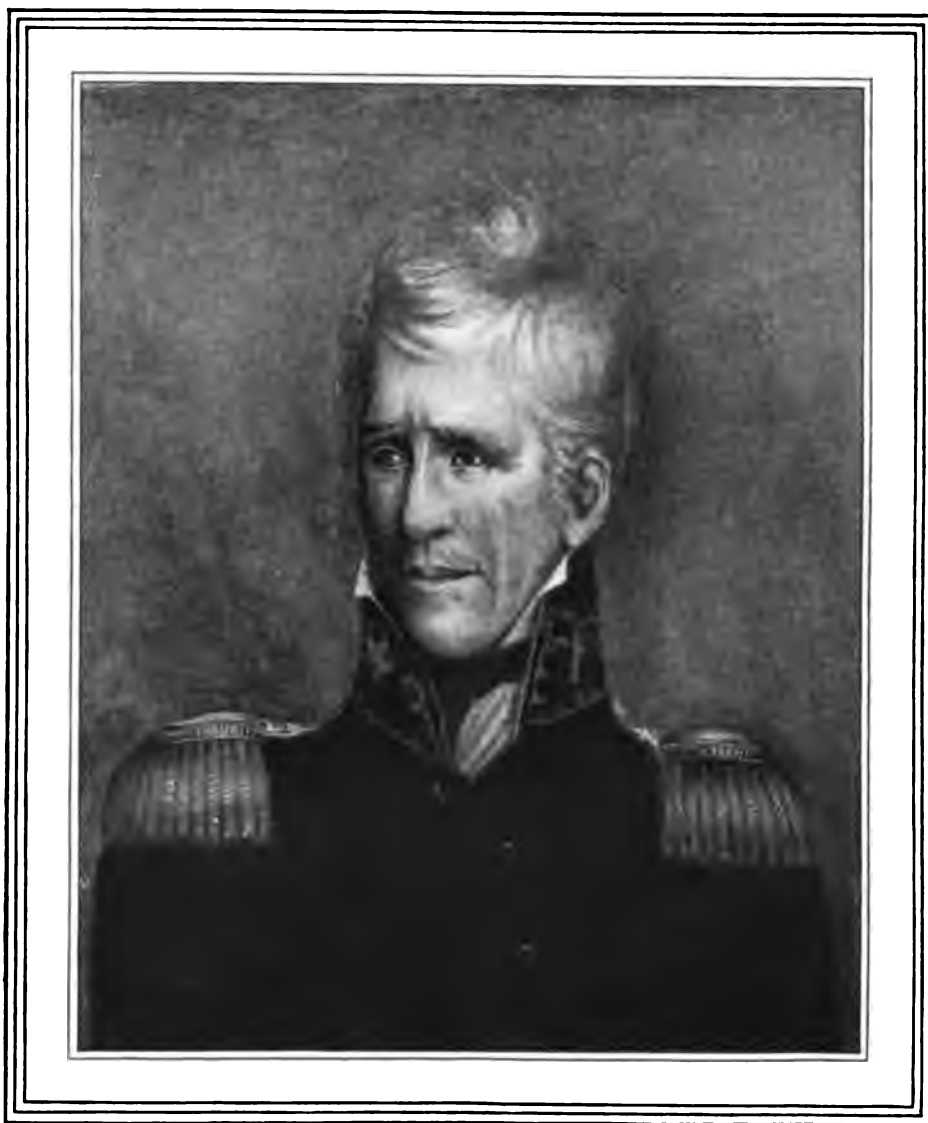
ANDREW JACKSON IN 1815. AGE 48. PAINTED BY VALLÉE.

From the original miniature by Jean François Vallée, owned by Miss Louise Livingston Hunt, Barrytown, New York. Ivory, 2½ by 3 inches. Vallée was the artist of the profile of Washington reproduced in McClure's Magazine for February (page 303). As his name indicates, he was a Frenchman, and it is amusing to note how thoroughly he has imbued this portrait of Jackson with the Napoleonic feeling; just as Stuart gave to so many of Washington's contemporaries Washington's cast of countenance. The epoch of this portrait makes it of great interest, which is enhanced by its history. It was painted in New Orleans, shortly after the battle of January 8, 1815, and was presented by Jackson to Edward Livingston. During the second war with England, Edward Livingston, the distinguished jurist and author of the Louisiana code, served as aide to Jackson, who commanded the United States troops in the southwest. He is said to have acted as his "aid-de-camp, military secretary, interpreter, orator, spokesman, and confidential adviser upon all subjects." It is not remarkable, then, that before leaving New Orleans, which was Livingston's home, Jackson should have had his portrait painted to present to Livingston. The autograph note that accompanied the miniature is here reproduced with it in facsimile.



ANDREW JACKSON IN 1819. AGE 52. PAINTED BY C. W. PEALE.

From the original portrait painted by Charles Willson Peale; now in the possession of Mr. Stan V. Henkels, Philadelphia. Canvas, 23 by 28 inches. Charles Willson Peale was a truly remarkable man, and in nothing more so than in his virility. At the age of eighty-two he wrote to Commodore Porter, "My health continues so good as to enable me to pursue my labors of the brush, even without the use of spectacles, and I may yet hope to raise my name as artist, as well as naturalist, and thus leave a monument of industry to my country." This last allusion is to his having abandoned the easel upon his discovery of the mammoth in 1801 and devoted himself thereafter to natural history, until he resumed art experimentally upon a visit to Washington, instigated thereto by the pleasure he derived from the work of his son Rembrandt. He arrived in Washington November 19, 1818, and remained until January 30, 1819. In this brief period he painted nineteen portraits for his Museum Gallery, beginning with the President, Monroe, and ending with Andrew Jackson. January 23d he writes, "Yesterday General Jackson arrived, and this morning Colonel Johnson, at my request, spoke to him to obtain his consent to sit. I then waited on him to make an appointment. He will sit after breakfast to-morrow." January 24th he writes, "I have begun a portrait to-day of General Jackson, and he will give me another sitting at sun-rising to-morrow morning." On the 27th he writes, "To-morrow morning I shall put the finish to General Jackson's portrait." From this record it will be seen that the portrait reproduced was painted in three, or not more than four, sittings.

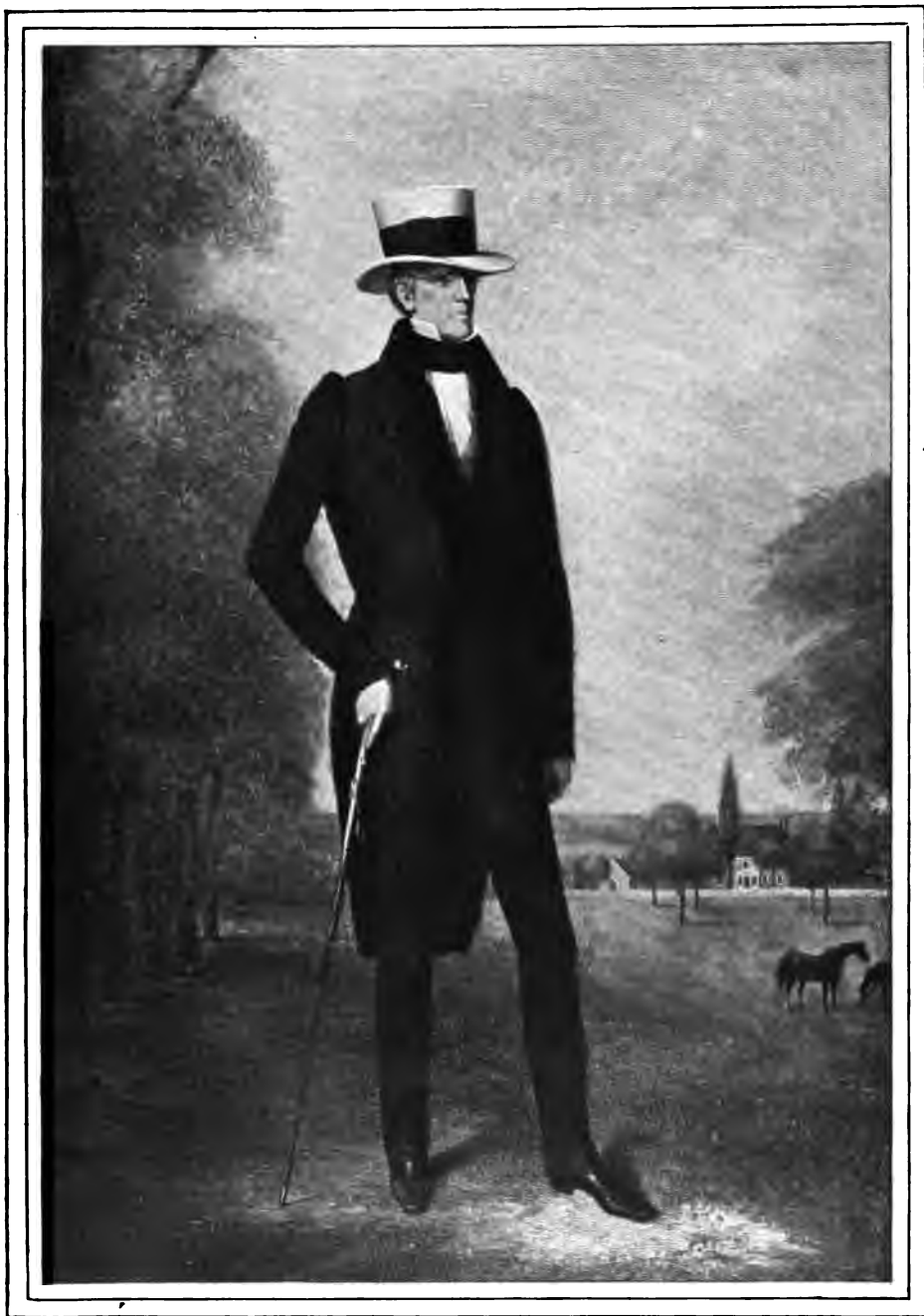


ANDREW JACKSON IN 1830. AGE 63. PAINTED BY R. E. W. EARL.



JACKSON IN 1828. AGE 61. EARL.

From the original portrait painted by Ralph E. W. Earl, in the United States National Museum, Washington, D. C. Canvas, 30 by 36 inches. Ralph E. W. Earl was the son of Ralph Earl, who was distinguished as among the best of the early American artists and painted the portrait of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton reproduced in *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* for April. The son went to London in 1809, and during his stay there had the advantage of intercourse with West and Trumbull. At the end of a year he went to Norwich, his mother's native place, where he painted for four years. In the autumn of 1814 he visited Paris. Toward the close of 1815 he returned to the United States, and later visited "the Western country," to obtain the portrait of General Jackson for a picture of the Battle of New Orleans which he had in contemplation. He then took up his residence in Nashville, and in 1818 married Miss Caffery, a niece of General Jackson's wife. She died within a twelvemonth, at the age of eighteen. Thus was cemented the friendship that made Earl, upon the death of Mrs. Jackson, a member of the household at the Hermitage and later at the White House. He died suddenly, Sept. 16, 1837, and is buried in the garden at the Hermitage.—The portrait of 1828 is owned by Colonel Andrew Jackson, Cincinnati, Ohio. Canvas, 25 by 30 inches.



ANDREW JACKSON IN 1835. AGE 68. PAINTED BY EARL.

From the original portrait painted by R. E. W. Earl and owned by Mr. William H. Frear, Troy, New York. Canvas, 22 by 28 inches. Parton says that Earl "resided at the White House during the whole period of Jackson's occupation of it, engaged always in painting the President's portrait;" and adds: "It was well understood by the seekers of presidential favor that it did no harm to order a portrait of General Jackson from this artist, who was facetiously named 'the King's painter.'" Earl did paint an enormous number of portraits of Jackson, but the majority of them are clearly copies one of another with changes in costume and surroundings. The most interesting is the one here reproduced, which shows Jackson as he walked the streets of Washington, though in the setting of the Hermitage farm. According to Parton it was painted for "a successful politician," who by an inscription on the canvas seems to have been "W. C. H. Waddell."



ANDREW JACKSON IN 1838. AGE 71. THREE VIEWS OF A BUST MODELED BY J. T. HART.

From the original marble, in the State Capitol at Frankfort, Kentucky. Joel Tanner Hart was born in Clark County, Kentucky, in 1810, and died in Florence, Italy, March 2, 1877. He first handled tools as a stone-mason, then as a stone-cutter, and finally as a sculptor of rare realistic power in his portrait busts and of delicate refinement in his ideal creations. A part from some studies in anatomy at Transylvania University, Hart seems to have had but little education or art instruction until he went to Florence in 1840. But he had ingenuity, and invented an apparatus for obtaining mechanically the outline of a head from life. He also constructed poems, which he esteemed as superior to his sculpture, proving anew that "no man is a judge in his own case." His nude female figure with a Cupid, which he called first "Venus" and later "Purity," but which is now dubbed "The Triumph of Chastity," is quite as well composed and modeled as Powers's more famous Greek Slave. It was presented to his native State by "the Women of the Blue Grass," and is in the corridor of the court-house at Lexington. The bust of General Jackson here reproduced is signed, "The original modeled at the Hermitage, U. S. A., in December, 1838, by J. T. Hart, sc'."



ANDREW JACKSON IN 1845. AGE 78. PAINTED BY HEALY.

From the original portrait painted by G. P. A. Healy and owned by Colonel Andrew Jackson, Cincinnati, Ohio. Canvas, 20 by 24 inches. George Peter Alexander Healy was born in Boston, Massachusetts, July 15, 1813, and died in Chicago, Illinois, June 14, 1895. In 1836 he went to Paris, where he lived off and on for the best part of his life; but his American home was in Chicago. His industry and facility of execution were marvelous; the portraits he painted number many hundreds. For years he was the fashionable painter of Americans, whether at home or abroad, owing chiefly, no doubt, to his employment by Louis Philippe to furnish pictures for Versailles. His success was phenomenal, considering the low merit of his art. His work is thoroughly artificial. It lacks simplicity and refinement, effects being sought by theatrical posing and exaggerations. Healy was a charming companion, and published late in life a volume of "Reminiscences" which is readable but not reliable, a condition commonly attending the recording from memory of events that happened long before. He gives in this book considerable space to the incidents connected with the painting of the portrait of Jackson here reproduced, which was begun May 1, 1845, and was completed May 30th, only a few days before the general's death, the painter being still at the Hermitage when Jackson died. But several of Healy's statements in this connection are erroneous, such as that the "original portrait" is in the Corcoran Art Gallery, and that he painted a second portrait of Jackson from life. The Corcoran Gallery picture is a replica, a very interesting illustration of the marked differences and distinctions between original pictures, replicas, and copies; while the second portrait painted by Healy at the Hermitage was a composite picture, made from the portraits by Earl and his own just completed, because he wanted a portrait of Jackson in his prime for Versailles. Healy's account of Jackson's declaring that "not for all the kings in Christendom" would he sit and that he wanted to die in peace, and then of his affectionately yielding to the solicitation of his beloved daughter-in-law, together with the account of the death-bed scene, shows how "Old Hickory's" temperament and characteristics remained the same to the last.



ANDREW JACKSON IN 1845. AGE 78. BY ADAMS.

From the original daguerreotype by Dan Adams of Nashville, Tennessee, now owned by Colonel Andrew Jackson of Cincinnati. Size, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch, with the head but one-quarter of an inch in diameter. Enlargement by Charles Truscott of Philadelphia. This daguerreotype was taken in Jackson's bedroom at the Hermitage, on April 15, 1845, when the general was very weak and his whole body much swollen from dropsy. His granddaughter Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence writes, "I have a vivid recollection of the arrangement for taking this likeness, in which I was greatly interested. He was much opposed to having it taken and was very feeble at the time. I still have the old plates of some earlier daguerreotypes, but they are entirely faded out." This is without doubt the most important portrait of Jackson in existence. There is a living human interest excited in looking upon a man's reflected image that no Rembrandt, Reynolds, or Stuart can arouse. The daguerreotype is as near to the living man as we can get. Not even the sensitive paper of the photographic negative intervenes.—Owing to the intended reproduction of the whole-length of Jackson by Thomas Sully in the Corcoran Art Gallery and its withdrawal on finding it a copy dated 1845, instead of an original dated 1825, as published by the Gallery, no mention will be found here of Sully's life portraits of Jackson.



MRS. ANDREW JACKSON IN 1819. AGR 52. PAINTED BY ANNA C. PEALE.

Reproduced full size from the original miniature on ivory, painted by Anna Claypoole Peale and owned by Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence, Old Hickory, Tennessee. Anna Claypoole Peale was born in Philadelphia, March 6, 1791, and died there December 25, 1878. She was the daughter of James Peale, the youngest brother of Charles Willson Peale, who was one of the best miniature painters this country has produced. Her maternal grandfather was James Claypoole, a limner of colonial days in the middle colonies, whose artistic ability is only known through his good training of his nephew Matthew Pratt, whose important picture of West's Studio is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Thus Anna Peale's artistic temperament was a double inheritance, and she painted miniatures very acceptably. She married first the Rev. Dr. William Staughton, and second General William Duncan, and is known in the art world by all three names, without the fact that the three belong to the same person being so generally known. She accompanied her uncle to Washington, as noted on page 795, and at this time painted portraits on ivory of both General and Mrs. Jackson, the latter in the costume she had worn at the ball given to General Jackson in New Orleans before his departure after the victory of the eighth of January. N. P. Trist, who became Jackson's private secretary early in the presidency, tells of going to the general's room one night after he had retired, and says: "I found Jackson sitting at a little table with his wife's miniature, a very large one, before him, propped up against some books, and between him and the picture an open book which bore the mark of long use. This book was her Prayer-Book. The miniature he always wore next to his heart, suspended around his neck by a strong black cord. The last thing he did every night before lying down to rest, was to read in that book with that picture before his eye." Mrs. Lawrence writes, "The miniature of Mrs. Rachel Jackson in my possession is of peculiar interest to me, from its having been so highly prized by my grandfather, so constantly worn by him, and the circumstances of its presentation by him to me. Early on Monday morning, June 2, 1845, as I was ready to leave the Hermitage for school in Nashville, I went to his room, as usual, to kiss and bid him good-by. He drew me nearer to him and said, 'Wait a moment, my baby,' his fond pet name for me, and taking this miniature from his vest pocket and the guard from around his neck, he put it around mine, and handed me the miniature. After looking at it a few moments, he said, 'Wear it, my baby, for Grandpa's sake. God bless you, my little Rachel.'"

GRANT IN A GREAT CAMPAIGN.

THE INVESTMENT AND CAPTURE OF VICKSBURG.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main-travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

THE battle of Shiloh was a great victory, but it did not ring over the North with the same joyous clamor which followed upon Donelson. The holiday element had passed out of the war. There was an end of talk about "the boastful Southron." It was apparent that he could fight under leadership such as he had in Albert Sidney Johnston. The desolation of homes was terrible. Long lists of the dead filled the newspapers, and long trains wound and jolted their slow way to the North and to the South, carrying the wounded to their homes.

The nation was appalled, and, naturally, a large part of the bitterness and hate of war fell upon Grant. He had risen so suddenly to national fame that his private life and character were dark with mystery. Few knew how kind and gentle he really was, and a tumult of abuse arose. He was execrated as a man careless of human lives. He was accused of negligence and drunkenness, and of being unjustifiably off the field of battle. Great pressure was at once brought to bear on the President to have him relieved from duty. Lincoln listened patiently to all that men had to say pro and con; then, with a long sigh, he said: "I can't spare Grant; he fights!"

General Halleck, "cautiously energetic one," now took the field in person, and Grant became for the time little more than a spectator. Though nominally second in command, he had, in reality, almost no command at all. He was forced to trail after Halleck in the most humiliating of positions. Every suggestion he made to his chief was treated with contempt. The staff officers, taking their cue from Halleck, turned their backs when he came near. Orders to his troops were sent over his head, and movements were ordered in his department without consulting him or even notifying him. These things became unendurable at last, and in a letter stating his position, Grant asked to be relieved from duty altogether, or to have his command defined.

To this General Halleck replied in diplomatic and soothing words, saying: "You have precisely the position to which your rank entitles you," and disclaimed any attempt to injure Grant's feelings.

For six weeks, in hesitating timidity, General Halleck held his immense host in check before a retreating foe. When the truth could no longer be concealed, he ordered an advance on Corinth, and found an empty city. Lincoln, sorely disappointed with Pope in the Eastern campaign, now looked toward Halleck. Lee threatened Maryland. A panic set in at Washington, and on the 10th of July Halleck received an order to proceed to the capital.

Thus Grant was once more in command of his department, but under discouraging conditions. Buell's army had returned to Kentucky, and his own forces were heavily depleted. During July and August he could do nothing more than guard his lines. He held his command but insecurely, and felt that he might be removed at any moment. He was ordered to be in readiness to reinforce Buell, and had no freedom of action, though liable at any time to attack on his attenuated lines. Through weeks of weary waiting he endured in silence, watching Generals Price and Van Dorn, and knowing well he had but inadequate movable force to send against an enemy. But when the enemy attacked, in September, he fought skillfully, and won the battle of Iuka. A little later General Van Dorn, seeing the Union army weakened still further by the transfer of General Thomas to Buell's command, assaulted Corinth. Grant's headquarters were at Jackson, Tennessee, at this time, but he directed the battle, which was a marked and decisive defeat of the Confederates. Again, at the first opportunity, he had cheered the nation with a victory.

At this point General John A. McClernand appeared as a disturbing factor. He had been restive under Grant's command

from the first, and soon after the fall of Corinth he had obtained from President Lincoln a "confidential" order which authorized him to proceed to Illinois and Indiana and raise troops for an expedition down the Mississippi River to capture Vicksburg. Grant hearing of this, determined to give to Sherman the honor of the capture. He ordered Sherman to attack the city while he held Pemberton on the railway. Sherman failed. At the same time Grant's immense depot of supplies at Holly Springs was lost through the cowardice of a subordinate officer. McClelland appeared before Vicksburg, and assumed command over Sherman's troops. The desire to save Sherman from subordination to a man he distrusted, and the destruction of his supplies, decided Grant to take command of the river expedition in person and make of it his main attack. Halleck gave him full and complete command, and extended his department to cover all the territory he needed west of the river. Thus with supreme control at last of all needed territory, troops, and transportation, he began his movement on Vicksburg.

These discussions and harassments, however, had wasted golden moments. From Donelson the army should have marched at once on Corinth, and on down the valley upon Vicksburg before it could be reinforced or fortified. But instead, the enemy had been allowed to fully recuperate his forces and strengthen his position, and now a winter of enormous rains was upon the land. The Northern troops were mainly raw, and the army unorganized, and it was February before Grant was able to put himself personally upon the spot to see what could be done.

Now began one of the most extraordinary beleaguements in the history of warfare. Grant had long perceived, as every thinking soldier had, that Vicksburg was the gate which shut the Mississippi. It was of enormous importance to the Confederacy. After Columbus and Memphis, it occupied the only point of high land close to the river bank for hundreds of miles. At or near the city of Vicksburg, and extending some miles to the south, a line of low hills of glacial drift jutted upon the river, making the site a natural fortress. Upon these heights heavy batteries were planted.

Another element of great strength was in the river, which in those days made a big, graceful curve, in shape like an ox-bow; so that to run the batteries the

Northern gunboats must pass twice within range, once on the outer curve and again, at closer gunshot, on the inner bow. A third and final and more formidable condition than all aided to make the siege of the city hopeless. There was a prodigious freshet upon the land, and all the low-lying country, through which the river flows (at high water) as in a mighty aqueduct above the level of the farms, was flooded, and Grant's soldiers had no place to pitch their tents save upon the narrow levees along the river's edge. No greater problem of warfare ever faced an American soldier.

Grant did not underestimate its difficulty. Late in January he arrived at Young's Point on his steamer "Magnolia," and began to look the ground over. There were but two ways to attack: from the north, with the Yazoo River as base of action; or get below the city and attack from the south. Grant sent an expedition at once to explore a passage to the Yazoo through the bayous of the eastern bank, and he set to work personally upon the problem of getting below.

The difficulties in the way of this plan were at the moment insurmountable. Grant could neither march his men down the western bank nor carry them in boats, such was the overflow. If he could find passage for the army and reach a safe point below Vicksburg, he would still be on the western shore, and without means to ferry his troops, and without supplies; and to every suggestion about running the batteries with transports arose the picture of those miles of cannon hurling their shells upon the frail woodwork of the unprotected vessels.

He set about to find a way through the bayous to the west, and prodigious things were done in the way of cutting channels through the swamps and widening streams for the passage of gunboats. While this was going on, he gave attention to a canal which he found partly excavated upon his arrival. It had been planned by General Thomas Williams, and crossed the narrow neck of land just out of range of the cannon. It was expected to start a cut-off which would soon deepen naturally into a broad stream through which the boats might pass. Grant, in a letter of the time, said: "I consider it of little practical use if completed;" but he allowed the work to go on, thinking it better for the soldiers to be occupied. He had almost as little faith in the bayou route to the west. In reality, he had settled upon

the plan of marching his men overland as soon as the water subsided, and running the batteries meanwhile with gunboats and transports. These weeks of waiting tested his patience sorely.

The North, in its anxiety and peril, began again to grumble, and finally to cry out. The mutter of criticism swelled to a roar as February and March went by. The soldiers were said to be dying like sheep in the trenches or useless canals. The cost of keeping such an army idle was constantly harped upon, and immense pressure was again brought to bear upon Lincoln to remove Grant from command. Disappointed tradesmen, jealous officers, "Copperheads," and non-combatants alike joined in the cry against him. McClernand wrote an impassioned letter to Governor Yates, asking him to join with the governors of Iowa and Indiana in demanding a competent commander. Many of Grant's friends deserted him, and added their voices to the clamor of criticism.

At last Lincoln himself became so doubtful of Grant's character and ability that he consented to allow the Secretary of War to send Charles A. Dana (who had been the managing editor of the New York "Tribune," and was a friend of the Secretary of War) to the front to report the condition of the army and study the whole situation, so that the War Department could determine whether Grant was a man to be trusted. General Lorenzo Thomas arrived at Commodore Porter's headquarters with an order relieving Grant of his command, if such an order should be found necessary. Porter told General Thomas that he would be tarred and feathered if news of the order got abroad. For various reasons, the order never saw the light. Halleck, however, stood manfully by Grant.

Grant betrayed his anxiety, but he did not express doubt or irritation. He knew he could do the work. He never boasted, never asked favors, and never answered charges. When he communicated with Lincoln or Stanton it was officially.

His plan was now mature. As soon as the roads emerged from the water he intended to run the batteries with gunboats and transports, marching his troops across the land meanwhile to a point below Vicksburg, and there, by means of the boats, transport a division across the river and storm Grand Gulf, the enemy's first outpost to the south. Thence, after co-operating with Banks in the capture of

Port Hudson, it was his purpose to swing by a mighty half wheel to the rear of Vicksburg, cutting off supplies from Central Mississippi and capturing General Pemberton's army.

He had all to gain and little to lose in this bold plan, which he first mentioned to Porter and Sherman. Porter agreed, and was ready to move; so also was McClernand; but the audacity of the campaign alarmed the other officers. Sherman did not believe in it and protested decidedly.*

The running of the batteries took place on the 16th of April, and was one of the most dramatic and splendid actions of the war. The night was dark and perfectly still when brave Admiral Porter, on his flagship "Benton," dropped soundlessly into the current. Each boat was protected as well as possible by bales of cotton, and had no lights except small guiding lamps astern. They were ordered to follow each other at intervals of twenty minutes. Grant and his staff occupied a transport anchored in the middle of the river as far down as it was safe to go.

For a little time the silence of the beautiful night remained unbroken. The hush was painful in its foreboding intensity. Along the four miles of battery-planted heights there was no sound or light to indicate the wakefulness of the gunners, but they were awake! Suddenly a flame broke from one of the lower batteries—a watchdog cannon had sounded the warning. Then a rocket arose in the air with a shriek. The alarm was taken up, and each grim monster had his word, and from end to end of the line of hills, successive rosy flashes broke and roar joined roar. Flames leaped forth, bonfires flared aloft to light the river and betray the enemy to the gunners. Then the Union gunboats awoke, and from their sullenly silent hulks answering lightning streamed upward, and the whole fleet became visible to the awed army and to the terrified city.

The sky above the city was red with the glare of flaming buildings on the hills and burning boats and bales of cotton on the river, and the thunder of guns was incessant. It seemed as though every transport would be sunk. But the tumult died out at last. The gunboats swept on out of reach. The flames on the land sank to smoldering coals, and the stillness and

* Admiral Porter relates that at a meeting of officers on board his flagship, the night before the running of the batteries was to be undertaken, all except himself and Grant argued against it. Grant listened to all they had to say; then replied: "I have considered your arguments, but continue in the same opinion. Be prepared to move to-morrow morning."

peace of an April night again settled over the river, and the frogs began timidly to trill once more in the marshes.

Porter's gunboats, almost uninjured, were now below Vicksburg; Grant's mighty host of footmen was ready to follow. On the 20th of April, having been over the route in person, Grant issued orders for his army to move. These orders hinted of great things. "Troops will be required to bivouac—one tent only will be allowed to each company. One wall tent to each brigade headquarters, and one to each division headquarters. . . . Commanders are authorized and empowered to collect all beef, cattle, corn, and other necessary supplies in the line of march, but wanton destruction of property, taking of articles useless for military purposes, insulting citizens, going into and searching houses without proper orders from division commanders, are positively prohibited. All such irregularities must be summarily punished."

And so, with cheers of elation, with renewed confidence in their leader, the army began to stretch and stream away in endless procession along the narrow and slippery roads on the levee top. McClernand's corps moved first. McPherson's troops followed, and Sherman kept the rear. The point of assault was to be Grand Gulf, the enemy's outpost to the south of Vicksburg. Grant himself took no personal baggage, not even a valise, and the army soon found this out. The new men did not need to be told that this was no parade soldier who led them. He had no attendants, no imported delicacies, no special accommodations. He was spattered with mud, grizzled of beard, and wherever he went "the boys" felt a twinge of singular emotion. They had admired him before, they began to love him now, and he became "the old man" to them. And yet he was as unostentatious of his camaraderie as he was of his command. He was his simple self in all this. He meant business, and spared himself not at all, and neglected no detail.

The attack on Grand Gulf failed, and Grant, ordering Porter to run the batteries as before, moved on down the river and landed at a point called De Schroon's, just above Bruinsburg, being led to do so by the information given by a negro, that a good road led inland to Port Gibson and Jackson from that point. Meanwhile, to keep Pemberton occupied with things above, Sherman had been ordered to make a great show of attack on Vicksburg itself

and then suddenly to silence his guns and hasten to join the forces below.

On the morning of the 30th of April McClernand's troops and part of McPherson's command were landed on the east bank of the river below Vicksburg, and Grant's spirits rose. "I felt a degree of relief scarcely ever equalled since. . . ." And yet one would say the outlook was not reassuring. He was "in the enemy's country, with a vast river and the stronghold of Vicksburg between him and his base of supplies." He had two armies to fight. One intrenched at Vicksburg, the other at Jackson, less than four days' march to the east, with the whole of the Confederacy back of it. But he was again on dry ground, out of the terrible swamps and bayous of the flat country. So much was gained.

He hurried McClernand forward toward Port Gibson, to prevent the destruction of an important bridge. Parts of McPherson's command arrived, but still the invading army was small, less than 20,000 men, with no pack-train, and with only two days' rations. On the second day the enemy was met in force, but defeated. Reinforcements kept arriving, and the chief was buoyant of spirits although for five days he had been on short rations and had not removed his clothing to sleep. Grand Gulf, being uncovered by the battle of Port Gibson, was evacuated, and on May 3d, Grant rode into the fortress, finding Porter before it with his fleet of gunboats.

Grant now heard from General Banks, who was in command on the lower Mississippi; and abandoning all idea of co-operation with him, he cut loose from Grand Gulf and the river, and moved into the interior, determined to get between Vicksburg and its supplies and to isolate it from the Confederacy. "I shall communicate with Grand Gulf no more," he wrote to Halleck, "except as it becomes necessary to send a train with heavy escort. You may not hear from me for several days."

The next day after leaving Grand Gulf he learned through Colonel Wilson, his Inspector-General, and Rawlins, that the forces defeated by McPherson had fallen back, not toward Vicksburg, but toward Jackson. He instantly surmised that a considerable army was concentrating in that direction. "Simply asking one or two questions, and without rising from his chair, he wrote orders which turned his entire army toward Jackson." Then mounting his horse, he set his command

in motion, sweeping resistlessly into the interior. This moment when he turned his army towards Jackson is one of the greatest in his career. It showed the decision, boldness, and intrepidity of the man beyond dispute.

Jackson was carried on the 14th, the Union flag was raised on the State House, and Grant slept in the same room that General Johnston had occupied the night before. General Johnston sent a despatch to Pemberton which fell into Grant's hands, though he did not need it to tell him what to do. He hastened the movement of McClernand and McPherson toward Vicksburg, to head off Johnston's attempt to join Pemberton and to meet the Confederate troops. The armies met in a savage battle at Champion's Hill, and Pemberton was forced to retire, after four hours' hard fighting. He rapidly retreated to the Big Black River, where he made another feeble stand, and then withdrew into Vicksburg, leaving the victorious army of Grant directly between himself and Johnston. The game was in the bag, and Grant smiled in his slow, grim fashion, and closed round the city. This was on the 19th day of May. He had been on the road one month.

On this day Sherman, with Grant by his side, stood on Haines's Bluff and looked down on the very spot whence his baffled army had fallen back months before. He turned to Grant, saying: "General, up to this minute I had no positive assurance of success. This is the end of one of the greatest campaigns in history." Grant was deeply gratified, but he was not one to anticipate victory.

On the 19th of May, immediately after crossing the Big Black, Grant ordered a preliminary assault, which set the two armies face to face. On the 22d he ordered a grand assault. This order was a result of news of Johnston's advance. He was but fifty miles away, with a large army. To assault and win would set free a large force sufficient to defeat and possibly capture Johnston. Moreover, the officers and men were eager for a chance to "walk into Vicksburg." They believed they could storm and carry the works in an hour, and so Grant gave the word, and the 22d of May will forever remain memorable as a day of terrible slaughter. But it had this virtue: it convinced the soldiers that Vicksburg was to be taken only by determined siege, and made them patient of what followed.

Grant now called upon his engineers to

do their best. Suddenly the army disappeared. It sank beneath the earth, and like some subterranean monster ate its way inexorably towards the enemy's lines as Worth's little band approached the Central plaza of Monterey through the adobe walls of its gardens. "The soil lent itself to the most elaborate trenching," says Major John W. Powell, who had charge of a division of the entrenchments.* "It was a huge deposit of glacial drift, and could be cut like cheese. Grant personally supervised this work every day, and his questions were always shrewd and pat. He knew more of the actual approaches than McPherson, who was my immediate commander. He came alone, quietly and keenly studying every detail of the work."

Foot by foot, the army closed round the doomed city, like the fabled room of the Inquisition whose walls contracted with every tick of the clock. The exploding of mines, as great as they were, is now seen to have been only an incident in the besieging process under Grant's persistent command. On foot, dusty, in plain clothes, with head drooping in thought, but with quick eyes seeing all that went on, "the old man" walked the ditches or stood upon the hills studying the situation, careless—criminally careless—of his person. The soldiers hardly discovered who he was before he was gone. •

In this period, when success seemed sure, claimants for the honor of originating the plan of the campaign arose, and the discussion raged endlessly. Men who had been glad to shift responsibility when the issue was in doubt, now hastened to let the world know that it was their own plan. Grant never changed; as he had attempted no shift of responsibility, so now he troubled himself very little about the claims of others. He had done a better thing than originate the plan of campaign, he had executed it.

By the first of July the two armies were within pitch-and-toss distance of each other. A mighty host had turned moles. By day all was solitary. The heaps of red earth alone gave indication of activity. No living thing moved over the battle-ground, yet fifty thousand men were there ready to rise and fly at each other at a word from "the old commander." At night, low words, ghostly whispers, and subdued noises ran up and down the advanced lines, as the blue-coated sappers and miners pushed forward some trench, or some weary, thirsty "file" in

* In an interview held expressly for McClure's Magazine.

a rifle-pit gave place to a relief. Occasionally out of the blank darkness a rebel gun would crack, to be answered by a score of Union rifles aimed at the rosy flash. A feeling grew in each army that the end was near. On the night of the 2d the word was passed around that a final assault was to be made on the 4th. The batteries were to open with a salute of a hundred guns in honor of the day, and continue until further orders. The advance guard was told to let the enemy know this.

This order produced vast excitement within the gray lines. The news went to Pemberton. He knew his men could not stand an assault such as Grant could now make. His lines were pierced in a number of places. He was out of food, out of ammunition. His men were lean, weary, and dispirited. He despaired of any help from Johnston. On the morning of the 3d of July, a white flag appeared on the Confederate works. Again a Southern general asked for commissioners to arrange for terms of surrender. Again Grant replied, "I have no terms other than unconditional surrender," but added that the brave men within the works would be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war.

General Bowen, the blindfold messenger of peace, asked Grant to meet Pemberton between the lines, and supposing this to be General Pemberton's wish, he consented, and at mid-afternoon a wondrous scene unfolded. At about three p.m. General Grant rode forward to the extreme Union trenches, dismounted, and walked calmly and slowly toward the center of the lines. At about the same time General Pemberton left his lines and, accompanied by General Bowen and several of his staff, advanced to meet Grant.*

Then from the hitherto silent, motionless, ridged, and ravaged hills, grimy heads and dusty shoulders rose, till every embankment bristled with bayonets. It was as if at some unheard signal an army of gnomes had suddenly risen from their secret run-ways. The under-ground suddenly became of the open air. The inexorable burrowing of the Northern army ceased.

A shiver of excitement ran over the men of both sides, and all eyes were fixed upon that fateful figure advancing toward the enemy, unexcitedly, with bent head, treading the ground so long traversed only by the wing of the bullet and the shadow

of the shell. What he felt could not be divined by any action of his. His visage was never more inscrutable in its stern, calm lines.

The man who advanced to meet him was an old comrade in arms, the same Pemberton, indeed, who had conveyed to Lieutenant Grant at San Cosme Gate the compliments of General Worth. He came to this conference laboring under profound excitement. Grant greeted him as an old acquaintance, but waited for him to begin. There was an awkward silence. Grant waited insistently, for his understanding was that Pemberton stood ready to make the first advance. Pemberton at last began arrogantly.

"General Grant, I was present at the surrender of many fortresses in Mexico, and in all cases the enemy was granted terms and conditions. I think my army as much entitled to these favors as a foreign foe."

"All the terms I have are stated in my letter of this morning," Grant replied.

Pemberton drew himself stiffly erect. "Then the conference may as well terminate and hostilities begin."

"Very well," replied Grant. "My army was never in better condition to prosecute the siege."

Pemberton's eyes flashed: "You'll bury a good many more men before you get into Vicksburg."

This seemed to end the meeting, but General Bowen intervened, urged a further conference, and while he and General A. J. Smith conversed apart, Grant and Pemberton went and sat down on a bank under a low oak tree. Pemberton was trembling with emotion, but Grant sat with bent head, one hand idly pulling up grass blades. Suddenly the boom of cannons began again from the gunboats.

Grant's face showed concern for the first time. He rose.

"This is a mistake. I will send to Admiral Porter and have that stopped."

"Oh, never mind. Let it go on," said Pemberton contemptuously. "It won't hurt anybody. The gunboats never hurt anybody."

"I'll go home and write out the terms," Grant finally said, as he rose to go.

The terms were exceedingly fair. Pemberton was to give possession at 8 a.m., July 4th; "and as soon as rolls are made out and paroles signed by officers and men, you will be allowed to march out of our lines, the officers taking with them side-arms and clothing, and the field, staff,

* Generalized from reports of eye-witnesses.

and cavalry officers one horse each. The rank and file will be allowed all their clothing, but no other property." Perhaps Grant was moved to these generous terms by the recollection of Scott's treatment of Santa Anna's troops at Cerro Gordo. At any rate, they were criticised as being absurdly lenient.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July, the ragged, emaciated soldiers who had defended Vicksburg so stanchly "marched out of their intrenchments. With sad faces the men of each regiment stacked their arms, threw down upon them knapsacks, belts, cartridges, and cap-pouches, and then tenderly crowned the piles with their faded and riddled colors." Their stained clothing contrasted mournfully with the blue of the Union troops. For forty days they had lain in the pits, eating the scantiest fare, and to many of them it was a welcome relief to throw down their muskets. For two hours this movement went on, with no derisive cry or gesture on the part of the victors. They knew the quality of these lean and tattered men, who were mistaken, but who were fighters.

The victor allowed himself no indulgences. He was sleeplessly active. He had no thought of resting or going into summer quarters. He put McPherson in command of Vicksburg. He sent Sherman after Johnston the moment Pemberton capitulated. He despatched a messenger to Banks asking his needs. He forwarded the ninth army corps to Bear Creek, to be ready to reinforce Sherman if it were necessary; and providing for their return and movement to Kentucky, he ordered the boats to be in readiness to transport the troops. He ordered Herron's division to be in readiness to reinforce Banks. He brought all the remaining troops within the rebel lines, and gave orders to obliterate the works which the Union army had toiled so long to fashion, and sent his engineers to determine upon a shorter line if possible, in order that the garrison should be small. He advised Logan that, as soon as the rebel prisoners were out of the way, he intended to send him to the Tensas to clear out the Confederate troops there; and in the midst of this multiplex activity

he asked Dana to inquire of General Halleck whether he intended him to follow his own judgment in future movements or co-operate in some particular scheme of operations.

His army was now let loose for other campaigns, and this the Southern leaders thoroughly understood. The fall of Vicksburg was a disaster. The march of Grant's army foreboded the downfall of the Confederacy.

In all the correspondence of this strange conqueror there is scarcely a single word of exultation, not a single allusion to victory, even to his wife. He fought battles and won victories in the design of moving to other battles and other victories. His plan was to whip the enemy and win a lasting peace.

The Vicksburg campaign had the audacity of the common sense in opposition to the traditional. What the military authorities had settled he could not do, Grant did with astounding despatch, accuracy, and coherence of design. He kept his own counsel—a greater feat than the other—and it added to the mystery of his movements and the certainty of his results. It seemed as if all ill things stood aside to see him pass on to his larger life as a great commander. Belmont, Henry, Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg—all these were behind him and he had no scar. He would not have been human had not some feeling of foreordination assumed possession of him. He was now forty-one years of age, and at his fullest powers of command and endurance. He had reached the place where he now stood in the light of national fame, holding the full confidence of the government, without money, without political influence, after years of hardship, disappointment, and privation. Now all opposition was silenced, and his detractors were overborne. He had placed himself among the great generals of the world, and the nation waited to see what the Conqueror of Vicksburg would do next. On the 12th of October he received an order making him the commander-in-chief of the entire Western army from the Cumberland Mountains to the Brazos. This placed him in command of two hundred thousand men.

NOTE.—The capture of Vicksburg brought to its full development and recognition Grant's genius as a military commander, and marks a clear division in his career. With the present paper, therefore, Mr. Garland concludes his series of interesting studies in Grant's life, his design having been only to exhibit, by close personal presentations, the course and character of Grant's progress to his high destiny.—EDITOR.

UNCLE JOHN AND THE RUBIES.

BY ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "Phroso," "The Prisoner of Zenda," etc.

THERE may still be some very old men about town who remember the duel between Sir George Marston and Colonel Merridew; there may still be a venerable lawyer or two who recollect the celebrated case of Merridew against Marston. With these exceptions the story probably survives only in the two families interested in the matter and in the neighborhood where both the gentlemen concerned lived and where their successors flourish to this day. The whole affair, of which the duel was the first stage and the lawsuit the second, arose out of the disappearance of the Maharajah's rubies. Sir George and the colonel had both spent many years in India, Sir George occupying various important positions in the company's service, the colonel seeking fortune on his own account. Chance had brought them together at the court of the Maharajah of Nuggetabad, and they had struck up a friendship, tempered by jealousy. The Maharajah favored both; we Merridews maintained that Uncle John was first favorite, but the Marstons declared that Sir George beat him; and I am bound to admit that they had a plausible ground for their contention, since, when both gentlemen were returning to England, the Maharajah presented to Sir George the six magnificent stones which became famous as the Maharajah's rubies, while Uncle John had to content himself with a couple of fine diamonds. The Maharajah could not have expressed his preference more significantly; both his friends were passionate lovers of jewels, and understood very well the value of their respective presents. Uncle John faced the situation boldly, and declared that he had refused the rubies; we, his family, dutifully accepted his version, and were in the habit of laying great stress on his conscientiousness. The Marstons treated this tradition of ours with open incredulity. Whatever the truth was, the Maharajah's action produced no immediate breach between the colonel and Sir George. They left the court together, arrived together at the port of Calcutta, and came home together round the Cape. The trouble began only when

Sir George discovered, at the moment when he was leaving the ship, that he had lost the rubies. By this time Uncle John, who had disembarked a few hours earlier, was already at home displaying his diamonds to the relatives who had assembled to greet him.

Into the midst of this family gathering there burst the next day the angry form of Sir George Marston. He had driven post-haste to his own house, which lay some ten miles from the colonel's, and had now ridden over at a gallop; and there, before the whole company, he charged Uncle John with having stolen the Maharajah's rubies. The colonel, he said, was the only man on board who knew that he had the rubies or where the rubies were, and the only man who had enjoyed constant and unrestricted access to the cabin in which they were hidden. Moreover (so Sir George declared), the colonel loved jewels more than honor, honesty, or salvation. The colonel's answer was a cut with his riding-whip. A challenge followed from Sir George. The duel was fought, and Sir George got a ball in his arm. As soon as he was well my uncle, who had been the challenged party in the first encounter, saw his seconds to arrange another meeting. The cut with the whip was disposed of; the accusation remained. But Sir George refused to go out, declaring that the dock, and not the field of honor, was the proper place for Colonel Merridew. Uncle John, being denied the remedy of a gentleman, carried the case into the courts, although not into the court which Sir George had indicated.

An action of slander was entered and tried. Uncle John filled town and country with his complaints. He implored all and sundry to search him, to search his house, to search his park, to search everything searchable. A number of gentlemen formed themselves into a jury and did as he asked, Uncle John himself superintending their labors. No trace of the rubies was found. Sir George was unconvinced; the action went on, the jury gave the colonel £5,000; the colonel gave the

money to charity, and Sir George Marston, mounting his horse outside Westminster Hall, observed loudly:

"He stole them all the same!"

With this the story ended for the outer world. People were puzzled for a while, and then forgot the whole affair. But the Marstons did not forget it, and would not be consoled for the loss of their rubies. Neither did we, the Merridews, forget. We were very proud of our family honor, and we made a point of being proud of the colonel also, in spite of certain dubious stories which hung about his name. The feud persisted in all its bitterness. We hurled scorn at one another across the space that divided us; we were bitter opponents in all public affairs, and absolute strangers when we met on private occasions.

My father, who succeeded his uncle, the colonel, was a thoroughgoing adherent of his predecessor. Sir George's son, Sir Matthew, openly espoused his father's cause and accusation. Meanwhile no human eye had seen the Maharajah's rubies from the hour at which they had disappeared from the cabin of the East Indian "Elephant."

A train of circumstances now began which bade fair to repeat the moving tragedy of Verona in our corner of the world, I myself being cast for the part of Romeo. As I was following the hounds one day, I came upon a young lady who had suffered a fall, fortunately without personal injury, and was vainly pursuing her horse across a sticky plow. I caught the horse and led him to his mistress. To my surprise, I found myself in the presence of Miss Sylvia Marston, who had walked by me with a stony face half a hundred times at county

balls and such like social gatherings. She drew back with a sort of horror on her extremely pretty face. I dismounted, and stood ready to help her into the saddle.

"My groom is somewhere," said she, looking around the landscape.

"Anyhow, I didn't steal the rubies," said I. The truth is that on each of the

half hundred occasions I have referred to I had regretted that the feud forbade acquaintance between Miss Marston and myself. I was eager to assuage the feud as far as she and I were concerned.

My remark produced an extremely haughty expression on the lady's face. I stood patiently by the horses. The absurdity of the position at last struck my companion; she accepted my assistance, although grudgingly. I

mounted with all haste and rode beside her. We were hopelessly out of the run, and Miss Marston turned homeward. I did the same. For two or three miles our way would be the same. For some minutes we were silent. Then Miss Marston observed, with a sidelong glance:

"I wonder you can be so obstinate about them."

"The verdict of the jury——" I began.

"Oh, do let the jury alone," she interrupted, impatiently.

I tried another tack.

"I saw you at the ball the other night," I remarked.

"Did you? I didn't see you."

"I perceived that you were quite convinced of that."

"Well, then, I did see you, but how could I—well, you know, papa was at my elbow."

I was encouraged by this speech, and quite reasonably.



"SHE LOOKED OVER HER SHOULDER ONCE BEFORE A TURN OF THE ROAD
HID HER FROM MY SIGHT."

"It's a horrid bore, isn't it?" I ventured to suggest.

"What?"

"Why, the feud."

"Oh!"

After this there was silence again till we reached the spot where our roads diverged. I reined up my horse and lifted my hat. Miss Marston looked up suddenly.

"Thank you so much. Yes, it is rather a bore, isn't it?" And with a little laugh and a little blush she trotted off. Moreover, she looked over her shoulder once before a turn of the road hid her from my sight.

"It's a confounded bore," said I to myself as I rode away alone.

My father was a very firm man. I am not Sir Matthew Marston's son, and I do not scruple to describe him as an obstinate man. But in this world the people who say "yes" generally beat the people who say "no"—hence comes progress or decadence, which you will—and although both Sir Matthew and my father insisted that the acquaintance between Miss Marston and myself should not continue, the acquaintance did continue. We met out hunting, and also when we were not hunting anything except one another. The truth is that we had laid our heads together (only metaphorically, I am sorry to say), and determined that the moment for an amnesty had arrived. It was forty years or more since the colonel had—or had not—stolen the Maharajah's rubies. Many suns had gone down on the wrath of both families. A treaty must be made. The Marstons must agree to say no more about the crime, the Merridews must consent to forgive the false accusation. The Maharajah's rubies had vanished from the earth; their evil deeds must live after them no longer. Sylvia and I agreed on all these points one morning in the woods among the primroses.

"Of course, though, the colonel took them," said Sylvia, by way of closing the discussion.

"Nothing of the sort," said I, rather emphatically.

Sylvia sprang away from me; a beautiful, stormy color flooded her cheeks.

"You say," she exclaimed indignantly, "that you—that you—that you—that you—well, that you care for me, and yet——"

"The colonel certainly took them," I cried hastily.

"Of course he did," said Sylvia, with a radiant smile.

I assumed a most aggrieved expression.

"You profess," said I, plaintively, "to have—to have—to have—well, to have some pity on me, and yet——"

"He didn't take them!" cried Sylvia, impulsively.

That matter seemed to be settled quite satisfactorily, and we passed into another.

"How dare I tell papa?" asked Sylvia, apprehensively.

"Well, I shall have a row with the governor," I reflected, ruefully.

"Horrid old rubies! I wish they were at the bottom of the sea!" said Sylvia.

"I wish they were round your neck," said I.

"How can you, Mr. Merridew?" murmured Sylvia.

"I could say a great deal more than that," I cried. But she would not let me.

Now, as I went home from this interview I was, I protest, more filled with regrets that the Maharajah's rubies could not adorn and be adorned by Sylvia's neck than with apprehensions as to the effect my communication might have upon my father. Whether Colonel Merridew had stolen them or not became a subordinate question; the great problem was, Where were they? Why were they not round Sylvia's neck? I suffered a sense of personal loss, hardly less acute than the emotion that had brought Sir George Marston post-haste to the colonel's house forty years before. I was so engrossed with this aspect of the case that, as my father and I sat over our cigarettes after dinner, I exclaimed inadvertently:

"How splendidly they'd have suited her, by Jove!"

Whenever anybody in our family spoke of "they" or "them," without further identification, he was understood to refer to the Maharajah's rubies.

"Who would they have suited?" asked my father.

"Why, Sylvia Marston," I said.

When you have an awkward disclosure to make, there is nothing like committing yourself to it at once by an irremediable discretion. It blocks the way back and clears the way forward. My mention of Sylvia Marston defined the position with absolute clearness.

"What's Sylvia Marston to you?" asked my father, scornfully.

"The whole world, and more," I answered, fervently.

My father rang the bell for coffee. When it had been served he remarked:

"I think you had better take a run on

the Continent for a few months. Or what do you say to India? My Uncle John——"

"Mind you, I don't believe he took them," I interrupted.

"If you did, I shouldn't be sitting at the same table with you," observed my father.

"But she's the most charming girl I ever saw," I remarked, returning to the real point.

"I don't follow the connection of your thoughts," said my father.

There are one or two points that deserve mention here.

The Marston

property was a very nice one; combined with ours, it would make a first-class estate. Sir Matthew had no son, and Sylvia was his only daughter; to be perpetually opposed in everything by a neighbor is vexatious; my father was not really a convinced Home Ruler, and had only appeared on platforms in that interest because Sir George was such a strong Unionist. Finally, the duchess had said that her patience was exhausted with the squabbles of the Merriwells and the Marstons and that for her part she wouldn't ask either of them. Now, my father cared as little for a duchess as any man alive, but the claret at Sangblew Castle was proverbial.

"If," said my father at the end of a long discussion, "the man (he meant Sir Matthew Marston) will make an absolute and unreserved apology, and withdraw all imputations on Uncle John's memory, I shall be willing to consider the matter."

"You might as well," I protested, "ask him to eat the rubies."

"I believe old Sir George did," answered my father grimly.

I must pass over the next two or three months briefly. Thwarted love ran its usual course. Sylvia (whose interview with Sir



"IN THE WOODS AMONG THE PRIMROSES."

Matthew had been even more uncomfortable than mine with my father) peaked and pined and was sent to stay with an aunt at Cheltenham; she returned worse than ever. I went to Paris, where I enjoyed myself very well, but I came back inconsolable. Sylvia's health was gravely endangered. I displayed an alarming inability to settle down to anything. We used to meet every day in highest exultation, and part every day in deepest woe. We talked of death and elopement alternately, and treated our fathers with despairing and most exasperating dutifulness. The month of June found ourselves and our affections exactly where we and they had been in March.

A daughter is, I take it, harder to resist than a son. It was for this reason, and not because Sir Matthew was in any degree less stubborn than my father, that the first overtures came from the Marstons.

Sylvia was brimming over with delight when she met me one morning.

"Papa is ready to be reconciled," she cried. "Oh, Jack, isn't it delightful?"

"What? Will he apologize?" I asked, eagerly, as I caught her hand.

"Yes," said she, with smiling lips and

dancing eyes. "He'll admit that nothing has occurred to prove Colonel Merridew's guilt, if your father will admit that every sane man must have thought that Colonel Merridew was guilty."

"Hum," said I doubtfully. "I'll tell my father."

My father received my report in a somewhat hostile spirit. At first he was inclined to find a new insult in it, and I had great difficulty in bringing him to a more reasonable view. His suggestion at last was—and I could obtain no better terms from him—that Sir Matthew should admit that nothing had occurred to suggest Colonel Merridew's guilt, but that at the same time it was conceivable that a sane man might have thought Colonel Merridew guilty.

When I next met Sylvia, I communicated my father's suggested modification of the terms of peace. I explained that it covered a real and most material concession.

"Papa will never agree to that," said she sorrowfully; and no more he did.

Negotiations and *pourparlers* continued. Sylvia grew thinner. I became absent and distraught in manner. After a month Sir Matthew forwarded fresh terms. They were as follows: "Although Colonel Merridew may not have stolen the Maharajah's rubies, yet every reasonable man would naturally have concluded that he had stolen the rubies." My father objected to this, and proposed to substitute, "Although Colonel Merridew did not steal the Maharajah's rubies, yet a reasonable man might not impossibly think that he had stolen the rubies."

Sylvia and I built hopes on this last formula, but Sir Matthew unhappily objected to it. Matters came to a standstill again, and no progress was made until the vicar, having heard of the matter (indeed by now it was common property and excited great interest in the neighborhood), offered his services as mediator. He said that he was a peacemaker by virtue of his office and that he hoped to be able to draw up a statement of the case which would be palatable to both parties. Sir Matthew and my father gladly accepted his friendly offices, and the vicar withdrew to elaborate his eirenicon.

The vicar was a man of great intellectual subtlety, which he found very few opportunities of exercising. Therefore he enjoyed his new function extremely, and was very busy riding to and fro between our house and the Marstons'. Sylvia and I grew impatient, but the vicar assured us that the result of hurrying matters would

be an irremediable rupture. We were obliged to submit, and waited as resignedly as we could until the terms of peace should be finally settled. At last the welcome news came that the vicar, lying awake on Sunday night, had suddenly struck on a form of words to which both parties could subscribe with satisfaction and without loss of self-respect. I called on the vicar before breakfast on Monday morning. He greeted me with evident pleasure.

"Yes," said he, rubbing his hands contentedly, "I think I have managed it this time," and he hummed a light-hearted tune.

"What is the form of statement?" I asked, for I could scarcely believe in the good news of his success.

"Why, this," answered the vicar: "'Although there was no reason whatever to think that Colonel Merridew stole the Maharajah's rubies, yet any gentleman may well have supposed, and had every reason for supposing, that Colonel Merridew did steal the Maharajah's rubies.'"

"That seems er—very fair and equal," said I, after a moment's consideration.

"I think so, my dear young friend," said the vicar complacently. "I imagine that it will put an end to all trouble between your worthy father and Sir Matthew."

"I'm sure it must," I agreed.

"I have modeled it," pursued the vicar, holding out the piece of paper before him and regarding it lovingly, "I have modeled the form of it on—"

"On the thirty-nine articles," I suggested thoughtlessly.

"Not at all," said the vicar sharply. "On parliamentary apologies."

As may be supposed, Sylvia and I spent a day of feverish suspense, mitigated only by one another's company. The vicar rode first to Sir Matthew's; he reached there at half-past twelve, and remained to luncheon. Starting again at three (evidently Sir Matthew had been hard to move), he reached my father's at 4:30, and was closeted with him till seven o'clock. I had parted from Sylvia about six, and came to dinner. My father was then alone. I looked at him, but had not the nerve to ask him any questions. Presently he came and patted me on the shoulder.

"I have made a great sacrifice for your sake, my boy," said he. "Sir Matthew Marston and his daughter will dine here to-morrow." And he flung himself into a chair.

"Hurrah!" I cried, springing to my feet.

"The vicar is coming also," pursued my father, with a sigh; and he looked up at Uncle John's portrait, which hung over the mantelpiece. "I hope I have not done wrong," he added, seeming to ask the colonel's pardon in case any slight had been put upon his hallowed memory. The colonel smiled down upon us peacefully, seeming to enjoy the prospect of the glass of wine which he held between his fingers and was represented as being about to drink.

"It's a wonderfully characteristic portrait of dear old Uncle John," said my father, sighing again.

Now, reconciliations are extremely wholesome and desirable things; in this case, indeed, a reconciliation was an absolutely essential and necessary thing, since the happiness of Sylvia and myself entirely depended upon it. But it cannot, in my opinion, be maintained that they are in themselves cheerful functions. After all, they are funerals of quarrels, and men love their quarrels. The dinner held to seal the peace between Sir Matthew and my father was not enjoyable, considered purely as an entertainment. Both gentlemen were stiff and distant; Sylvia was shy, I embarrassed; the vicar bore the whole brunt of conversation. In fact, there were great difficulties. It was impossible to touch on the subject of the Maharajah's rubies, and yet we were all thinking of the rubies and of nothing else. At last my father, in despair, took the bull by the horns. He was always in favor of a bold course, as Uncle John had been, he said.

"Over the mantelpiece," said he, turning to his guest with a rather forced smile, "you will observe, Sir Matthew, a portrait of the late Colonel Merridew. It is considered an extremely good likeness."

Sir Matthew examined the colonel through his eyeglasses with a critical stare.

"It looks," said he, "very like what I have always supposed Colonel Merridew to have been; indeed, exactly like."

My father frowned heavily. Sir Matthew's speech was open to unfavorable interpretation.

"You mean," interposed the vicar, "a man of courage and decision? Yes, yes, indeed; the face looks like the face of just such a man."

"Poor Uncle John," sighed my father. "His last years were embittered by the unfounded aspersions——"

"I beg your pardon," said Sir Matthew, politely but very stiffly.

"By the unfounded but very natural accusations," suggested the vicar hastily.

"To which he was subjected," pursued my father.

"Or—er—may we not say, exposed himself?" asked Sir Matthew.

"In fact, which were brought against him—wrongly but most naturally," suggested the vicar.

Matters looked as unpromising as they well could. Sylvia was on the point of bursting into tears, and my thoughts had again turned to an elopement. My father rose suddenly and held out his hand to Sir Matthew. Again he had decided on the bold course.

"Let us say no more about it," he cried, generously.

"With all my heart," cried Sir Matthew, springing up and gripping his hand.

The vicar's eyes beamed through his spectacles. I believe that I touched Sylvia's foot under the table.

"We will," pursued my father, "remember only one thing about the colonel. And that is that one bottle remains of the famous old pipe of port that he laid down. In that, Sir Matthew, let us bury all unkindness."

"My dear sir, I ask no better," cried Sir Matthew.

The heavens brightened—or was it Sylvia's eyes? The butler alone looked perturbed; three butlers had lost their situations in our household for handling the colonel's port in a manner that lacked heart and tenderness. "I cannot bear a callous butler," my father used to say.

"Fetch," said my father, "the last bottle of the colonel's port, a decanter, a corkscrew, a funnel, a piece of muslin, and a napkin. I will decant Sir Matthew's wine myself."

"Sir Matthew's wine!" Could there have been a more delicate compliment?

"The colonel," my father continued, "purchased this wine himself, brought it home himself, and I believe bottled a large portion of it with his own hands."

"He could not have been better employed," said Sir Matthew cordially. But I think there was a latent hint that the colonel had sometimes been much worse employed.

Dawson appeared with the bottle. He carried it as though it had been a baby, combining the love of a mother, the pride of a nurse, and the uneasy care of a bachelor.



"MY FATHER TILTED THE BOTTLE A LITTLE MORE TOWARD THE FUNNEL. THEN HE STOPPED SUDDENLY."

"You have not shaken it?" asked my father.

"Upon my word; no, sir," answered Dawson earnestly. The poor man had a wife and family.

My father gripped the bottle delicately with the napkin, and examined the point of the corkscrew.

"It would be a great pity," he observed, gravely, "if anything happened to the cork."

Nothing happened to the cork. With infinite delicacy my father persuaded it to leave the neck of the bottle. Sir Matthew was ready with decanter, funnel, and muslin.

"We must take care of the crust," remarked my father, and we all nodded solemnly.

My father cast his eyes up to Uncle John's portrait for an instant, much as if he were asking the old gentleman's benediction, and gently inclined the bottle toward the muslin-covered mouth of the funnel.

"If only my poor uncle could be here," he sighed. Uncle John had been very fond of port.

"I should be delighted to meet him!" cried Sir Matthew, in genuine friendliness.

The vicar took off his spectacles, wiped them, and replaced them. My father tilted the bottle a little more toward the funnel. Then he stopped suddenly, and a strange, puzzled look appeared on his face. He

looked at Sir Matthew, and Sir Matthew looked at him; and we all looked at the bottle.

"Does old port wine generally make that noise?" asked Sylvia.

For a most mysterious sound had proceeded from the inside of the bottle, as my father carefully inclined it toward the funnel. It sounded as if—but it was absurd to suppose that a handful of marbles could have found their way into a bottle of old port.

"The crust——" began the vicar, cheerfully.

"It's not the crust," said my father, decisively.

"Let us see what it is," suggested Sir Matthew, very urbanely.

"I've done nothing to the bottle, sir," cried Dawson.

My father cleared his throat, and gave the bottle a further inclination toward the funnel. A little wine trickled out and found its way through the muslin. My father smelt the muslin anxiously, but seemed to gain no enlightenment. He poured on under the engrossed gaze of the whole party. The marbles, or what they were, thumped in the bottle; and with a little jump something sprang out into the muslin. Sir Matthew stretched out a hand. My father waved him away.

"We will go on to the end," said he solemnly, and he took it up, the object that had fallen into the muslin, between his

finger and thumb and placed it on his plate.

It was round in shape, the size of a very large pill or a smallish marble, and of a dull color, like that of rusted tin. My father poured on, and by the time that the last of the wine was out no less than seven of these strange objects lay in a neat group on my father's plate, one lying by itself a little removed from the others.

"I have placed this one apart," observed my father, pointing to the solitary marble, "because it is much lighter than any of the others. Let us examine it first."

"I propose that we examine the six first," said Sir Matthew, in a tone of suppressed excitement.

"As you will, Sir Matthew," said my father gravely, and he took up one of the six that lay in a group. "The surface," said he, looking round, "appears to be composed of tin."

We all agreed. The surface was composed of tin; a line running down the middle showed where the tin had been carefully and dexterously soldered together. Sir Matthew having felt in his pocket, produced a large penknife and opened a strong blade. He held out the knife toward my father blade foremost, such was his agitation.

"Thank you, Sir Matthew," said my father in courteous and calm voice, reaching round the blade and grasping the handle.

Absolute silence now fell on the company; my father was perfectly composed. He forced the point of the knife into the surface of the object and made a gap; then he peeled off the surface of tin. I felt Sylvia's eyes turn to mine, but I did not remove my gaze from my father's plate. Five times did my father repeat his operation, placing what was left in each case on the table-cloth in front of him. When he had finished his task he looked up at Sir Matthew. Sir Matthew's face bore a look of mingled bewilderment and triumph; he opened his mouth to speak; a gesture of my father's hand imposed silence on him.

"It remains," said my father, "to examine the seventh object."

The seventh object was treated as its companions had been; the result was different. From the shelter of the sealed tin covering came a small roll of paper. My father unfolded it; faded lines of writing appeared on it.

"Uncle John's hand," said my father solemnly. "I propose to read what he says."

"An explanation is undoubtedly desirable," remarked Sir Matthew.

"Aren't they beautiful?" whispered Sylvia longingly.

A glance from my father rebuked her; he began to read what Colonel Merridew had written. Here it is:

"That old fool Marston, having made the life of everybody on board the ship a burden to them on account of his miserable rubies, and having dogged my footsteps and spied upon my actions in a most offensive manner, I determined to give him a lesson. So I took these stones from his cabin and carried them to my house. I was about to return them when he found his way into my house and accused me—me, Colonel John Merridew—of being a thief. What followed is known to my family. The result of Sir George's intemperate behavior was to make it impossible for me to return the rubies without giving rise to an impression most injurious to my honor. I have therefore placed them in this bottle. They will not be discovered during my lifetime or in that of Sir George. When they are discovered, I request that they may be returned to his son with my compliments and an expression of my hope that he is not such a fool as his father.

"JOHN MERRIDEW, Colonel."

Continued silence followed the reading of this document. The Maharajah's rubies glittered and gleamed on the table-cloth. My father looked up at Uncle John's picture. To my excited fancy the old gentleman seemed to smile more broadly than before. My father gathered the rubies into his hand and held them out to Sir Matthew.

"You have heard Colonel Merridew's message, sir," said my father. "There is, I presume, no need for me to repeat it. Allow me to hand you the rubies."

Sir Matthew bowed stiffly, took the Maharajah's rubies, counted them carefully, and dropped them one by one into his waistcoat pocket.

"Take away that bottle of port," said my father. "The tin will have ruined the flavor."

"What shall I do with it, sir?" asked Dawson.

"Whatever you please," said my father, and looking up again at Uncle John's picture, he exclaimed in an admiring tone, "An uncommon man, indeed! How few would have contrived so perfect a hiding-place!"

"Sylvia," said Sir Matthew, "get your

cloak." Then he turned to my father and continued, "If, sir, to be an expert thief—"

My father sprang to his feet. Sylvia caught Sir Matthew by the arm; I was ready to throw myself between the enraged gentlemen. Uncle John smiled broadly down on us. The vicar looked up with a mild smile. He had taken a nut and was in the act of cracking it.

"Dear, dear!" said he. "What's the matter?"

"Sir Matthew Marston," said my father, "ventures to accuse the late Colonel Merridew of theft. And that in the house which was Colonel Merridew's."

"Mr. Merridew," said Sir Matthew, in a cold, sarcastic voice, "must admit that any other explanation of the colonel's action is—well, difficult. And that in any house, whether Colonel Merridew's or another's."

"My dear friends," expostulated the vicar, "pray hear reason. The presence of these—er—articles in this bottle of port, taken in conjunction with the explanation afforded by the late Colonel Merridew's letter, makes the whole matter perfectly clear." The vicar paused, swallowed his nut, and then continued with considerable and proper pride. "In fact, although there is no reason whatsoever to think that Colonel Merridew stole the Maharajah's rubies, yet any gentleman may well suppose, and has every reason for supposing, that Colonel Merridew did steal the Maharajah's rubies."

Sir Matthew tugged at his beard, my father rubbed the side of his nose with his forefinger. The vicar rose and stood between them with his hands spread out and a smile of candid appeal on his face.

"There is no reason at all to suppose Uncle John meant to steal them," observed my father.

"I have every reason for supposing that he meant to steal them," said Sir Matthew.

"Exactly, exactly," murmured the

vicar; "what I say, gentlemen; just what I say."

My father smiled; a moment later Sir Matthew smiled. My father slowly stretched out his hand; Sir Matthew's hand came slowly to meet it.

"That's right," cried the vicar, approvingly. "I felt sure that you would both listen to reason."

My father looked up again at Uncle John.

"My uncle was a most uncommon man, Sir Matthew," said he.

"So I should imagine, Mr. Merridew," answered Sir Matthew.

"And now, papa," said Sylvia, "give me the Maharajah's rubies."

"A moment," said Sir Matthew; "there was a matter of £5,000."

"We cannot," said my father, "go behind the verdict of the jury."

Sir Matthew turned away and took a step toward the door.

"But," my father added, "I will settle twice the amount on my daughter-in-law."

"We will say no more about it," agreed Sir Matthew, turning back to the table.

So the matter rested, and before long I saw the Maharajah's rubies round Sylvia's neck. But as I sit opposite the rubies and under Uncle John's portrait, I wonder very much what the true story was. Uncle John was very fond of rubies, yet he was also very fond of a joke. Was the letter the truth? Or was it written in the hope of protecting himself in case his hiding-place was by some unlikely chance discovered? Or was it to save the feelings of his descendants? Or was it to annoy Sir George Marston's descendants? I cannot answer these questions. As the vicar says, there is no reason to suppose that Uncle John stole the rubies; yet any gentleman may well suppose that he stole the rubies. Uncle John smiles placidly down on me, with his glass of port between his fingers, and does not solve the puzzle. He was an uncommon man, Uncle John!

At any rate, the vicar was very much pleased with himself.





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Drawn for McClure's Magazine by BOUTET DE MONVEL.

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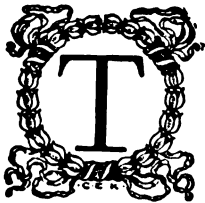
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No. 4.

THE GREAT DYNAMITE FACTORY AT ARDEER.

By H. J. W. DAM.

THE MAKING AND HANDLING OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES.—LIFE AND MANNERS OF THE WORKMEN.—PRECAUTIONS AGAINST ACCIDENTS.—THE SMALL NUMBER OF CASUALTIES.



THE great dynamite factory at Ardeer in Scotland, the largest of its kind, is one of the most picturesque places in the world. Considering the unique and dramatic conditions that prevail

among its workers, the neglect of Ardeer hitherto by novelists and dramatists is surprising. This may be due, however, to the fact that it is exceedingly difficult for a stranger to obtain access to the factory, while, once inside, the surroundings are rather trying to sensitive nerves. For six hours a day and two days in succession your life depends, at every moment, upon a thermometer.

Great is the thermometer at Ardeer! Nitroglycerin, a teaspoonful of which would blow you to fragments, surrounds you in hundreds and thousands of gallons. It is making itself in huge tanks, gurgling merrily along open leaden gutters, falling ten feet in brown waterfalls, so to speak, into tanks of soda solution, and bubbling so furiously in other cylinders, through the in-rush of cold air from below, that it seems to be boiling. It is being drawn off from large porcelain taps like ale, poured into boxes, and rattled along tramways. In the form of dynamite, it is being rubbed with great force through brass sieves, jammed into cartridges, and flung into boxes; and in the form of blasting gelatin, it is being torn by metal rods, forced through sausage machines, and cut, wrapped, and tossed into hoppers—all

these processes proceeding as rapidly as if it were ordinary olive-oil instead of the deadliest explosive known to man.

All around you are big cotton mills and storehouses as full of fleecy, white cotton as ordinary cotton mills and storehouses, but every pinch of the cotton, still white and fleecy, has been nitrated into gun-cotton, and would suffice, if exploded, to cut you off in the beauty of your youth. Death, instantaneous and pulverizing, encircles you, in fact, by the ton; but the man and the thermometer surround you also. The man's eyes never leave the instrument. Both are chosen for their perfect reliability; and endless precautions, innumerable rules, and the strictest discipline maintain Ardeer in a state of busy and peaceful security, and prevent it from being scattered periodically over the calm blue sea that widens endlessly on one side, or the hungry brown acres of Scotland which stretch away to the horizon on the other.

THE NITROGLYCERIN "HILLS."

From the top of one of the nitroglycerin "hills" the factory looks like an enormous and eccentric landscape garden. In every direction rise green embankments, square, conical, or diamond-shaped, from fourteen to seventy feet in height, and covered with long rank grass. Many of them are faced with corrugated iron, and look like high fences. From the top of each mound peeps the red canvas roof of a white wooden house—a house within a hill—which is from one to four stories in

height. Every explosive structure is surrounded by artificial banks, so that in the event of an accident all the others will be protected from concussion or flying fragments. There are three nitroglycerin "hills"; and on the one before you the nitrating-houses, two in number, in which the nitroglycerin is made, stand out in clear relief at the top. They are frail wooden cabins, which were expected by Mr. Nobel when he built them to last six months, but which have not yet been blown to pieces after twenty-five years of constant use. Tunnels through the banks open everywhere. Tramways and lines of pipes on trestles cross each other diversely. This is the "Danger Area," the wide expanse in which the explosives are made and moved about. It is surrounded in an irregular semicircle by fourteen large groups of structures, from which rise fourteen high chimney-stacks. These include the nitric-acid works, acid recovery, ammonia-mill, potash-mill, "guhr"-mill, steam and power houses, box-factories, washing, carding, and bleaching departments for the cotton, pulping-mills, and other contributing industries, connected by steam railway tracks which join the Glasgow line. There are 450 separate

structures, now occupying 400 acres out of the 600 owned by the company, which were, when the site was chosen by Mr. Nobel in 1871, a barren waste of sand dunes, stretching for a mile and three-quarters along the sea.

Into this kingdom of high explosives you enter by the courtesy of Mr. C. O. Lundholm, the works manager, under the guidance of the engineer of the works, Mr. E. W. Findlay. The strain upon your nerves begins mildly. Your hair is quite ready to rise, so ready that you can feel it awake and stretch itself at every spot of grease—which may be nitroglycerin—and every stray pinch of cotton—which may be gun-cotton. You now understand for the first time the psychological condition of a shying horse. You go along just as the horse does, with eyes strained at every small object and a lurking predisposition to bolt.

The acid-works are soothing, however. They are quite safe. Nitroglycerin is made from glycerin, the sweetish adjunct of the dressing-table, and nitric acid. The glycerin is bought by hundreds of tons from various sources. In this big barn which you enter the nitric acid is manufactured. In two rows stand fifty-eight



NITROGLYCERIN MILL AT ARDEER.

The nitroglycerin is made in the mill, which is a large building with a gabled roof. The mill is situated on a hill, and the surrounding area is a barren waste of sand dunes. The mill is surrounded by artificial banks, and the entire complex is protected from concussion or flying fragments.



THE "SEARCHER" AT WORK AT THE ENTRANCE TO A NITROGLYCERIN HILL.

"He searches every man who enters, no matter how often the man may come and go."

steel retorts about six feet in diameter and four feet deep, which are bricked up like ovens. Here sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol, from Glasgow is combined with nitrate of soda from Chili, and the nitric acid thus set free passes over in pipes to a high framework carrying numberless brown earthenware jars in which it condenses. As it passes over it gives off reddish fumes which are suffocating—a whiff of them gives you a fit of coughing, and a full breath of them would choke a locomotive. Mr. Findlay explains that the nitric acid thus made is mixed with a larger quantity of sulphuric acid, and moved in steel pony-cars to a station at the foot of each nitroglycerin "hill." Thence the acids are drawn up by cable or blown up through pipes to a tank at the top of the "hill" by compressed air. You mentally compare the advantages of being blown up with compressed air to being blown up by other means, and smoothing down your hair, enter the "Danger Area."

THE "DANGER AREA."

To enter the "Danger Area" you must pass the "searcher." He stands in front

of his cabin, and you will find one of him always blocking the way at the four entrances to the explosive district. He is a tall, military-looking man in a blue uniform faced with red, and he takes from you all metallic objects—your watch, money, penknife, scarf-pin, match-case, matches, and keys. None of these are allowed to be where nitroglycerin is. He searches every man who enters, no matter how often the man may come and go. The girls, 200 of whom are employed, are not permitted to wear pins, hair-pins, shoe-buttons, or metal pegs in their shoes, or carry knitting, crochet, or other needles. These regulations are the outgrowth of experience and the long-ago discovery in dynamite cartridges of buttons and other foreign substances calculated to make trouble at unexpected moments. The girls are searched thrice a day by the three matrons who have them in charge. From the lack of hair-pins they wear their hair in braids, tied with ribbons, which gives them all an unduly youthful look. The searcher tells you that his chief trouble is with matches. Some of the lower-class male employees—there are 1,100 men in

the factory—are willing at times to smuggle in matches for a quiet smoke in a secluded corner. This quiet smoke may of course produce a much louder smoke in a corner not secluded, and is therefore rigidly banned. The discipline in the factory is most extraordinary, and to it must be attributed the marvelous immunity from accidents.

At this point, too, you get your first glimpse of the "costumes." A man in a Tam o' Shanter cap comes up clothed from head to foot in vivid scarlet. He belongs to a nitroglycerin house. Then comes a man in dark blue, a "runner" or carrier of explosives. Then comes a man in light blue, who belongs to a smokeless-powder factory. All the girls are in dark blue. The different colors are used so that a superintendent at any distance can always tell if a man is on his own ground and attending to his own work. A few weeks since, a cartridge lassie in dark blue said to a man in scarlet, "Gi'e us a kiss," and he promptly "gi'ed" her one. This unlawful combination of colors caught the eye of an overseer hundreds of yards away, and the pair were instantly removed from

the works and the pay-roll. Kissing and skylarking are absolutely prohibited during working hours, but on Saturdays and Sundays the workers make full amends. If reports are to be believed, the workers are more than usually romantic in their tendencies, the alleged cause being the constant breathing of nitroglycerin; and inquiring Pickwicks have taken many notes thereupon, in which the statistics of marriage and population are not entirely neglected.

THE NITRATING-HOUSES.

Having passed the searcher, you mount the "hill," an artificial one, built of sand, and perhaps sixty feet high. On the top of it are two "nitrating-houses." They are of thin clapboards painted white, and are about twenty feet square. These houses are always placed on the tops of "hills," in order that the nitroglycerin, passing from process to process, may flow by its own weight downward. It is not exactly the kind of liquid that one wants to pump. At the door of the house you are confronted by two pairs of yawning rubber shoes. Large shoes of rubber, in-



THE GIRLS OF THE FACTORY UNDERGOING SEARCH BY THE MATRONS.

The girls are searched thrice a day by the three matrons who have them in charge, in order to prevent their wearing or carrying any metallic objects into the works. From the lack of hairpins, which are one of the forbidden articles, they wear their hair in braids.

deed, and sometimes even larger ones of leather confront you at the door of every danger house. No shoe which touches the ground outside is allowed to touch the floor of a danger department. The least grit might make friction and lead to an explosion. In all departments the girls are compelled to change to slippers or

work barefooted, the majority, in summer, preferring the latter. Having stepped into the overshoes, you begin to flop like a great auk over the sheet-lead which covers the floor. The shoes are trying, particularly as you have other things to worry you. Snow-shoes, ski, and stilts can all be practiced on with advantage before endeavoring to get about in a pair of overshoes which do not fit your own shoes

and are ceaselessly trying to trip you up.

As you enter the nitrating-house your eye is caught by two lead cylinders, five feet in diameter and six feet deep, which are sunk in the floor. They have closed, dome-shaped tops, over which many lead pipes curl and into which they enter.

At the farther cylinder sits a man in scarlet watching a thermometer. He



A DYNAMITE CARTRIDGE HOUSE.

In the small cabin before the house the girls stop to remove their walking-shoes before going to their work.



INTERIOR OF A MIXING-HOUSE.

Here the mixture of kieselguhr, carb-nate of ammonia, and nitroglycerin, which makes dynamite, is thoroughly worked by hand and put through a sieve.



MAKING BLASTING GELATIN CARTRIDGES.

"Blasting gelatin, a yellow, tough, elastic paste, . . . is being forced through a sausage machine, and chopped, by hand, into three-inch lengths."

neither moves, looks up, nor betrays any sign of your presence. The thermometer which he is watching is five feet in length. Only the top or marked portion extends

quires fifty-five minutes, during which the 700 pounds of glycerin becomes about 1,500 of nitroglycerin. Great heat is caused by the chemical action, and the absolute necessity is that the heat shall be kept down or it will explode the newly formed nitroglycerin. To this end the cylinder is surrounded by a water-jacket, through which cold water is rushing constantly, and four concentric coils of lead pipe occupy the interior of the cylinder, carrying four steady rushes of cold water.

If the heat, through vagaries in the glycerin, rose above the danger point, the thermometer would instantly reveal this to the man on watch. If the thermometer rose ever so little above twenty-two degrees centigrade, the man would turn on more air and shut off the inflow of glycerin. If it continued to rise slowly and he could not stop it by more air and water, he would give a warning shout, "Stand by," to a man watching below. If it continued, he would shout "Let her go," and the man would open a valve; this would sweep the whole charge down to a "drowning-tank" lower down the hill, which would drown the coming explosion in excess of water. The two men the meanwhile would bolt to a safe position behind banks. If the heat rose rap-



MAKING DYNAMITE CARTRIDGES.

"The girls work with the greatest rapidity. . . . The sliding brass rod of the machine is actually lubricated with nitroglycerin."

idly, too rapidly for "drowning," the man would pull the valve, give a warning shout, and run. So would everybody, you included. You might run on one side to the protecting arms of a dynamite magazine holding twenty tons, or on the other to the soothing shelter of a house where gun-cotton is baking at 120 degrees Fahrenheit. Failing these, there is the pond. This is a sweet, placid pond which is formally blown up once a week because some dregs of nitroglycerin have drained into it and collected at the bottom, making it unsafe. It is comforting to feel, in the hour of danger, that you have havens of perfect security such as these.

The glycerin having duly become nitroglycerin, you flop down the stairs to another department, to witness its separation from the acids with which it is now mixed. It comes shooting down a lead gutter, and falls, a cream-colored stream, to the bottom of a lead tank, eight feet in length and two in width. As soon as the tank is full, the nitroglycerin, lighter than the acid, rises to the surface like oil. It is skimmed off in an aluminium skimmer resembling a tin wash-hand basin with a handle, and is poured into a lead pocket at the end, whence it flows through pipes to a tank, where it receives its first washing with cold water. Thence it goes through gutters farther down to another department, where it is washed with warm water and carbonate of soda. Every particle of the free acid must be removed, as remnants of it might cause chemical action, heat, and explosion in the dynamite or blasting gelatin later on. A sample is taken of each lot of nitroglycerin when made. This is placed in a small clear glass bottle and covered with blue litmus solution, to detect the presence of any remaining free acid, which would color the litmus red. *En passant*, your guide mentions that some years ago one of the foremen was carrying a little felt-lined box of these samples to one of the sample magazines when he unfortunately stumbled and fell. He was blown to pieces.

You have now reached the bottom of the "hill" (all nitroglycerin factories are called "hills"), and are in a

wooden cabin, with a floor of loose sand, where the making of dynamite and blasting gelatin actually begins. Dynamite consists merely of liquid nitroglycerin which has been absorbed by some porous material. The liquid was discovered by Sobrero, an Italian, in 1846. Its transport and use were attended with such danger, however, that the late Alfred Nobel conceived, in 1867, the plan of absorbing it in some non-explosive medium. After experimenting with saw-dust, brick-dust, charcoal, paper, rags, and kieselguhr, he finally settled upon the last named as the best material. Kieselguhr, known in the factory as "guhr," is a silicious earth, mainly composed of the skeletons of mosses and microscopic diatoms, which is found as a slaty black peat in Scotland, Germany, and Italy. Before being used it goes to the "guhr-mill," where it is calcined in a large kiln, rolled, and sifted, the result being a very light pink powder of the consistency of flour. In the house you have entered, twenty-five pounds of kieselguhr, with about one pound of carbonate of ammonia, are weighed into a wooden box about three feet square and eighteen inches deep. Upon it is drawn seventy-five pounds of nitroglycerin from the filter tank by a man in scarlet. Another man in scarlet, with his arms bare to the shoulders, takes the box to a table, and gives it a preliminary mix, to see that all the nitroglycerin is roughly absorbed. Then a man in blue seizes it, places it with other boxes on his hand-car or "bogie," and



THE SEARCHER (OF THE CORDITE DEPARTMENT) AT WORK.

pushes the load off to the "mixing-houses."

A DISASTROUS EXPLOSION—THE MIXING-HOUSES.

At half-past six on the morning of the 24th of February, one week after the writer's visit to this house, it was the scene of a very disastrous explosion. Twenty-four hundred pounds of nitroglycerin was collected here, in the tanks and boxes mentioned, and from some cause which may never be known it exploded, killing six people—a chemist, a foreman, and four workmen. A few other employees were slightly hurt by flying débris. The sound was of course tremendous, and the effects of the explosion, which were very clear at Irvine, three and one-half miles away, are said to have been so strong in a town ten miles away that the gas-lamps were extin-

guished by the air concussion. A disaster such as this, whose suddenness is not its least painful characteristic, cannot of course be minimized in its tragic importance. At the same time, it serves as the best possible testimony to the value of the system of protection employed. That over a ton of nitroglycerin can explode in the heart of a factory where 1,300 people are at work, and only the six men, within a few feet of it, lose their lives, shows better than any other evidence the meaning and value of the Ardeer mounds.

You follow the box to a "mixing-house." This, in the case of dynamite, is a large wooden cabin, containing a long narrow table on each side. In it six girls are at work. The runner sets the open box of the mixture down in the doorway. A girl hoists it to a table, and flies at it with bare arms as if it contained only flour

and water. She mixes it thoroughly. Then she takes a big wooden scoop, jabs it into the box, and dumps the scoopful into a raised box of the same size, with a brass sieve bottom. She then, as if the sieve bottom were a washing-board, rubs the dynamite with all her strength against the sieve, forcing it through the small holes. A few of the girls use a leather hand-flap to rub with, but most of them prefer their bare hands. You view the process with consternation. Hitherto you



READING THE THERMOMETER BEFORE ENTERING THE TESTING MAGAZINE "INDIA."

It is in "India" that the company's explosives are tested through long periods under high heat and severe cold.

have looked upon dynamite as something to be regarded politely from a safe distance as if it were a rattle-snake. The girls handle it, however, as coolly as if it were the sand on the floor. Some of it is continually spilt, of course, and mixes with this sand, but the sand is all removed at short intervals and buried. One of the few fatal accidents in the history of Ardeer took place near this house. A cartridge hut wherein four girls were working exploded, killing the girls. Burning dust from this hut fell into the open boxes of dynamite in three other huts. The dynamite began to blaze, and the deadly smoke from it, which consists of hyponitric-acid fumes, immediately filled the huts. Two girls in each hut had the courage to jump over the blazing boxes, and escaped; but the others, six in number, were suffocated in a few minutes. Thus, ten persons lost

their lives. When the huts were entered, the six girls were found seated in perfectly natural attitudes, their faces showing no trace of agony or fear. It was evident that, having been stunned by the sudden explosion, they had been suffocated before recovering from the shock. It will be noted that the loose dynamite burned and did not explode. This is one of several curious facts concerning dynamite which will be considered later.

It may be well to state at this point that the two hundred and odd young ladies employed in this dangerous work are all strictly beautiful. Everybody who visits the factory admits this at once. Nobody, in fact, seems inclined to invidious comparisons among strong and courageous girls, when each of them has enough dynamite in her possession to blow a hole in Scotland. Moreover, there is some reason for the statement. The breathing of nitroglycerin by the workers gives them a universal clearness of skin, and among the fairer girls the contrast of scarlet and white in their faces is most unusual. You learn that (perhaps in consequence of their

complexions) the girls marry quickly after entering the factory.

THE CARTRIDGE HOUSES.

After being rubbed through the sieves the dynamite becomes a finely divided, greasy, coffee-colored earth. It is now the dynamite of commerce, and is ready to be made into cartridges. As you approach one of the cartridge houses, which are small white one-story buildings, you hear a tremendous thumping. You ask your guide in some perturbation if it is a good day to look at cartridge houses, but he smiles and says that the noise is merely the cartridge machines. The hut is about ten feet square, with a single door. Four girls are at work. Against the right and left walls are four spring pump-handles about the height of a girl's head. Each pump-handle when pulled down forces a brass rod through a small conical hopper of loose dynamite fixed to the wall, and jams a portion of the dynamite down a brass tube at the bottom of the box. The girl wraps a small square of branded parch-



INTERIOR OF THE BARN-LIKE BUILDING WHERE NITRO-COTTON IS MADE.

To make nitro-cotton, cotton waste is mixed with sulphuric and nitric acid. . . . "In a few minutes the chemical combination takes place, the acid is poured off, and the nitro cotton receives its first washing." Digitized by Google

ment paper around the bottom of the tube, folding it at the lower end. Then, holding the paper with one hand, and jumping up and down as she works the pump-handle with the other, she pushes dynamite down the tube till the paper cylinder is filled to a depth of about three inches. She then removes it, folds down the top of it, drops it through a slide in the wall, whence it rolls down into her own special box a finished cartridge. She replenishes her stock of dynamite with a scoop through a sliding door in the wall, from a box of loose dynamite which the runner has placed in a closed chest immediately outside. The girls work with the greatest rapidity. The sliding brass rod is actually lubricated with nitroglycerin. To see this operation—the brass rods flying up and down, damp with nitroglycerin, and dynamite being forcibly jammed down a brass tube—entirely destroys your appetite for further knowledge. It is incredible, and you want to go away, outside the "Danger Area," and think it over. But your guide takes you instead to a blasting gelatin cartridge hut. Here blasting gelatin, a yellow, tough, elastic paste, which consists of about seven per cent. of nitro-cotton and ninety-three of nitroglycerin, is being forced through a sausage machine, chopped, by hand, into three-inch lengths with a wooden wedge upon a lead-covered table, and wrapped into cartridges, at the greatest speed. Blasting gelatin is fifty per cent. more powerful than dynamite, and the effect on your mind is to make you exactly fifty per cent. more uncomfortable than before; to multiply by one and one-half your desire to get away before any *contratemps* occurs which you would be in no position to either explain or avoid.

There are forty-five cartridge huts, all heated by steam to not less than fifty degrees Fahrenheit. Nitroglycerin congeals at forty-three Fahrenheit and freezes at forty, so the huts must be kept warm. If the dynamite were allowed to rest against a steam-pipe an explosion might follow, and the pipes are carefully boxed, and the thermometer is always watched by the eye of authority. In addition to dynamite and blasting gelatin cartridges, the company manufacture cartridges of gelatine dynamite and gelnite, combinations of nitroglycerin, nitro-cotton, nitrate of potash, and wood meal. The gelatin explosives are specially adapted for use under water, being entirely unaffected by dampness of any kind. The company also make "Ar-

deer powder" and "carbonite"—explosives for blasting purposes in fiery coal mines, with a lower percentage of nitroglycerin than dynamite. The output of explosives of all kinds is an average of about one hundred tons per week.

MAKING NITRO-COTTON ON A MAMMOTH SCALE.

Nitro-cotton, which by itself and in combination with nitroglycerin as cordite and ballistite is rapidly displacing gunpowder in every direction, is made and used by the ton at Ardeer. It is made from cotton-waste, the waste left on the spindles in the cotton-mills. This comes to Ardeer in bales, like bales of finished cotton, and is first washed, to remove all grease and dirt, carded, and reduced to a homogeneous mass in a big mill devoted to these processes. Then it goes to a great barn-like building where it is turned into soluble nitro-cotton or insoluble gun-cotton, as may be desired, the process taking place in small iron pans or hundreds of earthenware jars. Half the floor is taken up by these jars, which sit side by side in a shallow tank of cement about a foot deep. The object of this tank is to keep the jars cool by surrounding them with water during the nitration. Along one side of the room are the acid taps and lead pans. Four pounds of cotton are placed in a pan, and one hundred and fifteen pounds of mixed sulphuric and nitric acid are added. In a few minutes the chemical combination takes place, the acid is poured off, and the nitro-cotton receives its first washing. From this point, until every particle of the acid has been washed out of it, it is liable to burn spontaneously at any instant. As one of the workmen dumps the pan load into the "centrifugal" or acid separator, it may go up with a flash and a great column of yellow smoke; and this not unfrequently happens, but does no great harm except, perhaps, to beards and eyebrows. It takes fire slowly and gives full warning. It now goes to another department and is washed repeatedly, kept for a week in water tanks, pulped in ordinary pulping-mills, and dried in rotary centrifugal machines until all but thirty per cent. of the water is eliminated. The remainder is dried out of it on the shelves of a great drying-house, where a temperature of from 100 to 120 degrees Fahrenheit is maintained by hot air through fans.

At Ardeer this nitro-cotton is used in



THE MAN AND THE THERMOMETER IN ONE OF THE NITRATING-HOUSES.

"Death, instantaneous and pulverizing, encircles you, in fact, by the ton: but the man and the thermometer surround you also. The man's eyes never leave the instrument."

enormous quantities in combination with nitroglycerin to make blasting gelatin, of which it contributes seven per cent.; cordite, of which it is forty per cent.; and ballistite, which consists of sixty per cent. of soluble nitro-cotton and forty per cent. nitroglycerin. The extraordinary affinity of soluble nitro-cotton for nitroglycerin is a curious chemical fact. No matter how much water is present in the mixing-tank, every particle of gun-cotton will find and absorb the nitroglycerin, and this "wet-mixing process" as invented and carried on at Ardeer is admirable of its kind. The material for cordite, in the form of cordite paste, is made in

large quantities at Ardeer, and sent to the government factory at Waltham, where the government smokeless ammunition is made. Ballistite is a specialty at Ardeer, and is rapidly displacing the other smokeless powders for sporting purposes. Its admirers claim that it is stronger than any other, cleaner in the gun, perfectly smokeless, and entirely unaffected by heat or dampness. It can be soaked in water and fired without any loss of efficiency. Since the professional pigeon shots have largely adopted it, and the weekly scores in the sporting papers show the majority of kills to its credit, the shot-gun fraternity, so numerous in England, have taken to it *en masse*. Ballistite is made in three forms: in cubes for cannon, in minute rings for rifles, and in square flakes for shot-guns. As first made and dried, it is a light brown, elastic paste. This is run through steel rollers which are heated to 120 degrees till it becomes as thin as tissue paper and transparent. It is like thin, elastic sheets of silky horn. Then it is cut up in cutting-machines into grains of various sizes for rifles or shot-guns, as the case may be.

These processes are most ingenious and mechanically interesting, and occupy several large mills by themselves. In all are the thermometers and the shoes. The machinery in nearly all cases represents original inventions, either conceived in Ardeer or invented by Mr. Nobel, who was the originator of smokeless powders. Absolute cleanliness reigns. Dust is never allowed to collect, and the small quantity of sweepings from the leaden floors are daily burned.

The subsidiary departments are full of interest. "India" and "Siberia" are two magazines where the company's explosives and others from all sources are tested through long periods under high heat and severe cold respectively. "India" is of course the more dangerous, and before entering it your guide climbs a ladder on the embankment which surrounds it and peeps through a three-inch hole to read the thermometer projecting from the roof of the house inside. "India" caught fire in 1895, and would have harmed nothing but itself had not some over-eager firemen gone inside the banks and attempted to extinguish the fire. In the explosion which occurred two were killed and two other employees injured. To avoid a repetition of this occurrence a huge sprinkler now rises in the center of the hut, by means of which at the first sign of fire the whole

interior can be deluged from a safe distance. A thermo-electric "tell-tale" also runs from "India" to a laboratory.

In the packing-houses the cartridges are packed by girls into five-pound cardboard boxes, which in turn are grouped in fifty-pound wooden cases. These cases are taken in hand-cars to the magazines and thence to the beach, the railways running into the sea. The cases are transferred to boats and loaded into the company's own steamers, which carry them to all the Channel and neighboring ports for shipment all over the world. There are also sample magazines, an armory containing all the ancient and modern small arms; a shooting range, with its attendant officers and experts, where the explosives for rifles and shot-guns are carefully tested; laboratories, and contributing departments of all kinds.

REMARKABLE FREEDOM FROM CASUALTIES.

Having now inspected the factory in all its interesting entirety, you are confronted with a statement so extraordinary as to be almost incredible, viz., that despite the manufacture by the ton of all these deadly explosives, Ardeer is one of the safest factories that you could possibly be in. In the whole period of its existence, about twenty-five years, the entire loss of life by accidents, including the sad occurrence of February 24th, has been only twenty-one. This, compared with the number of people employed, is lower than the death-rate in any cotton-mill, woolen-mill, foundry, boiler-shop, shipyard, or other large manufactory. The main cause of this excellent showing is the admirable character of the discipline imposed and the firm and careful system of management. But the rigid, intelligent, and systematic way in which explosive factories are guarded by government regulations and government inspectors undoubtedly also plays a large part in this result.

The nitroglycerin compounds, however, are far from being as dangerous as is generally supposed. Nitroglycerin itself is always a possible source of explosion, but up to this year no accident had ever attended its manufacture at Ardeer. The accidents that have occurred have been due to the handling of it after it has been made. With regard to dynamite, its actual safety as an explosive was ever the pride of its late inventor, Mr. Nobel. He claimed that dynamite could not be exploded by being thrown to the ground from any

height; that it could sustain any degree of shock without explosion. He claimed for blasting gelatin that, in addition to being the strongest, it was absolutely the safest explosive known. In proof of this he devised a series of experiments which have been often performed at the factory and which have never failed. They may be seen at any time by a visitor whom the company desires to convince, and as given on a late occasion were as follows:

1. A cube of iron weighing 420 pounds was hoisted on crossed poles above an ordinary packing-box containing fifty pounds of dynamite cartridges, the box resting on a board on the ground. The rope was cut by electrically exploding a cartridge against it, and the weight fell twenty-five feet, smashing the box completely and pulverizing some of the cartridges; but there was no explosion.

2. The same experiment was repeated with a box of blasting gelatin cartridges, the fall being twenty-five feet and the iron weight 470 pounds. Box and contents were crushed and scattered, but there was no explosion.

3. A one-pound tin of gunpowder was placed on an open five-pound box of dynamite cartridges and exploded. The dynamite caught fire and burned up, but did not explode.

4. The same experiment was performed with a five-pound box of blasting gelatin cartridges with the same result.

5. A dynamite cartridge was set on fire



VIEW OF AN EXPLOSION OF FORTY-FIVE POUNDS OF BLASTING GELATIN AT ARDEER IN MARCH, 1896.

Depth of water, eleven feet. Height of column, 300 feet. Photograph taken 200 yards off; exposure, one-sixtieth of a second.



VIEW OF AN EXPLOSION OF TEN THOUSAND POUNDS OF BLASTING GELATIN AT ARDEER IN MARCH, 1896.

Depth of water, eleven feet. Height of column, 1,200 feet. Photograph taken one mile off; exposure, one-sixtieth of a second.

by a fuse, and burned rather rapidly. It would have burned away completely, but a detonator had been placed in the middle, and when the flame reached this the other half of the cartridge exploded.

6. To show the strictly local force of dynamite, a one-pound cartridge was hung eight inches above a three-eighths of an inch boiler-plate, which was lying on two bits of wood, and exploded. The plate was only slightly bent.

7. A similar cartridge was laid flat upon the same plate and exploded, the result being a hole torn in the plate about the size of the cartridge.

8. A similar cartridge was then placed on a similar plate and covered with sand. Upon exploding, it tore a large hole in the plate.

Dynamite and blasting gelatin when set on fire will merely burn. If the dynamite is in a loose form, it will entirely burn

away without danger.

If compressed, both will burn until the heat reaches a point high enough to explode the remainder, but this always requires sufficient time to give bystanders full warning and enable them to reach a point of safety.

All the nitroglycerin compounds are exploded by detonation; that is, by means of explosive caps like percussion caps which fit on the ends of the fuses.

The cap explosive is a mixture of fulminate of mercury and chlorate of potash, and the Nobel company have a large and separate factory in Scotland which is devoted to the manufacture of

fulminate of mercury and various kinds of detonators. The explosive force of No. 1 dynamite, weight for weight, is four times that of gunpowder. Bulk for bulk, the dynamite being much heavier, it is over seven times as powerful as gunpowder. Blasting gelatin has nearly six times, weight for weight, and a fraction less than ten times, bulk for bulk, the power of gunpowder. Gun-cotton and No. 1 dynamite are about equal in explosive strength. Dynamite is not allowed on passenger trains in England, but is transported with great freedom on the Continent, and thirty thousand tons of it have been shipped on the English and Continental railways without accident up to date. Of course, every package and case carry explicit instructions, but that the danger is small the immunity from explosions in transport clearly shows.

The moral of which is, that dynamite is safe and blasting gelatin is safer if they are treated with only reasonable care. "The accidents do not occur here but in the use of it," says Mr. Johnston. "If the company's explicit printed instructions

were followed, accidents would scarcely be known." Accidents often occur in thawing after an explosive has been frozen; but these arise from the incredible recklessness of miners. Small accidents, also, transpire at Ardeer in the repair of pipes. A drop of nitroglycerin which has seceded itself in a crack or crevice in the metal is sometimes struck by a hard tool, and costs a plumber one or more fingers.

These facts concerning dynamite are well known, and they are very reassuring. As you enter the train to leave Ardeer, however, the old habit of doubt reasserts itself. A bit of white fluff on your coat sleeve is viewed with the greatest suspicion. The question arises, "Is it cotton or gun-cotton?" Nerving yourself to the ordeal, you deliberately pick it off. You then carefully throw it out of the window to wreak its fell purpose, if it has one, on the landscape. Then you settle back with a vague desire to look at a thermometer. You have acquired a respect, an admiration, for any and all thermometers, which will abide with you to the end of your days.



SHIPPING AT ARDEER BEACH.

The high explosives (dynamite and other cartridges in fifty-pound cases) are run into the sea on hand-cars, lifted into boats, and finally put on board the company's steamers, for shipment all over the world.



SLAVES OF THE LAMP.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "The Seven Seas," "Captains Courageous," etc.

I.

THE music-room on the top floor of Number Five was filled with the "Aladdin" company at rehearsal. Dickson Quartus, commonly known as Dick Four, was Aladdin, stage manager, ballet master, half the orchestra, and largely librettist, for the "book" had been rewritten and filled with local allusions. The pantomime was to be given next week, in the downstairs study occupied by Aladdin, Abanazar, and the Emperor of China. The Slave of the Lamp, with the Princess Badroulbador and the Widow Twankay, owned the little study across the same landing, so that the company could be easily assembled. The floor shook to the stamp-and-go of the ballet, while Aladdin, in pink cotton tights, a blue and tinsel jacket, and a plumed hat, banged alternately on the piano and his banjo. He was the moving spirit of the game, as befitted a senior who had passed his Army Preliminary and hoped to enter Sandhurst next spring.

Aladdin came to his own at last, Abanazar lay poisoned on the floor, and the Widow Twankay danced her dance, and the company decided it would "come all right on the night."

"What about the last song, though?" said the Emperor, a tallish, fair-headed boy

with the ghost of a mustache, at which he pulled manfully. "We need a rousing old tune."

"John Peel? 'Drink, Puppy. Drink?'" suggested Abanazar, smoothing his baggy lilac pajamas. Abanazar never looked more than one-half awake, but he owned a soft, slow smile which well suited the part of the Wicked Uncle.

"Stale," said Aladdin. "Might as well have 'Grandfather's Clock.' What's that thing you were humming at 'prep' last night, Stalky?"

The Slave of the Lamp, in black tights and doublet, a black silk half-mask on his forehead, whistled lazily where he lay on the top of the piano. It was a catchy music-hall tune.

Dick Four cocked his head critically, and squinted down a large red nose.

"Once more, and I can pick it up," he said, strumming. "Sing the words."

"Arrah, Patsy, mind the baby! Arrah, Patsy, mind the child!"

Wrap him in an overcoat, he's surely going wild!

Arrah, Patsy, mind the baby! just you mind the child awhile!

He'll kick and bite and cry all night! Arrah, Patsy, mind the child!"

"Rippin'! Oh, rippin'!" said Dick Four. "Only we shan't have any piano on the night. We must work it with the ban-

joes—play an' dance at the same time. You try, Tertius."

The Emperor pushed aside his pea-green sleeves of state, and followed Dick Four on a heavy nickel-plated banjo.

"Yes, but I'm dead. Bung in the middle of the stage, too," said Abanazar.

"Oh, that's Beetle's biznai," said Dick Four. "Vamp it up, Beetle. Don't keep us waiting all night. You've got to get Pussy out of the light somehow, and bring us all in dancin' at the end."

"All right. You two play it again," said Beetle, who, in a gray skirt and a wig of chestnut sausage-curls, set slantwise above a pair of spectacles mended with an old boot-lace, represented the Widow Twankay. He waved one leg in time to the hampered refrain, and the banjoes grew louder.

"Um! Ah! Er—'Aladdin now has won his wife,'" he sang, and Dick Four repeated it.

"Your Emperor is appeased.'" Tertius flung out his chest as he delivered his line.

"Now jump up, Pussy! Say, 'I think I'd better come to life!' Then we all take hands and come forward: 'We hope you've all been pleased.' *Twiggez-vous?*'"

"*Nous twiggons.* Good enough. What's the chorus for the ballet? It's four kicks and a turn," said Dick Four.

"Oh! Er!

John Short will ring the curtain down,
And ring the prompter's bell;
We hope you know before you go
That we all wish you well."

"Rippin'! Rippin'! Now for the Widow's scene with the Princess. Hurry up, McTurk."

A dark, sallow, raw-boned Irish boy in a violet silk skirt and a coquettish blue turban slouched forward as one thoroughly ashamed of himself. The Slave of the Lamp climbed down from the piano, and dispassionately kicked him. "Play up,

Turkey," he said; "this is serious." But there fell on the door the knock of authority. It happened to be King, the most hated of the housemasters—King in gown and mortar-board enjoying a Saturday evening prowl before dinner.

"Locked doors! Locked doors!" he snapped with a scowl. "What's the meaning of this; and what, may I ask, is the intention of this—this epicene attire?"

"Pantomime, sir. The Head gave us leave," said Abanazar, as the only member of the Sixth concerned. Dick Four stood firm in the confidence born of well-

fitting tights, but Beetle strove to efface himself behind the piano. A gray princess-skirt borrowed from a day-boy's mother and a spotted cotton bodice unsystematically padded with writing-paper make one ridiculous. And in other regards Beetle had a bad conscience.

"As usual!" sneered King. "Futile foolery just when your careers, such as they may be, are hanging in the balance. I see! Ah, I see! The old gang of criminals—allied forces of disorder—Corkran"—the Slave of the Lamp

smiled politely—"McTurk"—the Irishman scowled—"and, of course, the unspeakable Beetle, our friend Gigadibs." Abanazar, the Emperor, and Aladdin had more or less of characters, and King passed them over. "Come forth, my inky buffoon, from behind yonder instrument of music! You supply, I presume, the doggerel for this entertainment. Esteem yourself to be, as it were, a poet?"

"He's found one of 'em," thought Beetle, noting the flush on King's cheekbone.

"I have just had the pleasure of reading an effusion of yours to my address, I believe—an effusion intended to rhyme. So—so you despise me, Master Gigadibs, do you? I am quite aware—you need not explain—that it was ostensibly *not* intended



WHILE ALADDIN IN PINK COTTON TIGHTS . . .

for my edification. I read it with laughter—yes, with laughter. These paper pellets of inky boys—still a boy we are, Master Gigadibs—do not disturb my equanimity.”

“Wonder which it was,” thought Beetle. He had launched many lampoons on an appreciative public ever since he discovered that it was possible to convey reproof in rhyme.

In sign of his unruffled calm, King proceeded to tear Beetle, whom he called Gigadibs, slowly asunder. From his untied shoestrings to his mended spectacles (the life of a poet at a big school is hard) he held him up to the derision of his associates—with the usual result. His wild flowers of speech—King had an unpleasant tongue—restored him to good humor at the last. He drew a lurid picture of Beetle’s latter end as a scurrilous pamphleteer dying in an attic, scattered a few compliments over McTurk and Corkran, and, reminding Beetle that he must come up for judgment when called upon, went to common-room, where he triumphed anew over his victims.

“And the worst of it,” he explained in a loud voice over his soup, “is that I waste such gems of sarcasm on their thick heads. It’s miles above them, I’m certain.”

“We-ell,” said the school chaplain slowly, “I don’t know what Corkran’s appreciation of your style may be, but young McTurk reads Ruskin for his amusement.”

“Nonsense, Clay! He does it to show off. I mistrust the dark Celt.”

“He does nothing of the kind. I went into their study the other night, unofficially, and McTurk was gluing up the back of four odd numbers of ‘Fors Clavigera.’”

“I don’t know anything about their private lives,” said a mathematical master hotly, “but I’ve learned by bitter experience that Number Five study are best left alone. They are utterly soulless young devils.” He blushed as the others laughed.

But in the music-room there was wrath and bad language. Only “Stalky” Corkran, Slave of the Lamp, lay on the piano unmoved.

“That little swine Manders minor must have shown him your stuff. He’s always suckin’ up to King. Go out and kill him,” he drawled. “Which one was it, Beetle?”

“Dunno,” said Beetle, struggling out of the skirt. “There was one about his hunting for popularity with the small boys, and the other one was one about him in hell, tellin’ the devil he was a Balliol man. I swear both of ’em rhymed all right. By gum! P’raps Manders minor showed him both! I’ll correct his cæsuras.”

He disappeared down two flights of stairs, flushed a small pink and white boy in a form-room next door to King’s study, which, again, was immediately below his own, and chased him up the corridor into a form-room sacred to the revels of the Lower Third. Thence he came back, greatly disordered, to find McTurk, Stalky, and the others of the company in his study enjoying an unlimited “brew”—coffee, cocoa, buns, new bread hot and steaming, sardine, sausage, ham, and tongue paste,



“THE FLOOR SHOOK TO THE STAMP AND GO OF THE BALLET.”



"THE SLAVE OF THE LAMP CLIMBED DOWN FROM THE PIANO AND DISPASSION-
ATELY KICKED HIM."

pilchards, three jams, and at least as many pounds of Devonshire cream.

"My hat!" said he, throwing himself upon the banquet. "Who stumped up for this, Stalky?" It was within a month of term end, and blank starvation had reigned in the studies for weeks.

"You," said Stalky, serenely.

"Confound you! You haven't been popping my Sunday bags, then?"

"Keep your hair on. It's only your watch."

"Watch! I lost it—weeks ago. Out on the Burrows, when we tried to shoot the old ram—the day our pistol burst."

"It dropped out of your pocket (you're so beastly careless, Beetle), and McTurk and I kept it for you. I've been wearing it for a week, and you never noticed. Took it into Bideford after dinner to-day. Got thirteen and sevenpence. Here's the ticket."

"Well, that's pretty average cool," said Abanazar behind a slab of cream and jam, as Beetle, reassured upon the safety of his Sunday trousers, showed not even surprise, much less resentment. Indeed, it was McTurk who grew angry, saying:

"You gave him the ticket, Stalky? You *pawned* it? You unmitigated beast! Why, last month you and Beetle sold mine! Never got a sniff of any ticket."

"Ah, that was because you locked your trunk and we wasted half the afternoon hammering it open. We might have pawned it if you'd behaved like a Christian, Turkey."

"My aunt!" said Abanazar, "you chaps *are* communists. Vote of thanks to Beetle, though."

"That's beastly unfair," said Stalky, "when I took all the trouble to pawn it. Beetle never knew he had a watch. Oh, I say, Rabbits-Eggs gave me a lift into Bideford this afternoon."

Rabbits-Eggs was the local carrier—an outcrop of the early Devonian formation. It was Stalky who had invented his unlovely name. "He was pretty average drunk or he wouldn't have done it. Rabbits-Eggs is a little shy of me, somehow. But I swore it was *pax* between us, and gave him a bob. He stopped at

two pubs on the way in; he'll be howling drunk to-night. Oh, don't begin reading, Beetle; there's a council of war on. What the deuce is the matter with your collar?"

"Chivied Manders minor into the Lower Third box-room. Had all his beastly little friends on top of me," said Beetle, from behind a jar of pilchards and a book.

"You ass! Any fool could have told you where Manders would bunk to," said McTurk.

"I didn't think," said Beetle, meekly, scooping out pilchards with a spoon.

"Course you didn't. You never do." McTurk adjusted Beetle's collar with a savage tug. "Don't drop oil all over my 'Fors,' or I'll scrag you!"

"Shut up, you—you Irish Biddy! 'Tisn't your beastly 'Fors.' It's one of mine."

The book was a fat, brown-backed volume of the latter sixties, which King had once thrown at Beetle's head that Beetle might see whence the name Gigadibs came. Beetle had quietly annexed the book, and had seen—several things. The quarter-comprehended verses lived and ate with him, as the be-dropped pages showed. He removed himself from all that world, drifting at large with wondrous men and women, till McTurk hammered the pilchard spoon on his head and he snarled.

"Beetle! You're oppressed and insulted and bullied by that beast King. Don't you feel it?"

"Leave me alone! I can write some more poetry about him if I am, I suppose."

"Mad! Quite mad!" said Stalky to the visitors, as one exhibiting strange beasts. "Beetle reads an ass called Brownin', and McTurk reads an ass called Ruskin; and—"

"Ruskin isn't an ass," said McTurk. "He's almost as good as the Opium Eater. He says 'we're children of noble races trained by surrounding art.' That means me, and the way I decorated the study when you two badgers would have stuck up brackets and Christmas cards. Child of a noble race, trained by surrounding art, stop reading, or I'll shove a pilchard down your neck!"

"It's two to one," said Stalky, warningly, and Beetle closed the book, in obedience to the law under which he and his companions had lived for six checkered years.

The visitors looked on delighted. Number Five study had a reputation for more variegated insanity than the rest of the school put together; and so far as its code allowed friendship with outsiders it was polite and open-hearted to its neighbors on the same landing.

"What rot do you want to do now?" said Beetle.

"King! War!" said McTurk, jerking his head toward the wall, where hung a small wooden West African war-drum, a gift to McTurk from a naval uncle.

"Then we shall be turned out of the study again," said Beetle, who loved his flesh-pots. "Mason turned us out for—just warbling on it." Mason was the mathematical master who had testified in common-room.

"Warbling?—O my!" said Abanazar. "We couldn't hear ourselves speak in our study when you played the infernal thing. What's the good of getting turned out of your study, anyhow?"

"We lived in the form-rooms for a week, too," said Beetle, tragically. "And it was beastly cold."

"Ye-es, but Mason's rooms were filled with rats every day we were out. It took him a week to draw the inference," said McTurk. "He loathes rats. Min-



"SO—SO YOU DESPISE ME, MASTER GIGADIBS, DO YOU?"

ute he let us go back the rats stopped. Mason's a little shy of us now, but there was no evidence."

"Jolly well there wasn't," said Stalky, "when I got out on the roof and dropped the beastly things down his chimney. But, look here, question is, are our characters good enough just now to stand a study row?"

"Never mind mine," said Beetle. "King swears I haven't any."

"I'm not thinking of you," Stalky returned, scornfully. "You aren't going up for the army, you old bat. I don't want to be expelled—and the Head's getting rather shy of us, too."

"Rot!" said McTurk. "The Head never expels except for beastliness or stealing. But I forgot; you and Stalky *are* thieves—regular burglars."

The visitors gasped, but Stalky interpreted the parable with large grins.

"Well, you know, that little beast Manders minor saw Beetle and me hammerin' McTurk's trunk open in the dormitory when we took his watch last month. Of course Manders sneaked to Mason, and Mason solemnly took it up as a case of theft, to get even with us about the rats."

"That delivered Mason into our hands," said McTurk, blandly. "We were awfully nice to him, 'cause he was a new master and wanted to win the confidence of the boys. Pity he draws inferences, though. Stalky went to his study and pretended to

blub, and told Mason he'd lead a new life if Mason would let him off this time, but Mason wouldn't. Said it was his duty to report him to the Head."

"Vindictive swine!" said Beetle. "It was all those rats! Then I blubbed, too, and Stalky confessed that he'd been a thief in regular practice for six years, ever since he came to the school; and that I'd taught him—*à la* Fagin. Mason turned white with joy; thought he had us on toast."

"Gorgeous! Gorgeous!" said Dick Four. "We never heard of this."

"Course not. Mason kept it jolly quiet. He wrote down all our statements on impot-paper. There wasn't anything he wouldn't believe," said Stalky.

"And handed it all up to the Head, *with* an extempore prayer. It took about forty pages," said Beetle. "I helped a lot."

"And then, you crazy idiots?" said Abanazar.

"Oh, we were sent for; and Stalky asked to have the 'depositions' read out, and the Head knocked him spinning into a waste-paper basket. Then he gave us eight cuts apiece—welters—for—for—takin' unheard-of liberties with a new master. I saw his shoulders shaking when we went out. Do you know," said Beetle, pensively, "that Mason can't look at us now in second lesson without blushing? We three stare at him sometimes till he

regularly trickles. He's an awfully sensitive beast."

"He read 'Eric, or Little by Little,'" said McTurk; "so we gave him 'St. Winifred's, or the World of School.' They spent all their spare time stealing at St. Winifred's, when they weren't praying or getting drunk at pubs. Well, that was only a week ago, and the Head's a little bit shy of us. He called it constructive devilry. Stalky invented it all."

"Not the least good having a row with a master unless you can make him ridiculous," said Stalky, extended at ease on the hearth-rug. "If Mason didn't know Number Five—well, he's learnt, that's all. Now, my dearly beloved 'earers'—Stalky curled his legs under him and addressed the company—"we've got that strong, perseverin' man King on our hands. He went miles out of his way to provoke a conflict." (Here Stalky snapped down the black silk domino and assumed the air of a judge.) "He has oppressed Beetle, McTurk, and me, *privatim et seriatim*, one by one, as he could catch us. But *now* he has insulted Number Five up in the music-room, and in the presence of these—these ossifers of the Ninety-third, wot look like hairdressers. Benjamin, we must make him cry 'Capivi!'"

Stalky's reading did *not* include Browning or Ruskin.

"And, besides," said McTurk, "he's a



"TO FIND MCTURK, STALKY, AND THE OTHERS OF THE COMPANY IN HIS STUDY ENJOYING AN UNLIMITED 'DREW'."

Philistine, a basket-hanger. He wears a tartan tie. Ruskin says any man who wears a tartan tie will, without doubt, be damned everlastingly."

"Bravo, McTurk," said Tertius; "I thought he was only a beast."

"He's that, too, of course, but he's *worse*. He has a china basket with blue ribbons and a pink kitten on it, hung up in his window to grow musk in. You know when I got all that old oak carvin' out of Bideford Church, when they were restoring it (Ruskin says any man who'll restore a church is an unmitigated sweep), and stuck it up here with glue? Well, King came in and wanted to know whether we'd done it with a fret-saw! Yah! He is the King of basket-hangers!"

Down went McTurk's inky thumb over an imaginary arena full of bleeding Kings. "*Placetne*, child of a generous race!" he cried to Beetle.

"Well," began Beetle, doubtfully, "he comes from Balliol, but I'm going to give the beast a chance. You see I can always make him hop with some more poetry. He can't report me to the Head, because it makes him ridiculous. (Stalky's quite right.) But he shall have his chance."

Beetle opened the book on the table, ran his finger down a page, and began at random:

"Or who in Moscow toward the Czar,
With the demurest of footfalls,
Over the Kremlin's pavement white
With serpentine and syenite,
Steps with five other generals—"

"That's no good. Try another," said Stalky.

"Hold on a shake; I know what's coming." McTurk was reading over Beetle's shoulder.

"That simultaneously take snuff,
For each to have pretext enough
And kerchiefwise unfold his sash,
Which—softness' self—is yet the stuff

(Gummy! What a sentence!)

To hold fast where a steel chain snaps
And leave the grand white neck no gash.

(Full stop.)"

"Don't understand a word of it," said Stalky.

"More ass you! Construe," said McTurk. "Those six Johnnies scragged the Czar, and left no evidence. *Actum est* with King."

"He gave me that book, too," said Beetle, licking his lips:

"There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure if another fails."

Then irrelevantly:

"Setebos! Setebos! and Setebos!
Thinketh he liveth in the cold of the moon."

"He's just come in from dinner," said Dick Four, looking through the

window. "Manders minor is with him." "Safest place for him just now," said Beetle.

"Then you chaps had better clear out," said Stalky politely to the visitors. "'Tisn't fair to mix you up in a study row. Besides, we can't afford to have evidence."

"Are you going to begin at once?" said Aladdin.

"Immediately, if not sooner," said Stalky, and turned out the gas. "Strong, perseverin' man is King. Make him cry 'Capivi.' G'way, Benjamin."

The company retreated to their own neat and spacious study with expectant souls.

"When Stalky blows out his nostrils



"YESS, YEOU, YEOU LONG-NOSED, FOWER-EYED, GINGY-WHISK-ERED BEGGAR!"

like a horse," said Aladdin to the Emperor of China, "he's on the war-path. Wonder what King *will* get."

"Beans," said the Emperor. "Number Five always pays in full."

"Wonder if I ought to take any notice of it officially," said Abanazar, who had just remembered he was a prefect.

"It's none of your business, Pussy. Besides, if you did, we'd have them hostile to *us*; and we shouldn't be able to do any work," said Aladdin. "They've begun already."

Now that West African war-drum had been made to signal across estuaries and deltas. Number Five was forbidden to wake the diabolical engine within ear-shot of the school. But a deep, devastating drone filled the passages as McTurk and Beetle scientifically rubbed the top. Anon it changed into the blare of trumpets—of savage pursuing trumpets. Then, as McTurk slapped one side, smooth with the blood of ancient sacrifice, the roar broke into short coughing howls such as the wounded gorilla throws in his native forest. These were followed by the wrath of King—three steps at a time, up the staircase, with a dry whirl of the gown. Aladdin and company, listening, squeaked with excitement as the door crashed open. King stumbled into the darkness, and cursed those performers by the gods of Balliol and quiet repose.

"Turned out for a week," said Aladdin, holding the study door on the crack. "Key to be brought down to his study in five minutes. 'Brutes! Barbarians! Savages! Children!' He's quite agitated. 'Arrah, Patsy, mind the baby,'" he sang in a whisper as he clung to the door-knob, dancing a noiseless war-dance.

King went downstairs again, and Beetle and McTurk lit the gas to confer with Stalky. But Stalky had vanished.

"Looks like no end of a mess," said Beetle, collecting his books and mathematical instrument case. "A week in the form-rooms isn't any advantage to us."

"Yes, but don't you

see that Stalky isn't here, you owl!" said McTurk. "Take down the key, and look sorrowful. King'll only jaw you for half an hour. I'm going to read in the lower form-room."

"But it's always me," mourned Beetle.

"Wait till we see," said McTurk, hopefully. "I don't know any more than you do what Stalky means, but it's something. Get out and draw King's fire. You're used to it."

No sooner had the key turned in the door than the lid of the coal-box, which was also the window-seat, lifted cautiously. It had been a tight fit, even for the lithe Stalky, his head between his knees, and his stomach under his right ear. From a drawer in the table he took a well-worn catapult, a handful of buckshot, and a duplicate key of the study; noiselessly he raised the window and kneeled by it, his face turned to the road, the wind-sloped trees, the dark levels of the Burrows, and the white line of breakers falling nine deep along the Pebble-ridge. Far down the steep-banked Devonshire lane he heard the husky hoot of the carrier's horn. There was a ghost of melody in it, as it might have been the wind in a gin-bottle essaying to sing, "It's a way we have in the army."

Stalky smiled a tight-lipped smile, and at extreme range opened fire: the old horse half wheeled in the shafts.

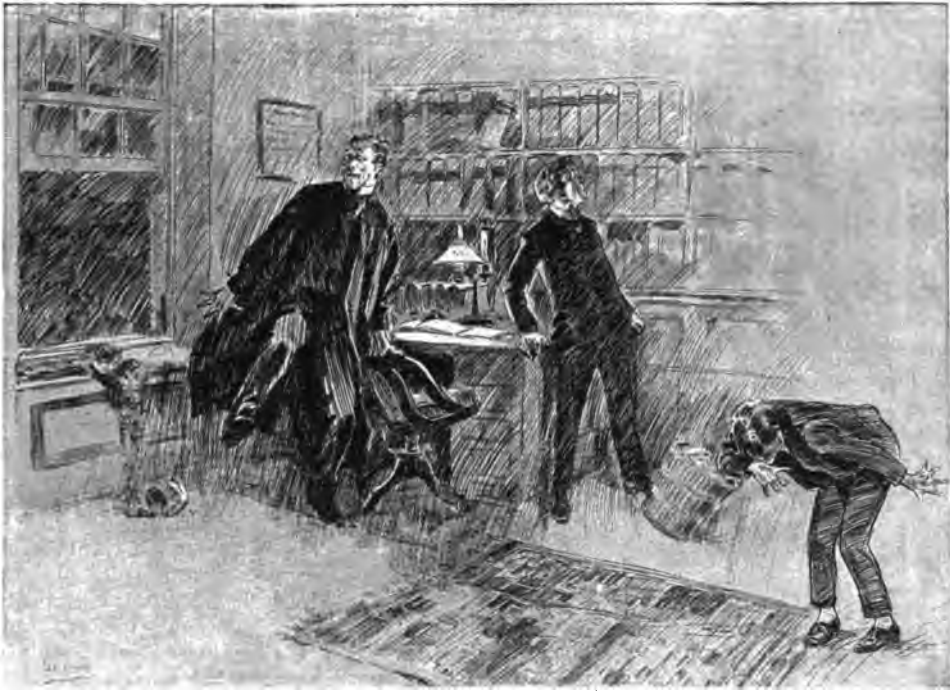
"Where be gwaine tu?" hiccupped Rabbits-Eggs. Another buckshot tore through the rotten canvas tilt with a vicious zipp.

"*Habet*," murmured Stalky, as Rabbits-Eggs swore into the patient night, protesting that he saw the "domned col-leger" who was assaulting him.

"And so," King was saying in a high head voice to Beetle, whom he had kept to play with before Manders minor, well knowing that it hurts a Fifth-form boy to be held up to a fag's derision, "and so, Master Beetle, in spite of all our verses, which we are so proud of, when we me to come into



"AS HE GUIDED THE HOWLING MANDERS TO THE DOOR."



"IT ALL FELL SWIFTLY AS A DREAM."

direct conflict with even so humble a representative of authority as myself, for instance, we are turned out of our studies, are we not?"

"Yes, sir," said Beetle, with a sheepish grin on his lips and murder in his heart. Hope had nearly left him, but he clung to a well-established faith that never was Stalky so dangerous as when he was invisible.

"You are *not* required to criticise, thank you. Turned out of our studies, we are just as if we were no better than little Manders minor. Only inky schoolboys we are, and must be treated as such."

Beetle pricked up his ears, for Rabbits-Eggs was swearing savagely on the road, and some of the language entered at the upper sash. King believed in ventilation. He strode to the window, gowned and majestic, very visible in the gaslight.

"I zee 'un! I zee 'un!" roared Rabbits-Eggs, now that he had found a visible foe—another shot from the darkness above. "Yess, yeou, yeou long-nosed, fower-eyed, gingy-whiskered beggar! Yeu'm tu old for such goin's on. Aie! Poultrice yeour nose, I tall 'ee! Poultrice yeour long nose!"

Beetle's heart leaped up within him. Somewhere, somehow, he knew Stalky moved behind these manifestations. There

was hope and the prospect of revenge. He would embody the suggestion about the nose in deathless verse. King threw up the window, and sternly rebuked Rabbits-Eggs. But the carrier was beyond fear or fawning. He had descended from the cart, and was gasping by the roadside.

It all fell swiftly as a dream. Manders minor raised his hand to his head with a cry, as a jagged flint cannoned on to some fine tree-calf bindings in the bookshelf. Another quoited along the writing-table. Beetle made zealous feint to stop it, and in that endeavor overturned a student's lamp, which dripped, *via* King's papers and some choice books, greasily on to a Persian rug. There was much broken glass on the window-seat; the china basket—McTurk's aversion—cracked to flinders, had dropped her musk plant and its earth over the red rep cushions; Manders minor was bleeding profusely from a cut on the cheek-bone, and King, using strange words, every one of which Beetle treasured, ran forth to find the school-sergeant, that Rabbits-Eggs might be instantly cast into jail.

"Poor chap!" said Beetle, with a false, feigned sympathy. "Let it bleed a little. That'll prevent apoplexy," and he held the blind head skillfully over the table, and



"THREE ABBREAST, ARMS LINKED, THE ALADDIN COMPANY ROLLED UP THE BIG CORRIDOR TO PRAYERS. . . ."

the papers on the table, as he guided the howling Manders to the door.

Then did Beetle, alone with the wreckage, return good for evil. How, in that office, a complete set of "Gibbon" was scarred all along the back as by a flint; how so much black and copying ink came to be mingled with Manders's blood on the table-cloth; why the big gum-bottle, unstoppered, had rolled semicircularly across the floor, and in what manner the white china door-knob grew to be painted with yet more of Manders's youthful gore, were matters which Beetle did not explain when the rabid King returned to find him standing politely over the reeking hearth-rug.

"You never told me to go, sir," he said, with the air of Casabianca, and King consigned him to the outer darkness.

But it was to a boot-cupboard under the staircase on the ground floor that he hastened, to loose the mirth that was destroying him. He had not drawn breath for a first whoop of triumph when two hands choked him dumb.

"Go to the dormitory and get me my things. Bring 'em to Number Five lavatory. I'm still in tights," hissed Stalky, sitting on his head. "Don't run. Walk. I'm all right here."

But Beetle staggered into the form-room next door, and delegated his duty to the yet unenlightened McTurk, with an hysterical *precis* of the campaign thus far.

So it was McTurk, of the wooden visage, who brought the clothes from the dormitory while Beetle panted on a form. Then the three buried themselves in Number Five lavatory, turned on all the taps, filled the place with steam, and dropped weeping into the baths, where they pieced out the war.

"*Moi! Je! Ich! Ego!*" gasped Stalky. "I waited till I couldn't hear myself think, while you played the drum. Hid in the coal-locker, and tweaked Rabbits-

Eggs, and Rabbits-Eggs rocked King. Wasn't it beautiful? Did you hear the glass?"

"Why, he—he—he," shrieked McTurk one trembling finger pointed at Beetle.

"Why, I—I—I was through it all," Beetle howled; "in his study, being jawed."

"Oh, my soul!" said Stalky with a yell, disappearing under water.

"The—the glass was nothing. Manders minor's head's cut open. La—la—lamp upset all over the rug. Blood on the books and papers. The gum! The gum! The gum! The ink! The ink! The ink! Oh, My!"

Then Stalky leaped out, all scarlet as he was, and shook Beetle into some sort of coherence; but his tale prostrated them afresh.

"I bunked for the boot-cupboard the second I heard King go downstairs. Beetle tumbled in on top of me. The key's hid behind the loose board. There isn't a shadow of evidence," said Stalky. They were all chanting together.

"And he turned us out himself—himself—himself!" This from McTurk. "He can't begin to suspect us. Oh, Stalky, it's the loveliest thing we've ever done."

"Gum! Gum! Dollops of gum!" shouted Beetle, his spectacles gleaming through a sea of lather. "Ink and blood all mixed. I held the little beast's head all over the Latin proses for Monday. Golly, how the oil stunk! And Rabbits-

Eggs told King to poultice his nose ! Did you hit Rabbits-Eggs, Stalky ? ”

“ Did I jolly well not ? Tweaked him all over. Did you hear him curse ? Oh, I shall be sick in a minute if I don’t stop. ”

But dressing was a slow process, because McTurk was obliged to dance when he heard that the musk basket was broken, and, moreover, Beetle retailed all King’s language with emendations and purple insets.

“ Shockin’ ! ” said Stalky, collapsing in a helpless welter of half-hitched trousers. “ So bad, too, for innocent boys like us ! Wonder what they’d say at ‘ St. Winifred’s, or the World of School. ’ By gum ! That reminds me we owe the Lower Third one for assaultin’ Beetle when he chivied Manders minor. Come on ! it’s an alibi, Samivel ; and besides, if we let ‘em off they’ll be worse next time. ”

The Lower Third had set a guard upon their form-room for the space of a full hour, which to a boy is a lifetime. Now they were busy with their Saturday evening businesses—cooking sparrows over the gas with rusty nibs ; brewing unholy drinks in gallipots ; skinning moles with pocket-knives ; attending to paper trays full of silk-worms, or discussing the iniquities of their elders with a freedom, fluency, and point that would have amazed their parents. The blow fell without warning. Stalky upset a form crowded with small boys among their own cooking utensils, McTurk raided the untidy lockers as a terrier digs at a rabbit-hole, while Beetle poured ink upon such heads as he could not appeal to with a Smith’s Classical Dictionary. Three brisk minutes accounted for many silk-worms, pet larvæ, French exercises, school caps, half-prepared bones and skulls, and a dozen pots of home-made sloe jam. It was a great wreckage, and the form-room looked as though three conflicting tempests had smitten it.

“ Phew ! ” said Stalky, drawing breath outside the door (amid groans of “ Oh, you beastly ca-ads ! You think yourselves awful funny, ” and so forth). “ *That’s* all right. Never let the sun go down upon your wrath. Rummy little devils, fags, got no notion o’ combinin’ . ”

“ Six of ‘em sat on my head when I went in after Manders minor, ” said Beetle. “ I warned ‘em what they’d get, though. ”

“ Yes, but they don’t combine as *we* used to do. ‘ Member when Blundell major came in and tried to slap McTurk’s head for cheek at call-over ? That was our second term. ”

“ Your second, my first, ” said Beetle. “ My hat ! wasn’t Blundell major wrathly ! I got hold of his legs and hung on, like Billy O ! ”

“ Well, we tore the clothes off his back, ” said McTurk, reflectively. “ We fought him from just after tea till prep. ‘ Member he tried to say it was a joke, and we half slew him ! Never tried to touch any one of us again. ”

“ Any three o’ those little beasts could have tackled us in the same way. If they only kept it up, ” said Stalky.

“ Lucky job for us they don’t, ” said Beetle, as they strolled along the corridor.

“ Everybody paid in full—beautiful feelin’ , ” said McTurk, absently. “ Don’t think we’d better say much about King, though, do you, Stalky ? ”

“ Not *much*. Our line is injured innocence, of course—same as when the Sergeant reported us on suspicion of smoking in the Bunkers. If I hadn’t thought of buyin’ the pepper and spillin’ it all over our clothes, he’d have smelt us. King was gha-astly facetious about that. Called us bird-stuffers in form for a week. ”

“ Ah, King hates the Natural History Society because little Hartopp is president. Mustn’t do anything in the Coll. without glorifyin’ King, ” said McTurk. “ But he must be a putrid ass, you know, to suppose at our time o’ life we’d go out and stuff birds like fags. ”

“ Poor old King ! ” said Beetle. “ He’s awf’ly unpopular in common-room, and they’ll chaff his head off about Rabbits-Eggs. Golly ! How lovely ! How beautiful ! How holy ! But you should have seen his face when the first rock came in ! *And* the earth from the basket ! ”

So they were all stricken helpless for five minutes.

They repaired at last to Abanazar’s study, and were received reverently.

“ What’s the matter ? ” said Stalky, quick to realize new atmospheres.

“ You know jolly well, ” said Abanazar. “ You’ll be expelled if you get caught. King is a gibbering maniac. ”

“ Who ? Which ? What ? Expelled for how ? We only played the war-drum. Got turned out for that already. ”

“ Do you chaps mean to say you didn’t make Rabbits-Eggs drunk and bribe him to rock King’s rooms ? ”

“ Bribe him ? No, that I’ll swear we didn’t, ” said Stalky, with a relieved heart, for he loved not to tell lies. “ What a low mind you’ve got, Pussy ! We’ve been down having a bath. Did Rabbits-Eggs

rock King? Strong, perseverin' man, King. Shockin'!"

"Awf'ly. King's frothing at the mouth. There's bell for prayers. Come on."

"Wait a sec," said Stalky, continuing the conversation in a loud and cheerful voice, as they descended the stairs.

"What did Rabbits-Eggs rock King for?"

"I know," said Beetle, as they passed King's open door. "I was in his study."

"Hush, you ass!" hissed the Emperor of China.

"Oh, he's gone down to prayers," said Beetle, watching the shadow of the house-master on the wall. "Rabbits-Eggs was only a bit drunk, swearin' at his horse, and King jawed him through the window, and then, of course, he rocked King."

"Do you mean to say," said Stalky, "that King began it?"

King was behind them, and every well-weighted word went up the staircase like an arrow. "I can only swear," said Beetle, "that King cursed like a bargee. Simply disgustin'. I'm goin' to write to my father about it."

"Better report it to Mason," suggested

Stalky. "He knows our tender consciences. Hold on a shake. I've got to tie my bootlace."

The other study hurried forward. They did not wish to be dragged into stage asides of this nature. So it was left to McTurk to sum up the situation beneath the guns of the enemy.

"You see," said the Irishman, hanging on the banister, "he begins by bullying little chaps; then he bullies the big chaps; then he bullies some one who isn't connected with the college, and then he catches it. Serves him jolly well right."

I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't see you were coming down the staircase."

The black gown tore past like a thunderstorm, and in its wake, three abreast, arms linked, the Aladdin company rolled up the big corridor to prayers, singing with most innocent intention:

"Arrah, Patsy, mind the baby! Arrah, Patsy, mind the child!"

Wrap him up in an overcoat, he's surely goin' wild! Arrah, Patsy, mind the baby; just ye mind the child awhile!

He'll kick an' bite an' cry all night! Arrah, Patsy, mind the child!"

The PERSONS of the Story as they appear in PART II. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖



II.

THAT very Infant who told the story of the capture of Boh Na Ghee to Eustace Cleaver, novelist, inherited an estateful baronetcy, with vast revenues, resigned the service, and became a landholder, while

his mother stood guard over him to see that he married the right girl. But, new to his position, he presented the local volunteers with a full-sized magazine-rifle range, two miles long, across the heart of his estate, and the surrounding families, who lived in savage seclusion among woods full of pheasants, regarded him as an erring maniac. The noise of the firing

disturbed their poultry, and Infant was cast out from the society of J. P.'s and decent men till such time as a daughter of the county might lure him back to right thinking. He took his revenge by filling the house with choice selections of old schoolmates home on leave—affable detriments, at whom the bicycle-riding maidens of the surrounding families were allowed to look from afar. I knew when a troop-ship was in port by the Infant's invitations. Sometimes he would produce old friends of equal seniority; at others, young and blushing giants whom I had left small fags far down in the Lower Second; and to these Infant and the elders expounded the whole duty of man in the army.

"I've had to cut the service," said the Infant; "but that's no reason why my vast stores of experience should be lost to posterity." He was just thirty, and in that same summer an imperious wire drew me to his baronial castle: "Got good haul; ex Tamar. Come along."

It was an unusually good haul, arranged with a single eye to my benefit. There was a baldish, broken-down captain of native infantry, shivering with ague behind an indomitable red nose—and they called him Captain Dickson. There was another captain, also of native infantry, with a fair mustache; his face was like white glass, and his hands were fragile, but he answered joyfully to the cry of Tertius. There was an enormously big and well-kept man, who had evidently not campaigned for years, clean-shaved, soft-voiced, and cat-like, but still Abanazar for all that he adorned the Indian Political Service; and there was a

lean Irishman, his face tanned blue-black with the suns of the Telegraph Department. Luckily the baize doors of the bachelors' wing fitted tight, for we dressed promiscuously in the corridor or in each other's rooms, talking, calling, shouting, and anon waltzing by pairs to songs of Dick Four's own devising.

There were sixty years of mixed work to be sifted out between us, and since we had met one another from time to time in the quick scene-shifting of India—a dinner, camp, or a race-meeting here; a dakhungalow or railway station up country somewhere else—we had never quite lost touch. Infant sat on the banisters, hungrily and enviously drinking it in. He enjoyed his baronetcy, but his heart yearned for the old days.

It was a cheerful babel of matters personal, provincial, and imperial, pieces of old call-over lists, and new policies, cut short by the roar of a Burmese gong, and we went down not less than a quarter of a mile of stairs to meet Infant's mother, who had known us all in our school-days and greeted us as if those had ended a week ago. But it was fifteen years since, with tears of laughter, she had lent me a



"THERE WERE SIXTY YEARS OF MIXED WORK TO BE SIFTED OUT BETWEEN US."

gray princess-skirt for amateur theatricals.

That was a dinner from the "Arabian Nights," served in an eighty-foot hall full of ancestors and pots of flowering roses, and, what was more impressive, heated by steam. When it was ended and the little mother in blue velvet and silver had gone away—"You boys want to talk, so I

kill you, Infant. I've got a liver, too. 'Member when we used to think it a treat to turn out of our beds on a Sunday morning—thermometer fifty-seven degrees if it was summer—and bathe off the Pebble-ridge? Ugh!"

"Thing I don't understand," said Tertius, "was the way we chaps used to go down into the lavatories, boil ourselves



"SO I HAMMERED ON THE GATE AND NIPPED IN, . . ."

shall say good-night now")—we gathered about an apple-wood fire, in a gigantic polished steel grate, under a mantelpiece ten feet high, and the Infant compassed us about with curious *liqueurs* and that kind of cigarette which serves best to introduce your own pipe.

"Oh, bliss!" grunted Dick Four from a sofa, where he had been packed with a rug over him. "First time I've been warm since I came home."

We were all nearly on top the fire, except Infant, who had been long enough at home to take exercise when he felt chilled. This is a grisly diversion, but much affected by the English of the Island.

"If you say a word about cold tubs and brisk walks," drawled McTurk, "I'll

pink, and then come up with all our pores open into a young snow storm or a black frost. Yet none of our chaps died, that I can remember."

"Talkin' of baths," said McTurk, with a chuckle, "'member our bath in Number Five, Beetle, the night Rabbits-Eggs rocked King? What wouldn't I give to see old Stalky now! He is the only one of the two Studies not here."

"Stalky is the great man of his century," said Dick Four.

"How d'you know?" I asked.

"How do I know?" said Dick Four, scornfully. "If you've ever been through a tight place with Stalky you wouldn't ask."

"I haven't seen him since the camp at Pindi in '87," I said. "He was goin'

strong then—about seven feet high and four feet through."

"Adequate chap. Infernally adequate," said Tertius, pulling his mustache and staring into the fire.

"Got very near court-martialed and broke in Egypt in '84," the Infant volunteered. "I went out in the same trooper with him—raw as he was. Only I showed it, and Stalky didn't."

"What was the trouble?" said McTurk, reaching forward absently to twitch a dress-tie into position.

"Oh, nothing. His colonel weakly trusted him to take twenty Tommies out to wash, or groom camels, or something at the back of Suakin, and Stalky got embroiled with Fuzzies five miles in the interior. Conducted a masterly retreat and wiped up eight of 'em. He knew jolly well he'd no right to go out so far, so he took the initiative and pitched in a letter to his colonel, who was frothing at the mouth, complaining of the 'paucity of support accorded to him in his operations.' Gad, it might have been one fat brigadier slangin' another! Then he went into the Staff Corps."

"That — is — entirely — Stalky," said Abanazar from his armchair.

"You've come across him, too?" I said.

"Oh, yes," he replied in his softest tones. "I was at the tail of that—that epic. Don't you chaps know?"

We did not—Infant, McTurk, and I; and we called for information very politely.

"'T was n't anything," said Tertius. "We got into a mess up in the Khye-Kheen Hills a couple o' years ago, and Stalky pulled us through. That's all."

McTurk gazed at Tertius with all an Irishman's contempt for the tongue-tied Saxon.

"Heavens!" he said. "And

it's *you* and your likes govern Ireland. Tertius, aren't you ashamed?"

"Well, I can't tell a yarn. I can chip in when the other fellow starts *bukking*. Ask *him*." He pointed to Dick Four, whose nose gleamed scornfully over the rug.

"I knew you wouldn't," said Dick Four. "Give me a whisky and soda. I've been drinking lemonade squash and ammoniated quinine while you chaps were bathin' in champagne, and my head's singin' like a top."

He wiped his ragged mustache above the drink; and, with his teeth chattering in his head, began:

"You know the Khye-Kheen-Malôt expedition, when we scared the souls out of 'em with a field force they daren't fight against? Well, both tribes—there was a coalition against us—came in without firing a shot; and a lot of hairy villains, who had no more power over their men than I had, promised and vowed all sorts of things. On that very slender evidence, Pussy dear—"

"I was at Simla," said Abanazar, hastily.

"Never mind, you're tarred with the same brush. On the strength of those tuppenny-ha'penny treaties, your asses of Politicals reported the country pacified, and the Government, being a fool, as usual, began road-makin'—dependin' on local supply for labor. 'Member *that*, Pussy? Rest of our chaps who'd had no look in



"TO MAKE US *QUITE* COMFY, STALKY TOOK US UP TO THE WATCH-TOWER TO SEE POOR EVERETT'S BODY, LYIN' IN A FOOT O' DRIFTED SNOW."

during the campaign didn't think there'd be any more of it, and were anxious to get back to India. But I'd been in two of these little rows before, and I had my suspicions. I engineered myself, *summo ingenio*, into command of a road patrol—no shovelin', only marching up and down genteelly with a guard. They'd withdrawn all the troops they could, but I nucleused about forty Pathans, recruits chiefly, of my regiment, and sat tight at the base-camp while the road parties went to work, as per Political survey."

"Had some rippin' sing-songs in camp, too," said Tertius.

"My pup"—thus did Dick Four refer to his subaltern—"was a pious little beast. He didn't like the sing-songs, and so he went down with pneumonia. I rootled round the camp, and found Tertius gasping about as a D.A.Q.M.G., which, any one knows, he isn't cut out for. There were six or eight of the old school at base-camp (we're always in force for a frontier row), but I'd heard of Tertius as a steady old hack, and I told him he had to shake off his D.A.Q.M.G. breeches and help *me*. Tertius volunteered like a shot, and we settled it with the authorities, and out we went—forty Pathans, Tertius, and me, looking up the road parties. Macnamara's—member old Mac, the Sapper, who played the fiddle so horribly at Umballa?—Mac's party was the last but one. The last was Stalky's. He was at the head of the road with some of his pet Sikhs. Mac said he believed he was all right."

"Stalky *is* a Sikh," said Tertius. "Takes his men to pray at the Durbar Sahib at Amritzar, regularly as clock-work, when he can."

"Don't interrupt, Tertius. It was about forty miles beyond Mac's before I found him; and my men pointed out gently, but firmly, that the country was risin'. What kind o' country, Beetle? Well, I'm no word-painter, thank goodness, but *you* might call it a hellish country! When we weren't up to our necks in snow, we were rolling down the khud. The well-disposed inhabitants, who were to supply labor for the road-making (don't forget that, Pussy dear), sat behind rocks and took pot-shots at us. Old, old story. We all legged it in search of Stalky. I had a feeling that he'd be in good cover, and about dusk we found him and his road party, as snug as a bug in a rug, in an old Malôt stone fort, with a watch-tower at one corner. It overhung the road they had blasted out of the cliff fifty

feet below; and under the road things went down pretty sheer, for five or six hundred feet, into a gorge about half a mile wide and two or three miles long. There were chaps on the other side of the gorge scientifically gettin' our range. So I hammered on the gate and nipped in, and tripped over Stalky in a greasy, bloody old poshteen, squatting on the ground, eating with his men. I'd only seen him for half a minute about three months before, but I might have met him yesterday. He waved his hand all serene.

"'Hullo, Aladdin! Hullo, Emperor!' he said. 'You're just in time for the performance.'"

"I saw his Sikhs looked a bit battered. 'Where's your command? Where's your subaltern?' I said.

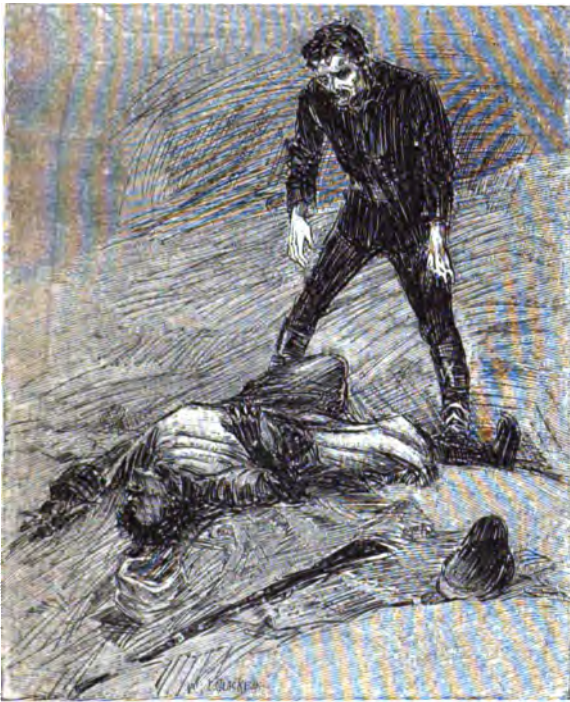
"'Here—all there is of it,' said Stalky. 'If you want young Everett, he's dead, and his body's in the watch-tower. They rushed our road party last week, and got him and seven men. We've been besieged for five days. I suppose they let you through to make sure of you. The whole country's up. Strikes me you've walked into a first-class trap.' He grinned, but neither Tertius nor I could see where the deuce the fun lay. We hadn't any grub for our men, and Stalky had only four days' whack for his. That came of dependin' upon your asinine Politicals, Pussy dear, who told us the inhabitants were friendly.

"To make us *quite* comfy, Stalky took us up to the watch-tower to see poor Everett's body, lyin' in a foot o' drifted snow. It looked like a girl of fifteen—not a hair on the little fellow's face. He'd been shot through the temple, but the Malôts had left their mark on him. Stalky unbuttoned the tunic, and showed it to us—a rummy sickle-shaped cut on the chest. 'Member the snow all white on his eyebrows, Tertius? 'Member when Stalky moved the lamp and it looked as if he was alive?'"

"Ye-es," said Tertius, with a shudder. "'Member the beastly look on Stalky's face, though, with his nostrils all blown out, same as he used to look when he was bullyin' a fag? That was a lovely evening."

"We held a sort of council of war up there over Everett's body. Stalky said the Malôts and Khye-Kheens were up together, havin' sunk their blood feuds to settle us. The chaps we'd seen across the gorge were Khye-Kheens. It was about half a mile from them to us as a bullet

flies, and they'd made a line of sungars under the brow of the hill to sleep in and starve us out. The Malôts, he said, were in front of us promiscuous. There wasn't good cover behind the fort, or they'd have been there, too. Stalky didn't mind the Malôts half as much as he did the Khye-Kheens. Said the Malôts were treacherous curs. What I couldn't understand was, why in the world the two gangs didn't join in and rush us. There must have been at least five hundred of 'em. Stalky said they didn't trust each other very well, because they were ancestral enemies when they were at home, and the only time they'd tried rushin' he'd hove a couple of blasting charges among 'em, and that had sickened 'em a bit.



"SO STALKY ABOLISHED HIM QUIETLY, . . ."

"It was dark by the time we finished, and Stalky, always serene, said: 'You command now. I don't suppose you mind my taking any action I may consider necessary to reprovise the fort?' I said, 'Of course not,' and then the lamp blew out. So Tertius and I had to climb down the tower steps (we didn't want to stay with Everett) and got back to our men. Stalky had gone off—to count the stores, I supposed. Anyhow, Tertius and I sat up in case of a rush (they were

plugging at us pretty generally, you know), relieving each other till the mornin'.

"Mornin' came. No Stalky. Not a sign of him. I took counsel with his senior native officer—a grand, white-whiskered old chap—Rutton Singh, from Jullunder way. He only grinned, and said it was all right. Stalky had been out of the fort twice before, somewhere or other, accordin' to him. He said Stalky 'ud come back unchipped, and gave me to understand that Stalky was an invulnerable *Guru* of sorts. All the same, I put the whole command on half rations, and set 'em pickin' out loop-holes.

"About noon there was no end of a snow-storm, and the enemy stopped firing. We replied gingerly, because we were awfully short of ammunition. Don't suppose we fired five shots an hour, but we generally got our man. Well, while I was talking with Rutton Singh I saw Stalky coming down from the watch-tower, rather puffy about the eyes, his poshteen coated with claret-colored ice.

"'No trustin' these snow-storms,' he said. 'Nip out quick and snaffle what you can get. There's a certain amount of friction between the Khye-Kheens and the Malôts just now.'

"I turned Tertius out with twenty Pathans, and they bucked about in the snow for a while till they came on to a sort of camp about eight hundred yards away, with only a few men in charge and half a dozen sheep by the fire. They finished off the men, and snaffled the sheep and as much grain as they could carry, and came back. No one fired a shot at 'em. There didn't seem to be anybody about, but the snow was falling pretty thick.

"'That's good enough,' said Stalky when we got dinner ready and he was chewin' mutton kababs off a cleanin' rod. 'No sense riskin' men. They're holding a pow-wow between the Khye-Kheens and the Malôts at the head of the gorge. I don't think these so-called coalitions are much good.'

"Do you know what that maniac had done? Tertius and I shook it out of him by installments. There was an underground granary cellar-room below the watch-tower, and in blasting the road Stalky had blown a hole into one side of

it. Being no one else *but* Stalky, he'd kept the hole open for his own ends; and laid poor Everett's body slap over the well of the stairs that led down to it from the watch-tower. He'd had to move and replace the corpse every time he used the passage. The Sikhs wouldn't go near the place, of course. Well, he'd got out of this hole, and dropped on to the road. Then, in the night *and* a howling snow-storm, he'd dropped over the edge of the khud, made his way down to the bottom of the gorge, forded the nullah, which was half frozen, climbed up on the other side along a track he'd discovered, and come out on the right flank of the Khye-Kheens. He had then—listen to this!—crossed over a ridge that paralleled their rear, walked half a mile behind that, and come out on the left of their line where the gorge gets shallow and where there was a regular track between the Malôt and the Khye-Kheen camps. That was about two in the morning, and, as it turned out, a man spotted him—a Khye-Kheen. So Stalky abolished him quietly, and left him—with the Malôt mark on his chest same as Everett had.

"I was just as economical as I could be," said Stalky. "If he'd shouted I should have been slain. I'd never had to do that kind of thing but once before, and that was the first time I tried that path. It's perfectly practicable for infantry, you know."

"What about your first man?" I said.

"Oh, that was the night after they killed Everett, and I went out lookin' for a line of retreat for my men. I abolished him—*privatim*—scragged him. But on thinkin' it over it occurred to me that if I could find the body (I'd hove it down some rocks) I might decorate it with the Malôt mark and leave it to the Khye-Kheens to draw inferences. So I went out again the next night and did. The Khye-Kheens were shocked at the Malôts perpetratin' these dastardly outrages after they'd sworn to sink all blood feuds. I lay up behind their sungars early this morning and watched 'em. They all went to confer about it at the head of the gorge. Awf'ly annoyed they are. Don't wonder.' You know the way Stalky drops out his words, one by one.

"Wonderful!" said the Infant, explosively, as the full depth of the strategy dawned on him.

"Dear-r man!" said McTurk, purring rapturously.

"Stalky stalked," said Tertius. "That's all there is to it."

"No, he didn't," said Dick Four. "Don't you remember how he insisted that he had only applied his luck? Don't you remember how Rutton Singh grabbed his boots and groveled in the snow, and how our men shouted?"

"None of our Pathans believed that was luck," said Tertius. "They swore Stalky ought to have been born a Pathan, and—member we nearly had a row in the fort when Rutton Singh said Stalky was a Sikh? Gad, how furious the old chap was with my Jemadar! But Stalky just waggled his finger and they shut up."

"Old Rutton Singh's sword was half out, though, and he swore he'd cremate every Khye-Kheen and Malôt he killed. That made the Jemadar pretty wild, because he didn't mind fighting against his own creed, but he wasn't going to crab a fellow Mus-sulman's chances of Paradise. Then Stalky jabbered Pushtu and Punjabi in alternate streaks. Where the deuce did he pick up his Pushtu from, Beetle?"

"Never mind his language, Dick," said I. "Give us the gist of it."

"I flatter myself I can address the wily Pathan on occasion, but, hang it all, I can't make puns in Pushtu, or top off my arguments with a smutty story, as he did. He played on those two old dogs o' war like a—like a concertina. Stalky said—and the other two backed up his knowledge of Oriental nature—that the Khye-Kheens and the Malôts between 'em would organize a combined attack on us that night, as a proof of good faith. They wouldn't drive it home, though, because neither side would trust the other on account, as Rutton Singh put it, of the little accidents. Stalky's notion was to crawl out at dusk with his Sikhs, manœuver 'em along this ungodly goat track that he'd found, to the back of the Khye-Kheen position, and then lob in a few long shots at the Malôts when the attack was well on. 'That'll divert their minds and help to agitate 'em,' he said. 'Then you chaps can come out and sweep up the pieces, and we'll rendezvous at the head of the gorge. After that, I move we get back to Mac's camp and have something to eat.'

"You were commandin'?" the Infant suggested.

"I was about three months senior to Stalky, and two months Tertius's senior," Dick Four replied. "But we were all from the same old school. I should say ours was the only affair on record where some one wasn't jealous of some one else."



"SAW THE WHOLE CREW WHIRL OFF, FIGHTIN' AND STABBIN' AND SWEAKIN' IN A BLINDING SNOW-STORM."

"*We weren't*," Tertius broke in, "but there was another row between Gul Sher Khan and Rutton Singh. Our Jemadar said—he was quite right—that no Sikh living could stalk worth anything; and that Koran Sahib had better take out the Pathans, who understood that kind of mountain work. Rutton Singh said that Koran Sahib jolly well knew every Pathan was a born deserter, and every Sikh was a gentleman, even if he couldn't crawl on his belly. Stalky struck in with some woman's proverb or other, that had the effect of doublin' both men up with a grin. He said the Sikhs and the Pathans could settle their claims on the Khye-Kheens and Malôts later on, but he was going to take his Sikhs along for this mountain-climbing job, because Sikhs could shoot. They can, too; give 'em a mule load of ammunition apiece, and they're perfectly happy."

"And out he gat," said Dick Four. "As soon as it was dark, and he'd had a bit of a snooze, him and thirty Sikhs went down through the staircase in the tower, every mother's son of 'em salutin' little Everett where it stood propped up against the wall. The last I heard him say was,

'Kubbadar! tumbleinga!' * and they tumbleingaed over the black edge of nothing. Close upon 9 P.M. the combined attack developed, Khye-Kheens across the valley, and Malôts in front of us, pluggin' at long range and yellin' to each other to come along and cut our infidel throats. Then they skirmished up to the gate, and began the old game of calling our Pathans renegades, and invitin' 'em to join the holy war. One of our men, a young fellow from Dera Ismail, jumped on the wall to slang 'em back, and jumped down, blubbing like a child. He'd been hit smack in the middle of the hand. Never saw a man yet who could stand a hit in the hand without weepin' bitterly. It tickles up all the nerves. So Tertius took his rifle and smote the others on the head to keep them quiet at the loopholes. The dear children wanted to open the gate and go in at 'em generally, but that didn't suit our book.

"At last, near midnight, I heard the wop, wop, wop, of Stalky's Martinis across the valley, and some general cursing among the Malôts, whose main body was

* "Look out; you'll fall!"

hid from us by a fold in the hillside. Stalky was brownin' 'em at a great rate, and very naturally they turned half right and began to blaze at their faithless allies, the Khye-Kheens—regular volley firin'. In less than ten minutes after Stalky opened the diversion they were going it hammer and tongs, both sides the valley. Then our recruits began to dance on one leg with excitement. But we wouldn't join the ball so long as the ruffians outside were doing our work for us. We sat tight till the dawn, thinkin' how deuced well armed they were, and how they were wastin' their ammunition. When we could see, the valley was rather a mixed-up affair. The Khye-Kheens had streamed out of their sungars above the gorge to chastise the Malôts, and Stalky—I was watching him through my glasses—had slipped in behind 'em. Very good. The Khye-Kheens had to leg it along the hillside up to where the gorge got shallow and they could cross over to the Malôts, who were awfully cheered to see the Khye-Kheens taken in the rear.

"Then it occurred to me to comfort the Khye-Kheens. So I turned out the whole command, and we advanced *a la pas de charge*, doublin' up what, for the sake of argument, we'll call the Malôts' left flank. Even then, if they'd sunk their differences, they could have eaten us alive; but they'd been firin' at each other half the night, and they went on firin'. Queerest thing you ever saw in your born days! As soon as our men doubled up to the Malôts, they'd blaze at the Khye-Kheens more zealously than ever, to show they were on our side; run up the valley a few hundred yards, and halt to fire again. The moment Stalky saw our game he duplicated it his side the gorge; and, by Jove! the Khye-Kheens did just the same thing."

"Yes, but," said Tertius, "you've forgot him playin' 'Arrah, Patsy, mind the baby' on the bugle to hurry us up."

"Did he?" roared McTurk. Somehow we all began to sing it, and there was an interruption.

"Rather," said Tertius, when we were quiet. "No one of the Aladdin company could forget that tune. Yes, he played Patsy—Go on, Dick."

"Finally," said Dick Four, "we drove both mobs into each other's arms on a bit of level land at the head of the valley, and saw the whole crew whirl off, fightin' and stabbin' and swearin' in a blinding snow-storm. They were a heavy, hairy lot, and we didn't follow 'em."

"Stalky had captured one prisoner—an old pensioned Sepoy of twenty-five years' service, who produced his discharge—an awf'ly sportin' old card. He had been tryin' to make 'em rush us early in the day. He was sulky—angry with his own side for their cowardice, and Rutton Singh wanted to bayonet him—Sikhs don't understand fightin' against the Government after you've served it honestly—but Stalky rescued him, and froze on to him tight, with ulterior motives, I believe. When we got back to the fort, we buried young Everett—Stalky wouldn't hear of blowin' up the place—and bunked. We'd only lost ten men, all told."

"Only ten, out of seventy. How did you lose 'em?" I asked.

"Oh, there was a rush on the fort early in the night, and a few Malôts got over the gate. It was rather a tight thing for a minute or two, but the recruits took it beautifully. Lucky job we hadn't any badly wounded men to carry, because we had forty miles to Macnamara's camp. By Jove, how we legged it! Half way in, old Rutton Singh collapsed, so we slung him across four rifles and Stalky's overcoat; and Stalky, his prisoner, and a couple of Sikhs were his bearers. After that I went to sleep. You *can*, you know, on the march, when your legs get properly numbed. Mac swears we *all* marched into his camp snoring and dropped where we halted. His men lugged us into the tents like gram-bags. I remember wakin' up and seeing Stalky asleep with his head on old Rutton Singh's chest. *He* slept twenty-four hours. I only slept seventeen, but then I was coming down with dysentery."

"Coming down? What rot! He had it on him before we joined Stalky in the fort," said Tertius.

"Well! *You* needn't talk. You hove your sword at Macnamara and demanded a drumhead court-martial every time you saw him. The only thing that soothed you was putting you under arrest every half hour. You were off your head for three days."

"Don't remember a word of it," said Tertius, placidly. "I remember my orderly giving me milk, though."

"How did Stalky come out?" McTurk demanded, puffing hard over his pipe.

"Stalky? Like a serene Brahmini bull. Poor old Mac was at his Royal Engineers' wits' end to know what to do. You see I was putrid with dysentery, Tertius was ravin', half the men had frost-bite, and Macnamara's orders were to break camp

and come in before winter. So Stalky, who hadn't turned a hair, took half his supplies to save him the bother o' luggin' 'em back to the plains, and all the ammunition he could get at, and, *consilio et auxilio* Rutton Singhi, tramped back to his fort with all his Sikhs and his precious prisoner, and a lot of dissolute hangers-on that he and the prisoner had seduced into service. Had sixty men of sorts—and his brazen cheek. Mac nearly wept with joy when he went. You see there weren't any explicit orders to Stalky to come in before the passes were blocked: Mac is a great man for orders, and Stalky's a great man for orders—when they suit his book. He'd taken every firebrand and camp devil and professional mutineer with him."

"Told me he was goin' to the Engadine," said Tertius. "Sat on my cot smokin' a cigarette, and makin' me laugh till I cried. Macnamara bundled the whole lot of us down to the plains next day. We were a walkin' hospital."

"Stalky told me that Macnamara was a simple godsend to him," said Dick Four. "He blarneyed that virtuous old Sapper out of his boots. I used to see him in Mac's tent listenin' to Mac playin' the fiddle, and, between the pieces, wheedlin' Mac out of picks and shovels and dynamite cartridges hand over fist. Well, that was the last we saw of Stalky. A week or so later the passes were shut with snow, and I don't

think Stalky wanted to be found particularly just then."

"He didn't," said the fair and fat Abanazar. "He didn't. Ho, ho!"

Dick Four threw up his thin, dry hand with the blue veins at the back of it. "Hold on a minute, Pussy; I'll let you in at the proper time. I went down to my regiment, and that spring, five months later, I got off with a couple of companies on detachment: nominally to look after some friends of ours across the border; actually, of course, to recruit. It was a bit unfortunate, because an ass of a young Naick carried a frivolous blood feud he'd inherited from his aunt into those hills, and the local gentry wouldn't



... TRAMPED BACK TO HIS FORT, WITH ALL HIS SIKHS AND HIS PRECIOUS PRISONER.

volunteer into my corps. Of course, the Naick had taken short leave to manage the business; that was all regular enough; *but* he'd stalked my pet orderly's uncle. It was an infernal shame, because I knew Harris of the Ghuznees would be covering that ground three months later, and he'd snaffle all the chaps I had my eyes on. Everybody was down on the Naick, because they felt he ought to have had the decency to postpone his—his disgusting amours till our companies were full strength.

"Still the beast had a certain amount of professional feeling left. He sent one of his aunt's clan by night to tell me that, if I'd take safeguard, he'd put me on to a batch of beauties. I nipped over the border like a shot, and about ten miles the other side, in a nullah, my rapparee-in-charge showed me about seventy men variously armed, but standing up like a Queen's company. Then one of 'em stepped out and lugged round an old bugle, just like—who's the man?—Bancroft, ain't it?—feeling for his eyeglass in a farce, and played 'Arrah, Patsy, mind the baby. Arrah, Patsy, mind'—that was as far as he could get."

That, also, was as far as Dick Four could get, because we had to sing the old song through twice, again and once more, and subsequently, in order to repeat it.

"He explained that if I knew the rest of the song he had a note for me from the man the song belonged to. Whereupon, my children, I finished that old tune on that bugle, and *this* is what I got. I knew you'd like to look at it. Don't grab." (We were all struggling for a sight of the well-known unformed handwriting.) "I'll read it aloud.

"'FORT EVERETT, *February 19.*

"'DEAR DICK, OR TERTIUS: The bearer of this is in charge of seventy-five recruits, all pukka devils, but desirous of leading new lives. They have been slightly polished, and after being boiled may shape well. I want you to give thirty of them to my adjutant, who will need men this spring. The rest you can keep. You will be interested to learn that I have extended my road to the end of the Malôt country. All headmen and priests concerned in last September's affair worked one month each, supplying road metal from their own houses. Everett's grave is covered by a forty-foot mound, which should serve well as a base for future triangulations. Rutton Singh sends his best salaams. I am making some treaties, and have given my prisoner—who also sends his salaams—local rank of Khan Bahadur.

"'A. L. COCKRAN.'"

"Well, that was all," said Dick Four, when the roaring, the shouting, the laughter, and, I think; almost the tears; had sub-

sided. "I chaperoned the gang across the border as quick as I could. They were rather homesick, but they cheered up when they recognized some of my chaps, who had been in the Khye-Kheen row, and they made a rippin' good lot. It's rather more than three hundred miles from Fort Everett to where I picked 'em up. Now, Pussy, tell 'em the latter end o' Stalky as you saw it."

Abanazar laughed a little nervous, misleading, official laugh.

"Oh, it wasn't much. I was at Simla in the spring, when our Stalky, out of his snows, began corresponding direct with the Government."

"After the manner of a king," suggested Dick Four.

"My turn now, Dick. He'd done a whole lot of things he shouldn't have done, and constructively pledged the Government to all sorts of action."

"Pledged the State's ticker, eh?" said McTurk, with a nod to me.

"About that; but the embarrassin' part was that it was all so thunderin' convenient, so well reasoned, don't you know? Came in as pat as if he'd had access to all sorts of information—which he couldn't, of course."

"Pooh!" said Tertius, "I back Stalky against the Foreign Office any day."

"He'd done pretty nearly everything he could think of, except strikin' coins in his own image and superscription, all under cover of buildin' this infernal road and bein' blocked by the snow. His report was simply amazin'. Von Lennaert tore his hair over it at first, and then he gasped, 'Who the dooce is this unknown Warren Hastings? He must be slain. He must be slain officially! The Viceroy'll never stand it. It's unheard of. He must be slain by his Excellency in person. Order him up here and pitch in a stinger.' Well, I sent him no end of an official stinger, and I pitched in an unofficial telegram at the same time."

"You!" This with amazement from the Infant, for Abanazar resembled nothing so much as a fluffy Persian cat.

"Yes—me," said Abanazar. "'Twasn't much, but after what you've said, Dicky, it was rather a coincidence, because I wired:

"'Aladdin now has got his wife,

Your Emperor is appeased.

I think you'd better come to life:

We hope you've all been pleased.

"Funny how that old song came up in my head. That was fairly non-committal

and encouragin'. The only flaw was that his Emperor wasn't appeased by very long chalks. Stalky extricated himself from his mountain fastnesses and loafed up to Simla at his leisure, to be offered up on the horns of the altar."

"But," I began, "surely the C.-in-C. is the proper—"

"His Excellency had an idea that if he blew up one single junior captain—same as King used to blow us up—he was holdin' the reins of empire, and, of course, as long as he had that idea, Von Lennaert encouraged him. I'm not sure Von Lennaert didn't put that notion into his head."

"They've changed the breed, then, since my time," I said.

"P'r'aps. Stalky was sent up for his wiggin' like a little bad boy. I've reason to believe that His Excellency's hair stood on end. He walked into Stalky for one hour—Stalky at attention in the middle of the floor, and (so he vowed) Von Lennaert pretending to soothe down His Excellency's topknot in dumb show in the background. Stalky didn't dare to look up, or he'd have laughed."

"Now, wherefore was Stalky not broken publicly?" said the Infant, with a large and luminous leer.

"Ah, wherefore?" said Abanazar. "To give him a chance to retrieve his blasted career, and not to break his father's heart. Stalky hadn't a father, but that didn't matter. He behaved like a—like the Sanawas Orphan Asylum, and His Excellency graciously spared him. Then he came round to my office and sat opposite me for ten minutes, puffing out his nostrils. Then he said, 'Pussy, if I thought that basket-hanger—'"

"Hah! He remembered *that*," said McTurk.

"That two-anna basket-hanger governed India, I swear I'd become a naturalized Muscovite to-morrow. I'm a *femme incomprise*. This thing's broken my heart. It'll take six months' shootin' leave in India to mend it. Think I can get it, Pussy?"

"He got it in about three minutes and a half, and seventeen days later he was back in the arms of Rutton Singh—horrid disgraced—with orders to hand over his command, etc., to Cathcart MacMonnie."

"Observe!" said Dick Four. "One colonel of the Political Department in charge of thirty Sikhs, on a hilltop. Observe, my children!"

"Naturally, Cathcart not being a fool, even if he *is* a Political, let Stalky do his shooting within fifteen miles of Fort Ever-

ett for the next six months, and I always understood they and Rutton Singh *and* the prisoner were as thick as two thieves. Then Stalky loafed back to his regiment, I believe. I've never seen him since."

"I have, though," said McTurk, swelling with pride.

We all turned as one man.

"It was at the beginning of this hot weather. I was in camp in the Jullunder doab and stumbled slap on Stalky in a Sikh village; sitting on the one chair of state, with half the population grovelin' before him, a dozen Sikh babies on his knees, an old harridan clappin' him on the shoulder, and a garland o' flowers round his neck. Told me he was recruitin'. We dined together that night, but he never said a word of the business at the Fort. Told me, though, that if I wanted any supplies I'd better say I was Koran Sahib's *bhai*; and I did, and the Sikhs wouldn't take my money."

"Ah! That must have been one of Rutton Singh's villages," said Dick Four; and we smoked for some time in silence.

"I say," said McTurk, casting back through the years. "Did Stalky ever tell you *how* Rabbits-Eggs came to rock King that night?"

"No," said Dick Four.

Then McTurk told.

"I see," said Dick Four, nodding. "Practically he duplicated that trick over again. There's nobody like Stalky."

"That's just where you make the mistake," I said. "India's full of Stalkies—Cheltenham and Haileybury and Marlborough chaps—that we don't know anything about, and the surprises will begin when there is really a big row on."

"Who will be surprised?" said Dick Four.

"The other side. The gentlemen who go to the front in first-class carriages. Just imagine Stalky let loose on the south side of Europe with a sufficiency of Sikhs and a reasonable prospect of loot. Consider it quietly."

"There's something in that, but you're too much of an optimist, Beetle," said the Infant.

"Well, I've a right to be. Ain't I responsible for the whole thing? You needn't laugh. Who wrote 'Aladdin now has got his wife'—eh?"

"What's that got to do with it?" said Tertius.

"Everything," said I.

"Prove it," said the Infant.

And I have.



"I LOOK ALONG THE LINE TO SEE
THAT ALL THE LAMPS ARE WHITE."

WILL THE LIGHTS BE WHITE?

BY CY WARMAN,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer."

OFt when I feel my engine swerve,
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eyes around the curve
For what awaits us there.

When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown, at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white.

A blue light! (rep track) crippled car;
The green light signals "slow,"
The red light is a danger light,
The white light "Let her go."

Again the open fields we roam,
And when the night is fair,
I gaze up in the starry dome,
And wonder what is there.

For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.

Swift towards life's terminal I trend,
The run seems short to-night.
God only knows what's at the end;
I hope the lamps are white.

THE VOYAGE OF COPLEY BANKS.

A TALE OF THE HIGH SEAS.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "Rodney Stone," etc.



THE buccaneers were something higher than a mere band of marauders. They were a floating republic with laws, usages, and discipline of their own. In their endless and remorseless quarrel with the Spaniards they had some semblance of right upon their side. Their bloody harryings of the cities of the Main were not more barbarous than the inroads of the Spaniards upon the Netherlands—or upon the Caribs in these same American lands.

The chief of the buccaneers, were he English or French, a Morgan or a Grannont, was still a responsible person, whose country might countenance him, or even praise him, so long as he refrained from any deed which might shock the leathery seventeenth-century conscience too outrageously. Some of them were touched with religion, and it is still remembered how Sawkins threw the dice overboard upon the Sabbath and Daniel pistoled a man before the altar for irreverence.

But there came a day when the fleets of the buccaneers no longer mustered at the Tortugas, and the solitary and outlawed pirate took their place. Yet even with him the tradition of restraint and of discipline still lingered, and among the early pirates, the Avorys, the Englands, and the Robertses, there remained some respect for human sentiment. They were more dangerous to the merchant than to the seaman.

But they in turn were replaced by more savage and desperate men, who frankly recognized that they would get no quarter in their war with the human race and who swore that they would give as little as they got. Of their histories we know little that is trustworthy. They wrote no mem-

oirs, and left no trace, save an occasional blackened and bloodstained derelict adrift upon the face of the Atlantic. Their deeds could only be surmised from the long roll of ships that never made their port.

Searching the records of history, it is only here and there in an Old-World trial that the veil that shrouds them seems for an instant to be lifted and we catch a glimpse of some amazing and grotesque brutality behind. Such was the breed of Ned Low, of Gow the Scotchman, and of the infamous Sharkey, whose coal-black bark, the "Happy Delivery," was known from the Newfoundland banks to the mouths of the Orinoco as the dark fore-runner of misery and of death.

There were many men, both among the islands and on the main, who had a blood feud with Sharkey, but not one who had suffered more bitterly than Copley Banks of Kingston. Banks had been one of the leading sugar merchants of the West Indies. He was a man of position, a member of the council, the husband of a Percival, and a cousin of the governor of Virginia. His two sons had been sent to London to be educated, and their mother had gone over to bring them back. On their return voyage the ship, the "Duchess of Cornwall," fell into the hands of Sharkey, and the whole family met with an infamous death.

Copley Banks said little when he heard the news, but he sank into a morose and enduring melancholy. He neglected his business, avoided his friends, and spent much of his time in the low taverns of the fishermen and seamen. There, amidst riot and devilry, he sat silently puffing at his pipe, with a set face and a smoldering eye. It was generally supposed that his misfortunes had shaken his wits, and his old friends looked at him askance, for the company which he kept was enough to bar him from honest men.

From time to time there came rumors of Sharkey over the sea; and once there came a man who had been mate of a



"FOR HOURS THEY SAT TOGETHER OVER THE MAP, AND THE DUMB MAN POINTED HERE AND THERE."

Guineaman and who had escaped from the pirate's hands. He could not speak—for reasons which Sharkey could best supply—but he could write; and he did write, to the very great interest of Copley Banks. For hours they sat together over the map, and the dumb man pointed here and there to outlying reefs and tortuous inlets, while his companion sat smoking in silence, with his unvarying face and his fiery eyes.

One morning, some two years after his misfortune, Mr. Copley Banks strode into his own office with his old air of energy and alertness. The manager stared at him in surprise, for it was months since he had shown any interest in business.

"Good morning, Mr. Banks," said he.

"Good morning, Freeman. I see that the 'Ruffling Harry' is in the bay."

"Yes, sir; she clears for the Windward Islands on Wednesday."

"I have other plans for her, Freeman.

I have determined upon a slaving venture to Whydah."

"But her cargo is ready, sir."

"Then it must come out again, Freeman. My mind is made up, and the 'Ruffling Harry' must go slaving to Whydah." All argument and persuasion were vain, so the manager had dolefully to clear the ship once more.

And then Copley Banks began to make preparations for his African voyage. It appeared that he relied upon force rather than barter for the filling of his hold, for he carried none of those showy trinkets which savages love; but the brig was fitted with eight nine-pounder guns and racks full of muskets and cutlasses. The after sailroom next the cabin was transformed into a powder magazine, and she carried as many round shot as a well-found privateer. Water and provisions were shipped for a long voyage.

But the preparation of his ship's com-

pany was most surprising. It made Freeman, the manager, realize that there was truth in the rumor that his master had taken leave of his senses. For, under one pretext or another, he began to dismiss the old and tried hands, who had served the firm for years, and in their place he embarked the scum of the port—men whose reputations were so vile that the lowest crimp would have been ashamed to furnish them.

There was Birthmark Sweetlocks, who was known to have been present at the killing of the logwood cutters, so that his hideous scarlet disfigurement was put down by the fanciful as being a red afterglow from that great crime. He was first mate, and under him was Israel Martin, a little sun-wilted fellow who had served with Howell Davies at the taking of Cape Coast castle.

The crew were chosen from amongst those whom Banks had met and known in their own infamous haunts, and his table-steward was a haggard-faced man who gobbled at you when he tried to talk. His beard had been shaved, and it was impossible to recognize him as the same man whom Sharkey had placed under the knife and who had escaped to tell his experiences to Copley Banks.

These doings were not unnoticed, nor yet uncommented upon, in the town of Kingston. The commandant of the troops—Major Harvey of the artillery—made serious representations to the governor.

"What do you suspect?" asked the governor, who was a slow-witted man, broken down with fevers and port wine.

"I suspect," said the soldier, "that it is Stede Bonnet over again."

Now Stede Bonnet was a planter of high reputation and religious character, who, from some sudden and overpowering freshet of wildness in his blood, had given up everything in order to start off pirating in the Caribbean Sea. The example was a recent one, and it had caused the utmost consternation in the islands. Governors had before now been accused of being in league with pirates and of receiving commissions upon their plunder, so that any want of vigilance was open to a sinister construction.

"Well, Major Harvey," said he, "I am vastly sorry to do anything which may offend my friend, Copley Banks, for many a time have my knees been under his mahogany; but, in face of what you say, there is no choice for me but to order you to board the vessel and to satisfy yourself as to her character and destination."

So at one in the morning Major Harvey, with a launchful of his soldiers, paid a surprise visit to the "Ruffling Harry," with the result that they picked up nothing more solid than a hempen cable floating at the moorings. It had been slipped by the brig, whose owner had scented danger.

When, upon the next morning, the brig had left Morant Point a mere haze upon the southern horizon, the men were called aft, and Copley Banks revealed his plans to them. He had chosen them, he said, as brisk boys and lads of spirit, who would rather run some risk upon the sea than starve for a living upon the shore. King's ships were few and weak, and they could master any trader who might come their way. Others had done well at the business, and with a handy, well-found vessel, there was no reason why they should not turn their tarry jackets into velvet coats. If they were prepared to sail under the black flag, he was ready to command them; but if any wished to withdraw, they might have the gig and row back to Jamaica.

Four men out of six and forty asked for their discharge, went over the ship's side into the boat, and rowed away amidst the jeers and howlings of the crew. The rest assembled aft, and drew up the articles of their association. A square of black tarpaulin had the white skull painted upon it, and was hoisted, amidst cheering, at the main.

Officers were elected, and limits of their authority fixed. Copley Banks was chosen captain; but as there are no mates on a pirate craft, Birthmark Sweetlocks became quartermaster and Israel Martin the boatswain. There was no difficulty in knowing what was the custom of the brotherhood, for half the men, at least, had served upon pirates before. Food should be the same for all, and no man should interfere with another man's drink. The captain should have a cabin, but all hands should be welcome to enter it when they chose.

All should share and share alike, save only the captain, quartermaster, boatswain, carpenter, and master gunner, who had from a quarter to a whole share extra. He who saw a prize first should have the best weapon taken out of her. He who boarded her first should have the richest suit of clothes aboard of her. Every man might treat his own prisoner, be it man or woman, after his own fashion. If a man flinched from his gun, the quartermaster should pistol him. These were some of the rules which the crew of the "Ruffling

Harry" subscribed to by putting forty-two crosses at the foot of the paper upon which they had been drawn.

So a new rover was afloat upon the seas, and her name before a year was over became as well known as that of "Happy Delivery." From the Bahamas to the Leewards, and from the Leewards to the Windwards, Copley Banks became the rival of Sharkey and the terror of traders. For a long time the bark and the brig never met, which was the more singular as the "Ruffling Harry" was forever looking in at Sharkey's resorts; but at last, one day when she was passing down the inlet of Coxon's Hole, at the east end of Cuba, with the intention of careening, there was the "Happy Delivery," with her blocks and tackle-falls already rigged for the same purpose.

Copley Banks fired a shotted salute and hoisted the green trumpeter ensign, as the custom was among the gentlemen of the sea. Then he dropped his boat and went aboard.

Captain Sharkey was not a man of a genial mood, nor had he any kindly sympathy for those who were of the same trade as himself. Copley Banks found him seated astride one of the after guns, with his New England quartermaster, Ned Galloway, and a crowd of roaring ruffians

standing about him. Yet none of them roared with quite such assurance when Sharkey's pale face and filmy blue eyes were turned upon him.

He was in his shirt-sleeves, with his cambric frills breaking through his open, red satin, long-flapped vest. The scorching sun seemed to have no power upon his fleshless frame, for he wore a low fur cap, as though it had been winter. A many-colored band of silk passed across his body and supported a short, murderous sword, while his broad, brass-buckled belt was stuffed with pistols.

"Sink you for a poacher!" he cried, as Copley Banks passed over the bulwarks. "I will drub you within an inch of your life, and that inch also! What mean you by fishing in my waters?"

Copley Banks looked at him, and his eyes were like a traveler's who sees his home at last.

"I am glad that we are of one mind," said he, "for I am myself of opinion that the seas are not large enough for the two of us. But if you will take your sword and pistols and come upon a sand bank with me, then the world will be rid of a villain whichever way it goes."

"Now, this is talking!" cried Sharkey, jumping off the gun and holding out his hand. "I have not met many who could

look John Sharkey in the eyes and speak with a full breath. May the devil seize me if I do not choose you as a consort! But if you play me false, then I will come aboard of you and gut you upon your own poop."

"And I pledge you the same," said Copley Banks.

That summer they went north as far as the Newfoundland banks, and harried the New York traders and the whaleships from New England. It was Copley Banks who captured the Liverpool ship, "House of Han-



"BUT BEFORE HE CLOSED IT HE TOOK AN EXULTANT LOOK BACKWARDS."

over," but it was Sharkey who fastened her master to the windlass and pelted him to death with empty claret bottles.

Together they engaged the king's ship, "Royal Fortune," which had been sent in search of them, and beat her off after a night action of five hours, the drunken, raving crews fighting naked in the light

boys whom he had slain with such levity so long ago? When, therefore, he received a challenge to himself and to his quartermaster for a carouse upon the last evening of their stay at the Caicos bank, he saw no reason to refuse.

A well-found passenger ship had been rifled the week before, so their fare was of



"THEY WAITED AND WAITED, WATCHING."

of the battle-lanterns, with a bucket of rum and a pannikin laid by the tackles of every gun. They ran to Topsail Inlet in North Carolina to refit, and then in the spring they were at the Grand Caicos, ready for a long cruise down the West Indies.

By this time Sharkey and Copley Banks had become very excellent friends, for Sharkey loved a whole-hearted villain and he loved a man of metal, and it seemed to him that the two met in the captain of the "Ruffling Harry." It was long before he gave his confidence to him, for cold suspicion lay deep in his character. Never once would he trust himself outside his own ship and away from his own men.

But Copley Banks came often on board the "Happy Delivery," and joined Sharkey in many of his morose debauches, so that at last his misgivings were set at rest. He knew nothing of the evil that he had done him, for of his many victims, how could he remember the woman and the two

the best, and after supper five of them drank deeply together. There were the two captains, Birthmark Sweetlocks, Ned Galloway, and Israel Martin, the old buccaneersman. To wait upon them was the dumb steward, whose head Sharkey split with his glass because he had been too slow in the filling of it.

The quartermaster had slipped Sharkey's pistols away from him, for it was an old joke with him to fire them cross-handed under the table, and see who was the luckiest man. It was a pleasantry which had cost his boatswain his leg; so now when the table was cleared they would coax Sharkey's weapons away from him on the excuse of the heat, and lay them out of his reach.

The captain's cabin of the "Ruffling Harry" was in a deckhouse upon the poop, and a stern-chaser gun was mounted at the back of it. Round shot were racked round the wall, and three great hogsheads of powder made a stand for dishes and for bottles. In this grim room the five

pirates sang and roared and drank, while the silent steward still filled up their glasses and passed the box and the candle round for their tobacco-pipes. Hour after hour the talk became fouler, the voices hoarser, the curses and shoutings more incoherent, until three of the five had closed their bloodshot eyes and dropped their swimming heads upon the table.

Copley Banks and Sharkey were left face to face, the one because he had drunk the least, the other because no amount of liquor would ever shake his iron nerve or warm his sluggish blood. Behind him stood the watchful steward, forever filling up his waning glass. From without came the low lapping of the tide, and from over the water a sailor's chanty from the bark :

"A trader sailed from Stepney town,
Wake her up! Shake her up! Try her with the
mainsail!

A trader sailed from Stepney town,
With a keg full of gold and a velvet gown.
Ho, the bully Rover Jack,
Waiting with his yard aback
Out upon the Lowland sea."

The two boon companions sat listening in silence. Then Copley Banks glanced at the steward, and the man took a coil of rope from the shot-rack behind him.

"Captain Sharkey," said Copley Banks, "do you remember the 'Duchess of Cornwall,' which you took and sank three years ago off the Statira shoal?"

"Curse me if I can bear their names in mind," said Sharkey. "We did as many as ten ships a week about that time."

"There were a mother and two sons among the passengers. May be that will bring it back to your mind."

Captain Sharkey leaned back in thought, with his huge thin beak of a nose jutting upward. Then he burst suddenly into a high treble, neighing laugh. He remembered it, he said, and he added details to prove it.

"But burn me if it had not slipped from my mind!" he cried. "How came you to think of it?"

"It was of interest to me," said Copley Banks, "for the woman was my wife and the lads were my only sons."

Sharkey stared across at his companion, and saw that the smoldering fire which lurked always in his eyes had burned up into a lurid flame. He read their menace, and he clapped his hands to his empty belt. Then he turned to seize a weapon, but the bight of rope was cast about him, and in an instant his arms were bound to

his side. He fought like a wild-cat, and screamed for help.

"Ned!" he yelled. "Ned! Wake up! Here's villainy! Help, Ned, help!"

But the three men were far too deeply sunk in their swinish sleep for any voice to wake them. Round and round went the rope, until Sharkey was swathed like a mummy from ankle to neck. They propped him stiff and helpless against a powder-barrel, and they gagged him with a handkerchief, but his filmy, red-rimmed eyes still looked curses at them. The dumb man chattered in his exultation, and Sharkey winced for the first time when he saw the empty mouth before him. He understood that vengeance, slow and patient, had dogged him long and clutched him at last.

The two captors had their plans all arranged, and they were somewhat elaborate.

First of all they stove the heads of two of the great powder-barrels, and they heaped the contents out upon the table and floor. They piled it round and under the three drunken men, until each sprawled in a heap of it. Then they carried Sharkey to the gun, and they triced him sitting over the port-hole, with his face about a foot from the muzzle. Wriggle as he would he could not move an inch either to right or left, and the dumb man trussed him up with a sailor's cunning, so that there was no chance that he should work free.

"Now, you bloody devil," said Copley Banks, softly, "you must listen to what I have to say to you, for they are the last words that you will hear. You are my man now, and I have bought you at a price, for I have given all that a man can give here below, and I have given my soul as well.

"To reach you I have had to sink to your level. For two years I strove against it, hoping that some other way might come, but I learned that there was no other way. I've robbed and I have murdered—worse still, I have laughed and lived with you—and all for the one end. And now my time has come, and you will die as I would have you die, seeing the shadow creeping slowly upon you, and the devil waiting for you in the shadow."

Sharkey could hear the hoarse voices of his rovers singing their chanty over the water:

"Where is the trader of Stepney town?
Wake her up! Shake her up! Every stick
a-bending!

Where is the trader of Stepney town?
His gold's on the capstan, his blood's on his
gown,

All for bully Rover Jack,
Reaching on the weather tack
Right across the Lowland sea."

The words came clear to his ear, and just outside he could hear two men pacing backward and forward upon the deck. And yet he was helpless, staring down the mouth of the nine-pounder, unable to move an inch or to utter so much as a groan. Again there came the burst of voices from the deck of the bark:

"So it's up and it's over to Stornoway Bay,
Pack it on! Crack it on! Try her with the stunsails!

It's off on a bowline to Stornoway Bay,
Where the liquor is good and the lasses are gay,
Waiting for their bully Jack,
Watching for him sailing back
Right across the Lowland sea."

To the dying pirate the jovial words and rollicking tune made his own fate seem the harsher, but there was no softening in his venomous blue eyes. Copley Banks had brushed away the priming of the gun, and had sprinkled fresh powder over the touch-hole. Then he had taken up the candle, and cut it to the length of about an inch. This he placed upon the loose powder at the breech of the gun. Then he scattered powder thickly over the floor beneath, so that when the candle fell at the recoil it must explode the huge pile in which the three drunkards were wallowing.

"You've made others look death in the face, Sharkey," said he. "Now it has come to be your own turn. You and these swine here shall go together." He

lit the candle-end as he spoke, and blew out the other lights upon the table. Then he passed out with the dumb man, and locked the cabin door upon the outer side. But before he closed it, he took an exultant look backwards and received one last curse from those unconquerable eyes. In the single dim circle of light, that ivory-white face with the gleam of moisture upon the high bald forehead was the last that was ever seen of Sharkey.

There was a skiff alongside, and in it Copley Banks and the dumb steward made their way to the beach, and looked back upon the brig riding in the moonlight, just outside the shadow of the palm-trees. They waited and waited, watching that dim light which shone through the stern port. And then at last there came the dull thud of a gun, and an instant later the shattering crash of the explosion. The long, sleek, black bark, the sweep of white sand, and the fringe of nodding, feathery palm-trees sprang into dazzling light, and back into darkness again. Voices screamed and called upon the bay.

Then Copley Banks, his heart singing within him, touched his companion upon the shoulder, and they plunged together into the lonely and unexplored jungle of the Caicos. Two months later an outward-bound tobacco ship from Havana found two desolate outcasts upon Mosquito Point, and, touched by their tale of outrage and marooning, landed them safely in London, where all trace of them was forever lost.





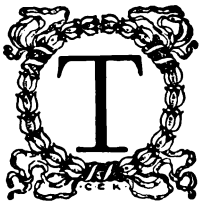
Too Late.

MR. C. D. GIBSON ON LOVE AND LIFE.

A NOTE BY ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Phroso," etc.

With reproductions of some of the more significant drawings by Mr. Gibson.



TO speak in adequate terms and with competent knowledge of the technical qualities which have won for Mr. Gibson's work its high and deserved fame would not be in my power, and I am not going to make any attempt at such a task. But lack of the qualifications of a critic of art does not interfere with the pleasure and interest with which one who is from time to time called upon to study somewhat similar aspects of life turns over a portfolio of the drawings in which this artist records his impressions of society and reflects the spirit with which he regards his material.

THE ARTIST'S PREFERENCE FOR THE ATTRACTIVE SIDES OF LIFE.

If you thus direct your mind rather to the thing expressed than to the excellence of the means at the artist's command for expressing it, your first thought, perhaps, will be that you are following one who is undoubtedly a bit of a satirist; his humor is bound to make him that; yet he is a cheerful satirist. Even when he is presenting scenes for which we can expect nothing but a frown from the moralist, he is seldom irredeemably grim; his indignation is liberally tempered with amusement, and is chastened by a recognition that ordinary folk may occupy some of their time in foolish and unbecoming ways and yet not be such very bad fellows after

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all. His pen is dipped in charity, and he prefers subjects where this pleasantest of the virtues need not despair of proper opportunity. There are Bohemians, ragamuffins, persons whose characters will not bear investigation ; but he seldom shows you the most revolting vices, such as cruelty, mercilessness, or the hatred of good. And, thanks probably in part to his very remarkable power of depicting beautiful human beings (a gift, I venture to think, rather curiously rare), he turns by preference to the attractive sides of life and draws for much of his work on the normal, simple, healthy procession of our days from an eager youth, through a vigorous middle age, to a calm and honorable decline. But youth is his favorite ; when its reality is gone he will still bring it back in visions. Look at these two pictures, "Previous Tenants" and "The Old Tune." These touch finely the note of gentle sadness with which man, resigned but never reconciled, accepts his decay and mortality ; they breathe the sigh with which he remembers how the fruit of life tasted and that now he is too stiff and infirm to climb the trunk of the tree and bring down the prize. But there is no moroseness ; the young girl stands by the old man, reminding us that youth is deathless, although the young are not.

HIS CUPID.

The same color of mood is very visible in Mr. Gibson's treatment of love, a subject which properly engages much of his attention. The little figure of Cupid which he is so fond of drawing seems to me very significant as well as very charming. No doubt the satirist peeps out here ; the boy is not tragic (Mr. Gibson perhaps eschews as too easy that path to a reputation for profundity) ; he is hardly serious, though he is engaged on work that has serious results. He can, indeed, assume great emotions for his own purposes ; he can sigh and look very despairing. But there is a want of sincerity about these assumptions ; they are tricks played to persuade you to let him in. His native temper is an insinuating impishness, cloaked sometimes by a deceitful innocence and pathos, but breaking through at every minute. This may be studied in "The Last Guest." Here, again, the artist lightly touches the note of sorrow, of youth gone, of the inevitable contrast that years so cruelly perfect. But Cupid does not take the moment that way at all. He sits laughing and sipping champagne ! He's not old. And he seems very much amused to find himself where he is ; the place was very differ-

ent when he came ; he is chaffing his faithful hosts ; he finds them, I fear, a little absurd. Look at him again in a most delightful drawing, "One More Victim," where he stands in his smith's apron and looks at the chains with which he has bound his prisoner ; his face is alight with roguish triumph, and he hugs himself with fat little arms ; he had those chains locked on her before she knew that he had so much as begun to forge them. There is another drawing, which I have not before me now, but remember very well. A pretty young widow, clad in mournful black, sits alone—as she thinks ; the world is over for her, poor thing ! Then her eyes fall suddenly on the small impudent form which has got into the house somehow and sits there deriding her ; he exults all the more because he knows that the solemn will be much shocked by his arrival. In such a guise he is irresistible ; you would fall in love, if only for the sake of sharing the fun.

HIS LOVERS.

It helps us to sympathize with Cupid's triumphs when we look at the girls over whom they are won. We perceive that there is something to conquer. For the girl whom the artist gives us is not a ready prey to sentiment and does not yield very easily. She is happy, healthy, and proud ; there is a touch of austerity and a hint of haughtiness in her maidenly air ; she does not languish, though no doubt she might sometimes flirt securely. Love must stalk his game ; though confident of success in the end, he is strategic in his approaches ; he seeks to surprise her, gets in when she isn't looking, and knows that he is most dangerous when he is least expected. So it should be ; the artist's humorous presentment of the artifices of his Cupid's pursuit is a true testimony to the quarry's purity of heart and healthy soundness of nature ; we believe that the hard-won victory will be complete, and do not refuse our consent when we are invited to trust to such a permanence of it as will resist the lapse of years and the decay of beauty. And Mr. Gibson is most commendably jealous for his pretty girls ; he knows that they have much to give, and would not have them give it unworthily. He finds for them very handsome young men, fine fellows who worship them as they deserve, and he is roused to an unusual directness of indignation when they play false to themselves and go hunting after money, rank, and such-like snares. His pencil is never more relentless than in depicting the husband in such a match, with his lined



THE OLD TUNE.

wrinkled, pimpled face, wicked as old Lord Methuselah's in Thackeray. Alas ! I fear that in Mr. Gibson's mind this person is only too often a fellow-countryman of mine. But I will not charge him with national jealousy. I applaud and beg leave to share an indignation so well warranted and so true an evidence of reverence for that whose betrayal it rebukes ; and to be more indignant in proportion as the lady is more beautiful, though, indeed, it may not be logic, is surely mere humanity. Why, but for these unworthy motives, one of ourselves might have been the man ! Mr. Gibson is as convinced a prophet of love as any romancer of them all ; neither wealth nor splendor nor even (as the tragic figure in his "Nothing but Fame" reminds us) glory can be allowed to fill its place. When Mr. Gibson deals with love, his pictures, closely as they reflect modern and every-day life, are in fact on the plane and in the temper of romance. We have the simple, joyous, intense love of well-conditioned and comely young people for one another, a love that is sound and abides ; this he extracts from the complexities of society and exhibits with the simplicity of romance, almost with the single-heartedness of poetry. It is a very sunny corner of the world's landscape, and the sunshine gleams brightly in these sketches of it.

PICTURES OF ENGLISH LIFE.

But to stop here would be to do sore injustice to the range and versatility of Mr. Gibson's talent, and in an Englishman would betray a special ingratitude ; for he has crossed the seas to tell us what we are like, and has carried out his task in many drawings of very remarkable acuteness. I have before me the drawing entitled "In a London Theatre." A man and his wife sit in the back row of the stalls ; behind them is the crowded and ebullient front bench of the pit. Here we have an admirable variety of types ; but to my mind the cream of the picture is the man and woman in the stalls. The man is of the professional classes, probably a lawyer ; he is not handsome, but he's very clean ; he has practical ability, but the play does not quite appeal to him ; his solidity, just bordering on stolidity, makes him an admirable specimen of a large and very valuable class of his fellow-countrymen. Yet the woman is, as it seems to me, even a greater triumph. In her there is no touch at all of caricature ; and I feel that I have known thousands of her. She is pleasing to look at, not pretty ;

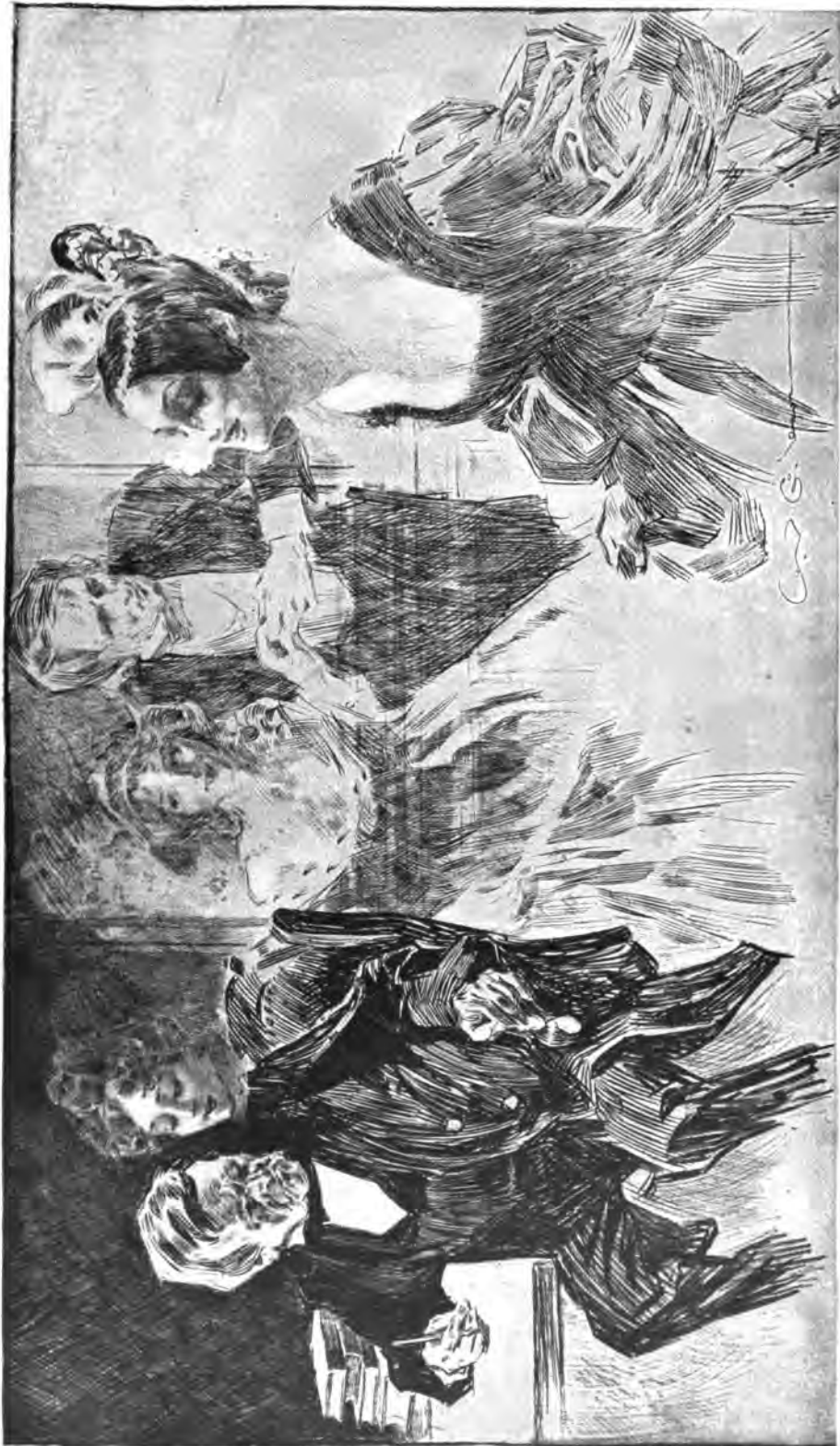
capable in her way as her husband is in his, but very little more poetic than he ; she holds strongly the received opinions of her sex, position, and time ; she is very orderly ; even dress is with her not an unscrupulous passion, but only a preoccupation necessarily and properly very engrossing. Really, I do not think that any other single figure could cover and sum up more that is characteristic of English life and society and of what is perhaps the prevailing temper of mind in England. Then look at the picture of the "Drawing-Room" ("Her First Glimpse of Royalty"). My duty has never called me to a Drawing-Room, and consequently I have not been ; but obviously it must be just like that. I will not give any reasons for this opinion, but content myself with remarking how effectively the artist, again with nothing that can be called caricature, indeed with an obvious fidelity, yet brings out and exhibits the humor of the scene and extorts smiles from the loyalest lips. It is no flattery to say that Mr. Gibson's inspiration and skill enable him to interpret to us in England the society that we know, even as he reveals to us the society of his own land ; he catches the spiritual essence of a Lord Chamberlain with no less certainty than that with which he sets before us the hard-bitten man of dollars whose pretty daughter is his only apology to a world out of which he has grown monstrously rich.

ANTHONY HOPE'S JUDGMENT OF MR. GIBSON'S WORK.

It is not for me to pass any judgment on Mr. Gibson ; and even if it were, there is a danger (not always enough apprehended) in trying to "size up" men who are still in the early days of their career. Up to the present Mr. Gibson has devoted himself mainly to what are called the lighter sides of life ; it is, perhaps, probable that the brightness and beauty to be found here will always prove the things most attractive to a man of his temperament. But a part of his merit lies in the fact that, while dealing mainly with the apparently superficial, he has contrived to get into his work and to convey to the minds of those who study it so much of what is really true and fundamental in human life and character, and to develop, in a series of sketches often fanciful in design and by no means ethical or didactic in intention, a view of the world so broad and so consistent. I do not accuse him of the solemn deliberateness which these words may seem to imply ; it is not



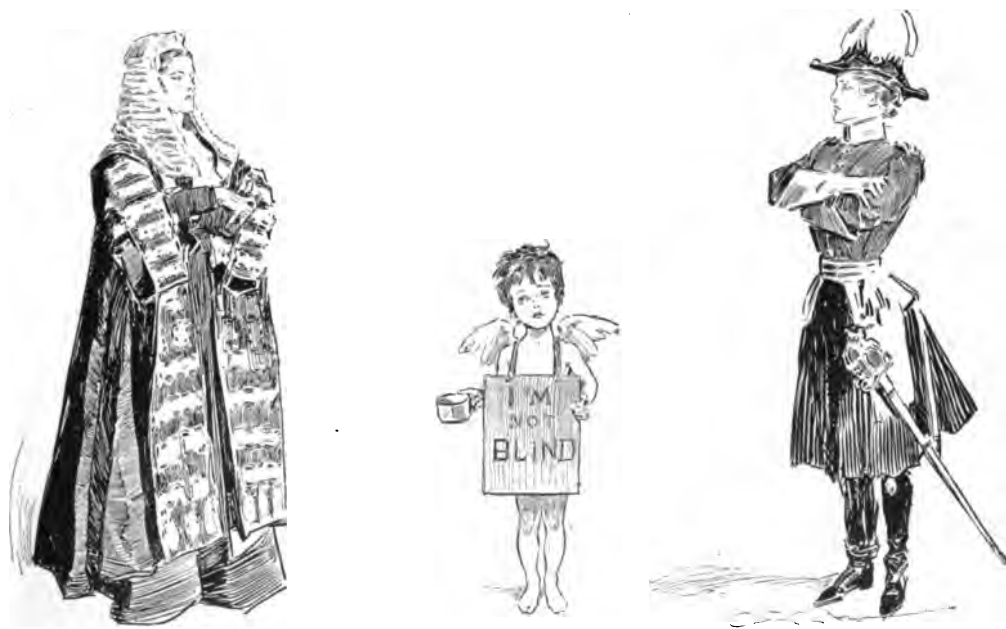
THE LAST GUEST.

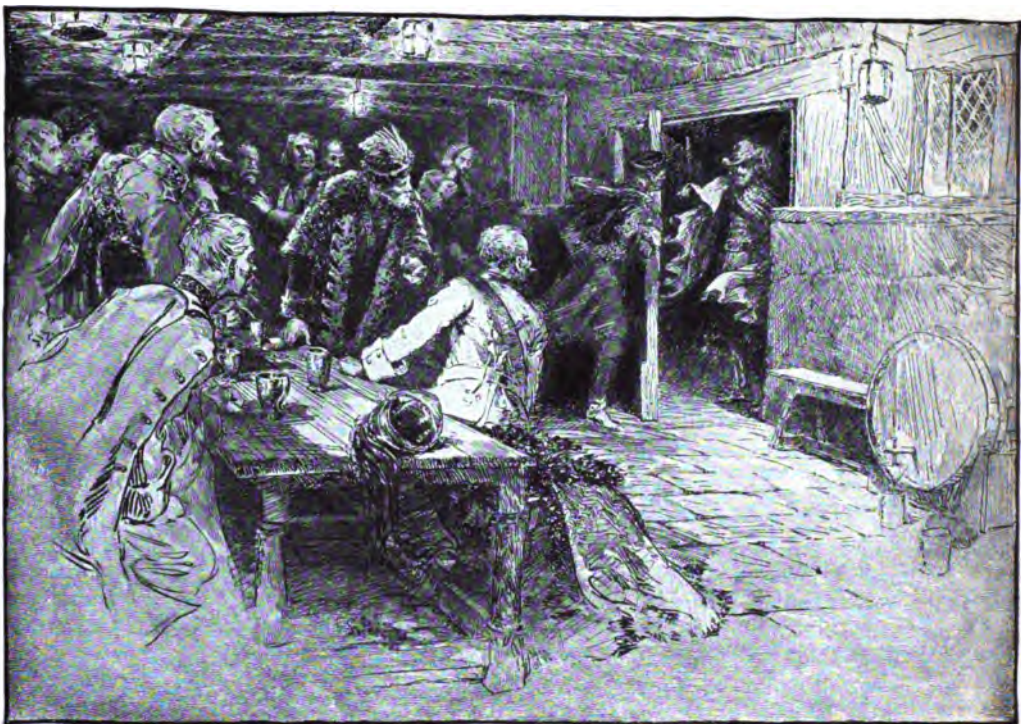


PREVIOUS TENANTS. (SOME MIDNIGHT VISITORS IN AN OLD HOUSE IN WASHINGTON SQUARE.)

in that way, I take it, that the mind of an artist most commonly works. It chooses what it likes and needs by impulse and instinct, rather than on any calculation; the revelation of the point of view is gradual to the worker no less than to the onlooker. At any rate, it is safe to say that Mr. Gibson has the true gift of the comedian; he sees the humor of situations and the variety of types, and is skilled in eliciting just the touch of sympathy which makes us feel at one with the scenes which we are regarding. As an example of what I now say, I will end by pointing to the drawing called "An Argument with the Leading Lady." Here we understand so well the position: how the four men, all men of the theater, find the poor lady so utterly and hopelessly unreasonable; yet each is very differently affected by her refusal to be reasonable. But we can sympathize with the woman also; we know that to her the men seem very brutal, and the trouble, whatever it may happen to be, real, immense, and poignant; probably she thinks that she would never respect herself again if she yielded her point.

Lastly we have her maid, staid, prim, motionless behind her mistress, taking no part, no view, no side in a controversy that is no concern of hers, just waiting till her share of the world's work begins again, till there is hair to do, or something to put on or take off. We are less excited than the men; we are less impassive than the maid; we smile, as the comedian would have us smile, in recognition of truth, in a little amusement that this should be truth, with just a little prick of regret that truth should so often show things in a very uncomfortable condition. But such a drawing proves for the artist beyond doubt the possession of that humor and that sympathy which are so closely allied to one another and between them give the power of reading the feelings and minds of men. Such a power, working through a technical skill so great as Mr. Gibson's, leaves no question as to his position and his fame; and, moreover, since it is a quality of literature no less than of art, may perhaps be allowed to excuse these few words from a sadly uninstructed but very cordial admirer.





“GENTLEMEN, THE KING!”

BY ROBERT BARR,

Author of “In the Midst of Alarms,” “The Mutable Many,” etc.

THE room was large, but with a low ceiling, and at one end of the lengthy, broad apartment stood a gigantic fireplace, in which was heaped a pile of blazing logs, whose light, rather than that of several lanterns hanging from nails along the timbered walls, illuminated the faces of the twenty men who sat within. Heavy timbers, blackened with age and smoke, formed the ceiling. The long, low, diamond-paned window in the middle of the wall opposite the door had been shuttered as completely as possible, but less care than usual had been taken to prevent the light from penetrating into the darkness beyond, for the night was a stormy and tempestuous one, the rain lashing wildly against the hunting-chalet, which in its time had seen many a merry hunting-party gathered under its ample roof. Every now and then a blast of wind shook the wooden edifice from garret to foundation, and caused a puff of smoke to come

down the chimney and the white ashes to scatter in little whirlwinds over the hearth. On the opposite side from the shuttered window was the door, heavily barred. A long oaken table occupied the center of the room, and round this, in groups, seated and standing, were a score of men, all with swords at their sides; bearing, many of them, that air of careless hauteur which is supposed to be a characteristic of noble birth.

Flagons were scattered upon the table, and a barrel of wine stood in a corner of the room farthest from the fireplace. But it was evident that this was no ordinary drinking-party and that the assemblage was brought about by some high purport, of a nature so serious that it stamped anxiety on every brow. No servants were present, and every man who wished a fresh flagon of wine had to take his measure to the barrel in the corner and fill for himself.

The hunting-chalet stood in a wilderness, near the confines of the kingdom of Alluria, twelve leagues from the capital, and was the property of Count Staumn, whose tall, gaunt form stood erect at the head of the table as he silently listened to the discussion which every moment was becoming more and more heated, the principal speaking parts being taken by the obstinate, rough-spoken Baron Brunfels on the one hand, and the crafty, fox-like ex-Chancellor Steinmetz on the other.

"I tell you," thundered Baron Brunfels, bringing his huge fist down on the table, "I will not have the king killed. Such a proposal goes beyond what was intended when we banded ourselves together. The king is a fool, so let him escape like a fool. I am a conspirator, but not an assassin."

"It is not assassination, but justice," said the ex-chancellor, suavely, as if his tones were oil and the baron's boisterous talk were troubled waters.

"Justice!" cried the baron, with great contempt. "You have learned that cant word in the cabinet of the king himself, before he thrust you out. He eternally prates of justice; yet, much as I loathe him, I have no wish to compass his death, either directly or through gabbling of justice."

"Will you permit me to point out the reason that induced me to believe his continued exemption and state policy will not run together?" replied the advocate of the king's death. "If the king escapes he will take up his abode in a neighboring territory, and there will inevitably follow plots and counter-plots for his restoration; thus Alluria will be kept in a constant state of turmoil. There will doubtless grow up within the kingdom itself a party sworn to his restoration. We shall thus be involved in difficulties at home and abroad, and all for what? Merely to save the life of a man who is an enemy to each of us. We place thousands of lives in jeopardy; render our own positions insecure; bring continual disquiet upon the state; when all might be avoided by the slitting of one throat, even though that throat belong to the king."

It was evident that the lawyer's argumentative tone brought many to his side, and the conspirators seemed about evenly divided upon the question of life or death to the king. The baron was about to break out again with some strenuousness in favor of his own view of the matter when Count Staumn made a proposition

that was eagerly accepted by all save Brunfels himself.

"Argument," said Count Staumn, "is ever the enemy of good comradeship. Let us settle the point at once, and finally, with the dice-box. Baron Brunfels, you are too seasoned a gambler to object to such a mode of terminating a discussion. Steinmetz, the law, of which you are so distinguished a representative, is often compared to a lottery; so you cannot look with disfavor upon a method that is as conclusive and as reasonably fair as the average decision of a judge. Let us throw, therefore, for the life of the king. I, as chairman of this meeting, will be umpire. Single throws, and the highest number wins. Baron Brunfels, you will act for the king, and if you win may bestow upon the monarch his life. Chancellor Steinmetz stands for the state. If he wins, then is the king's life forfeit. Gentlemen, are you agreed?"

"Agreed, agreed," cried the conspirators, with practically unanimous voice.

Baron Brunfels grumbled somewhat, but when the dice-horn was brought, and he heard the rattle of the bones within the leathern cylinder, the light of a gambler's love shone in his eyes and he made no further protest.

The ex-chancellor took the dice-box in his hand, and was about to shake, when there suddenly came upon them three stout raps against the door, given apparently with the hilt of a sword. Many not already standing started to their feet, and nearly all looked one upon another with deep dismay in their glances. The full company of conspirators were present; exactly a score of men knew of the rendezvous, and now the twenty-first man outside was beating the oaken panels. The knocking was repeated, but now accompanied by the words:

"Open, I beg of you."

Count Staumn left the table, and stealthily as a cat approached the door.

"Who is there?" he asked.

"A wayfarer, weary and wet, who seeks shelter from the storm."

"My house is already filled," spoke up the count. "I have no room for another."

"Open the door peacefully," cried the outlander, "and do not put me to the necessity of forcing it."

There was a ring of decision in the voice which sent quick pallor to more than one cheek. Ex-Chancellor Steinmetz rose to his feet with terror in his

eyes and chattering teeth; he seemed to recognize the invisible speaker. Count Staumn looked over his shoulder at the assemblage with an expression that plainly said, "What am I to do?"

"In the fiend's name," hissed Baron Brunfels, taking the precaution, however, to speak scarce above his breath, "if you are so frightened when it comes to a knock at the door, what will it be when the real knocks are upon you? Open, Count, and let the insistent stranger in. Whether he leave the place alive or no, there are twenty men here to answer."

The count undid the fastenings and threw open the door. There entered a tall man, completely enveloped in a dark cloak that was dripping wet. Drawn over his eyes was a hunter's hat of felt, with a drooping, bedraggled feather on it. The door was immediately closed and barred behind him, and the stranger, pausing a moment when confronted by so many inquiring eyes, flung off his cloak, throwing it over the back of a chair; then he removed his hat with a sweep, sending the raindrops flying. The intriguants gazed at him speechless, with varying emotions. They saw before them his Majesty, Rudolph, King of Alluria.

If the king had any suspicion of his danger, he gave no token of it. On his smooth, lofty forehead there was no trace of frown and no sign of fear. His was a manly figure, rather over than under six feet in height; not slim and gaunt like Count Staumn's, nor yet stout to excess like that of Baron Brunfels. The finger of time had touched with frost the hair at his temples, and there were threads of white in his pointed beard, but his sweeping mustache was still as black as the night from which he came. His frank, clear, honest eyes swept the company, resting momentarily on each; then he said in a firm voice, without the suspicion of a tremor in it:

"Gentlemen, I give you good evening; and although the hospitality of Count Staumn has needed spurring, I lay that not up against him, because I am well aware his apparent reluctance arose through the unexpectedness of my visit; and if the count will act as cup-bearer, we will drown all remembrance of a barred door in a flagon of wine, for, to tell the truth, gentlemen, I have ridden hard in order to have the pleasure of drinking with you."

As the king spoke these ominous words, he cast a glance of piercing intensity upon

the company, and more than one quailed under it. He strode to the fireplace, spurs jingling as he went, and stood with his back to the fire, spreading out his hands to the blaze. Count Staumn left the bolted door, took an empty flagon from the shelf, filled it at the barrel in the corner, and, with a low bow, presented the brimming measure to the king.

Rudolph held aloft his beaker of Burgundy, and as he did so spoke in a loud voice that rang to the beams of the ceiling:

"Gentlemen, I give you a suitable toast. May none here gathered encounter a more pitiless storm than that which is raging without."

With this he drank off the wine, and, inclining his head slightly to the count, returned the flagon. No one, save the king, had spoken since he entered. Every word he had uttered seemed charged with double meaning, and brought to the suspicious minds of his hearers visions of a trysting-place surrounded by troops and the king standing there playing with them as a tiger plays with its victims. His easy confidence appalled them. When first he came in, several who were seated remained so, but one by one they rose to their feet, with the exception of Baron Brunfels, although he, when the king gave the toast, also stood. It was clear enough their glances of fear were not directed towards the king, but towards Baron Brunfels. Several pairs of eyes beseeched him in silent supplication, but the baron met none of these glances, for his gaze was fixed upon the king.

Every man present knew the baron to be reckless of consequences, frankly outspoken, thoroughly a man of the sword, and a despiser of diplomacy. They feared that at any moment he might blurt out the purport of the meeting, and more than one was thankful for the crafty ex-chancellor's planning, who, throughout, had insisted there should be no documentary evidence of their designs, either in their houses or on their persons. Some startling rumor must have reached the king's ear to bring him thus unexpectedly upon them. The anxiety of all was that some one should persuade the king that they were merely a storm-besieged hunting-party. They trembled in anticipation of Baron Brunfels's open candor, and dreaded the revealing of the real cause of their conference. There was now no chance to warn him: a man who spoke his mind, who never looked an inch beyond his nose,

even though his head should roll off in consequence; and if a man does not value his own head, how can he be expected to care for the heads of his neighbors?

"I ask you to be seated," said the king, with a wave of his hand.

Now, what should that stubborn fool of a baron do but remain standing when all but Rudolph the king and himself had seated themselves, thus drawing his Majesty's attention directly towards him and

therefore, to the conclusion that you play for a human life. Whose life is in the cast, my Lord of Brunfels?"

Before the baron could reply, ex-Chancellor Steinmetz rose with some indecision to his feet. He began, in trembling voice:

"I beg your gracious permission to explain the reason of our gathering—"

"Herr Steinmetz," cried the king, sternly, "when I



making a colloquy between them well nigh inevitable. Those next the ex-chancellor were nudging him, in God's name, to stand also, and open whatever discussion there must ensue between themselves and his Majesty, so that it might be smoothly carried on. But the ex-chancellor was ashen gray with fear, and his hand trembled on the table.

"My Lord of Brunfels," said the king, a smile hovering about his lips, "I see that I have interrupted you at your old pleasure of dicing. While requesting you to continue your game as though I had not joined you, may I venture to hope the stakes you play for are not high?"

Every one held his breath, awaiting with deepest concern the reply of the frowning baron; and, when it came growling forth, there was little in it to ease their disquiet.

"Your Majesty," said Baron Brunfels, "the stakes are the highest that a gambler may play for."

"You tempt me, Baron, to guess that the hazard is a man's soul; but I see that your adversary is my worthy ex-chancellor, and as I should hesitate to impute to him the character of the devil, I am led,

desire your interference I shall call for it; and remember this, Herr Steinmetz, the man who begins a game must play it to the end, even though he finds luck running against him."

The ex-chancellor sat down again, and drew his hand across his damp forehead.

"Your Majesty," spoke up the baron, a ring of defiance in his voice, "I speak not for my comrades, but for myself. I begin no game I am afraid to finish. We were about to dice in order to discover whether your Majesty should live or die."

A simultaneous moan seemed to rise from the assembled traitors. The smile returned to the king's lips.

"Baron," he said, "I have ever chided myself for loving you, for you were always a bad example to weak and impressionable natures. Even when your overbearing, obstinate intolerance compelled me to dismiss you from the command of my army, I could not but admire your sturdy honesty. Had I been able to graft your

"THE KING STOOD UNMOVED AS BARON BRUNFELS WAS ABOUT TO RUSH UPON HIM."

love of truth upon some of my councilors, what a valuable group of advisers might I have gathered round me. But we have had enough of comedy, and now tragedy sets in. Those who are traitors to their ruler must not be surprised if a double traitor is one of their number. Why am I here? Why do two hundred mounted and armed men surround this doomed chalet? Miserable wretches, what have you to say that judgment be not instantly passed upon you?"

"I have this to say," roared Baron Brunfels, drawing his sword, "that whatever may befall this assemblage, you, at least, shall not live to boast of it."

The king stood unmoved as Baron Brunfels was about to rush upon him; but Count Staumn and others threw themselves between the baron and his victim, seeing in the king's words some intimation of mercy to be held out to them could but actual assault upon his person be prevented.

"My Lord of Brunfels," said the king, calmly, "sheath your sword. Your ancestors have often drawn it, but always for, and never against, the occupant of the throne. Now, gentlemen, hear my decision, and abide faithfully by it. Seat yourselves at the table, ten on each side, the dice-box between you. You shall not be disappointed, but shall play out the game of life and death. Each dices with his opposite. He who throws the highest number escapes. He who throws the lowest, places his weapons on the empty chair, and stands against yonder wall to be executed for the traitor that he is. Thus half of your company shall live, and the other half shall seek death with such courage as may be granted them. Do you agree, or shall I give the signal?"

With unanimous voice they agreed, all excepting Baron Brunfels, who spoke not.

"Come, Baron, you and my devoted ex-chancellor were about to play when I came in. Begin the game."

"Very well," replied the baron, nonchalantly. "Steinmetz, the dice-box is near your hand; throw."

Some one placed the cubes in the leathern cup and handed it to the ex-chancellor, whose shivering fingers relieved him of the necessity of shaking the box. The dice rolled out on the table—a three, a four, and a one. Those nearest reported the total.

"Eight!" cried the king. "Now, Baron."

Baron Brunfels carelessly threw the dice into their receptacle, and a moment after the spotted bones clattered on the table.

"Three sixes!" cried the baron. "If I only had such luck when I played for money!"

The ex-chancellor's eyes were starting from his head, wild with fear.

"We have three throws," he screamed.

"Not so," said the king.

"I swear I understood that we were to have three chances," shrieked Steinmetz, springing from his chair. "But it is all illegal, and not to be borne. I will not have my life diced away to please either king or commons."

He drew his sword, and placed himself in an attitude of defense.

"Seize him; disarm him, and bind him," commanded the king. "There are enough gentlemen in this company to see that the rules of the game are adhered to."

Steinmetz, struggling and pleading for mercy, was speedily overpowered and bound; then his captors placed him against the wall, and resumed their seats at the table. The next man to be doomed was Count-Staumn. The count rose from his chair, bowed to the king and to the assembled company, drew forth his sword, broke it over his knee, and walked to the wall of the condemned.

The remainder of the fearful contest was carried on in silence, but with great celerity, and before a quarter of an hour was past, ten men had their backs to the wall, while the remaining ten were seated at the table, some on one side, and some on the other.

The men ranged against the wall were downcast, for however bravely a soldier may meet death in a hostile encounter, it is a different matter to face it bound and helpless at the hands of the executioner.

A shade of sadness seemed to overspread the countenance of the king, who still occupied the position he had taken at the first, with his back towards the fire.

Baron Brunfels shifted uneasily in his seat, and glanced now and then with compassion at his sentenced comrades. He was first to break the silence.

"Your Majesty," he said, "I am always loath to see a coward die. The whimperings of your former chancellor annoy me; therefore will I gladly take his place, and give to him the life and liberty you perhaps design for me, if, in exchange, I have the privilege of speaking my mind regarding you and your precious kingship."

"Unbind the valiant Steinmetz," said

the king. "Speak your mind freely, Baron Brunfels."

The baron rose, drew his sword from the scabbard, and placed it on the table.

"Your Majesty, backed by brute force," he began, "has condemned to death ten of your subjects. You have branded us as traitors, and such we are, and so find no fault with your sentence, merely recognizing that you represent, for the time being, the upper hand. You have reminded me that my ancestors fought for yours and they never turned their swords against their sovereign. Why, then, have our swords been pointed toward your breast? Because, King Rudolph, you are yourself a traitor. You belong to the ruling class, and have turned your back upon your order.

You, a king, have made yourself a brother to the demagogue on the street corner, yearning for the cheap applause of the serf. You have shorn nobility of its privileges, and for what?"

"And for what?" echoed the king, with rising voice. "For this: that the plowman on the plain may reap what he has sown; that the shepherd on the hillside may enjoy the increase which comes to his flock; that taxation may be light; that my nobles should deal honestly with the people and not use their position for thievery and depredation; that those whom the state honors by appointing to positions of trust shall content themselves with the recompense lawfully given and refrain from peculation; that peace and security shall rest on the land; and that bloodthirsty swashbucklers shall not go up and down, inciting the people to carnage and rapine under the name of patriotism; that



"BARON BRUNFELS CRIED ALOUD: 'GENTLEMEN, THE KING!'"

the kingdom of Alluria may live in amity with its neighbors, attending to its own affairs and meddling not with the concerns of others. This is the task I set myself when I came to the throne. What fault have you to find with the program, my Lord Baron?"

"The simple fault that it is the program of a fool," replied the baron, calmly. "In following it you have gained the resentment of your nobles and have not even received the thanks of those pitiable hinds, the plowmen in the valley, or the shepherds on the hills. You have impoverished us so that the clowns may have a few more coins with which to muddle in drink their already stupid brains. You are hated in cot and castle alike. You would not stand in your place for a moment, were not an army behind you. Being a fool, you think the common people like honesty, whereas they only curse

that they have not a share in the thieving."

"The people," said the king, soberly, "have been misled. Their ear has been abused by calumny and falsehood. Had it been possible for me personally to explain to them the good that must ultimately accrue to the land where honesty rules, I am confident I would have had their united and undivided support, even though my nobles deserted me."

"Not so, your Majesty; they would listen to you and cheer you, but when the next orator came among them, promising to divide the moon and give a share to each, they would gather round his banner and hoot you from the kingdom. What care they for rectitude of government? They see no farther than the shining florin that glitters on their palm. When your nobles were rich, they came to their castles among the people and scattered their gold with a lavish hand. Little recked the peasant how it was got, so long as he shared it. 'There,' they said, 'the coin comes to us that we have not worked for.' But now, with castles deserted and retainers dismissed, the people have to sweat to wring from traders the reluctant silver, and they cry, 'Thus it was not in times of old, and this king is the cause of it;' and so they spit upon your name, and shrug their shoulders when your honesty is mentioned. And now, Rudolph of Alluria, I have done, and I go the more jauntily to my death that I have had fair speech with you before the end."

The king, whose gaze had been fixed upon the floor before him, drew a deep sigh, and when he looked up at them, his eyes were veiled with moisture.

"I thought," he said slowly, "until to-night, that I had possessed some qualities, at least, of a ruler of men. I came here alone among you, and although there are brave men in this company, yet I had the ordering of events as I chose to order them, notwithstanding that odds stood a score to one against me. I still venture to think that whatever failures have attended my eight years' rule in Alluria arose from faults of my own, and not through imperfections in the plan or want of appreciation in the people. I have now to inform you that if it is disastrous for a king to act without the coöperation of his nobles, it is equally disastrous for them to

plot against their leader. I beg to acquaint you with the fact that the insurrection so carefully prepared has broken prematurely out. My capital is in possession of the factions, who are industriously cutting each other's throats to settle which one of two smooth-tongued rascals shall be their president. While you were dicing to settle the fate of an already deposed king, and I was sentencing you to a mythical death, we were all alike being involved in common ruin. I have seen to-night more property in flames than all my savings during the last eight years would pay for. I have no horsemen at my back, and have stumbled here blindly, a much bedraggled fugitive, having lost my way in every sense of the phrase. And so I beg of the hospitality of Count Staumn another flagon of wine, and either a place of shelter for my patient horse, who has been left too long in the storm without, or else direction towards the frontier, whereupon my horse and I will set out to find it."

"Not towards the frontier!" cried Baron Brunfels, grasping again his sword and holding it aloft, "But towards the capital! We will surround you, and hew for you a way through that fickle mob back to the throne of your ancestors."

Each man sprang to his weapon, and brandished it above his head, while a ringing cheer echoed to the timbered ceiling.

"The king! The king!" they cried.

Rudolph smiled, and shook his head.

"Not so," he said. "I leave a thankless throne with a joy I find it impossible to express. As I sat on horseback, half way up the hill above the burning city, and heard the clash of arms, I was filled with amazement to think that men would actually fight for the position of ruler of the people. Whether the insurrection has brought freedom to themselves or not, the future will alone tell; but it has, at least, brought freedom to me. I now belong to myself. No man can question either my motives or my acts. Gentlemen, drink with me to the new president of Alluria, whoever he may be."

But the king drank alone, none other raising flagon to lip.

Then Baron Brunfels cried aloud:

"*Gentlemen, the king!*"

And never in the history of Alluria was a toast so heartily honored.

OUR QUEER OLD WORLD.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY,

Author of "The Old Swimmin'-Hole," "Poems Here at Home," etc.

*Fer them 'at's here in airliest infant stages,
It's a hard world:
Fer them 'at gits the knocks o' boyhood's ages,
It's a mean world:
Fer them 'at nothin's good enough they're gittin',
It's a bad world:
Fer them 'at learns at last what's right and fittin',
It's a good world.*

—THE HIRED MAN.

I.

It's a purty hard world you find, my child—
It's a purty hard world you find!
You fight, little rascal! and kick and squall,
And snort out medicine, spoon and all!
When you're here longer you'll change your mind
And simmer down sort o' half-rickonciled.
But *now*—Jee!
My!—mun-nee!
It's a purty hard world, my child!

II.

It's a purty mean world you're in, my lad—
It's a purty mean world you're in!
We know, of course, in your schoolboy-days
It's a world o' too many troublesome ways
O' tryin' things over and startin' agin—
Yit *your* chance beats what your *parents* had.
But *now*—O!
Fire-and-tow!
It's a purty mean world, my lad!

III.

It's a purty bad world you've struck, young chap—
It's a purty bad world you've struck!
But study the cards 'at you hold, you know,
And your hopes 'll sprout and your mustache grow,
And your store-clothes likely 'll change your luck
And you'll rake a rich heiress right into your lap!
But *now*—Poke,
Pool—and smoke—
It's a purty bad world, young chap!

IV.

It's a purty good world this is, old man—
It's a purty good world this is!
Fer all its follies and shows and lies—
It's rainy weather, and cheeks likewise,
And age, hard-hearin', and rheumatiz.
But *we're* not a-faultin' the Lord's own plan:
All thing's jest
At their best!
It's a purty good world, old man!

W. V.—HER VIOLETS.

BY WILLIAM CANTON,

Author of "W. V.—Her Book," "The Invisible Playmate," etc.

"SHALL we go into the Forest and get some violets?" W. V. asks gleefully, as she muffles herself in what she calls her bearskin. "And can't we take the Man with us, father?"

It is a clear forenoon in mid January; crisp with frost, but bright, and there is not a ripple in the sweet air. On the morning side of things the sun has blackened roofs and footpaths and hedges, but the rest of the world looks delightfully hoar and wintery.

Now when trunks and branches are clotted white to windward, the Forest, as every one knows, is quite an exceptional place for violets. Of course, you go far and far away—through the glades and dingles of the oak-men, and past the Webs of the Iron Spider, and beyond the Water of Heart's-ease, till you are on the verge of the Blue Distances. There all the roads come to an end, and that is the real beginning of the ancient wilderness of wood, which, W. V. tells me, covered nearly the whole of England in the days before the "old Romans" came. From what she has read in history, it appears that in the rocky regions of the world there are still plenty of bears and fierce wolves and wild stags; and that the beavers still build weirs and log-houses across the streams. Well, when you have gone far enough, you will see a fire blazing in the snow on the high rocky part of the Forest, and around it twelve strange men sitting on huge boulders, telling stories of old times.

"And if January would let April change places with him," W. V. explains, "you would see *jumbos* of violets just leaping up through the snow in a minute. And I think he would, if we said we wanted them for the Man."

You see, the Man, who has been only three months with us and has had very little to say to any one since he came, is still almost a stranger, and W. V. treats him accordingly with much deference and consideration. The bleak foggy weather had set in when he arrived, and it has grown sharper and more trying ever since;

and as he came direct from a climate of perpetual sunshine and everlasting blossom, there is always danger of his catching cold. He keeps a good deal to his own room, never goes abroad when the wind is in the east or north, and has not yet set foot in the Forest. This January day, however, is so bright and safe that we think we may lure him away; and in all the divine region of fresh air, what place is sunnier and more sheltered than the Forest? And then there is the hint of violets!

So off to the woods we go, and with us the Man, warm and snug, and companionable enough in his peculiar silent way.

It is pleasant to notice the first catkins, and to get to white sunlit spots where the snow shows that no one has preceded us. And what a delightful surprise it is to catch sight of the footprints of the wild creatures along the edge of the paths and among the bushes!

"Are the oak-men really asleep, father?" asks W. V. "Nobody else is."

We stop to examine the trail where Bunny has scuttled past. And here some small creature, a field-mouse perhaps, has waded through the fluffy drift. And do look at the bird-tracks at the foot of the big oaks!

"Oh, father, these go right inside that little hole under the root; is the bird there?"

And others go right round the trunk as though there had been a search for some small crevice of shelter.

As we wander along I think of all the change which has taken place since last I recorded our birthday rambles in the Forest. It is only a year ago, and yet how amazingly W. V. has grown in a twelve-month! Even to her the Forest is no longer quite the same vague enchanted region it used to be. Strange people have started up out of history and invaded its green solitude; on the outskirts "ancient Britons," tattooed with blue woad, have made clearings and sown corn, and "old Romans" have run a long straight

"street" through one portion of it. There still lingers in her heart a coy belief in little green-clad oak-men, and flower-elves, and subtle sylvan creatures of fancy; indeed, it was only the other day that she asked me, "How *does* the sun keep up in the sky? Is it hanging on a fairy tree?" but I notice a growing impatience at "sham stories," and a preference for what has really happened,—“something about the Romans, or the Danes or Saxons, or Jesus.” When I begin some wonderful saga, she looks up alertly, “True?”—then settles down to her enjoyment.

The shadowy figures of our old England perplex as much as they delight her imagination. I believe she cherishes a wild hope of finding some day the tiled floor of a Roman villa in a corner of her garden, “like the one in the Cotswolds, you know, father; Miss Jessie saw it.” I find a note of the following conversation, just after the last hug had been given and the gas was being turned down to a peep:

W. V. The Ancient Britons are all dead, are they not?

MOTHER. Oh yes, of course; long ago.

W. V. Then they can't come and attack us now, can they?

MOTHER. No! No one wants to attack us. Besides, we are Britons ourselves, you know.

W. V. [*after a pause*]. I suppose we are the Ancient Britons' little babies. How funny!

And so to sleep, with, it may be, lively dreams springing out of that fearsome legend which Miss Jessie inscribes (in letters of fire) on the blackboard as a writing exercise: “England was once the home of the Britons. They were wild and savage.”

In spite of her devotion to history and her love of truth, I fear W. V. cannot be counted on for accuracy. What am I to say when, in a rattle-pate mood, she tells me that not only Julius Cæsar but Oliver Cromwell was lost on board the “White Ship,”—like needles in a haystack? Her perception of the lapse of time and the remoteness of events is altogether untrustworthy. Last August we went across the Heath to visit the tumulus of Boadicea. As we passed the Ponds the sparkling of the water in the sun lit up her fancy,—“Wasn't it like fairies dancing?” After a little silence she was anxious to know whether there was a wreath on Boadicea's grave. Oh no. “Not any leaves either?” No, all the people who knew her had died long ago. There used to be two pine-trees, but they were dead too,—only two broken trunks left, which she could see

yonder against the sky. A pause, and then, “We might have taken some flowers.” Poor queen of old days, hear this, and smile and take solace! “If she hadn't poisoned herself, would she be alive now?” (Did she poison herself? How one forgets!) Alas, no! she, too, would have been dead long ago. A strange mystery, this of the long, long, long time that has gone by.

When I told her the story of the hound Gelert—“True?”—and described how, after the Prince had discovered that the child was safe, and had turned, full of pity and remorse, to the dying hound, poor Gelert had just strength to lick his hand before falling back dead, the licking of the hand moved her deeply and set her thinking for hours. Next day she wanted to know whether “that Gelert Prince” was still alive. No. Well, the Prince's son? No. *His* son then? No; it was all long, long ago.

It is incomprehensible to her that “every one” should have died so long ago. She does not understand how it happens that even I, venerable as I am, did not know the Druids, or the Saxons, or any of “those old Romans.” “You are very old, aren't you, father?—thirty-four?” “I am more than thirty-five, dear!” “That *is* a lot older than me,” somewhat dubiously. “Nearly six times.” After a long pause: “What was your first little girl's name?” “Violet, dear.” “How old would she have been?” “Nearly twenty, dearie.” “Did I ever see her, father?” “No, chuck.” “Did she ever see me?” N— Who can tell? Perhaps, perhaps.

All these things appeal strongly to her imagination. What a delight it is to her to hear read for the twentieth time that passage about the giant Atlas in “The Heroes”: “They asked him, and he answered mildly, *pointing to the seaboard with his mighty hand*, ‘I can see the Gorgons lying on an island far away; but this youth can never come near them unless he has the hat of darkness.’” And they touch her feelings more nearly than I should have thought. On many occasions we have heard her crying shortly after being tucked up for the night. Some one always goes to her, for it is horrible to leave a child crying in the dark; and the cause of her distress has always been a mysterious pain, which vanishes at the moment any one sits down beside her. One evening, however, I had been reading her “The Wreck of the ‘Hesperus,’” and while she

was being put to bed she was telling her mother what a sad story it was—and what should she do if she thought of it in her sleep? Here was a possible clue to her troubles. Ten minutes later we heard the sound of sobbing. It was the pain, she said; the mysterious pain; but I was as certain as though I had been herself that it was

‘The salt sea frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes.’

Yet another evening she begged me to stay a little while with her, as she was sure she could not fall asleep. The best way for a little girl to fall asleep, I told her—and every little girl ought to know it—is to think she is in a garden, and to gather a lot of moss-roses, and to make a chain of them; and then she must glide away over the grass, without touching it, to a stile in the green fields and wait till she hears a pattering of feet; and, almost immediately, a flock of sheep will pass by, dozens and dozens, and then a flock of lambs, and she must count them every one; and at last a lovely white lamb with a black face will come, and she must throw the rose-chain over its head and trot along beside it till she reaches the daffodil meadows where the dream-tree grows, and the lamb will lie down under the tree, and she must lie down beside it, and the tree will shake down the softest sleep on them, and there will be no waking till daylight comes. Once more, a few minutes later, there was a sound of weeping in the dark. Oh, yes, she *had* counted the sheep and the lambs, every one of them, and had got to the meadows; but one little lamb had stayed behind and had got lost in the mountains, and she could hear it crying for the others.

There is a foolish beatitude in dallying with these childish recollections, but unless I record them now I shall be the poorer to the end of time; they will vanish from memory like that diamond dust of dew which I once saw covering the nasturtium leaves with a magical, iridescent bloom. All during the summer months it has been a joy to see the world through her young eyes. She is a little shepherdess of vagrant facts and fancies, and her crook is a note of interrogation. “What *is* a sponge, father?” she asks. And there is a story of the blue sea-water and the strange jelly-like creature enjoying its dim life on the deep rocks, and the diver, let down from his boat by a rope with a heavy stone at the end to sink him. “Poor sponge!” says

W. V., touching it gently. As we go along the fields we see a horse lying down and another standing beside it—both of them as motionless as stone. “They think they are having their photographs taken,” says W. V. The yellow of a daisy is of course “the yolk.” On a windy May morning “it does the trees good being blown about; it is like a little walk for them.” When she sees the plane-tree catkins all fluffed over with wool, she thinks they *are* very like little kittens. Crossing the fields after dusk I tell her that all that white shimmer in the sky is the Milky Way; “Oh, is that why the cows lie out in the grass all night?” After rain I show her how the water streams down the hill and comes away in a succession of little rushes; “It is like a wet wind, isn’t it?” she observes. Having modeled an ivy leaf in clay, she wonders whether God would think it pretty good if He saw it; but “it is a pity it isn’t green.” When the foal springs up from all four hoofs drawn together and goes bounding round in a wild race, “Doesn’t he *foldtre*, father?” then in explanation, “that comes in Madame’s lesson, *Le poulain foldtre*.”

In the woods in June we gathered tiny green oaklets shooting from fallen acorns, and took them home. By-and-by we shall have oaks of our own, and a swing between them; and if we like we can climb them, for no one will then have any right to shout “Hi! come down, there!” So we planted our prospective woods, and watered them. “They think it is raining,” whispered W. V. with a laugh; “they fancy we are all indoors, don’t they?” At 7:30 P.M. on the longest day of the year the busiest of bumble-bees is diving into bell after bell of the three foxglove spires in the garden. W. V.’s head just reaches the lowest bell on the purple spire. “Little girls don’t grow as fast as foxgloves, do they?” She notices that the bells are speckled inside with irregular reddish-brown freckles on a white ground; “Just like a bird’s eggs.” This is the only plant in the garden which does not outrun its flower; there is always a fresh bell in blossom at the top; however high it goes, it always takes its joy with it. That will be a thing to tell her when she is older; meanwhile—“I *may* have some of the gloves to put on my fingers, mayn’t I, father?”

In July the planet was glorified by the arrival of her Irish terrier. She threw us and creation at large the crumbs from her table, but her heart was bound up in her

"hound." She named him Tan. "Tan," she explained, "is a better name than Dan. Tan is his color. Dan is a sleepy sort of voice (sound). If he had been called Dan, perhaps he would have been sleepy." Seeing the holes in my flower-beds and grass-plot, I wish he had. "He thinks it a world of delight to get outside," she remarks; and she is always somewhat rueful when he has to be left at home. On these occasions Tan knows he is not going, and he races round to the yard-door, where he looks out from a hole at the bottom—one bright dark brown eye and a black muzzle visible—with pleading wistfulness, "Can't I go too?" "Look at One-eye-and-a-nose!" cries W. V. "I don't think he likes that name; his proper name is Tan. It wouldn't be a bad idea to make a poem—

'One-eye-and-a-nose looks out at the gate,'

would it, father? Will you make it?" And she laughs remorselessly; but long before we return her thoughts are with the "hound." The puffing of the train is like his panting; its whistle reminds her of his howl. "I expect he will be seeking for me sorrowfully," she tells me, "but when he sees me all his sorrow will be gone. The dear old thing! You'll pat him, father, won't you?" All which contrasts drolly enough with her own occasional intolerance of tenderness. "Oh, mother, don't kiss me so much; too many kisses spoil the girl!" But then, of course, her love for her "hound" is mixed with savagery. Ever since I taught her the craft of the bow and arrow, Tan (as a wolf) goes in terror for his life. Still, it is worth noting that she continues to kiss the flowers good-night. Do flowers touch her as something more human, something more like herself in color? At any rate, Tan has not superseded them.

Early in the spring it occurred to me to ascertain the range of her vocabulary. I did not succeed, but I came to the conclusion that a child of six, of average intelligence, may be safely credited with a knowledge of at least 2,000 words. A clear practical knowledge, too; for in making up my lists I tried to test how far she had mastered the sense as well as the sound. *Punctual*, she told me, meant "just the time;" *dead*, "when you have left off breathing—and your heart stops beating, too," she added as an afterthought; *messenger*, "anybody who goes and fetches things;" then, as a bee flew

past, "a bee is a messenger; he leaves parcels of flower-dust on the sticky things that stand up in a flower." "The pistils?" "Oh yes, pistils and stamens; I remember those old words." *Flame*, she explained, is "the power of the match." What did she mean by "power"? "Oh, well, we have a power of talking;" so that flame, I gather, is a match's way of expressing itself. What was a *hero*? "Perseus was one; a very brave man who could kill a Gorgon." *Brain* is what you think with in your head; and"—physiological afterthought—"the more you think the more crinkles there are." And *sensible*? "The opposite to silly." And *opposite*? "One at the top" (pointing to the table) "and one at the bottom; they would be opposite." *Lady*? "A woman." But a woman is not always a lady. "If she was *kind* I would know she was a lady." *Noble*? "Stately; a great person. You are the noble of the office, you know, father." "Domino," as an equivalent for "That's done with," has a ring of achievement about it, but "jumbos" in the sense of "lots," "heaps," cannot commend itself even to the worshippers of the immortal elephant. While I linger over these fond trivialities, let me set down one or two of her phrases. "You would laugh me out of my death-bed, mother," she said the other day, when her mother made a remark that greatly tickled her fancy. As the thread twanged while a button was being sewn on her boot, "Auntie, you are making the boot laugh!" "I shall clench my teeth at you, if you won't let me." "Mother, I haven't said my prayers; let me say them on your blessed lap of heaven."

What a little beehive of a brain it is, and what busy, hustling, swarming thoughts and fancies are filling its cells! I told her that God made the heavens and the earth and all things a long, long while ago. "And isn't He dead?"—like the "old Romans" and the others. "I think God must be very clever to make people. We couldn't make ourselves, could we? Is there really a man in the sky who made us?" "Not a man, a great invisible Being." "A Sorcerer? I suppose we have to give Him a name, so we call Him God." And yet at times she is distinctly orthodox. "Do you really love your father?" "Oh yes, father." "Do you worship him?" "I should think not," with a gracious smile. "Why? What is worship?" "You and mother and I and everybody worships God. He is the

greatest King in the world." I was telling her how sternly children were brought up fifty or sixty years ago; how they bowed to their father's empty chair, stood when he entered the room, did not dare speak unless they were spoken to, and always called him "sir." "Did they never say 'father'?" Did they not say it on Sundays for a treat?" A little while later, after profound reflection, she asked—"God is very old; does Jesus call Him Father?" "Yes, dear; He always called Him Father." It was only earthly fathers after all who did not suffer their babes to come to them.

Oh, the good summer days when merely to be alive is a delight. How easily we were amused! One could always float needles on a bowl of water—needles? nay, little hostile fleets of ironclads which we manoeuvred with magnets, and which rammed each other and went down in wild anachronism, galley and three-decker, off Salamis or Lepanto. Did you ever play at rainbows? It is refreshing on a tropical day; but you need a conservatory with a flagged floor and the sun shining at your back. Then you syringe the inside of the glass roof, and as the showers fall in fine spray, there is the rainbow laughing on the wet pavement! When it is "too hot for anything," W. V. makes a small fire of dry leaves and dead wood under a tree, and we sit beside it making believe it is wet and wintry, and glad at heart that we have a dry nook in a cold world.

Still in the last chilly days of autumn, and afterwards, we have our resources. Regiments of infantry and squadrons of rearing chargers make a gay show, with the red and blue and white of their uniforms reflected on the polished oak table. The drummer-boys beat the charge, the buglers blow. The artillery begins; and Highlanders at the double spin right about face, and horsemen topple over in groups, and there is a mighty slaughter and a dire confusion around the man with the big drum—"his Grace's private drum." Then farewell the plumed troop and the big wars! We are Vikings now. Here is the atlas and Mercator's projection. W. V. launches her little paper boat with its paper crew, and a snoring breeze carries us through the Doldrums and across the Line, and we double the Cape of Storms and sniff the spices of Taprobane, and—behold the little island where I was born! "That little black spot, father?" "Yes." "Oh, the dear old

place!" I am surprised that the old picturesque Mappemonde, with its elephants and camel trains and walled towns and queer-rigged ships, does not interest her. She will enjoy it later.

The day closes in and the curtains are drawn, and I light a solitary candle. As I bring out the globe, she calls laughingly, "Oh, father, you can't carry the world—don't try!" Here we are in the cold of stellar space, with a sun to give us whatever season we want. With her fan she sets a wind blowing over half the planet. She distributes the sunshine in the most capricious fashion. We feel like icy gods in this bleak, blue solitude. "I suppose God made the suns to keep Himself warm." "He made you, dear, to keep me warm, and He made all of us to keep Him warm." She will get the meat out of that nut later. "I wonder what will happen when everybody is dead. Will the world go whirling round and round just as it does now?"

In all these amusements one consideration gives her huge joy: "You ought to be doing your work, oughtn't you, father?" Once, when I admitted that I really ought, she volunteered assistance. "Would it help you, father, if I was to make you a poem?" "Indeed it would, dear." "Well, then, I must think." And after due thought, this was the poem she made me:

"Two little birdies sat on a tree, having a talk with each other. In the room sat a little girl reading away at her picture-book. And in the room, as well, there was a boy playing with his horse and cart. Said one little birdie to the other, how nice it would be if you were a girl and I was a boy." (Hands are dropped full length and swept backward, and she bows.)

This was after the Man came.

Oh, the Man! I have been day-dreaming, and have forgotten the snowy woods, and the tracks of the wild creatures.

This is the story of the Man.

The Man arrived on the fifth of November. As soon as I reached home in the evening, W. V. had her lantern ready to go out Guy-Fawkesing. "I must go and see mother first, dear;" for mother had not been well. "May I go too, father?" "Certainly, dear."

We found mother looking very delicate and very happy. "We are going out to see the bonfires; we shall not be long. Give mother a kiss, dear." As W. V. approached the pillow, the clothes were gently folded back, and there on mother's arm—oh, the wonder and delight of it!—

lay the Man. W. V. gazed, reddened, looked at mother, looked at me, laughed softly, and gave expression to her feelings in a prolonged "Well!"

"You kiss him first, dear, and we'll let the little man get to sleep. He's come a long way, and is very tired."

A darling, a little gem, a dear wee man! She "wanted a boy!" How shockingly ecstatic it all was! For days her thoughts were constantly playing round him. She even forgot to give Tan his biscuits. "Even when I am an old lady I shall always be six and a half years older than Guy; and when Guy is a little old man he will be six and a half years younger than me." The very fire revealed itself in the guise of motherhood: "It has its arms about its baby." Cross-questioned by deponent: "Why, the log is the baby, father. And the fire has yellowy arms."

This was the chance, I thought, of helping her to realize Bethlehem. "The donkey and the cow would be kind to Guy, wouldn't they? They would let no one touch him." "Was Jesus very tiny and pink, too?" "And was God quite pink and tiny?" When I explained that God was not born, had never been a baby at all—"Oh, poor little boy!"

Out of the ox and the ass and Gelert and Guy she speedily made herself a wonderful drama. Watching her round the corner of my book, I saw the following puppet-play enacted, with some subdued mimetic sounds, but without a spoken word.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A doll, a cardboard dog, a horse ditto.

SCENE I. The doll gets a ride on the dog's back; the horse runs whinnying round the meadow.

SCENE II. The doll asleep; the dog and horse watching. Enter the serpent (a string of beads); crawls stealthily to the doll. The dog barks and bites. The horse jumps on the serpent. The doll wakes. Saved!

To stand and gaze at the Man is bliss; to hold him on her lap for a moment is very heaven. "Tell me what you saw when you came down," she prayed him; but the Man never blinked an eyelid (babes and alligators share this weird faculty). Mother suggested: "I saw a snow-cloud, so I made haste before the snow came." W. V. "guesses" that when *she* came she saw many lovely things, but unhappily she has forgotten them.

My daughter's admiration of my great gifts has always been exhilarating to me. Time was when I cudged the loud wind for clattering her windows, and saw that malignant stones and obdurate wood and iron were condignly chastised for hurting her. No one has so much mechanical genius for the mending of her dolls and slain soldiers; no one can tell her such good stories as I; no one makes up such funny poems. Now she contrasted her voice with mine—alas! *she* cannot sing Guy to sleep. Well, let us make a new song and try together:

The creatures are all at rest,
The lark in his grassy furrow,
The crow in his faggoty nest,
And Bunny's asleep in his burrow;
But this little boy—
He is no longer his mother's joy,
For he will not, will not, will not, will not,
will not go to sleep!

Oh yes, if we sing with gentle patience and a sweet *diminuendo*, he always does go to sleep—in the long run.

I do not think there is anything she would not do for the Man. "Father, you will always be a stanch friend to Guy?" Why, naturally, and so must she; she must love him, and help him, and guide him, and be good to him all her life, for there is only one Guy and one W. V. in all the world. She has now caught hold of the notion of the little mother, of considerateness, thoughtfulness, helpfulness, self-denial, self-sacrifice.

Yesterday the little Man noticed a bird painted on a plate and put out his hand. "Fly out, little bird, to Guy!" cried W. V. It was a pretty fancy, and I wrote:

IN CHINA.

With wings green and black and a daffodil breast,
He flies day and night; without song, without rest;
Through summer, through winter—the cloudy, the clear—

Encircling the sun in the round of the year.

But now that it's April and shiny; oh, now
That nests are a-building, and bloom's on the bough,
Alight, pretty rover, and get you a mate—
Our almond's in blossom—fly out of the plate!

But this was not at all successful. There were no almonds in blossom, and it should have been, "Fly out to Guy!"

No almonds in blossom! I know the oaks are "in feathers," as W. V. says, and the Forest is full of snow; yet I feel that the almond is in blossom too.

The Man is sleeping peacefully in his time?" says W. V. with a sly gleam in her furs, but it is time we were turning for eyes.

Oh, little woman, yes; the woods and the world are full of the smell of violets.

"Then we shan't get any violets this

THE PARIS GAMIN.

BY TH. BENTZON (MADAME BLANC).

With drawing by Boutet de Monvel. See frontispiece.

EVERY city has its street boys or Arabs, but Paris has the monopoly of the *gamin*; for he is the product of a special civilization. Indeed, the street alone seems to have borne all the costs of his education. Still, Parisian streets are more suggestive than others; they fill his eyes and his imagination with sights and influences which develop and refine him, either for better or worse, according to his disposition, environing conditions and events. He inhales wit in puffs, while art enters at every pore; he may be lamentably precocious, idle, and even vicious, but he is never coarse in the brutal sense of the word, and never romps or flings about wildly. A pretty young girl is not offended if she is thought to have something of the look of a *gamin*, for that particular look supposes an indefinable compound of roguishness, mischief, and piquancy; and a humorous writer is delighted when his wit is said to have a touch of *gaminerie*.

Gamin, in fact, cannot be translated either by boy, urchin, scamp, or rogue, and yet it is a mixture of all these, together with much besides, all going to make up the ironical, indomitable, and unique creature named, once for all and for posterity, —Gavroche—by Victor Hugo in his great work, "Les Misérables;" although his unconscious sins and sufferings had been pictured still earlier by Eugène Sue in the character of Tortillard, and Jules Janin, with his usual mannerism, had called him "the policeman's butterfly." He is the gay rioter, the mischievous revolutionist, respecting and fearing nothing under the sun, and ever ready at a moment's notice to tear up pavements and build barricades. He is, indeed, the strangest child in France, or in the world, for that matter; good and

bad at once, without any surplus animal spirits to work off in rough-and-tumble play; but, on the other hand, having more brains than he knows what to do with; above all else, witty and critical, quizzing everybody and everything—in short, philosophy and good humor personified. He is the young chap who opens your carriage door in front of the theater and waggishly says: "Thanks, Prince," in case your gratuity is slender. It is he, too, who, after dining on two cents' worth of *galette*, his cheap and favorite pastry, puts a bit of cigarette, picked up from the pavement, between his lips, and climbs to the uppermost gallery of the theater to applaud or hiss a melodrama, interrupt the villain, and then go to the stage door to address the popular actor; for *Titi*, as the youngster is called at the "Ambigu" or the "Porte St. Martin" theaters, is a critic to whom a certain kind of authority is granted there. He sets off fire-crackers on the fourteenth of July, throws *confetti* at Carnival time, dangles from the trees and lamp-posts to watch a procession, follows the passing regiment, keeping step with it, or puts all his admiration in the word "Mazette!" when an elegant woman passes him and he turns to gaze at her with the look that Madame Récamier preferred to all compliments.

For he has taste and brilliant fancy, besides being what Americans call "smart," and our journalists frequently borrow his bold and keen wit. Gavarni must certainly have heard him make the remark he puts in the mouth of the funny urchin who, with hands crossed behind his back, stands staring at a stout lady in heavy furs and ample crinoline sailing by him: "What a barge!" No doubt he had seen

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Madame Blanc—better known, perhaps, by her pen name of "Th. Bentzon"—has long been a member of the staff of the French "Revue des Deux Mondes." (See the June number of McClure's for her interesting account of the "Revue" and its editors.) She is the recognized authority in France on English, and particularly American, literature, which has always been her special interest and study. She has, however, written a large number of novels; novels of purely French life—not the Parisian life which gives its peculiar distinction to the so-called "French school," but the wholesome life of the intelligenc... and worthy French middle class. As the result of her first visit to the United States, she wrote a book on the "Condition of Women in America," a series of critical essays thoroughly sympathetic and friendly, which has justly attracted wide attention and has been awarded a prize by the French Academy.

him make fun of the "single eyeglass" dandy: "They're a poor lot, anyhow; only got one eye for seein' and can't see out o' that without a skylight!" And he must have written down his criticism of a lady's very thin legs on a windy day: "Say, where did you get your tenpins?" He has illustrated his impudence by making him carelessly address a passing gentleman, disfigured by smallpox, with a "Why didn't you take out an insurance policy against hail?" and by making him say to himself, after a low whistle, on meeting a man with an unusually long nose: "I guess he got up before breakfast the day noses were handed round!" All this free and easy impudence, flung off with inimitable accent and gestures, belongs specially to the *gamin de Paris*.

The great actor Bouffé and the greater actress Déjazet transferred the *gamin's* quaint and amusing peculiarities to the stage with endless and unvarying success, and he always holds his own at Guignol, the French Punch and Judy show, on the Champs Elysées. There are four of these small puppet booths under the clumps of trees in the neighborhood of the President's residence, the Elysée; four tiny theaters fully exposed to view, with neither roof nor inclosure for their spectators, simply a few rows of chairs, where maids and nurses sit with their young charges, while behind them there are always a number of *gamins* who, as they occupy "standing room only," do not pay, and nevertheless enjoy every good point made. The smallest, plainest, and oldest of these booths is by far more popular than the others, and alone bears the title, *par excellence*, of "Guignol." It permits its modern rivals, "Bambochet," "Gringalet," or whatever they choose to call themselves, boasting of richer decorations, and a more numerous troupe of actors, with more perfectly jointed limbs; but Polichinelle, the constable, and the two traditional Guignols, father and son, the latter a *gamin*, belong to the oldest booth, and sufficiently explain a popularity which has lasted for several generations.

The legless actors, seen only to the waist, are moved by means of three fingers, and the "squeaker," a little tin instrument in the invisible showman's mouth, produces very amusing varieties of shrill or hoarse voices, with that genuine Parisian drawl and throaty roll of the letter *R* called *grassement*. Young Guignol, the *gamin*, wears a blue linen

blouse, a leather belt, and his cap awry. He surpasses even Polichinelle in squabbling with the landlord whom his father refuses to pay, and in playing tricks on the constable sent to arrest the family and lead them off to prison. The two representatives of law and order are invariably clubbed and circumvented, to the delirious joy of the young spectators, and they applaud Guignol's success with all their might.

In fact, both the *gamin*, from his earliest days, as well as the French Punch, have a strong tendency to oppose the ruling powers, although this opposition is usually limited to making a noise.

He may, however, become a much more seriously conspicuous figure in revolutionary times, and far more than a mere nuisance, even going as far as burning down buildings "for fun," as he did, alas! during the Commune. Yet we must add that he is just as likely to die at thirteen, like little Bara, shouting "Vive la république!" when "Vive le roi!" would have saved his life.

One of Charlet's splendid drawings shows two *gamins*, six or seven years old, in rags, under their newspaper *soldier hats*, their wooden swords at their side, playing at "war" and shouting: "The guard dies, but does not surrender!"

The *gamin* has always been infatuated with "the Little Corporal" in his gray overcoat, but he, however, not being logical, is fond of liberty. Delacroix has painted him black with gunpowder under his torn cap, standing, pistol in hand, on one of the street barricades during the revolution of 1830. In 1848 we saw him scale the very throne of Louis Philippe at the Tuileries, and have himself carried about on it in triumph. Always impulsive, he is as ready to save as to destroy, and will leap into the Seine to rescue a drowning child of his own age without ever stopping to think whether he knows how to swim or not.

What is he doing when not playing tops or marbles in the gutter? Sometimes he is a plasterer's help, and so powdered with white dust as to seem Pierrot himself; sometimes an apprentice in a green linen apron; or a pastry-cook's boy, clothed in a questionably white cotton suit from head to heels, balancing his basket on his head as he saunters along; or a printer's "devil" in blouse and paper cap; or he pushes a hand-cart, or sells flowers, newspapers, matches, etc.; or he may join the army of young telegraph messengers. He may,

by chance, rise to the position of errand-boy in a lawyer's office, or even soar to the elegance of a painter's *rapin*.

Who knows what his future may be? There are painters and sculptors who began by sweeping studios, and some of these *gamins* have quick and bright minds and clever hands; they catch everything on the wing, and assimilate it without taking the trouble to study. There are others, nevertheless, who, after having tried several trades, follow none of them, but pass from loafing to idleness, turn out badly, and finally are arrested for misdemeanors. Some of them, true to their instincts, manage to be amusing even when on trial, by their cynicism under the unfortunate circumstances.

Usually puny in appearance—for misery has been his foster-mother—the *gamin* seems younger than he is; this adds a spice to his remarks, which he scatters about him like fireworks. His sharp, sneering features, utterly devoid of the least trace of innocence, can be seen in every crowd, at every public demonstration. He hums the newest tunes, learns all that is going on, and gleans enough to form an opinion on politics by glancing at the newspapers exposed for sale. General Boulanger was his idol. He can be seen

walking impudently into confectioners' shops, where he asks for stale cakes, and they are rarely refused him. If he is the owner of two cents, the chestnut-roaster may be sure of his early visit, and his piping-hot dinner is easily carried away in a paper cornucopia. As far as school is concerned, he prefers playing truant. Compulsory education has put a stop to that in a certain measure, and will probably modify the type by degrees. But the genuine *gamin* is always ready to run away from *hard duty*, and continues to be the special model of the incorrigible city lounge and idler. In spite of all this, as he grows older he often develops into a good workman or soldier, unless he has become a good-for-nothing too early; for no more impressionable or mobile imagination than his can be found anywhere, or one more easily carried to extremes.

The very considerable number of criminals under twenty, who are a characteristic feature of these times, would seem to prove that even though he may lose some of his drollness and picturesqueness thereby, the *gamin* needs to be disciplined and curbed. Otherwise Gavroche will finally increase the battalion of young blackguards who, after all, are really nothing but unfledged gallows-birds.

THE FIRST MEETING OF LINCOLN AND GRANT.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

An account based on the testimony of eye-witnesses, Grant's own account, Congressional reports, and other original documents.

JUST as Grant's success at Vicksburg had brought him to the command of the armies in the West, so his superb campaign at Chattanooga led to the thought that he was the one man in America to command in the East. Rightly or wrongly, the feeling grew that the leaders of movements in the East were insufficient. Grant was the man. Make him commander-in-chief in place of Halleck.

Halleck professed entire willingness to be deposed in Grant's favor. He said: "I took it against my will and shall be most happy to leave it as soon as another is designated to fill it. . . . We have no time to quibble and contend for pride of personal opinion. On this subject there appears to be a better feeling among the officers of the West than here."

In general the demand was that Grant should lead the Army of the Potomac against Lee. But a larger scheme was on foot. Washburne introduced into Congress a bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general, which had died with Washington, though General Scott had borne it by brevet. To the ebullient patriots of the lower house nothing was now too good for General Grant, and the bill was received with applause. There was no concealment of their wishes. They recommended Grant by name for the honor.

Washburne took much pride in his early advocacy of Grant, and called on his colleagues to witness whether his *protégé* had not more than fulfilled all prophecies. "He has fought more battles and won more victories than any man living. He

has captured more prisoners and taken more guns than any general of modern times." The bill passed the lower house by a vote of ninety-six to fifty-two, and the Senate with but six dissenting votes. In the Senate, however, the recommendation of Grant was stricken out, although it was suggested that the President might appoint some one else to the new rank instead of Grant.

But the President was impatient to put Grant into the high place. He had himself had to plan battles and adjudicate between rival commanders, in addition to his presidential duties, until he was worn out. With a profound sigh of relief he signed the bill and nominated General Grant to be the Lieutenant-General of the Armies of the United States.

Grant was at Nashville when an order came from the Secretary of War directing him to report in person to the War Department. His first thought seems to have been of Sherman, and his next of McPherson. On March 4, 1864, in a private letter, he wrote:

Dear Sherman: The bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General in the army has become a law, and my name has been sent to the Senate for the place. I now receive orders to report to Washington in person, which indicates either a confirmation or a likelihood of confirmation. I start in the morning to comply with the order; but I shall say very distinctly on my arrival there, that I accept no appointment which will require me to make that city my headquarters. This, however, is not what I started to write about.

Whilst I have been eminently successful in this war in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I how much of this success is due to the skill and energy, and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill, of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying a subordinate position under me.

There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate to their ability as soldiers; but what I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and suggestions have been of service you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I. I feel all the gratitude this letter can express, giving it the most flattering construction.

The word "you" I use in the plural, intending it for McPherson also. I should write him, and will some day; but starting in the morning, I do not know that I will find time now.

To this modest, manly, and deeply grateful letter Sherman replied in kind. The friendship between these three men was of the most noble and unselfish character, difficult to parallel. Sherman said:

Dear General: You do yourself injustice and us too much honor in assigning to us too large a share of the merits which have led to your high advancements. . . . You are Washington's legitimate successor, and occupy a place of almost dangerous elevation; but if you can continue, as heretofore, to be yourself, simple, honest, and unpretending, you will enjoy through life the respect and love of friends and the homage of millions of human beings that will award you a large share in securing them and their descendants a government of law and stability.

Until you had won Donelson I confess I was almost cowed by the terrible array of anarchical elements that presented themselves at every point; but that admitted the ray of light which I have followed ever since.

I believe you are as brave, patriotic, and just as the great prototype Washington; as unselfish, kind-hearted, and honest as a man should be; but the chief characteristic is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in a Saviour. This faith gave you victory at Shiloh and Vicksburg. Also, when you have completed your last preparations, you go into battle without hesitation, as at Chattanooga, no doubts, no reserves; and I tell you it was this that made us act with confidence. I knew wherever I was that you thought of me, and if I got in a tight place you would come if alive.

Now as to the future. Don't stay in Washington. Halleck is better qualified than you to stand the buffets of intrigue and policy. Come west. Take to yourself the whole Mississippi Valley. . . . Here lies the seat of coming empire, and from the West, when our tasks are done, we will make short work of Charleston and Richmond and the impoverished coast of the Atlantic.

With some such feeling in his own heart General Grant went to Washington to report to the War Department and to see Lincoln, whom up to this time he had never met. Of intrigue and jealousy he was aware the Western army had enough, but he knew they were weak and mild compared to the division and bitterness at the East. He had no fear of Lee—he was eager to meet him—but he feared the politicians, the schemes, the influences of the capital. He went with the intention of returning to Chattanooga at once and making it his headquarters.

He arrived in Washington late in the afternoon, and went at once to a hotel. As he modestly asked for a room the clerk loftily said, "I have nothing but a room on the top floor."

"Very well, that will do," said Grant, registering his name.

The clerk gave one glance at the name, and nearly leaped over the desk in his eagerness to place the best rooms in the house at Grant's disposal.

As Grant entered the dining-room, some one said, "Who is that major-general?" His shoulder-straps had betrayed him.

The inquiry spread till some one recognized him. "Why, that is Lieutenant-General Grant!"

A cry arose—"Grant—Grant—Grant!" The guests sprang to their feet, wild with excitement. "Where is he?" "Which is he?"

Some one proposed three cheers for Grant, and when they were given, Grant was forced to rise and bow, and then the crowd began to surge toward him. He was unable to finish his dinner, and fled.

Accompanied by Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania, he went to the White House to report to the President. Doubtless he would not have gone had he known that the President was holding a reception, for he was in his every-day uniform, which was considerably worn and faded. The word had passed swiftly that Grant was in town and that he would call upon the President; therefore the crowd was denser than usual. They did not recognize him at first; but as the news spread, a curious murmur arose, and those who stood beside the President heard it and turned toward the door. As Grant entered, a hush fell over the room. The crowd moved back, and left the two chief men of all the nation facing each other.

Lincoln took Grant's small hand heartily in his big clasp, and said, "I'm glad to see you, General."

It was an impressive meeting. There stood the supreme executive of the nation and the chief of its armies—the one tall, gaunt, almost formless, with wrinkled, warty face, and deep, sorrowful eyes; the other compact, of good size, but looking small beside the tall President, his demeanor modest, almost timid, but in the broad, square head and in the close-clipped lips showing decision, resolution, and unconquerable bravery. In some fateful way these two men, both born in humble conditions, far from the esthetic, the superfine, the scholarly, now stood together—the rail-splitter and the prop-hauler. In their hands was more power for good than any kings on earth possessed. They came of the West, but they stood for the whole nation and for the Union and for the rights of man. The striking together of their hands in a compact to put down rebellion and free the blacks was perceived to be one of the supremest moments of our history.

For only an instant they stood there. Grant passed on into the East Room, where the crowd flung itself upon him. He was cheered wildly, and the room was

jammed with people, crazy to touch his hands. He was forced to stand on a sofa and show himself. He blushed like a girl. The handshaking brought streams of perspiration from his forehead and over his face. The hot room and the crowd and the excitement swelled every vein in his brow, till he looked more like a soldier fighting for his life than a hero in a drawing-room. There was something delightfully diffident and fresh and unspoiled about him, and words of surprise gave way to phrases of affection. He was seen to be the plain man his friends claimed him to be: homespun, unaffected, sincere, and resolute.

He was relieved at last by the approach of a messenger to call him to Mrs. Lincoln's side. With her he made a tour of the room, followed by the President with a lady on his arm, Lincoln's rugged face beaming with amused interest in his new general-in-chief. This ended Grant's sufferings for the moment. The President, upon reaching comparative privacy, said:

"I am to formally present you with your commission to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. I know, General, your dread of speaking, so I shall read what I have to say. It will only be four or five sentences. I would like you to say something in reply which will soften the feeling of jealousy among the officers and encourage the nation."

At last the general escaped from the close air of the room, and as he felt the cool wind on his face outside the White House, he wiped the sweat from his brow, drew a long breath of relief, and said: "I hope that ends the show business."

There were solemnity and a marked formality in the presentation of the commission. In the presence of his cabinet, the President rose and stood facing General Grant, beside whom was his little son and the members of his staff. From a slip of paper the President read these words:

General Grant: The nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to be done, in the existing great struggle, are now presented with this commission constituting you Lieutenant-General in the Army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you, also, a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add, that with what I here speak goes my own hearty concurrence.

General Grant's reply was equally simple, but his hands shook, and he found some difficulty in controlling his voice.

Mr. President: I accept the commission, with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought in so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon me; and I know that if they are met it will be due to those armies and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men.

The two men again shook hands. Lincoln seemed to be profoundly pleased with Grant. He found in him one of his own people, suited to his own conception of an American citizen: a man of "the plain people," whom, he said, God must have loved. He made so many of them. He liked Grant's modesty, and was too shrewd to call it weakness. He had tried handsome and dashing generals, and big and learned generals, and cautious and strategic generals, and generals who filled a uniform without a wrinkle, and who glittered and gleamed on the parade and had voices like golden bugles, and who could walk the polished floor of a ball-room with the grace of a dancing-master; and generals bearded and circumspect and severe. Now he was to try a man who despised show, who never drew his sabre or raised his voice or danced attendance upon women; a shy, simple-minded, reticent man, who fought battles with one sole purpose to put down the rebellion and restore peace to the nation; a man who executed orders swiftly, surely, and expected the like obedience in others; a man who hated politics and despised trickery.

A heavy rain was falling the second day of Grant's stay in Washington, but he did not allow it to interfere with his work. All day he rode about visiting the fortifications. That night he dined with Secretary Seward, delighting everybody by his simple directness of manner. He said little, but every word counted. The city was mad to see him. All day crowds surged to and fro in the hope of catching a momentary glimpse of him. A thousand invitations to dine were waiting him; but he kept under cover, and the next day he started for the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac. He spent one day in swift, absorbed study of the situation. The day after, he returned to Washington and started for Nashville to arrange his affairs there so that he could return East. He had found it necessary to take command of the Army of the Potomac in person, or at least to make his headquarters in

the field with it. He told the President that nine days would enable him to put his Western command in shape to leave it.

This intent, undeviating, and unhesitating action was a revelation of power to the East. The New York "Tribune" said: "He hardly slept on his long journey East, yet he went to work at once. Senators state with joy that he is not going to hire a house in Washington and make war ridiculous by attempting to manœuvre battles from an armchair in Washington." His refusal to dine and to lend himself to any "show business" was commented on with equal joy. The citizens of Washington could scarcely believe he had visited the city at all. The New York "Herald" said: "We have found our hero."

Returning to Nashville, he quickly made his dispositions. His own command there, Sherman was to take; and McPherson, Sherman's, while Logan moved into McPherson's command. These men Grant felt that he could trust absolutely, and though disappointed rivals complained severely, it made no difference. Promptly at the end of his nine days he was back in Washington.

On the day of his return he held his first interview with Lincoln alone. Lincoln said, in his half-humorous fashion: "I have never professed to be a military man, nor to know how campaigns should be conducted, and never wanted to interfere in them. But procrastination on the part of generals, and the pressure of the people at the North and of Congress, which is always with one, have forced me into issuing a series of military orders. I don't know but they were all wrong, and I'm pretty certain some of them were. All I wanted, or ever wanted, is some one to take the responsibility and *act*—and call on me for all assistance needed. I pledge myself to use all the power of government in rendering such assistance." *That* was the substance of the interview, Grant replying simply: "I will do the best I can, Mr. President, with the means at hand." He went straight to headquarters at Culpeper, and the newspapers delightedly quoted him as saying on his arrival: "There will be no grand review and no show business."

Lincoln said later, in reply to a question: "I don't know General Grant's plans, and I don't want to know them. Thank God, I've got a general at last!"

ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER—SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Viscount Anne de St. Ives, under the name of Champdivers, while held a prisoner of war in Edinburgh Castle, attracts the sympathy of Flora Gilchrist, who, out of curiosity, visits the prisoners, attended by her brother Ronald. On her account St. Ives kills a comrade, Goguelat, in a duel, fought secretly in the night, with the divided blades of a pair of scissors. An officer of the prison, Major Chevenix, discovers the secret of the duel and of St. Ives's interest in the young lady: a fact that promises importance later. Having escaped from prison, St. Ives plans to proceed to a rich uncle in England, Count de Kéroural, who, as he has learned from a solicitor, Daniel Romaine, is near dying, and

is likely to make him his heir in place of a cousin, Alain de St. Ives. First, however, he steals to the home of Flora Gilchrist. Discovered there by the aunt with whom Flora lives, he is regarded with suspicion; but still is helped to escape across the border, under the guidance of two drovers. Thus he comes to one Burchell Fenn, whose business is to help French fugitives southward. He continues his journey in Fenn's cart, with two fellow-countrymen, a colonel and a major. The colonel dies by the way. Then, in an inn, St. Ives and the major run up against a suspicious attorney's clerk, who would arrest them. As soon as they can, they separately flee from the inn.

CHAPTER XV.—*Continued.*

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ATTORNEY'S CLERK.

I WAS scarce clear of the inn before the limb of the law was at my heels. I saw his face plain in the moonlight; and the most resolute purpose showed in it, along with an unmoved composure. A chill went over me. "This is no common adventure," thinks I to myself. "You have got hold of a man of character, St. Ives! A bite-hard, a bull-dog, a weasel is on your trail; and how are you to throw him off?" Who was he? By some of his expressions I judged he was a hanger-on of courts. But in what character had he followed the assizes? As a simple spectator, as a lawyer's clerk, as a criminal himself, or—last and worst supposition—as a Bow-Street "runner"?

The cart would wait for me, perhaps, half a mile down our onward road, which I was already following. And I told myself that in a few minutes' walking, Bow-Street runner or not, I should have him at my mercy. And then reflection came to me in time. Of all things, one was out of the question. Upon no account must this obtrusive fellow see the cart. Until I had killed or shook him off, I was quite divorced from my companions—alone, in

the midst of England, on a frosty by-way leading whither I knew not, with a sleuth-hound at my heels, and never a friend but the holly-stick!

We came at the same time to a crossing of lanes. The branch to the left was overhung with trees, deeply sunken and dark. Not a ray of moonlight penetrated its recesses; and I took it at a venture. The wretch followed my example in silence; and for some time we crunched together over frozen pools without a word. Then he found his voice, with a chuckle.

"This is not the way to Mr. Merton's," said he.

"No?" said I. "It is mine, however."

"And therefore mine," said he.

Again we fell silent; and we may thus have covered half a mile before the lane, taking a sudden turn, brought us forth again into the moonshine. With his hooded great-coat on his back, his valise in his hand, his black wig adjusted, and footing it on the ice with a sort of sober doggedness of manner, my enemy was changed almost beyond recognition: changed in everything but a certain dry, polemical, pedantic air, that spoke of a sedentary occupation and high stools. I observed, too, that his valise was heavy; and putting this and that together, hit upon a plan.

"A seasonable night, sir," said I.

"What do you say to a bit of running? The frost has me by the toes."

"With all the pleasure in life," says he.

His voice seemed well assured, which pleased me little. However, there was nothing else to try, except violence, for which it would always be too soon. I took to my heels, accordingly, he after me; and for some time the slapping of our feet on the hard road might have been heard a mile away. He had started a pace behind me, and he finished in the same position. For all his extra years and the weight of his valise, he had not lost a hair's breadth. Another might race him for me—I had enough of it!

And, besides, to run so fast was contrary to my interests. We could not run long without arriving somewhere. At any moment we might turn a corner and find ourselves at the lodge-gate of some Squire Merton, in the midst of a village whose constable was sober, or in the hands of a patrol. There was no help for it—I must finish with him on the spot, as long as it was possible. I looked about me, and the place seemed suitable: never a light, never a house—nothing but stubble-fields, fallows, and a few stunted trees. I stopped and eyed him in the moonlight with an angry stare.

"Enough of this foolery!" said I.

He had turned, and now faced me full, very pale, but with no sign of shrinking.

"I am quite of your opinion," said he. "You have tried me at the running; you can try me next at the high jump. It will be all the same. It must end the one way."

I made my holly whistle about my head.

"I believe you know what way!" said I. "We are alone, it is night, and I am wholly resolved. Are you not frightened?"

"No," he said, "not in the smallest. I do not box, sir; but I am not a coward, as you may have supposed. Perhaps it will simplify our relations if I tell you at the outset that I walk armed."

Quick as lightning I made a feint at his head; as quickly he gave ground, and at the same time I saw a pistol glitter in his hand.

"No more of that, Mr. French-Prisoner!" he said. "It will do me no good to have your death at my door."

"Faith, nor me either!" said I; and I lowered my stick and considered the man, not without a twinkle of admiration. "You see," I said, "there is one consideration that you appear to overlook: there

are a great many chances that your pistol may miss fire."

"I have a pair," he returned. "Never travel without a brace of barkers."

"I make you my compliment," said I. "You are able to take care of yourself, and that is a good trait. But, my good man, let us look at this matter dispassionately. You are not a coward, and no more am I; we are both men of excellent sense; I have good reason, whatever it may be, to keep my concerns to myself and to walk alone. Now, I put it to you pointedly, am I likely to stand it? Am I likely to put up with your continued and—excuse me—highly impudent *ingérence* into my private affairs?"

"Another French word," says he composedly.

"Oh! bother your French words!" cried I. "You seem to be a Frenchman yourself!"

"I have had many opportunities, by which I have profited," he explained. "Few men are better acquainted with the similarities and differences, whether of idiom or accent, of the two languages."

"You are a pompous fellow, too!" said I.

"Oh, I can make distinctions, sir," says he. "I can talk with Bedfordshire peasants; and I can express myself becomingly, I hope, in the company of a gentleman of education like yourself."

"If you set up to be a gentleman—I began.

"Pardon me!" he interrupted. "I make no such claim. I only see the nobility and gentry in the way of business. I am quite a plain person."

"Come," I exclaimed, "set my mind at rest upon one point. In the name of mystery, who and what are you?"

"I have no cause to be ashamed of my name, sir," said he; "nor yet my trade. I am Thomas Dudgeon, at your service, clerk to Mr. Daniel Romaine, solicitor of London; High Holborn is our address, sir."

It was only by the ecstasy of the relief that I knew how horribly I had been frightened. I flung my stick on the road.

"Romaine?" I cried. "Daniel Romaine? An old hunk with a red face and a big head, and got up like a Quaker? My dear friend, to my arms!"

"Keep back, I say!" said Dudgeon weakly.

I would not listen to him. With the end of my own alarm, I felt as if I must infallibly be at the end of all dangers likewise;

as if the pistol that he held in one hand were no more to be feared than the valise that he carried with the other and now put up like a barrier against my advance.

"Keep back, or I declare I will fire," he was crying. "Have a care! My pistol—"

He might scream as he pleased. Willy nilly, I folded him to my breast, I pressed him there, I kissed his ugly mug as it had never been kissed before and would never be kissed again; and in the doing so knocked his wig awry and his hat off. He bleated in my embrace; so bleats the sheep in the arms of the butcher. The whole thing, on looking back, appears incomparably reckless and absurd; I no better than a madman for offering to advance on Dudgeon, and he no better than a fool for not shooting me while I was about it. But all's well that ends well; or, as the people in these days kept singing and whistling on the streets:

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
And looks out for the life of poor Jack."

"There!" said I, releasing him a little, but still keeping my hands on his shoulders, "*je vous ai bel et bien embrassé*—and, as you would say, there is another French word." With his wig over one eye, he looked incredibly rueful and put out. "Cheer up, Dudgeon; the ordeal is over, you shall be embraced no more. But do, first of all, put away your pistol; you handle it as if it were a cockatrice; some time or other, depend upon it, it will certainly go off. Here is your hat. No, let me put it on square, and the wig before it. Never suffer any stress of circumstances to come between you and the duty you owe to yourself. If you have nobody else to dress for, dress for God!

Put your wig straight
On your bald pate,
Keep your chin scraped,
And your figure draped.

Can you match me that? The whole duty of man in a quatrain! And remark, I do not set up to be a professional bard; these are the outpourings of a *dilettante*."

"But, my dear sir!" he exclaimed.

"But, my dear sir!" I echoed, "I will allow no man to interrupt the flow of my ideas. Give me your opinion on my quatrain, or I vow we shall have a quarrel of it."

"Certainly you are quite an original," he said.

"Quite," said I; "and I believe I have my counterpart before me."

"Well, for a choice," says he, smiling, "and whether for sense or poetry, give me

'Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather and prunello.'

"Oh, but that's not fair—that's Pope! It's not original, Dudgeon. Understand me," said I, wringing his breast-button, "the first duty of all poetry is to be mine, sir—mine. Inspiration now swells in my bosom, because—to tell you the plain truth, and descend a little in style—I am greatly relieved at the turn things have taken. So, I dare say, are you yourself, Dudgeon, if you would only allow it. And *à propos*, let me ask you a home question. Between friends, have you ever fired that pistol?"

"Why, yes, sir," he replied. "Twice—at hedgesparrows."

"And you would have fired at me, you bloody-minded man?" I cried.

"If you go to that, you seemed mighty reckless with your stick," said Dudgeon.

"Did I indeed? Well, well, 'tis all past history; ancient as King Pharamond—which is another French word, if you cared to accumulate more evidence," says I. "But happily we are now the best of friends, and have all our interests in common."

"You go a little too fast, if you'll excuse me, Mr. — I do not know your name, that I am aware," said Dudgeon.

"No, to be sure!" said I. "Never heard of it!"

"A word of explanation—" he began.

"No, Dudgeon!" I interrupted. "Be practical; I know what you want, and the name of it is supper. *Rien ne creuse comme l'émotion*. I am hungry myself, and yet I am more accustomed to warlike palpitations than you, who are but a hunter of hedgesparrows. Let me look at your face critically: your bill of fare is three slices of cold rare roast beef, a Welsh rabbit, a pot of stout, and a glass or two of sound tawny port, old in bottle—the right milk of Englishmen." Methought there seemed a brightening in his eye and a melting about his mouth at this enumeration.

"The night is young," I continued; "not much past eleven, for a wager. Where can we find a good inn? And remark that I say *good*, for the port must be up to the occasion—not a headache in a pipe of it."

"Really, sir," he said, smiling a little, "you have a way of carrying things—"

"Will nothing make you stick to the subject?" I cried. "You have the most irrelevant mind! How do you expect to rise in your profession? The inn?"

"Well, I will say you are a facetious gentleman!" said he. "You must have your way, I see. We are not three miles from Bedford by this very road."

"Done!" cried I. "Bedford be it!"

I tucked his arm under mine, possessed myself of the valise, and walked him off unresisting. Presently we came to an open piece of country lying a thought down hill. The road was smooth and free of ice, the moonshine thin and bright over the meadows and the leafless trees. I was now honestly done with the purgatory of the covered cart; I was close to my great-uncle's; I had no more fear of Mr. Dudgeon; which were all grounds enough for jollity. And I was aware, besides, of us two as of a pair of tiny and solitary dolls under the vast frosty cupola of the midnight; the rooms decked, the moon burnished, the least of the stars lighted, the floor swept and waxed, and nothing wanting but for the band to strike up and the dancing to begin. In the exhilaration of my heart I took the music on myself—

Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
And merrily danced the Quaker."

I broke into that animated and appropriate air, clapped my arm about Dudgeon's waist, and away down the hill at a dancing step! He hung back a little at the start, but the impulse of the tune, the night, and my example were not to be resisted. A man made of putty must have danced, and even Dudgeon showed himself to be a human being. Higher and higher were the capers that we cut; the moon repeated in shadow our antic footsteps and gestures; and it came over my mind of a sudden—really like balm—what appearance of man I was dancing with, what a long bilious countenance he had shown under his shaven pate, and what a world of trouble the rascal had given me in the immediate past.

Presently we began to see the lights of Bedford. My Puritanic companion stopped and disengaged himself.

"This is a trifle *infra dig.*, sir, is it not?" said he. "A party might suppose we had been drinking."

"And so you shall be, Dudgeon," said I. "You shall not only be drinking, you old hypocrite, but you shall be drunk—dead drunk, sir—and the boots shall put you to

bed! We'll warn him when we go in. Never neglect a precaution; never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day!"

But he had no more frivolity to complain of. We finished our stage and came to the inn door with decorum, to find the house still alight and in a bustle with many late arrivals; to give our orders with a prompt severity which ensured obedience, and to be served soon after at a side-table, close to the fire, and in a blaze of candle-light, with such a meal as I had been dreaming of for days past. For days, you are to remember, I had been skulking in the covered cart, a prey to cold, hunger, and an accumulation of discomforts that might have daunted the most brave; and the white table napery, the bright crystal, the reverberation of the fire, the red curtains, the Turkey carpet, the portraits on the coffee-room wall, the placid faces of the two or three late guests who were silently prolonging the pleasures of digestion, and (last, but not by any means least) a glass of an excellent light dry port, put me in a humor only to be described as heavenly. The thought of the colonel, of how he would have enjoyed this snug room and roaring fire, and of his cold grave in the wood by Market Bosworth, lingered on my palate, a *mari aliqua*, like an after-taste, but was not able—I say it with shame—entirely to dispel my self-complacency. After all, in this world every dog hangs by its own tail. I was a free adventurer, who had just brought to a successful end—or, at least, within view of it—an adventure very difficult and alarming; and I looked across at Mr. Dudgeon, as the port rose to his cheeks, and a smile, that was semi-confidential and a trifle foolish, began to play upon his leathery features, not only with composure; but with a suspicion of kindness. The rascal had been brave, a quality for which I would value any one; and if he had been pertinacious in the beginning, he had more than made up for it before the end.

"And now, Dudgeon, to explain," I began. "I know your master, he knows me, and he knows and approves of my errand. So much I may tell you, that I am on my way to Amersham Place."

"Oho!" quoth Dudgeon, "I begin to see."

"I am heartily glad of it," said I, passing the bottle, "because that is about all I can tell. You must take my word for the remainder. Either believe me, or don't. If you don't, let's take a chaise;

you can carry me to-morrow to High Holborn, and confront me with Mr. Romaine; the result of which will be to set your mind at rest—and to make the holiest disorder in your master's plans. If I judge you aright (for I find you a shrewd fellow), this will not be at all to your mind. You know what a subordinate gets by officiousness; if I can trust my memory, old Romaine has not at all the face that I should care to see in anger; and I venture to predict surprising results upon your weekly salary—if you are paid by the week, that is. In short, let me go free, and 'tis an end of the matter; take me to London, and 'tis only a beginning—and, by my opinion, a beginning of troubles. You can take your choice."

"And that is soon taken," said he. "Go to Amersham to-morrow, or wherever you will—I wash my hands of you and the whole transaction. No, you don't find me putting my head in between Romaine and a client! A good man of business, sir, but hard as millstone grit. I might get the sack, and I shouldn't wonder! But, it's a pity, too," he added, and sighed, shook his head, and took his glass off sadly.

"That reminds me," said I. "I have a great curiosity, and you can satisfy it. Why were you so forward to meddle with poor Mr. Dubois? Why did you transfer your attentions to me? And, generally, what induced you to make yourself such a nuisance?"

He blushed deeply.

"Why, sir," says he, "there *is* such a thing as patriotism, I hope."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HOME-COMING OF MR. ROWLEY'S VISCOUNT.

By eight the next morning Dudgeon and I had made our parting. By that time we had grown to be extremely familiar; and I would very willingly have kept him by me, and even carried him to Amersham Place. But it appeared he was due at the public-house where we had met, on some affairs of my great-uncle the Count, who had an outlying estate in that part of the shire. If Dudgeon had had his way the night before, I should have been arrested on my uncle's land and by my uncle's agent, a culmination of ill-luck.

A little after noon I started, in a hired chaise, by way of Dunstable. The mere

mention of the name Amersham Place made every one supple and smiling. It was plainly a great house, and my uncle lived there in style. The fame of it rose as we approached, like a chain of mountains; at Bedford they touched their caps, but in Dunstable they crawled upon their bellies. I thought the landlady would have kissed me; such a flutter of cordiality, such smiles, such affectionate attentions were called forth, and the good lady bustled on my service in such a pother of ringlets and with such a jingling of keys. "You're probably expected, sir, at the Place? I do trust you may 'ave better accounts of his lordship's 'elth, sir. We understood that his lordship, Mosha de Carwell, was main bad. Ha, sir, we shall all feel his loss, poor, dear, noble gentleman; and I'm sure nobody more polite! They do say, sir, his wealth is enormous, and before the Revolution quite a prince in his own country! But I beg your pardon, sir; 'ow I do run on, to be sure; and doubtless all beknew to you already! For you do resemble the family, sir. I should have known you anywheres by the likeness to the dear viscount. Ha, poor gentleman, he must 'ave a 'eavy 'eart these days."

In the same place I saw out of the inn windows a man-servant passing in the livery of my house, which you are to think I had never before seen worn, or not that I could remember. I had often enough, indeed, pictured myself advanced to be a Marshal, a Duke of the Empire, a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and some other kickshaws of the kind, with a perfect rout of flunkies correctly dressed in my own colors. But it is one thing to imagine, and another to see. It would be one thing to have these liveries in a house of my own in Paris; it was quite another to find them flaunting in the heart of hostile England; and I fear I should have made a fool of myself, if the man had not been on the other side of the street and I at a one-pane window. There was something illusory in this transplantation of the wealth and honors of a family, a thing by its nature so deeply rooted in the soil; something ghostly in this sense of home-coming so far from home.

From Dunstable I rolled away into a crescendo of similar impressions. There are certainly few things to be compared with these castles, or rather country seats, of the English nobility and gentry; nor anything at all to equal the servility of the population that dwells in their neighbor-

hood. Though I was but driving in a hired chaise, word of my destination seemed to have gone abroad, and the women curtsied and the men louted to me by the wayside. As I came near, I began to appreciate the roots of this widespread respect. The look of my uncle's park wall, even from the outside, had something of a princely character; and when I came in view of the house itself, a sort of madness of vicarious vainglory struck me dumb and kept me staring. It was about the size of the Tuileries. It faced due north; and the last rays of the sun, that was setting like a red-hot shot amidst a tumultuous gathering of snow-clouds, were reflected on the endless rows of windows. A portico of Doric columns adorned the front, and would have done honor to a temple. The servant who received me at the door was civil to a fault—I had almost said, to offense; and the hall to which he admitted me through a pair of glass doors was warmed and already partly lighted by a liberal chimney heaped with the roots of beeches.

"Vicomte Anne de St.-Yves," said I, in answer to the man's question; whereupon he bowed before me lower still, and stepping upon one side introduced me to the truly awful presence of the majordomo. I have seen many dignitaries in my time, and none who quite equaled this eminent being. He was great, he was good, he was sleek, he was obsequious, he had not an "h" in his composition, and with all these qualities he was yet good enough to answer to the unassuming name of Dawson. From him I learned that my uncle was extremely low, a doctor in close attendance, Mr. Romaine expected at any moment, and that my cousin, the Vicomte de St.-Yves, had been sent for the same morning.

"It was a sudden seizure, then?" I asked.

Well, he would scarcely go as far as that. It was a decline, a fading away, sir; but he was certainly took bad the day before, had sent for Mr. Romaine, and the majordomo had taken it on himself a little later to send word to the Viscount. "It seemed to me, my lord," said he, "as if this was a time when all the fambly should be called together."

I approved him with my lips, but not in my heart. Dawson was plainly in the interests of my cousin.

"And when can I expect to see my great-uncle the count?" said I.

In the evening, I was told; in the mean-

time he would show me to my room, which had been long prepared for me, and I should be expected to dine in about an hour with the doctor, if my lordship had no objections.

My lordship had not the faintest.

"At the same time," I said, "I have had an accident; I have unhappily lost my baggage, and am here in what I stand in. I don't know if the doctor be a formalist, but it is quite impossible I should appear at table as I ought."

He begged me to be under no anxiety. "We have been long expecting you," said he. "All is ready."

Such I found to be the truth. A great room had been prepared for me; through the mullioned windows the last flicker of the winter sunset interchanged with the reverberation of a royal fire; the bed was open, a suit of evening clothes was airing before the blaze, and from the far corner a boy came forward with deprecatory smiles. The dream in which I had been moving seemed to have reached its pitch. I might have quitted this house and room only the night before; it was my own place that I had come to; and for the first time in my life I understood the force of the words home and welcome.

"This will be all as you would want, sir?" said Mr. Dawson. "This 'ere boy, Rowley, we place entirely at your disposition. 'E's not exactly a trained vallet, but Mosscho Powl, the viscount's gentleman, 'ave give him the benefick of a few lessons, and it is 'oped that he may give sitisfaction. Hanythink that you may require, if you will be so good as to mention the same to Rowley, I will make it my business myself, sir, to see you sitisfied."

So saying, the eminent and already detested Mr. Dawson took his departure, and I was left alone with Rowley. A man who may be said to have wakened to consciousness in the prison of the Abbaye, among those ever graceful and ever tragic figures of the brave and fair, awaiting the hour of the guillotine and denuded of every comfort, I had never known the luxuries or the amenities of my rank in life. To be attended on by servants I had only been accustomed to in inns. My toilet had long been military, to a moment, at the note of a bugle, too often at a ditch-side. And it need not be wondered at if I looked on my new valet with a certain diffidence. But I remembered that if he was my first experience as a valet, I was his first trial of a master. Cheered by which consideration, I demanded my bath in a style of

good assurance. There was a bathroom contiguous; in an incredibly short space of time the hot water was ready; and soon after, arrayed in a shawl dressing-gown, and in a luxury of contentment and comfort, I was reclined in an easy-chair before the mirror, while Rowley, with a mixture of pride and anxiety which I could well understand, laid out his razors.

"Hey, Rowley?" I asked, not quite resigned to go under fire with such an inexperienced commander. "It's all right, is it? You feel pretty sure of your weapons?"

"Yes, my lord," he replied. "It's all right, I assure your lordship."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Rowley, but for the sake of shortness, would you mind not belording me in private?" said I. "It will do very well if you call me Mr. Anne. It is the way of my country, as I daresay you know."

Mr. Rowley looked blank.

"But you're just as much a viscount as Mr. Powl's, are you not?" he said.

"As Mr. Powl's viscount?" said I, laughing. "Oh, keep your mind easy, Mr. Rowley's is every bit as good. Only, you see, as I am of the younger line, I bear my Christian name along with the title. Alain is the *Viscount*; I am the *Viscount Anne*. And in giving me the name of Mr. Anne, I assure you you will be quite regular."

"Yes, Mr. Anne," said the docile youth. "But about the shaving, sir, you need be under no alarm. Mr. Powl says I 'ave excellent dispositions."

"Mr. Powl?" said I. "That doesn't seem to me very like a French name."

"No, sir, indeed, my lord," said he, with a burst of confidence. "No, indeed, Mr. Anne, and it do not surely. I should say now it was more like Mr. Pole."

"And Mr. Powl is the viscount's man?"

"Yes, Mr. Anne," said he. "He 'ave a hard billet, he do. The viscount is a very particular gentleman. I don't think as you'll be, Mr. Anne?" he added, with a confidential smile in the mirror.

He was about sixteen, well set up, with a pleasant, merry, freckled face, and a pair of dancing eyes. There was an air at once deprecatory and insinuating about the rascal that I thought I recognized. There came to me from my own boyhood memories of certain passionate admirations long passed away and the objects of them long ago discredited or dead. I remembered how anxious I had been to serve those

fleeting heroes, how readily I told myself I would have died for *them*, how much greater and handsomer than life they had appeared. And looking in the mirror, it seemed to me that I read the face of Rowley, like an echo or a ghost, by the light of my own youth. I have always contended (somewhat against the opinion of my friends) that I am first of all an economist; and the last thing that I would care to throw away is that very valuable piece of property—a boy's hero-worship.

"Why," said I, "you shave like an angel, Mr. Rowley!"

"Thank you, my lord," says he. "Mr. Powl had no fear of me. You may be sure, sir, I should never 'ave had this berth if I 'adn't 'ave been up to Dick. We been expecting of you this month back. My eye! I never see such preparations. Every day the fires has been kep' up, the bed made, and all! As soon as it was known you were coming, sir, I got the appointment; and I've been up and down since then like a Jack-in-the-box. A wheel couldn't sound in the avenue but what I was at the window! I've had a many disappointments; but to-night, as soon as you stepped out of the shay, I knew it was my—it was you. Oh, you had been expected! Why, when I go down to supper, I'll be the 'ero of the servants' 'all: the 'ole of the staff is that curious!"

"Well," said I, "I hope you may be able to give a fair account of me—sober, steady, industrious, good-tempered, and with a first-rate character from my last place?"

He laughed an embarrassed laugh. "Your hair curls beautiful," he said, by way of changing the subject. "The viscount's the boy for curls, though; and the richness of it is, Mr. Powl tells me his don't curl no more than that much twine—by nature. Gettin' old, the viscount is. He 'ave gone the pace, 'aven't 'e, sir?"

"The fact is," said I, "that I know very little about him. Our family has been much divided, and I have been a soldier from a child."

"A soldier, Mr. Anne, sir?" cried Rowley, with a sudden feverish animation. "Was you ever wounded?"

It is contrary to my principles to discourage admiration for myself; and, slipping back the shoulder of the dressing-gown, I silently exhibited the scar which I had received in Edinburgh Castle. He looked at it with awe.

"Mercy, now! Was that from a Frenchman?" he inquired, not very tactfully.

I could truly say it was.

"French steel!" he observed, with a kind of dread gusto; and though I had every reason to believe that the scissors were of English make, I did not judge it politic to enter into discussion of the point.

"Ah, well!" he continued, "there's where the difference comes in. It's in the training. The other viscount have been horse-racing, and dicing, and carrying on all his life. All right enough, no doubt; but what I do say is, that it don't lead to nothink. Whereas—"

"Whereas Mr. Rowley's?" I put in.

"My viscount?" said he. "Well, sir, I *did* say it; and now that I've seen you, I say it again!"

I could not refrain from smiling at this outburst, and the rascal caught me in the mirror, and smiled to me again.

"I'd say it again, Mr. Anne," he said. "I know which side my bread's buttered. I know when a gen'leman's a gen'leman. Mr. Powl can go to Putney with his one! Beg your pardon, Mr. Anne, for being so familiar," said he, blushing suddenly scarlet. "I was especially warned against it by Mr. Powl."

"Discipline before all," said I. "Follow your front-rank man."

With that we began to turn our attention to the clothes. I was amazed to find them fit so well: not *à la diable*, in the haphazard manner of a soldier's uniform or a ready-made suit; but with nicety, as a trained artist might rejoice to make them for a favorite subject.

"'Tis extraordinary," cried I; "these things fit me perfectly."

"Indeed, Mr. Anne, you two be very much of a shape," said Rowley.

"Who? What two?" said I.

"The viscount," he said.

"What! Have I the man's clothes on me, too?" cried I.

But Rowley hastened to reassure me. On the first word of my coming, the count had put the matter of my wardrobe in the hands of his own and my cousin's tailors;

and on the rumor of our resemblance, my clothes had been made to Alain's measure.

"But they were all made for you, express, Mr. Anne. You may be certain the count would never do nothing by 'alf; fires kep' burning; the finest of clothes ordered, I'm sure, and a body-servant being trained a-purpose."

"Well," said I, "it's a good fire, and a good set-out of clothes; and what a valet, Mr. Rowley! And there's one thing to be said for my cousin—I mean for Mr. Powl's viscount—he has a very fair figure."

"Oh, don't you be took in, Mr. Anne," quoth the faithless Rowley; "he has to be hyked into a pair of stays to get them things on!"

"Come, come, Mr. Rowley," said I, "this is telling tales out of school. Do not you be deceived. The greatest men of antiquity, including Cæsar and Hannibal and Pope Joan, may have been very glad, at my time of life or Alain's, to follow his example. 'Tis a misfortune common to all; and really," said I, bowing to myself before the mirror like one who should dance the minuet, "when the result is so successful as this, who would do anything but applaud?"

My toilet concluded, I marched on to fresh surprises. My chamber, my new valet, and my new clothes had been beyond hope: the dinner, the soup, the whole bill of fare was a revelation of the powers there are in man. I had not supposed it lay in the genius of any cook to create, out of common beef and mutton, things so different and dainty. The wine was of a piece, the doctor a most agreeable companion; nor could I help reflecting on the prospect that all this wealth, comfort, and handsome profusion might still very possibly become mine. Here were a change indeed, from the common soldier and the camp-kettle, the prisoner and his prison rations, the fugitive and the horrors of the covered cart!

(To be continued.)



THE TALENTED MISS HOPE.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS,

Author of "A Houseboat on the Styx," "The Bicyclers," etc.

"I SUPPOSE, Mr. Bouverie," said Jackson, after ordering a fresh box of cigars and a new round of *liqueurs* for his guests, "I suppose you as a publisher have had some more or less curious experiences in your day."

"Yes, several," replied the Briton; "some of them amusing, some of them tragic, and a few of them embarrassing in a sense. The most singular incident I ever had in publishing was in connection with the works of the talented Miss Hope."

"Ah? Yes," said Valentine. "I know her work, and a most extraordinary person she must have been."

"She was," assented Mr. Bouverie. "She took London by storm. Her first book was a novel of very great force. It came to us in the spring of '83. With it came a modestly expressed letter in a dainty feminine hand, asking if we would give it a speedy reading and, if possible, publish it, since it was her first effort and she was anxious to get a start. She informed us that she was entirely dependent upon what she could earn by her pen for a living; had really no settled home and very few friends. The simplicity of the letter interested me. It was unlike other letters I had received from other beginners, but the difference was in form rather than in substance. What she had to say about herself was expressed with great cleverness, and as for the novel, while it was not great, it was far beyond what most writers who lack experience can produce. It was approved unanimously by our readers, and so glowing were their recommendations that I slipped it into my satchel and took it off to my home to read myself. It was absorbingly interesting, and despite the difficulties of reading a story of that length in manuscript, I went through it from beginning to end in one sitting."

"Of course it was published, and the view the reading public took of its merits, as evidenced by its sale, was not in any way different from that which our readers and I had taken. The first, second, and third editions went off like hot cakes, and we were besieged

fellows for information as to this new star in the firmament of letters. I wrote to the young woman and asked her for some account of her antecedents, and received within a few days a sketch of her life, which was almost as romantic as the story we had published; it was pathetic and humorous, and through it all ran the same delightful quality that had made her book so fetching. Then people began to try to lionize her. Invitations by the dozen were addressed to her in our care, requesting her to honor literary gatherings with her presence. Others wanted her to dine with them. She was elected to honorary membership in certain women's associations, but, as far as I could gather, never accepted any of them. As time went on I began to think that it would be a good thing if she should accept some of the attentions the world seemed so ready to lavish upon her, and I ventured to write to her to that effect, excusing myself for interfering, on the ground that as her publisher I took a great deal of interest in her career, and thought it due to herself that she should come out of her seclusion as far as she could.

"Her reply was full of gratitude for the interest I had taken in her welfare, but she was firm in her refusal to desert the privacy which she so much loved. She was of an extremely diffident disposition, she said. She was wrapped up in her work, and had no taste for social diversions. She added that she was engaged upon another book, which she expected to send me shortly, and closed by saying that she hoped I would like it as well as I did the first. Several weeks later the second book came to hand. It was no more like the first than a Chinaman is like a Frenchman. It was in an entirely different vein, but every bit as clever as the first. It was in many ways a complete surprise to me. In the first place, it was a man's book, while the first had been more of a woman's book than anything else. She dealt with the fortune of a young scion of nobility in the second, and in such a way as seemed to indicate that she knew all

about the trials and temptations which beset the young men of to-day, a more or less astonishing acquirement in a girl of her tendency to make a recluse of herself. Of course I published the book; and if the first had raised a storm of applause, the second aroused a hurricane of enthusiasm. The magazines began to take notice, and Miss Hope's work was in great demand. She met the demand with a supply that was absolutely marvelous. It made no difference what she undertook, she did it well, and showed a grasp on subjects of the most diverse kinds. Her poetry was especially taking, and her essays were written with a touch which even Lang might envy. All her literary business was, at her request, carried on through our firm, and we had some difficulty in convincing outsiders that our knowledge of the young woman's personality was almost as slight as that of the world.

"When she had written a sufficient number of poems to warrant a booklet of them, I proposed that it be issued, and she readily agreed. She compiled them herself; made certain alterations in them, which showed that she possessed a nice literary instinct; added a few unpublished verses to the lot, and sent them in. As the book was about ready for the press, it occurred to me that a photograph of the author would make a good frontispiece for it. Miss Hope demurred for a while to this. She had never had her photograph taken, she wrote, and was of the opinion that it would add little to the value of the book anyhow. She wished to be judged by her work alone. Her personal appearance had nothing whatever to do with that, and, on the whole, she preferred not to let the public into the secret of how she looked. This struck me as being sensible, and I did not press the point, although I was much disappointed.

"It happened after a while, however, that she was forced to permit an authentic portrait of herself to be published. Some unscrupulous American newspaper syndicate pirated the second book, and, in connection with it, flooded the United States with a wholly fabricated wood-cut of Miss Hope, which would have driven any other creature to suicide. One of these was sent to me by an American friend, and I immediately forwarded it to the fair original, with a jocose note, expressing my regret that she should thus have favored the American public, while denying to her

countrymen the coveted privilege of gazing upon her counterfeit presentment. This had the desired effect, and within two weeks I was in possession of a photograph of Miss Hope, with permission to publish it as the frontispiece to a volume of essays which we were making ready. When I saw the photograph I became more interested in Miss Hope than ever, for it was the face of a charming girl of about twenty that gazed back at me from the print. She appeared to be of a blonde type; had deep, soulful eyes, a wealth of hair arranged tastefully over a high, intellectual forehead; a slightly irregular nose, and a mouth which indicated much firmness of character. To me the essays became the least part of the book when it was issued with that face opposite the title page, and my susceptibilities made me think of a possible Mrs. Bouverie who should be a woman of exceptional mold.

"So a year went on. The popularity of the young authoress suffered no diminution; it increased rather, until one day I received a short note from her, stating that she was in London and would be pleased to have me call, fixing the hour and date. No sooner was this received than a reply accepting her invitation was sent, though when I came to address the reply, which task I did not care to entrust to the hands of a clerk, I was somewhat disturbed to discover where the fair visitor was lodged. It was in one of the most populous and busy streets of London, the last place in the world where a jewel of humanity such as I had come to think of her as being should find lodgment.

"'An eccentricity of genius,' I thought, and then busied myself with other things until the hour appointed. I dressed with unusual care, called a hansom, and sought the house. I was received at the door by an aged woman who smiled rather broadly, I thought, when I asked if Miss Hope was in. She said she was, and requested me to go up to the third story front.

"'Wouldn't you better take my card to her first?' I asked.

"'Ho, no, sir,' replied the aged woman. 'My horders was to show you hup as soon as you kyme.'

"So up I went, through two dark halls, along three dark stairways, and tapped gently upon the door of the front room. Instead of the soft, silvery voice I had expected—for I had been thinking so much about Miss Hope of late that I had a well-developed notion in my mind as to her voice, manner, walk, gestures, and so

forth—I heard a gruff, masculine voice cry out, ‘Come in; and, having come, close after you the door.’

“For a moment I was staggered. Perhaps I had tapped on the wrong door. The thing to do was to apologize and get out. So I opened the door and saw sitting around a table, playing cards and smoking profusely, a half dozen men I knew well—Gaston of the ‘Rambler,’ Cholmondeley Phipps of the ‘Telegram,’ and others—all enormously clever men of decidedly Bohemian instincts.

“‘Halloo, Bouverie,’ cried Gaston, as I entered. ‘Glad to see you. This is an unexpected pleasure.’

“‘It certainly is for me,’ I answered as well as I could, considering my surprise. ‘I had no intention of disturbing you, I am sure. I came here to make a call on—on one of our authors. I believe he has rooms in this house.’

“Phipps laughed in a way I did not fancy very much, and then he said in a way I liked still less, ‘He?’

“‘I don’t understand you,’ I said.

“‘You said you believed “He” had rooms in this house. Sure it’s a he, Bouverie?’

“‘Well,’ I said slowly, for an idea was beginning to dawn on my mind, ‘I wasn’t sure of it when I spoke, but—’

“‘There are no rooms let in this house,

Bouverie,’ said Gaston. ‘We have it all. This is our cardroom, and you are welcome. In fact, Bouverie, you’ve paid for most of it.’

“‘I?’ I queried, a little mystified.

“‘Yes,’ returned Gaston, ‘you and the British public. Those blasted Americans didn’t pay for the stuff, did they, Phipps?’

“‘They did not,’ said Phipps; ‘but they printed our photograph for us.’

“‘Well,’ I put in, ‘this is all very mysterious—unless I have been made the victim of a practical joke.’

“‘You have,’ said Gaston.

“‘And you, gentlemen, then, are—’

“‘The talented Miss Hope, at your service, Bouverie,’ said Phipps, and then the sextet rose up and salaamed. ‘Do you think our photograph looks like us?’ they cried.

“And so it was. Those six villains had concocted Miss Hope; had written her books; had started the furor for her work in their own papers, and I was their victim.”

“Victim or beneficiary?” asked Jackson.

“A little of both,” returned Bouverie. “So much of one that I forgave them for making me a little of the other; but from that time on the talented Miss Hope stopped writing.”

THE WHIP HAND.

BY ANN DEVOORE.

SHE was a stunning girl, straight and slim, with a bewildering way of looking at a man. Her eyes were a warm, thick brown, and their lids as white as cream; the deluding sort of eyes and eyelids that say nothing and set you to imagining everything. When I had talked to her for five minutes and she had regarded me with her soft stare for most of that time, my heart went to thumping at my ribs. I must confess I was so much surprised that I clapped my hand to my side and laughed out.

Miss Morris laughed too, and asked, “What is the matter?”

Of course I could not tell her then, but when I had known her for a month, I asked her if she remembered our first meeting.

“Yes,” she said; “what made you start?”

I took her hand and said, “I fell in love with you that minute, dear.”

I am a Westerner, and rough and sudden in my ways, I suppose; for she seemed wholly startled, slipped her hand out of mine, and told me never to speak so again.

“Why not?” I asked. “You do not love me, Kitty?”

“No,” she said, but her eyes lingered in mine.

“And you will not marry me?”

She refused steadily.

“And I am never again to tell you that I love you?”

“Never,” she said.

“Kitty, dear,” said I gently, “you do love me, and you are going to marry me, and I mean to propose to you every time I meet you.”

I went then, for she was rather angry. She said something cutting about my Western ways and shooting a man on sight. But I kept my word, and at dances and dinners, wherever we met, in spite of her disdain, I always made my speech, "Will you marry me, dear?" After awhile, when she caught sight of me across a room the color would spring to her cheeks, and though I knew it was half embarrassment I could swear the other half was pleasure. She had an obstinate way of tilting her chin when she saw me approach that was very pretty and made me only the more determined. Besides, she did not absolutely cut me, as she might have done. She would not see me when I called, and if I asked for a dance it was always engaged. But when I said firmly, "This is my dance, Miss Morris," she would not contradict me.

Late one afternoon at the beginning of Lent, when I had not seen her for several days, I overtook her walking home from church, and joined her. She greeted me frigidly, held her prayer-book tight and her head high. I watched the red steal up her cheeks.

"Miss Morris," I said. She did not answer. Ahead of us, where the church spires pierced the cold northern sky, a small star glittered. The faces of the people we met reflected the light of the sunset behind us. I began again. "When you pray," said I, and I looked at her prayer-book, "do you never ask to be made more merciful?"

She turned her soft eyes to me. "Please don't, Mr. Standish," she pleaded. "I cannot bear to have you use words that seem to me sacred to carry on this farce."

"It is anything but a farce," said I. "Call it a tragedy."

"Did any man in earnest ever propose to a girl eleven times in six weeks?" She asked this question scornfully.

"Miss Morris," said I, "it is not my fault that it has been done so often. If you had accepted me at the first—but you refused me, and what else could I do? Am I a fool to try again and again to win what is the best and most beautiful thing I ever set eyes on? How can I stop asking you to marry me until you consent? You must marry me, dear. I am sure it is the only chance of happiness for either of us."

"There," she said, with an angry laugh, "twelve times! Don't you see, Mr. Standish, that by acting so you make every word you say seem a foolish joke?"

"It is you," I told her, "who can make them all a glad reality."

"Oh!" she cried, "and you pretend it

is my fault! Well, it shall never happen again—never, never! You shall not humiliate yourself and me." Her color deepened, and she drew herself up, slender and proud. "Mr. Standish," she said, "I promise you that if ever again I give you an opportunity of speaking so to me, I shall answer whatever you wish."

We reached her home then, and she stopped. So great was my surprise that I merely bowed and let her ascend the steps in silence.

Life went sadly after that. Try as I would I could not speak to her. When we passed in the street she was never alone, and she had taken to looking on one side of me with a sweet, dark-eyed vacancy. There were few entertainments now, and though I haunted her favorite church at the afternoon services she did not come. She seemed to avoid going to the houses of those friends where she would be likely to meet me. Only once was I able to look at her for more than a passing second. I had taken a ticket for an afternoon concert in the hope of seeing her, and I chanced to sit where I could watch her profile whenever she turned to speak to her companion. She looked a trifle pale and sad. "Perhaps," thought I, "she regrets that her efforts are so successful." That thought, however, was knocked out of me when we reached the street, by the smiling unrecognition which greeted my eager bow.

Six weeks came and went, but never an opportunity to make her fulfil her promise, and then she went to Boston for a visit, and stayed away a month. I grew haggard. People told me I must take a run abroad in the summer. "Not till I'm married," said I, and gritted my teeth. I believe that at this time my love for Kitty Morris was almost forgotten in my set determination to have my own way.

There came a May morning, fresh and balmy. The horse-chestnuts spread out their green fans, the maples clapped their small palms to the breeze, and the tulips in the trim flower-beds looked primly gaudy. I was walking through Madison Square on my way to business, and hope was stirring in my heart. I suppose it was the general hilarity of nature that had taken hold of me. I did not feel much surprised when a hansom went by and I saw Kitty Morris inside. It was what the weather had led me to expect. I took joyfully to my heels and followed. Eastward we went through Twenty-fourth Street and down Second Avenue, and here, on this quiet, old-fashioned thoroughfare, the hansom stopped

before an ancient mansion. Kitty had alighted and been engulfed by the interior darkness before I could reach her, and though I knew that her great-aunt lived within, I remained gazing at the hansom cab.

Then an idea entered my mind, an idea for which the mad May season was alone accountable. When Miss Morris re-entered the hansom cab it was I who received the order to drive home; it was I who cracked the long whip and drove recklessly; it was I who feasted my sight on the top of a broad-brimmed hat, a loop of dark hair, and the tip of a small and haughty nose. I had the trap-door in the top of the cab open all the way.

Trusting in the disguise of the former cabby's hat, which I had hired, I made straight for the Park, and when we were rolling smoothly between green lawns, with no one of any account in sight, I bent low and whispered:

"Kitty, dear, will you marry me?"

She started violently and upturned a white face. I don't know what she thought seeing my face above her there, but her eyes filled slowly with tears, and she whispered, "Dick!"

"Kitty," I said, "don't cry, or I shall come down from the roof, and here is Mrs. Van Dam's brougham. I would not have frightened you for anything in the world." I slowed the horse to a walk, so that I could give my whole attention to the trap-door.

"I have come to claim your promise," I called down to her. "Tell me, dearest, that you are glad to see me."

Her pride seemed to be melting before my eyes. Her tears overflowed, and she held her hands up before her face, but I caught a quivering voice, "I am glad, Dick—so, so glad!"

I dropped the reins and pressed closer to the little door. "Darling Kitty, if you cry you'll break my heart," I called. "Be a brave girl. Oh, Kitty, couldn't you stretch your hand up and let me touch it once?"

"I—I can't reach," she sobbed.

"Then you do love me?" I asked.

She wiped her eyes. "Dick," she said, "couldn't you come down?"

I believe the horse was arrested that afternoon for walking on the grass and eating young trees, but it pleases me to think that while Kitty and I wandered through the sweet paths and blossoming alleys, the poor beast was tasting green food and resting his tired bones.

There in the early solitude, in the genial sunshine and the unsteady shadows, Kitty confessed to me that she had gone to Boston for fear of weakening in her resolution to avoid me.

"Oh, Dick," she said, "I thought you would never come and take me in spite of myself."

"Kitty," said I, "would you have wrecked our whole lives from pride and self-will? Would you have let me lose you?"

She turned away her head and blushed. "Dick," she faltered, "this afternoon you will receive an invitation to dine with my aunt, and I—I am to be there, Dick."

THE SHADOW OF THE MOSQUE.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

I TROD the path by which the Saviour went
 Across the Olivé Mount to Bethany.
 Before me—down the flinty, foot-worn way—
 My shadow lengthened, for the day was spent.
 Gethsemane below the hill's descent
 Was hallowed by the glow of dying day,
 While fields of popped wheat beyond it lay,
 Fair symbols of the final sacrament.

And then remembering, I turned to see
 The sun go down behind Jerusalem;
 And Omar's mosque aglint with tinsel gem
 Arose between the day's decline and me.
 And as I marked that Moslem diadem,
 Its shadow crept across Gethsemane.

LIFE in the KLONDYKE GOLD FIELDS
PERSONAL EXPERIENCES of the FOUNDER of DAWSON

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR SEPTEMBER





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MARK TWAIN IN INDIA SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 10

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OUT OF PRINT.—The numbers for June and July, 1893, and November and December, 1895, are out of print. Bound Vol. I. is also out of print. We can still supply all the other volumes in either style of binding.

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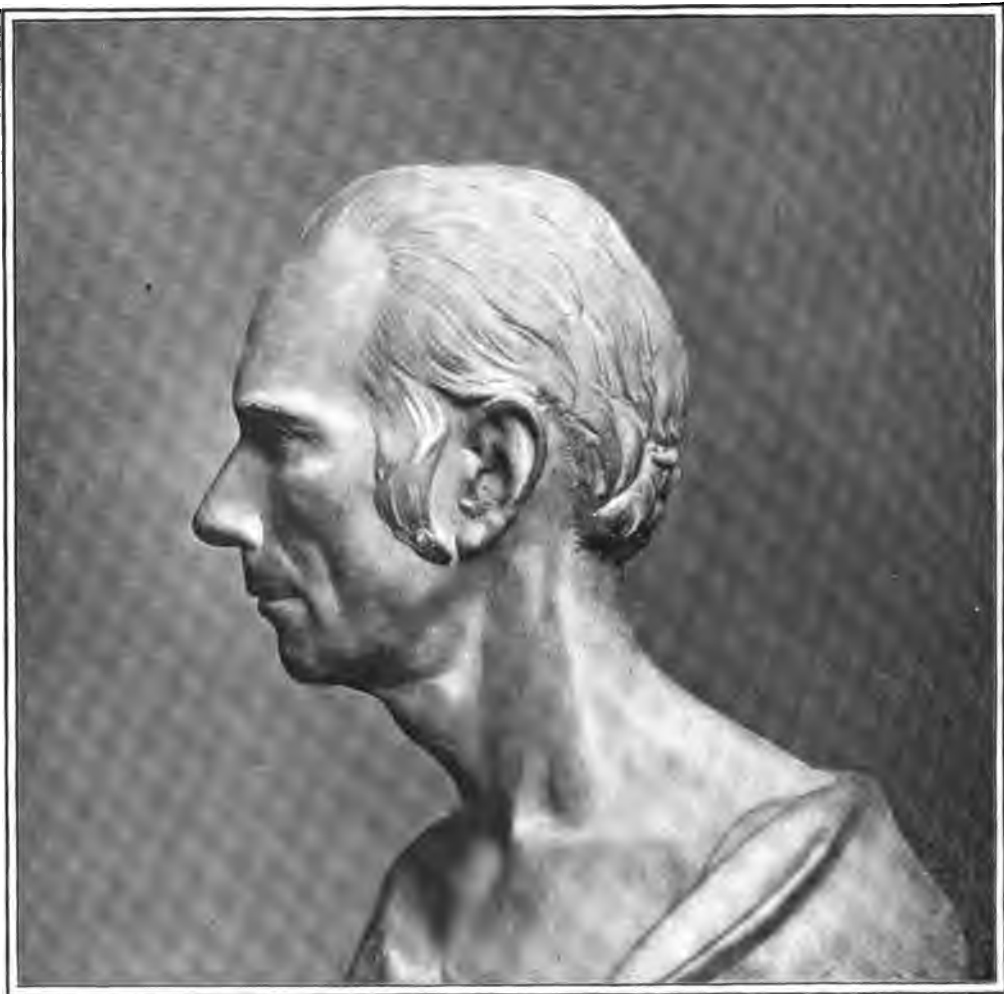
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HENRY CLAY, FROM A HITHERTO UNKNOWN LIFE MASK.
MADE BY J. H. I. BROWERE IN 1825.

First photographed and engraved for MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

The above was photographed from the copyrighted original in the possession of the artist's descendants. John Henri Isaac Browere was born in New York, November 18, 1792, where he died of cholera September 10, 1834. This artist's name, once famous in this country, is now virtually unknown, but in the next number of MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE an article will be published on Browere and his work, with reproductions from the superb and wonderful life casts, the process for taking which Browere perfected toward the close of 1824. Among the first to submit to his process of taking a cast from the living face was Henry Clay, a profile of whose bust is here reproduced for the first time, and it is also believed to be the first publication of any of Browere's work. While it was known that Browere had made a cast of Henry Clay, the whereabouts of the bust from it was unknown until lately discovered by the writer, when the bust was restored to the artist's family. There could scarcely be any truer portraiture than this, wherein we have, down to the minutest detail, the very features of the living man. Such a portrait is of the highest human, as well as historical, interest.

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No. 5.

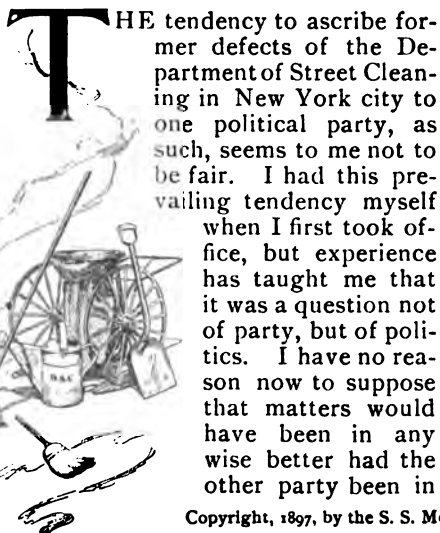
At the Annual Parade



The CLEANING of a GREAT CITY.

by GEORGE E. WARING JR.

Commissioner of Street Cleaning, New York.



THE tendency to ascribe former defects of the Department of Street Cleaning in New York city to one political party, as such, seems to me not to be fair. I had this prevailing tendency myself when I first took office, but experience has taught me that it was a question not of party, but of politics. I have no reason now to suppose that matters would have been in any wise better had the other party been in

control of the city government. Whatever may be the differences of their members in avocation or in attainments, when it is a question of the government of the city, by the spoilsmen, for the party, there is nothing to choose between political organizations.

I am, to this extent, no more an anti-Tammany man than I should be an anti-Republican man, if Republicans had brought about the same defects, had their party been in power. In describing the former condition of the streets and of the Department, I am making no criticism of Tammany Hall—only of politics as the ruling factor in city government. The improved present condition could not have been brought about without an absolute disregard of all political considerations in

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the management of the business. My work has succeeded because it has been done for its own sake alone. The same success awaits any competent man who will manage any other of the city departments on the same principle.

If the whole city is ever so managed the people will be glad.

THE OLD ORDER—SLIMY STREETS AND CLOGGED SEWERS.

Whatever the cause, no one will now question that the former condition of the streets was bad—very bad. No one can question the truth of the following description:

Before 1895 the streets were almost universally in a filthy state.

In wet weather they were covered with slime, and in dry weather the air was filled with dust. Artificial sprinkling in summer converted the dust into mud, and the drying winds changed the mud to powder. Rubbish

of all kinds, garbage, and ashes lay neglected in the streets, and in the hot weather the city stank with the emanations of putrefying organic matter. It was not always possible to see the pavement, because of the dirt that covered it. One expert, a former contractor of street cleaning, told me that West Broadway could not be cleaned because it was so coated with grease from wagon axles; it was really coated with slimy mud. The sewer inlets were clogged with refuse; dirty paper was prevalent everywhere, and black rottenness was seen and smelt on every hand.

The practice of standing unharnessed trucks and wagons in the public streets was well-nigh universal, in all except the main thoroughfares and the better residence districts. The Board of Health

made an enumeration of vehicles so standing on Sunday, counting twenty-five thousand on a portion of one side of the city; they reached the conclusion that there were in all more than sixty thousand. These trucks not only restricted traffic and made complete street cleaning practically impossible, but they were harbors of vice and crime. Thieves and highwaymen made them their dens, toughs caroused in them, both sexes resorted to them, and they were used for the vilest purposes, until they became, both figuratively and literally, a stench in the nostrils of the people. In the crowded districts they were a veritable nocturnal hell. Against all this the poor people were powerless to get relief. The highest city officials, after feeble attempts at removal, declared that New York was so peculiarly constructed (having no alleys through which the rear of the lots could be reached) that its commerce could not be carried on unless this privilege were given to its truckmen. In short, the removal



A SECTION FOREMAN.

Sections average about seven miles of pavement, each foreman (there are over sixty of them) having one or more assistants, according to the quality of pavement, amount of traffic, etc., of his section.



A SWEEPER WITH HIS "BAG-CARRIER" AND TOOLS.

The "White Wings" buys the uniform (two suits of duck) which he wears while at work. The fact that no man wearing this uniform can go into a saloon has closed many such places in the neighborhood of Department Stables and Dumps. During the first year's service sweepers get fifty dollars a month, the second year (if they have shown decided efficiency) fifty-five dollars, and after that sixty dollars.

of the trucks was "an impossibility."

There was also some peculiarity about New York which made it inevitable that it should have dirty streets. Other towns might be clean, but not this one. Such civic pride as existed had to admit these two unfortunate drawbacks.

FIFTY THOUSAND DEATHS A YEAR.

The average annual death rate from 1882 to 1894, inclusive, was 25.78 per thousand persons living, equal to more than fifty thousand deaths in the year, on the basis of the present population. Eye and throat diseases, due to dust, and especially to putrid dust, were rife. No effort was made to remove snow for the comfort of the people, only for the convenience of traffic. But little more than twenty miles of streets were cleared after a snow-storm. As a result, the people, especially the poorer people who could not change their wet clothing and could not buy rubber shoes, suffered to an alarming degree from colds and their results.

The department itself was such as its work would indicate. Like all large bodies of men engaged in any stated duty,

its force had much good material, but it was mainly material gone to waste for lack of proper control. It was hardly an organization; there was no spirit in it; few of its members felt secure in their positions; no sweeper who was not an unusually powerful political worker knew at what moment the politician who had got him his place would have him turned out to make room for another. A ledger account of patronage was kept with each Assembly district, and district leaders are even said to have had practically full control of the debit and credit columns, so that they could deposit a dismissal and check out an appointment at will. Useful service can be had from no force thus controlled.

STREET-CLEANERS ROBBED BY POLITICIANS
AND SCORNFUL BY THE PUBLIC.

Nearly every man in the department was assessed for the political fund. I have seen



TAKING UP AND BAGGING STREET SWEEPINGS.



THE OLD-FASHIONED DUMPING-BOARD WITH A "BARNEY DUMPER" RECEIVING ITS LOAD.

an order signed by one of my predecessors, practically directing every sweeper and driver to pay to the chief clerk a certain percentage of each week's pay. This was to be used for "political" purposes—how, or by whom, or for whom was not stated. The working men of the force generally were in a miserable condition. They were the objects of ridicule and scorn, and they knew it. They did such work as they were compelled to do, and, as a rule, they did no more. Nominally, they wore a uniform, but they were not distinguished by it. The district superintendents and foremen, as a rule, either could not exercise effective control over their men, or they did not take the trouble to do so. Nothing was done *with a will*; the organization, as a whole, was a slouch.

The stock and plant were what they might have been expected to be under these conditions. In some of the stables there was not even an extra set of cart harness, and some that were in use were mended by the drivers, on the streets, with bits of wire and string. Disorder and demoralization were the rule.

This is a severe condemnation of a department that spent \$2,366,419.49 in a year

(in 1894, as against \$2,776,749.31 in 1896), and did ineffective work with it; but it is just. The condition of the streets, of the force, and of the stock was the fault of no man and of no set of men. It was the fault of the system. The department was throttled by partizan control—so throttled, it could neither do good work, command its own respect and that of the public, nor maintain its material in good order. It was run as an adjunct of a political organization. In that capacity it was a marked success. It paid fat tribute; it fed thousands of voters, and it gave power and influence to hundreds of political leaders. It had this appointed function, and it performed it well.

HOW THE DEPARTMENT WAS REORGANIZED.

I accepted the commissionership of street cleaning with the positive assurance of Mayor Strong that I should not be interfered with in the matter of appointments and dismissals, and that I should "have my own way" generally. His power to dismiss me is unlimited, and he could get rid of me any day if I did not suit him; but so long as I should remain



LOADING A SCOW WITH REFUSE.

The cartmen are emptying bags of street sweepings and dumping loads of ashes from an old-fashioned dumping board. The "scow-trimmers" are spreading the load and cutting out rags and other articles of value. These are thrown into the tube and come out at the side of the boat.

I was to be the real head of my department. The Mayor has lived up to his promise from that day to this. I have sometimes been a sore trial to him, especially in my relations with certain pensioners and labor leaders, and he has wished he might wash his hands of me more than once, but he saw reasons for bearing with my conduct until the storm blew over. He has never tried to influence me in the matter of "patronage," nor has he ever insisted on controlling the policy of my work. If he had done otherwise, the result would not have been the same.



SORTING THE RAGS AND OTHER ARTICLES OF VALUE UNDER THE OLD-FASHIONED DUMPING-BOARD.

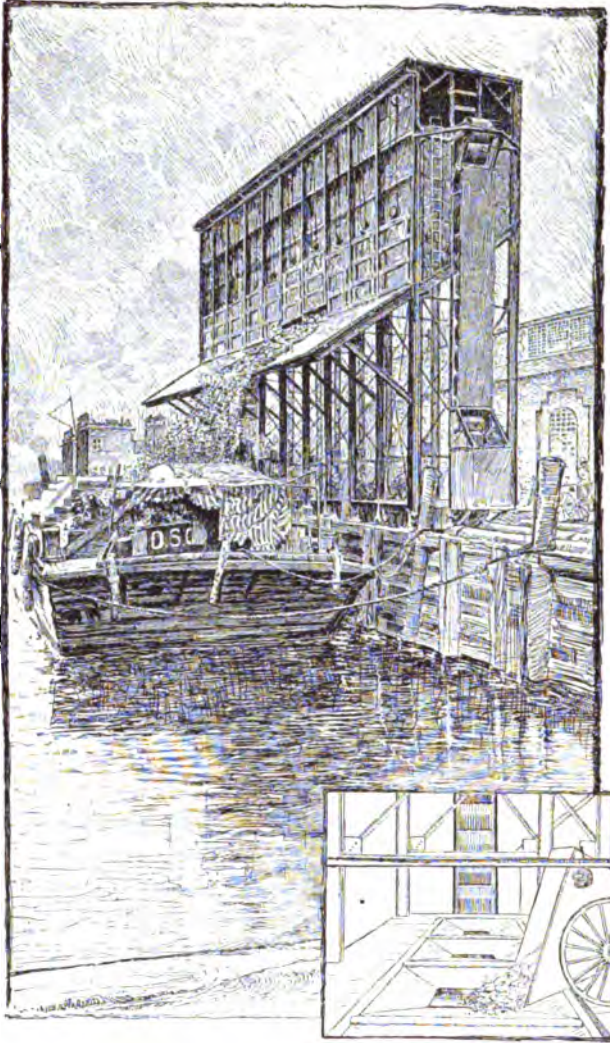
At the outset the employees of the Department expected to be turned out, as a matter of course. Their positions were spoils which belonged to the victors, and they were filled with apprehension as to their future bread and butter. They knew the public would not longer put up with unclean streets and that the clean sweeping demanded might properly begin with them.

Knowing that organizations of men are good or bad according to the way in which they are handled, that "a good colonel makes a good regiment," I paid attention first to those at the top—to the colonels. I found the general superintendent to be an excellent man for his duties, while most of the others were from very indifferent to decidedly bad. These were got rid of. In filling their places I sought men mainly with military training, or with technical education and practice, not one of whom had any political alliance which he was not willing to sever. They were nearly all young men. Of the men of technical education and ing who now hold important positions in the Department, three are district

superintendents, one is the master mechanic, and a fifth, twenty-five years of age, is the superintendent of final disposition, with absolute control of all work done after the dumping of the carts on to the scows, including all sea-work.

THE STREET-CLEANERS BECAME A SPLENDID BODY OF MEN.

When the important offices had been filled attention was turned to the rank and file of the working force. The men were assured that their future rested solely with themselves; that if they did their work faithfully and well, kept away from drink, treated citizens civilly, and tried to make themselves a credit to the Department, there was no power in the city that could get them out of their places so long as I stayed in mine. On the other hand, if they were drunkards, incompetents, blackguards, or loafers, no power could keep them in. When they found that I really meant what I said—and it took them some time to get such a strange new idea into their heads—they took on a new heart of hope and turned their eyes to the front. From that day



THE POCKET-DUMP AT THE FOOT OF EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET. THE LAST STAGE IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE DUMPING-BOARD.

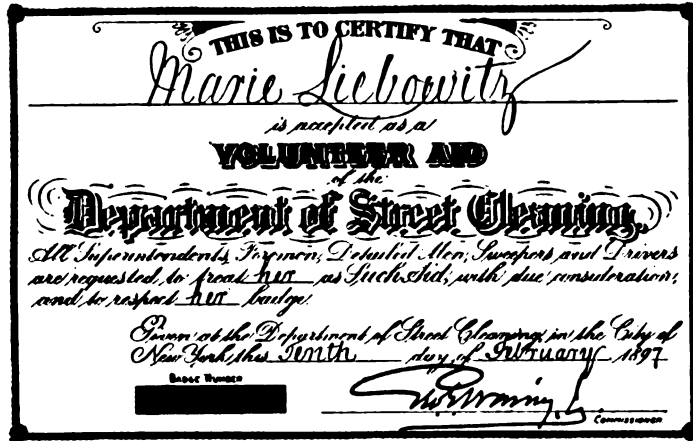
A steel structure with ten elevated storage bins. In the picture two of these bins, of which the gates are opened, are discharging on to a deck scow. Ashes and street sweepings are carried up by an elevator which runs under the entire height of the building, taking its load at hoppers, into which the carts are dumped. This is shown at the lower right-hand corner of the cut. The elevator buckets pass over the bins and descend at the other end of the structure.

their improvement has been constant and most satisfactory. Their white uniforms, once so derided, have been a great help to them, and they know it; and the recognition of the people has done still more for them. Indeed, the parade of 1896 marked an era in their history. It introduced them to the prime favor of a public by which, one short year before, they had been contemned; and the public saw that these men were proud of their positions, were self-respecting, and were the object of pride on the part of their friends and relatives who clustered along their line of march.

What has really been done has been to put a man instead of a voter at the other end of the broom-handle. The "White Wings" are by no means white angels, but they are a splendid body of men, a body on which the people of New York can depend for any needed service without regard to hours or personal comfort. A trusted sweeper, for example, will stand on a windy dock-log all night long, and night after night, protecting the city against the wiles and tricks of the snow-carters. He gets no extra pay for this, but his extra service and his hardship are compensated by the consciousness that he is doing good work, that his good work is appreciated by his officers, and that the force to which he belongs is winning public favor partly because of what he himself is doing. In other words, the whole Department is actuated by a real *esprit de corps*, without which no organization of men can do its best, either in war or in peace.

The stock and plant have undergone an almost equal change. The horses are the finest in the city for their work. They are well trimmed, well groomed, and well treated. The carts are clean and in good order, and we have a complete duplicate outfit of harness in reserve.* The stables are always in "show" condition; and order and neatness characterize all branches of our outfit so far as the kind of work done will allow.

* The harness is bought a year or more in advance, in order that it may become thoroughly seasoned before being put to hard use. The gain in durability is far more than the loss in interest.



VOLUNTEER AID CERTIFICATE.

THE OLD METHOD OF STREET-SWEEPING.

The methods of work are now undergoing a change, but much of the old still remains. In its completeness it was as follows:

The streets were swept by men, to each of whom a certain area was assigned. The sweepings were gathered into little piles at the gutter. The carts, in their regular tours, took up these piles, which were thrown into them with a shovel, the wind carrying away its share of the fine dust. The refuse from houses (ashes, garbage, paper, and all manner of rubbish) was put into cans, barrels, boxes, firkins, and even bandboxes, which were stood at the edge of the curb. They were habitually over-filled, the sidewalk and the gutter being badly littered and papers being blown into the street. These receptacles were emptied into the carts with much scattering of dust in dry weather. This constituted the "street-cleaning" as the people saw it. It was supplemented, late at night, by a considerable amount of machine sweeping, which raised impenetrable clouds of dust.

DISPOSING OF THE REFUSE.

The final disposition of all matters collected is little seen, but it constitutes one of the most important and interesting parts of our work. There are seventeen dumping-boards on piers along the city's front on both rivers, where the carts discharge their loads on to scows, to be towed to sea. It is necessary that the refuse be properly spread and piled on these scows to keep them on an even keel. This is known as "scow-trimming," and it has



NEAR THE LIGHTSHIP, SANDY HOOK. UNLOADING DECK SCOWS WITH FORKS.

About twenty Italians unload the cargo of a deck scow in about two and one-half hours. In 1896 over 760,000 cubic yards of refuse were disposed of in this manner, on 1,531 scows, at an average cost of 17.9 cents per cubic yard.

become somewhat famous in these later days. Some sixteen years ago scow-trimming cost the city about \$11,000 per year. The work was done by Italians, a race with a genius for rag-and-bone picking and

partment stake-boat. When the tide serves, they are towed in groups of twos or threes out beyond the lightship, ten miles outside of Sandy Hook. Here they are discharged on the outgoing tide, so that their floating matter may be carried far out to sea, which is theoretically a perfect disposal. Unfortunately, the theory does not work well in practice, and the beaches of Long Island and New Jersey are made most foul with the flotsam and jetsam of rubbish and garbage that wind and tide rescue from the widely-strewn sea. Just complaint has long been loud, but happily this condition is at last being ameliorated, and is soon to cease.



A BARNEY DUMPER AT SEA, WITH ITS TUG.

The boat has been opened and is being towed along, the sea-way washing out the load. When empty it is allowed to close by flotation. The Department employs a fleet of thirteen Barney dumpers, which in 1896 carried to sea over 1,440,000 cubic yards of refuse, at an average cost of 13.8 cents per cubic yard.

for subsisting on rejected trifles of food. These Italians were observed by others to have a job which offered great advantages. Competition arose and continued, until in 1894, when the amount of material delivered at the dumps had greatly increased, the city received for the scow-trimming privilege about \$50,000 worth of labor free and more than \$90,000 in cash.

The scows are first towed to Gravesend Bay, where they are moored to the Department stake-boat. When the tide serves, they are towed in groups of twos or threes out beyond the lightship, ten miles outside of Sandy Hook. Here they are discharged on the outgoing tide, so that their floating matter may be carried far out to sea, which is theoretically a perfect disposal. Unfortunately, the theory does not work well in practice, and the beaches of Long Island and New Jersey are made most foul with the flotsam and jetsam of rubbish and garbage that wind and tide rescue from the widely-strewn sea. Just complaint has long been loud, but happily this condition is at last being ameliorated, and is soon to cease.

The scows are of two sorts: (1) Barney dumping-boats, which open and have their loads washed out by the sea-way as they are towed along; and (2) deck scows, from which the loads are shoveled by gangs of Italians. These men accept lower wages for this rough

and hazardous service because of the subsistence that they find in the cargo.

The question of final disposition had already become a very serious one during the administration of Mayor Gilroy, who appointed a commission to investigate the whole subject. The full report of this commission is interesting and useful. Much of what is now being done is its outgrowth, especially the pocket-dump and the self-propelling dumping-scow, both of which are due to the suggestion of Lieutenant-Com-

ESSENTIAL
POINTS IN THE
NEW SYSTEM.

The new system, when fully inaugurated, will be as follows (much of it is now in operation):

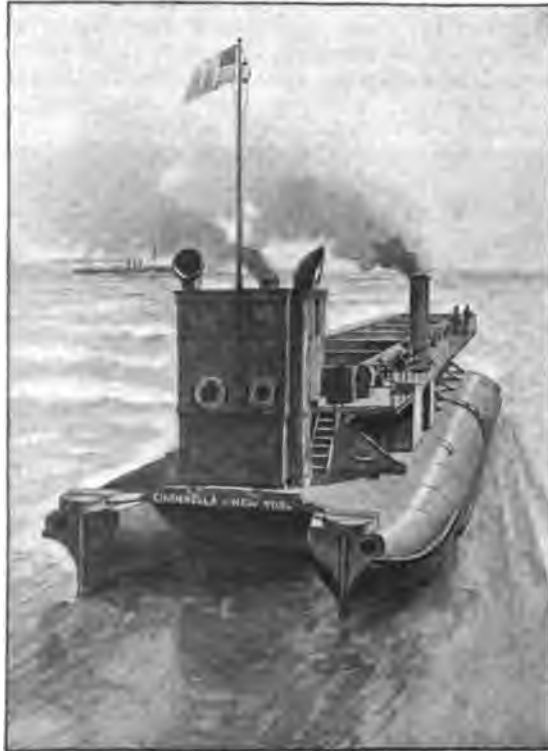
Each sweeper is supplied with a "bag-carrier," a little two-wheeled truck which supports an open bag, to receive street sweepings. On this truck he transports his tools: a broom with a scraper at the back, a watering-can, a short shovel, and, for asphalt, a broad, long-handled scraper. The sweepings are put into the bag as fast as they are collected. When full, the bag is tied and stood on the curb.

Householders are allowed to put nothing on the sidewalk. All receptacles must stand within the "stoop-line." This change from the old practice dates from 1895. Other changes, already begun, will soon be enforced universally. For simplicity they will be here described as though already established.

Garbage is kept separate from all else, and is set out in a proper vessel within a half hour of the scheduled arrival of the cart on its early morning round. This is delivered at the dumps to the scows of the Sanitary Utilization Company, and is taken to its works at Barren Island, where it is cooked by steam for some hours, and is then pressed for the extraction of its grease and liquids; the remaining solids are dried and ground. The liquid is reduced by evaporation to about the consistency of molasses. It retains most of its manurial value, and is mixed with the solids, the whole being sold as a fertilizer. The grease is roughly clarified, and is sold to soap-makers and others. The city pays to the company \$90,000 per annum under a five-year contract. The operations are free from sanitary objection, and are believed to be profitable.

Ashes are kept within the houses in cans, from which they are easily transferred to bags by a Department man. These bags are tied and set on the curb, to be taken away by the cart that collects the bags of sweepings. Ashes and sweepings are hauled

to the pocket-dumps, where the bags are emptied into hoppers which feed a bucket-elevator transporting their contents to elevated storage pockets; thence, on the opening of the gates, inclined floors discharge the matter into the pockets of the Delehanty boat, by which it is transported to Riker's Island, beyond Hell Gate. There will be a fleet of five of these boats: The "Cinderella," the "Aschenbroedel,"



THE DELEHANTY SELF-PROPELLING AUTOMATIC DUMPING-BOAT "CINDERELLA."

The load is carried in pockets suspended between the two pontoons. The floors of these open downward for dumping. The estimated cost of disposing of the city's ashes and sweepings behind bulkheads at Riker's Island, using the pocket-dump and the above self-propelling dumper, is less than six cents per cubic yard.

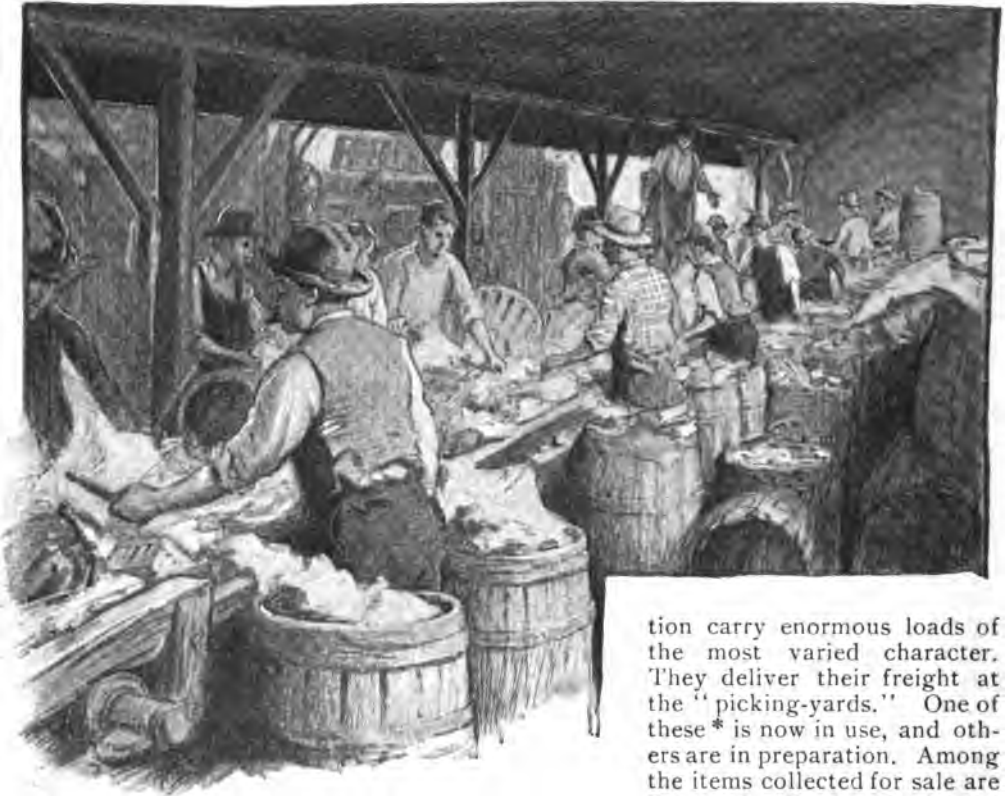
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the "Cendrillon," the "Cenerentola," and the "Asschepoester." This fleet (with the shorter trip) will supplant thirteen Barney dumpers, thirty-five deck scows, and the equivalent of five tugboats in constant use. The cost of these, going to the lightship, was, in 1896, \$308,600. The cost of transporting the same wastes by the new fleet, to be dumped in deep water inside of a small inclosure of sheet piling at Riker's Island, will be \$96,300. The material so dumped will be taken up by a huge pumping plant, and conveyed through pipes or canvas tubes to any desired point of delivery on the lower portion of the island or the shoals about it. The cost per cubic yard of delivering the wastes at sea is fourteen cents. Delivery

at Riker's Island will make land of much value for the city's use.

INCREASED PROFITS OF THE PICKING-YARD.

We have now accounted for all wastes save paper and rubbish. These have hitherto been the most conspicuous of all our material, and have been the great source of street littering. In connection with the bones and fat, which now go to the contractors at Barron Island, they furnished the valuable product of the scow-trimming industry in the days when everything went into the omnivorous "ash-barrel." It is now required that all such wastes be kept indoors until called for on signal. The carts engaged in their collec-



AT THE "PICKING-YARD" IN EAST EIGHTEENTH STREET.

The table between the sorters is a wide belt which travels slowly forward. Each sorter takes from the load his especial kind of paper, rag, bottle, etc. The rejected rubbish passes up an incline into a crematory furnace.

at Riker's Island, as above, will cost only five and four-tenths cents. The sea disposal is worse than waste, for it detracts vastly from the value of bathing beaches and other shore property. The disposal

tion carry enormous loads of the most varied character. They deliver their freight at the "picking-yards." One of these* is now in use, and others are in preparation. Among the items collected for sale are five grades of paper, five grades of rags, and three grades of carpet; also bagging, twine, two grades of shoes, hats, five grades of bottles, tin cans, copper, brass, zinc, iron, rubber, hair cloth, and curled hair.

It is too early to predict anything as to the amount that may be recovered from the sale of these various materials. It is

* No. 626 East Eighteenth Street.

certain that the city has received about \$140,000 in a year for the privilege of gleaning from the scows, in a very unclean condition, certain things that were dumped upon them by the Department carts. It is equally certain that the collection of these things and others, in a clean condition, directly from the houses and shops, will yield a much larger return. The only speculation that I have ventured to indulge in is qualified by a very uncertain "if." We have a population of about two million. If we can recover the value of one-half cent per day for each head of this population, the total annual income would be \$3,650,000, or more than the entire cost of street cleaning and snow removal. It is safe to say that a goodly part of that cost will be recovered.

NEARLY A THOUSAND MILES OF STREETS
SWEEPED DAILY.

It may be of interest to show how many miles of streets are cleaned as compared with the work of 1888, when the Department was under one of its best commissioners, Mr. James S. Coleman. He reported that fifty miles were swept daily, 187 miles three times a week, sixty-five miles twice a week, and twenty-four miles "when found necessary." This makes a total of 326 miles, and an average daily sweeping of about 175 miles.

At present, thirty-five and a half miles are swept four or more times a day, fifty and a half miles three times a day, 283½ miles twice a day, and sixty-three and a half miles once a day, making a total of 433 miles, and an average daily sweeping of 924 miles, or nine miles more than the distance from New York to Chicago.

Measuring the entire expenditure of the Department by the yearly cost of each mile of daily sweeping, it was \$7,176.45 in 1888 and \$3,553.95 in 1896.

The performance of this vastly greater amount of work is largely due to a more effective supervision on the part of the foremen, who are kept under much more exact control, and who are supplied with bicycles to enable them to get more frequently over their sections. Each foreman is obliged to report daily, in writing, the exact point at which he was at each half hour of the day, and the accuracy of these reports is tested by the superintendents of districts and by others employed for the purpose. Dismissal has followed the rendering of a false report in this regard. It is found that the use of the bicycle in-

creases the potential efficiency of the foremen fully threefold.

Reference was made, in the early part of this paper, to the standing of unharnessed vehicles in the streets. To remove these was pronounced an impossibility. Within less than six months from the inauguration of Mayor Strong, these vehicles had all been removed, never to return, and even the truckmen themselves now acknowledge that the change has been a benefit to them. No man who had "votes" in his eye could ever have reached this result.

MORE SNOW REMOVED IN FIVE WEEKS THAN
PREVIOUSLY IN FIVE YEARS.

In no part of the Department's work has a greater improvement been shown than in the removal of snow. The mileage of removal after each storm is now about 145 miles, or more than six times as much as formerly. In five consecutive weeks of 1895 more snow was removed, and for less money, than in all of the five years beginning with 1889. On one day in this year the Department alone, aside from the work of the railroad companies and of the contractor for lower Broadway, removed 55,773 loads of snow. After the blizzard of 1888 the total removal, extending over the whole period, was 40,542 loads; and this was reported as "marking the high-water point of snow removal." The increased mileage of the present work is very largely in the more crowded tenement-house region and in the busiest downtown streets. Substantially the whole city below Houston Street was cleared, and one-half of all between Houston and Fifty-ninth Streets.

I have been told by the president of the United States Rubber Company that this snow removal, together with the abolition of mud from the streets at all seasons, has cost that company \$100,000 per year by reason of the decreased demand for rubber boots and shoes. What this means to the poorer people of the city, as compared with their previous suffering, need not be said.

THE MEN SETTLE THEIR OWN LABOR
TROUBLES.

Space will not permit me to give an extended account of the present method of meeting the grievances and suggestions of the men. Formerly their only recourse was to "walking delegates" and to secret com-

binations among themselves. They now have a regularly authorized "Committee of Forty-one," elected by themselves, and fully recognized by the Commissioner as an element of the general method of discipline. This is made up entirely of sweepers and drivers. To it are first sent all complaints, appeals, and suggestions. Its discussions are secret, and its freedom of speech is absolute. Five members of this committee and five officers of the Department constitute a "Board of Conference," to which are forwarded all questions which the committee has not been able to settle. In this board the laboring men are on an absolute equality with the officers. In fact, the permanent chairman of the board is always either a sweeper or a driver. If the Board of Conference cannot decide any case, it is argued before the Commissioner, whose judgment is final.

During the first year of the working of this system 345 cases were submitted by the men to the Committee of Forty-one. This settled or rejected 221 of these, sending 124 cases to the Board of Conference, where all but a single one of them were determined by unanimous action and to the satisfaction of the men. The case that came to me was decided in favor of the complainant, and the fine which had been imposed was remitted, with this statement:

"Technically, and in accordance with all rules of discipline, the fine was a just one, and should be imposed in all similar cases. At the same time, I cannot avoid the feeling that this violation was made for no improper reason, and perhaps with a laudable desire to help the service; and, in any case, probably the ends of justice and discipline are as fully satisfied by the mental anxiety to which the driver has been subjected, and the full discussion the subject has received in the 'Committee of Forty-one' and the 'Board of Conference,' as they would be by the enforcement of the penalty. I, therefore, direct that the fine be remitted."

JUVENILE STREET INSPECTORS.

In the effort for general improvement no stone has been left unturned. Everything possible has been done to enlist the interest of all the people in our work, so that all might at least give the substantial negative aid of avoiding the littering of the streets. The end is not yet, by a great deal. Still, it cannot be gainsaid that where one person gave the least thought to the condition of the streets only three years ago, a hundred are now interested in keeping them clean.

Among the agencies by which this change has been brought about, the most important has been that of the Juvenile Leagues,

the young volunteer aids of the Department. In the recent parade we turned out nearly five hundred boys and girls in white caps, representing many organizations, some of them of two years' standing. These organizations are actively engaged in "trying to keep the streets clean." This movement has been so useful and is now so promising that we are about to extend it throughout the whole public-school system, with the cordial concurrence of the Board of Education. The boys and girls constituting these leagues are active inspectors of local conditions, but they are especially useful as disseminators of ideas. They are our means of communication with their fathers and mothers, whom we often find it impossible to reach directly. Through them we get into contact with the public sentiment of large elements of the community which we could reach in no other way. Then, too, we are giving an entirely new and very useful training to those who are soon to become the men and women of the city. They are being taught that government does not mean merely a policeman to be run away from, but an influence which touches the life of the people at every point. We are making, it is hoped, citizens who will be interested in the city and who will do what they can to help improve its ways as well as its highways.

To this end we are bringing children into close relation with our work. Those who show the proper qualifications are given an official badge and a certificate (see illustration on page 917).

It is hoped that the children in the public schools will, in time, also be made familiar with the work of other departments of the city government.

It is not only through the children that the influence of clean streets has been felt by the people of the least intelligent classes. It has justly been said that "cleanliness is catching," and clean streets are leading to clean hallways and staircases and cleaner living rooms. A recent writer says:

"It is not merely justification of a theory to say that the improvement noticed in the past two and a half years in the streets of New York has led to an improvement in the interior of its tenement houses. A sense of personal pride has been awakened in the women and children, the results of which have long been noticeable to every one engaged in philanthropic work among the tenement dwellers. When, early in the present administration, a woman in the Five Points district was heard to say to another, 'Well, I don't care, my street is cleaner than yours is, anyhow,' it was felt that the battle was won."

Section Foreman.

Stable Foreman.

Driver.

Sweeper.

Sweeper.

Sweeper.



District Superintendent.

Chief Clerk.

Driver.

General Superintendent.

THE BOARD OF CONFERENCE.

IMPROVED HEALTH AND COMFORT — DECLINE IN THE DEATH RATE.

Few realize the many minor ways in which the work of the Department has benefited the people at large. For example: There is far less injury from dust to clothing, to furniture, and to goods in shops; mud is not tracked from the streets on to the sidewalks, and thence into the houses; boots require far less cleaning; the wearing of overshoes has been largely abandoned; wet feet and bedraggled skirts are mainly a thing of the past, and children now make free use as a playground of streets which were formerly impossible to them. "Scratches," a skin-disease of horses due to mud and slush, used to entail very serious cost on truckmen and liverymen. It is now almost unknown. Horses used to "pick up a nail" with alarming frequency, and this caused great loss of service, and, like scratches, made the bill of the veterinary surgeon a serious matter. There are practically no nails now to be found in the streets.

The great, the almost inestimable, bene-

ficial effect of the work of the Department is shown in the great reduction of the death rate, and in the less keenly realized but still more important reduction in the sick rate. As compared with the average death rate of 26.78 of 1882-1894, that of 1895 was 23.10, that of 1896 was 21.52, and that of the first half of 1897 was 19.63. If this latter figure is maintained throughout the year, there will have been fifteen thousand fewer deaths than there would have been had the average rate of the thirteen previous years prevailed. The report of the Board of Health for 1896, basing its calculations on diarrheal diseases in July, August, and September, in the filthiest wards, in the most crowded wards, and in the remainder of the city, shows a very marked reduction in all, and the largest reduction in the first two classes.

It is not maintained, of course, that this great saving of life and health is due to street-cleaning work alone. Much is to be ascribed to improvements of the methods of the Board of Health, and not a little to the condemnation and destruction of rear tenements; but the Board of

ANNUAL SNOW REMOVAL FORMERLY, 55,568 LOADS.

ANNUAL SNOW REMOVAL NOW, . . . 495,977 LOADS.

TOTAL DAILY SWEEPING IN 1888, . . . 172½ MILES.

TOTAL DAILY SWEEPING IN 1897, . . . 924 MILES.

cost all the people of this city for all that was done in 1896, including the removal of snow and the renewal of "stock and plant"? The total sum is

Health itself credits a great share of the gain to this department. \$3,283,853.90. And how much is that?

It is almost exactly three cents per week for each one of us!

THE INCREASE OF COST.

An effort has been made to account for the better work done on the streets solely by the larger amount of money expended. But in the matter of cleaning there has been no such increase of cost. In studying this it is proper to exclude the cost of "snow removal," and of the purchase of "new stock and plant," bought for permanent use and to repair waste due to the work of previous years. The expenditure for all other items, for all really "street-cleaning" accounts, was as follows for five years past:

		Percentage of increase.
1892.....	\$1,890,376.46	
1893.....	2,036,812.81	7.7%
1894.....	*2,366,419.49	16.2%
1895.....	2,704,577.26	14.3%
1896.....	2,776,749.31	2.7%

The increase in 1893-1894 was 23.9%.
 " " " 1895-1896 " 17%.

Furthermore, during this administration the employment of private ash-carts and private sweepers has greatly decreased, as people have found that the department service could be relied on.

However, suppose the work has cost more. It has been well and honestly done, and it has produced the results cited above. I accept cheerfully full responsibility for the outlay, and I should gladly spend still more if it were needed for the good of the people. And, after all, how much did it

* Includes \$140,000 secured in judgments against the city for increase in wages.

SOLDIERS OF CLEANLINESS AND HEALTH.

The progress thus far made is satisfactory. An inefficient and ill-equipped working force long held under the heel of the spoilsman has been emancipated, organized, and brought to its best. It now constitutes a brigade three thousand strong, made up of well-trained and disciplined men, the representative soldiers of cleanliness and health—soldiers of the public—self-respecting and life-saving. These men are fighting daily battles with dirt, and are defending the health of the whole people. The trophies of their victories are all about us, in clean pavements, clean feet, uncontaminated air, a look of health on the faces of the people, and streets full of healthy children at play.

This is the outcome of two and a half years of strenuous effort—at first against official opposition and much public criticism. Two and a half years more, with a continuance of the present official favor and universal public approval, should bring our work to its perfection. It should make New York much the cleanest, and should greatly help to make it the healthiest, city in the world. By that time its death rate should be reduced to fifteen per thousand—which would mean for our present population a saving of sixty lives per day out of the 140 daily lost under the average of 25.78 (1882-94).

I venture to predict a recovery, from the sale of refuse material, of at least one-half the cost of the whole work.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Colonel Waring is at work upon a book that will deal more at length with this subject and contain the result of his observations and study in foreign cities. The volume will be published in the fall by the Doubleday and McClure Company.

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

. . . consider that the meritorious services of the Sergeant Instructors attached to the Egyptian Army have been inadequately acknowledged . . . To the excellence of their work is mainly due the great improvement that has taken place in the soldiers of H. H. the Khedive.
Extract from letter.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "I must make a man of you
That will stand upon his feet and play the game;
That will Maxim his oppressor as a Christian ought to do."
And she sent old Pharaoh Sergeant Whatisname.

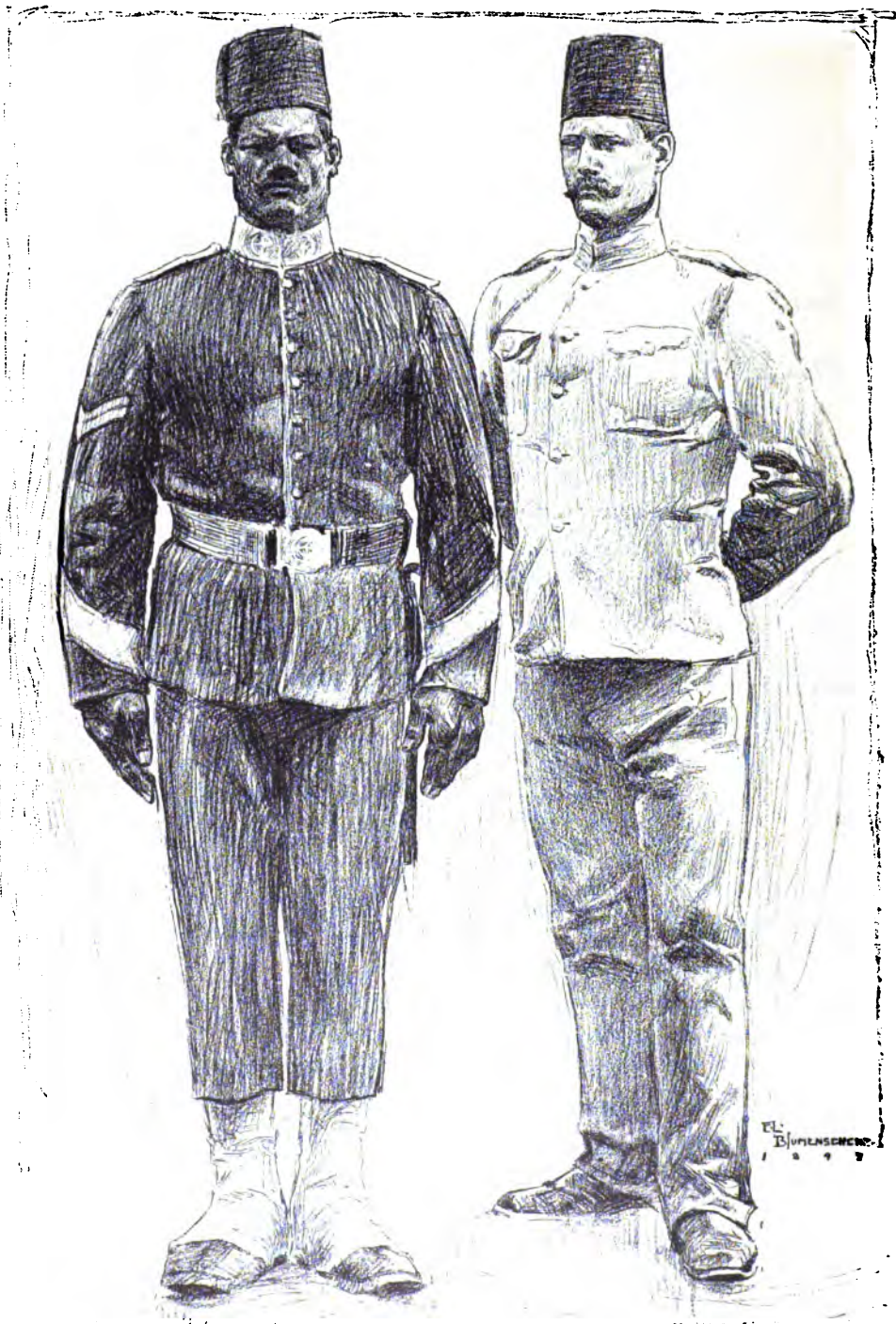
It was not a Duke nor Earl nor yet a Viscount—
It was not a big brass General that came;
But a man in khaki kit who could handle men a bit,
With his bedding labelled Sergeant Whatisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "Tho' at present singing small,
You shall hum a proper tune before it ends,"
And she introduced old Pharaoh to the Sergeant once for all,
And left 'em in the desert making friends.
It was not a Crystal Palace nor Cathedral,
It was not a public house of common fame,
But a piece of red-hot sand, with a palm on either hand,
And a little hut for Sergeant Whatisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "You've had miracles before,
When Aaron struck your rivers into blood;
But if you watch the Sergeant he can show you something more—
He's a charm for making riflemen from mud."
It was neither Hindustani, French, nor Coptic;
It was odds and ends and leavings of the same,
Translated by a stick (which is really half the trick),
And Pharaoh hearked to Sergeant Whatisname.

(There were years that no one talked of: there were times of
horrid doubt;
There was faith and hope and whacking and despair;

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT.



*While the Sergeant gave the Cautions, and he combed old Pharaoh out,
And England didn't look to know nor care.*

*That is England's awful way o' doing business;
She would serve her God or Gordon just the same;
For she thinks her Empire still is the Strand and Hol-
born Hill,
And she didn't think o' Sergeant Whatisname.)*

Said England to the Sergeant, "You can let my people go!"

*(England used 'em cheap and nasty from the start)
And they entered 'em at Firkeh on a most astonished foe—
But the Sergeant he had hardened Pharaoh's heart
That was broke, along of all the plagues of Egypt,
Three thousand years before the Sergeant came—
And he mended it again in a little more than ten,
So Pharaoh fought like Sergeant Whatisname!*

*It was wicked bad campaigning (cheap and nasty from the first),
There was heat and dust and coolie work and sun,
There were vipers, flies, and sandstorms, there was cholera and thirst,
But Pharaoh done the best he ever done.*

*Down the desert, down the railway, down the river,
Like the Israelites from bondage so he came,
'Tween the clouds o' dust and fire to the land of his desire,
And his Moses it was Sergeant Whatisname!*

*We are eating dirt in handfuls for to save our daily bread,
Which we have to buy from those that hate us most,
And we must not raise the money where the Sergeant raised the dead,
And it's wrong and bad and dangerous to boast;*

*But he did it on the cheap and on the quiet,
And he's not allowed to forward any claim—
Though he drilled a black man white, though he made
a mummy fight,*

*He will still continue Sergeant Whatisname—
Private, Corporal, Colour-Sergeant, and Instructor—
But the everlasting miracle's the same!*

A MAN FIGHTS BEST IN HIS OWN TOWNSHIP.

BY ROBERT BARR,

Author of "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Mutable Many," etc.

UNDER the hot sun Tom Stover rode slowly across the Texas plains towards the collection of shanties which he saw ahead of him, some miles away. He meditated deeply as he rode, for he was on the eve of a momentous enterprise. As he approached the group of buildings they resolved themselves into items; first, a long, low, wooden building that served at once for freight shed, telegraph office, and station house of Chapman's Junction; next to it on the east was a shanty with a stovepipe sticking through the board roof, where Peters, the station agent, lived. On the other side, near the track, were fenced-in enclosures, all whitewashed, with slatted, inclined planes up which the cattle traveled to be wedged side by side in the stock cars of the trains going East.

Tom tied his horse to the topmost rail of the whitewashed enclosure, and walked up the steps to the broad platform that surrounded the station building.

The station was on the south side of the straight track, the two converging steel rails of which, like lines without a turning drawn on the level plain of Texas, disappeared into the eastern horizon on the one hand and into the western horizon on the other. The overhanging eave of the northern side of the building threw a grateful shade upon the broad platform, and in that shade, upon a chair tilted back against the side of the house, his heels on the lower rungs of the chair, his back resting against the wall, sat a man with his broad-brimmed hat drawn over his eyes, apparently sound asleep. His slumber was guarded by the outstretched arms of the red signal boards: one to the east and one to the west of him, up and down the iron lines.

"Hallo, Peters!" shouted Stover. "You are a hard-worked laboring man."

Peters slowly shoved the brim of his slouched hat back from his brow and started up at the interloper.

"Hallo, Tom!" was all he said; then he tilted his chair down on its four legs again, rose, and stretched himself, after

which he offered his hand to the newcomer.

"Say, Peters, you haven't another chair about the place, have you? I want to sit down and have a talk with you."

"No," replied Peters. "There isn't another chair within ten miles, I guess, but there's a box in the telegraph office that'll do just as well; so you sit down in my chair and fire away. I've got something a mighty sight more practical than chairs, and that is a bottle of good Kentucky."

"Now, you're shouting," rejoined Tom with undisguised glee. "Some people might think it a little too hot for drinking whisky, but I can stand it if you can."

"Oh," said the station master, in a tone of authority, "that's one thing I like about whisky, it suits any climate."

Saying which, he dragged a square box out of the telegraph office and sat down upon it, after handing the bottle over to Tom, who took a pull, wiped the mouth of the bottle on his coat sleeve, and passed it solemnly back to the station master, who, echoing his sentiment, "Here's to you," turned the bottom of the flask toward the clear Texan sky. "Well," said Peters, setting the bottle down an equal distance between them, "I'm mighty glad you came in. I was getting a bit lonesome."

"I should think," said Tom, "that seeing you are station master and telegraph operator and switch tender and freight shover, all in one, you would have enough to do to keep you awake at least."

"Well, I haven't," said Peters. "You see, with about one train in twenty-four hours, for the night express doesn't count, there isn't much excitement around the junction; in fact, Chapman's Junction isn't even a junction, because the line they surveyed from here was never put through, on account of the panic coming on. And then the city those speculators staked out—well, there's some of the stakes left, and that's about all. No—there isn't much excitement round here."

"That's so," admitted Tom; "and for

my part, I'm goin' off where there's something goin' on."

"What do you mean?" cried Peters. "You're not going to leave us, are you?"

"Well, only for a little while. I'm going to take a trip. I'm going clean through to New York."

"You don't mean it!" cried Peters in amazement.

"Yes, I do. You see I've been steady to work on Chapman's ranch for more than five years. Now, Chapman, at the first, wasn't doing very well, and so we

"You bet he was!" cried Tom, enthusiastically. "So I told the old man I was going to take two or three weeks off and blow in some of that money, and I've just rode out to see you and find how much it costs to New York and back."

"You're not going to take all that money with you?" said Peters, warningly.

Peters had once visited St. Louis, and knew what a large city was.

"Oh, I think I shall try and take it along," said Tom. "A fellow never knows how much he wants to blow in when he goes to a place. Things may be more expensive in New York than they are in Texas."

"Expensive!" cried Peters. "Why, you could buy half the town for three thousand dollars. Do you know anybody in New York?"

"No one but Billy Smith; he went there a while ago, and I haven't heard from him for three years, but I'll just inquire around till I find him. Somebody there will be sure to know him. Billy was always hard up, and I can perhaps help him out a bit."

"If you don't know his address," said Peters, with the caution of a man who has traveled as far as St. Louis and spent a week in that city, "you may have some trouble in finding him."

"Oh, I guess not," said Tom. "I know pretty near everybody in Texas, and Texas is a good deal bigger than New York, from what I've heard."

"Well, maybe, maybe," grudgingly admitted Pe-

ters, "but they're different, you know."

"What I wanted to find out," said Tom, "is what does it cost to go from here to New York. What's the price of a ticket?"

Peters scratched his head doubtfully.

"It takes a good bit of money," he said. "I don't know exactly how much. I couldn't sell you a ticket any farther than St. Louis, and then you'd have to get



"... AND BOUGHT WHAT WAS NEEDED TO MAKE HIM APPEAR AS A RESIDENT OF THE CITY."

were all glad enough to get our board and something to drink now and then from him. But these last two or three years, since the panic, he's making money hand over fist, and last week he paid me up—owed me \$3,200, and I got every cent of it."

"You don't say?" replied Peters. "Well, Chapman always was a white man."

another there. But say, Tom, couldn't you get a letter from old man Chapman setting out that you are going East on cattle business? If he can do that, I'll send it on to headquarters, and I'm not sure but we can get you a pass right through. You see Chapman ships a lot of cattle over this line, and he has never been anywhere, and the big ranchmen always get transportation over the road when they want to go east or west. Of course it isn't any of my business to knock down the receipts of the railway company, but still I've known you for five years, and although I'm not sure I can work it, I think I can. I'm dead certain I can get you a pass from here to St. Louis anyhow, and if Chapman sends the right sort of a letter, I shouldn't wonder but the folks at headquarters can fix you clear to New York and back, and never cost you a cent."

"Geewhillicans!" cried Tom, who never had an idea that anybody traveled on a railway without paying his fare.

"How soon are you going?" asked Peters.

"Oh, I'm not particular for a week or two."

"Very well! Now you get me that letter from Chapman. Tell him to put it strong. He can say that nobody's ever had transportation from his ranch and that he's shipped thousands of cattle through on this line, and I'll see what I can do."

"Well," said Tom gratefully, "you are a white man, Peters. I'll bring the letter in to-morrow."

And so, each taking another pull at the bottle, they parted.

Next day Peters sent on to headquarters the request of Chapman, and in a day or two he got a letter of inquiry from some one in authority, which he answered enthusiastically. A week later the documents came, all pinned together, and Tom started East with the proud consciousness that he didn't need to pay a cent, unless he took a sleeping-car, until he entered the city of New York.

It was an amazing journey, and Tom found that it exceeded his wildest expectations. He made the mistake for a whole day of thinking that Jersey City was New York, and he wandered round and was much stared at; they thought that Buffalo Bill and his company had arrived in town once more. He reached Jersey City in the morning, and towards four o'clock, after spending his admiration on it, discovered

that New York was on the other side of the river. He went across, and found for himself a reasonably modest hotel, where he was expected to pay two dollars a day for room and food. He expected to be swindled right and left, but, to his surprise, everything was very reasonable, and no one attempted to take any advantage of him, although he had his suspicions of the ready-made clothing man from whom he bought a complete outfit, for Tom was a shrewd fellow, and realized that his costume was not quite the same as those of the regular citizens of New York; so he went to the ready-made clothing store and bought what was needed to make him appear as a resident of the city, even to shirts, neck-tie, and linen collar, which he had to be measured for, never having worn one before.

The clothing-store man told Tom that he would send the things to his hotel, but Tom, casting one suspicious glance at him, resolved not to be "done" in that simple fashion, and, taking the bundle under his arm, carried it to his hotel himself. Tom told the clerk of the hotel, with whom he had established confidential relations, of this attempt on the part of the clothing-store man to swindle him, and was amazed when the clerk informed him that it would very likely have been all right. And thus Tom's suspicions of the great city began to disappear, and he found that this world was not nearly as bad as some people represented.

When fitted out in his new suit Tom hardly recognized himself. He felt very uncomfortable, but had the satisfaction of knowing that he looked exactly like every other citizen in the metropolis, except as far as his hair was concerned. His hair was light, almost of a golden color, and, like that of the girl in the song, it hung down his shoulders. Resolved to make his sacrifice to fashion complete, he entered a hair-cutting establishment and demanded to be closely shorn. The barber stood back and looked at him with admiration. "It's a pity," he said, "to put shears into anything like that. I never saw anything to compare with it since Paderewski was here, and his stuck up on end more than yours does."

"That's all right," said Tom. "I don't want people turning round to stare after me as I pass along. You give me a close cut." And in a very short time Tom's luxuriant auburn tresses lay scattered on the barber's floor, and he left the place with relief to think there was

now no distinguishing marks of Texas about him. He made diligent inquiries for his friend Billy Smith, and was disappointed when he could find no one who knew him. When he spoke to the hotel clerk about it, that alert young man, who he supposed knew everything, said at once he would find him if he was in New York, and he turned to the bulky directory of the city and looked up the Smiths, and, just as he predicted, he found several hundred of them; so he advised Tom that the only thing he could do was to call on each one of them and discover the real Billy Smith, a task, the clerk estimated, that would occupy Tom, if he gave it close attention, for about a year. The cowboy, with a sigh, gave up the attempt, and grew more and more lonely in the big city.

One day as he passed down Broadway a man accosted him:

"Hallo!" he said. "Is this you, John?"

"No," said Tom, "I'm not John; my name's Tom Stover."

"Well," said the other, with an air of disappointment, "I could have sworn that you were John Bloomingdale from Bug-in's Corners, New York."

"No," answered Tom, with a regretful sigh, for he would have been only too glad to meet some one he knew. "I'm not from York State at all. The fact is that I come from the West. My name's Tom Stover, and I worked for five years on Chapman's ranch in Texas. Only came to New York the other day. Never been here before."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the man.

"I took you for another fellow altogether. Good-by!"

"Good-by," said Tom, and he stood on the crowded edge of the pavement watching

the retreating figure of the man who might perhaps have known him; but better luck was in store for him. He had hardly gone a hundred yards down the street when a stranger, looking keenly at him, placed his hands on Tom's shoulders.

"Thunder and lightning!" said the stranger, "if you're not Tom Stover, you're the dead image of him."

Tom's face lighted up.

"You're dead right," he said, "but how the deuce you come to know me now that I got my hair cut, I can't imagine."

"Know you?" cried the other, "why I'd know you anywhere, hair cut or no hair cut. Weren't you on Chapman's ranch in Texas something like five years ago?"

"You bet!" cried Tom, with keen delight. "Why, were you out there?"

"Certain," cried the man. "My name's Smithers. I don't suppose you recollect me. I was going through Texas to the gold fields. I'm a miner, I am, and don't know New York at all; only came here about a week ago."

"Same with me," cried Tom, smiting his big right hand down on the other's palm and shaking his arm vigorously. "Same with me. I've just come through from Texas. First time I've ever been in New York."

"Is that so?" cried Smithers. "Come on and let's have something to drink."

"You bet!" said Tom, taking him by the arm.

Smithers had a smooth-shaven face,



"... TAKING THE BUNDLE UNDER HIS ARM, CARRIED IT TO HIS HOTEL HIMSELF."

and a quick furtive look in his eye which seemed to rove all about him, with frequent glances to the rear. He drew Tom down a side street, and then turning a corner with apparently more knowledge of New York than a man who had just landed there should have, he pushed open the swinging door of a saloon, and they entered. They found a secluded corner, and sat down at a table.

Smithers said, "What will you have?"

"No, no," cried Tom, "this is my treat," and he pulled out a bundle of paper money from his pocket that made the other's eyes glisten. "It's strange," said Tom, "that you should have remembered me right here in New York after not seeing me for five years, while I can't remember you at all. I suppose you only stayed at the ranch a night or so?"

"Yes," said Smithers, "that was all, but I never forget a man when I once take to him; and besides, you weren't long there, I think you told me at the time."

"No; that is so. I was a newcomer then, and I guess that accounts for it. Still, we never had many visitors at the ranch, so I can't think how it is I don't remember you. You must have a wonderful memory to recognize not only my face but remember my name as well."

"I must admit," said Smithers, "I have, and, as I told you, I never forget a man I once take to. Are you going back soon?"

"Yes," said Tom, "I expect to. I came with \$3,200 dollars in my pocket—"

"What, and spent it all already?" asked the other in alarm.

Tom laughed boisterously, and said, "No, I've only spent a little on new clothes and a few other things. I keep my cash right here," added Tom, tapping the inside breast pocket of his coat.

"Yes," said Smithers, with a sigh, "that's the best place to keep it. I wish I had my money in my inside pocket."

"And haven't you?" asked Tom.

"No. You see, as I told you, I went through to the mines, and for three or four years had a hard time of it, but at last I struck it rich. I struck a nugget that is worth a hundred thousand dollars if it's worth a cent."

"Gee whizz!" exclaimed Tom, with wide-open eyes.

"Yes, sir, and I brought that nugget with me right here to New York. I had no ready money, and I had to put it in pawn. It isn't a thing you can sell off-hand, right in a minute. A man has got it, and he gives me a hundred dollars now,

and fifty dollars another time, and so on. He says I owe him three thousand dollars, but I don't, and he refuses to give it up unless I pay him three thousand dollars. Of course I haven't the money, and I can't get it until I get a hold of that nugget. Now I know how to sell it, and could get my hundred thousand dollars for it in ten minutes if I once had hold of the gold. But he won't let it go. He expects I'll be knocked on the head, I suppose, then he'll own it."

"Jumping bunco!" cried Tom, bringing his fist down on the table. "Tell me who the man is, and I'll blow the top of his head off. I'll fill him with lead."

"No, no," said the other. "That won't do here in New York, you know. You could have done that in a mining camp right enough, but it won't do in the East. No, I must have the money or I can't get that lump of gold."

"How much money did you say you needed?" cried Tom.

"I need three thousand dollars cash, and if any man would let me have that for about half an hour, till I could get my lump of gold changed into bills, I'd willingly give five thousand for the accommodation of the money."

"George Washington!" cried Tom. "What are you talking about? Don't you know I've got the three thousand dollars? Why, bless my soul, let's go and get that lump of gold out at once."

"Well," demurred the other, "you're a stranger to me, you know; I couldn't ask you for the money, only knowing you half an hour."

"You've known me five years," said Tom, rising. "You come along with me, and show me where this man is, and I'll fork over the three thousand dollars. I've got it right here with me."

The other still demurred, and seemed to hesitate.

"Well," he said, "I'll do it on one condition, that you take the lump of gold yourself and get the cash for it."

"You'll do it," said Tom enthusiastically, "on no conditions at all. You take the money and get your gold, and bring me back the money to the Sellers House; you know where that hotel is, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Smithers, "I know it very well," and he took out a note-book and put down the name. "Very well, then," he said. "To-morrow I will bring back your money, and we'll go out and have dinner together."

"You bet!" cried Tom, delighted to

think he had overcome the scruples of the other.

Smithers led the cowboy down one street and up another, and at last they came to a dark passage, and went up three flights of stairs, where he pushed open the door of a shabby room and they found a man sitting beside an ordinary wooden table of the roughest sort.

"I say!" cried Smithers, "have you got that piece of gold of mine?"

"Yes," said the other, grumblingly, "if you've got the money to pay me what you owe."

"I got the money," replied Smithers bitterly; "at least I've got a friend here who'll put up the money, and I guess that's the same thing."

"Yes," cried Tom, "and you may be plagued glad that you're not out in Texas, where you'd get your cursed head blown off."

The man in the room looked in alarm at the huge figure of Tom, and as he did so, Tom seemed to recognize him, but could not think where he had met him. The man rose hastily and went to a cupboard, and brought out a huge lump of yellow metal.

"There it is," he said, placing the metal on the table.

Tom pulled out his long leather pocket-book from his inside pocket, and counted out the three thousand dollars. The other, rolling it up in a bundle, thrust it in his trousers pocket, and pushed the lump of gold towards the cowboy.

"There," said Smithers, "you take that as security."

"Security be hanged," cried Tom with indignation. "You

drop round at my hotel to-morrow. Come about four o'clock, and I'll stay in for you."

"Very well," said Smithers, shaking him warmly by the hand. "I'll take this now and get my money for it."

Tom went down the stairs alone, and the two men looked at each other with a grin.

"I'll be hanged," said Smithers, "if it isn't too disgustingly easy."

"Oh," said the other man, "he'll soon meet some one who will put him on to the game, so we'd better close up this establishment as quickly as possible, and get away." Which they accordingly did.

Only once did suspicion cross the mind of Tom Stover. As he was walking up Broadway it suddenly came to him that the man in the room was the same who had accosted him and asked if he were not John Bloomingdale. He wondered at the coincidence, because he had been much struck within the past day or two with the size of New York and the impossibility of meeting any one a person knew.

Four o'clock next day arrived, but no Smithers came with it. It was late that evening when Tom confided the situation to the hotel clerk. After waiting till six o'clock, he had roamed about the city trying to find the room to which Smithers had taken him, but he could not even find the saloon where they had first drank together. It was late at night when he returned, and, ashamed of himself for harboring unworthy suspicions, he hesitatingly told the clerk what had happened to him. The clerk looked at him with unfeigned amazement.

"Well," he said, "if I had had any idea that you were so green as that I would have put you on your guard. It never struck me that you would be taken in by the first gold-brick man you met on the streets. You've been buncoed. How much money did they get out of you?"



"I MUST HAVE THE MONEY OR I CAN'T GET THAT LUMP OF GOLD."

"Three thousand dollars," said Tom, with a sigh.

"Have you got any left?" asked the clerk sharply, thinking of the hotel bill.

"I've got a little over a hundred dollars," replied Tom.

"Well," said the clerk, a little more cordially, "you take my advice and get right back to Texas. Have you got your ticket?"

"Yes."

"Very well then, a hundred dollars will see you through. New York's not your size. I didn't think there was a man in this country from one end to the other that

"Well," said Peters, as Tom stepped from the train, "what kind of a time did you have? Back sooner than you expected, aren't you?"

"Yes, a little sooner," replied Tom. "Oh, I had a great time. Big city, New York."

"I suppose it is," said Peters. "How much of the three thousand dollars did you bring back with you?"

"Oh, I've got a ten-dollar bill or so, and some change in silver."

"Geewhillicans!" cried Peters in astonishment. "Blew in the whole three thousand, every cent of it? You *have* had

a time. You didn't buy the town and give it away, did you?"

"No, but I gave myself away once or twice. But it's all in a lifetime, and I've had the worth of the money, I guess. A fellow must have a fling some time, you know, Peters."

"Yes, I know," said Peters, rubbing his chin meditatively and wrinkling his brows. "But, Tom, think how many bottles of whisky



"I SAY!" CRIED SMITHERS, "HAVE YOU GOT THAT PIECE OF GOLD OF MINE?"

hadn't read about these bunco-steerers and the way they work. Why, the game's been given away again and again in every newspaper in the land."

"Yes," said Tom dolefully, "but I've been living on a ranch, and I don't read newspapers."

"All right," said the clerk, "but the lesson has cost you three thousand dollars; so if I were you I'd subscribe for a paper. I don't suppose you'll ever see a cent of that money again. I'll tell the police, but it won't be any use; these fellows are too sharp."

The police were told, but as the clerk had predicted, it was no use. For two or three days Tom wandered up and down the street hoping to meet Smithers or his confederate, but that too proved useless.

that money would have bought!"

"Yes," said Tom, with the ghost of a sigh, "it would have gone a long way in old rye."

"Well," said Peters, "I suppose if you're satisfied, nobody else has a right to grumble. But three thousand dollars in less than that number of weeks, I couldn't have believed it!"

"It isn't all wasted," said Tom, "because I've got a case here that's for you, and in it are twelve bottles of as good whisky as you ever put your lips to. I don't forget my old friends merely because I'm having a high old time in New York by myself."

"You're a brick," said Peters gratefully, shaking him warmly by the hand, and, as the rear car of the westward train

was now dim in the distance, Tom opened the case, and Peters opened a bottle.

Tom's adventures in New York were for many days the wonder of Chapman's ranch. He wasn't a man of much imagination, and was sometimes hard put to it when the cowboys pressed for details of the fun which involved such enormous expenditure in so short a time. The general opinion was that Tom must have lived high and gone the pace in order to get through so much money. Even old Chapman himself shook his head and doubted whether a man in a couple of weeks could have all the fun which such a sum represented. However, Tom put on no airs over his comrades; he was as genial as ever, and continued to be as well liked as he always had been. His yellow hair grew down to his shoulders once more, and if there was a pleasant swagger in his manner, that was merely to be expected from a man who had had such a wild time in the metropolis for two weeks. The New York affair also had another effect: Tom now subscribed for a New York paper, and read it assiduously, as did also most of the other boys in the camp. The numbers accumulated in bundles at the railway station, and were forwarded by Peters every time any one went out from the ranch to Chapman's Junction. It was generally supposed that Tom in his two weeks had become so addicted to the frivolities of New York society that he must now read of those balls and theater parties which he could no longer attend.

"I see your friend Mrs. Vandergould has given another great dance," old man Chapman would say as he read the paper. "Here's a whole column of people who attended it. I suppose you met most of these folks while you were down at New York?"

"Couldn't help meeting 'em," said Tom. "Of course they were very nice to me, and naturally I had to give a blow-out or two in return. I couldn't have 'em think a fellow coming from Chapman's ranch in Texas was mean with the money."

"No," said old Chapman proudly, "you did it up fine, Tom, even if it did cost you three thousand dollars. I guess they know by this time that there's no flies on Texas."

"You bet!" said Tom. And so it was felt that, all in all, Tom had done credit to the locality during his brief sojourn in New York. But all the while Tom was saving up his money and carefully reading the criminal columns in the paper he sub-

scribed for. He knew that such a man as Smithers was bound to be arrested sooner or later, and he expected to read his description when the police took him in, and probably see a picture of him on the front page of the paper. The journal he took dealt very fully with criminal matters; in fact it was his friend the hotel clerk who had advised what paper to take in, if he wanted to keep up with the police news of the big city.

At last Tom's vigilance was rewarded. The moment he opened the paper and saw the portrait of a man's smooth, cynical face, he recognized Smithers. He also, though less certainly, recognized the man who was his comrade. Other pictures were given, also a view of a house, also a picture of a man bound and gagged, also a picture of the same man as he appeared to the ordinary citizen. It had been a big affair: not a bunco game this time, but a fair and square robbery. The man had stepped into his carriage at the bank door, with over sixty thousand dollars in the valise he carried in his hand. The man thought everything was right, but Smithers was sitting in the driver's seat, for the driver had been inveigled away by a false message from his master. The trick had been cleverly done. In a certain narrow street the carriage stopped; Smithers's confederate stepped in and promptly knocked the man on the head. He was then bound and gagged and carried into a house these two had rented. There he was left, tied up in a hard knot, while Smithers drove his confederate to the Cunard docks. When they reached the docks, Smithers engaged some one to mind his horse until he returned. They divided the money, thirty thousand dollars each, and the confederate got on the steamer and sailed away, while Smithers crossed the ferry and made for the boundless West, each man carrying out his idea of the surest method of escape. Smithers, whose real name appeared to be Brownlow, had been traced as far as St. Louis. The Cunard steamer was spearing across the Atlantic, but a cable despatch was awaiting the confederate at Queens-town, and there the authorities had every hope of arresting him.

When Tom had read thus far in the first day's paper he eagerly turned to the next. The thieves had had a good opportunity of getting away, for it was a day before the rich man was found in the deserted house, still alive and intensely anxious. The next day's papers told of the rich man's offer of five thousand dollars for

the capture of either one of his assailants, and gave the further news that Smithers had been arrested at a town a hundred miles or so west of St. Louis. Tom at once made up his mind to go there. He was firmly resolved to have one shot at Smithers, even if he spent the remainder of his life in jail for doing so. He told old man Chapman that he would like a holiday for a week or two, and wanted a few hundred dollars if the old man would advance him so much. Old Chapman asked no questions, but gave him the money, and Tom got on his horse and rode towards Chapman's Junction, where he took a ticket for the town in which Smithers had been arrested. But a surprise awaited him there; Smithers, in some unaccountable way, had escaped. It was known, of course, that Smithers was in ample funds, and those who arrested him were now highly indignant because they were charged with accepting a bribe. The man, they said, was desperate and well armed. He had pulled a revolver on them and held them up while he escaped. It was known that he had taken the train for Texas, but all trace of him was now lost. The men, for some inexplicable reason, had neglected to give the alarm as promptly as they might have done, and once more Smithers had a fair chance of getting into Mexico before an officer could put his hand on his shoulder and arrest him in the name of the law. Detectives from New York were coming, but Smithers had a long start of them. Tom cursed the luck that had allowed his prey to escape, but promptly took train over the ground Smithers had traveled. He knew enough of the lay of the country to be well aware that Smithers, if he were at all informed, would leave the railway, buy a horse, and ride over the Mexican border. Tom paid his fare from station to station in a way that made the conductor think there was something wrong with his passenger's head. Every time the train stopped Tom got off, seized the station master by the shoulder, and rapidly asked him if anybody answering the description of the fugitive had got off the train within a day or two, bought a horse, and started for the interior. The reply was "no" for some hundreds of miles, and Tom swung on the train, sometimes just as it was pulling out, paid his fare to the next station, where he repeated his questioning. At last he met the reward that always awaits the patient and persistent.

"Yes," said the station agent, "he

bought a horse from old Seppings. He evidently didn't know anything about a horse, because Seppings palmed off on him the oldest and poorest horse he had on his ranch and made the man pay the biggest price for it. I guess he'd lots of money, so it doesn't matter. He didn't haggle about the price at all. He said he was going to the north, but in that he lied, because, after starting north and thinking he'd got out of sight, he changed his course and went straight south."

"What sort of a looking fellow was he?" asked Tom.

"Oh, a middle-sized man, and looked like he came from the city. He had a stubbly beard that seemed as if he hadn't shaved for two or three days. I guess generally he's a smooth-shaver, that man; a keen-looking fellow. He said he was prospecting, wanted to buy a ranch, or something of that sort."

"That's my man. Where's Seppings's place? I want to buy a horse and follow him."

Seppings found Tom not such easy game as Smithers had been. Tom knew a horse when he saw one, and knew what it's price was, too; but when old Seppings learned in the course of conversation that Tom had come from Chapman's ranch and was one of the boys himself, he wouldn't take a penny for the horse, but told him to select one for himself, and give it back when he was through with the chase. The other man had a day's start; but Tom knew he would speedily overtake him when he got on the trail. He put spurs to his horse, and on the second day out from Seppings's ranch he saw a dot on the sky line that he knew to be Smithers. It was nearly noon when he overtook him.

"Hallo, comrade!" he shouted. "Where are you bound for?"

The other, who had been urging on his horse as fast as he could for an hour before, seemed relieved at the cheery tones of the man who had overtaken him, and answered:

"Oh, I'm prospecting. Just looking round the country. I'm thinking of buying a ranch and settling down here."

"Well, that's a good plan," said Tom, spurring up beside him. "You'll find it very healthy, and lots of fun too, although you mightn't think it. I've seen more excitement in Texas in ten minutes than I've seen anywhere else in my whole life. You'll find the people all nice and neighborly, always ready to help a fellow-



"I TOLD YOU YOU COULD HAVE A LOT OF FUN IN TEXAS, AND IT'S JUST BEGINNING"

creature when he's in trouble. Oh, you'll like the people. I'm a miner myself. I've just come from Colorado, and I've got a nugget of gold that's worth a hundred thousand dollars if it's worth a cent, and I'll tell you what it is, friend, I need three thousand dollars to get it out of a fellow's clutches. He's been lending me money, and I thought perhaps if you were looking for a ranch you might have the money on your clothes somewhere, and help a fellow out without any trouble, don't you see?"

Smithers looked sharply at Tom; then it occurred to him that it perhaps would be better to escape; so he whipped up his

jaded horse and tried to worry a gallop out of him, which made Tom laugh when he thought of the futility of the move. He made no attempt to overtake him, but leisurely unwound the lariat from his waist. Then urging his horse forward, Tom airily swung the looped rope above his head, and dropped it gently over the body of Smithers. At a word Tom's horse stopped dead, bracing his feet in the turf. The rope tightened, and the unfortunate Smithers was dragged out of his saddle to the ground. The tired horse looked round and stopped, when the burden had been so promptly removed from his back.

"There," said Tom, riding up. "You

shouldn't leave an old acquaintance so suddenly as that, you know. I told you you could have a lot of fun in Texas, and it's just beginning. Stay with us and be friends."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Smithers, getting up and limping round between groans. His sudden fall had shaken him.

"Do with you?" cried Tom. "I'm going to have a lot of fun with you before I get through. How much have you got left of that thirty thousand dollars?"

"Not much," said Smithers dolefully. "I had to pay away most of it to those men who let me off. They just let me keep enough to see me into Mexico."

"Quite so," said Tom. "Well, we will test that statement. First, I'll see how much you've got in this bag."

Tom sprang off his horse, and opened the valise. It was about half full of currency notes, but they were all of small denominations. He turned them over with his hand, and at the same time a shot rang out in the still air.

"Oh, you've got a pistol, have you?" said Tom, looking up and seemingly quite interested in the fact. "I didn't search you, because I knew you New-Yorkers couldn't hit anything even if you tried; but I'll show you what shooting is." So pulling his revolver, Tom shot twice in quick succession, and Smithers felt a sharp pain in one ear and then in the other. He dropped his own pistol with a scream, and put his hands up to his head. When he took them down the blood was upon his palms.

"There," said Tom, "if you ever want to wear earrings you won't have to punch any holes. Of course you see that your life's safe with me, for I could as easily have put one shot through you as those two through your ears."

Tom walked to him, and picked up the pistol, which lay on the ground.

"Have you got another gun with you?"

"No," groaned Smithers.

Tom lightly felt over his person, then said to him: "Sit down over there. Now, if you move till I'm through counting this money I'll break your right leg and take you to the railway in front of my saddle, or if you give me too much trouble, I'll kill you right here and leave you. So if you want to get comfortably back to civilization, sit there and keep quiet."

Tom counted the money, and found under the heap of small bills some of much larger denomination, and in all there was something like four thousand dollars in the hand-bag.

"Now, Smithers," said Tom in his most serious manner, "where's the rest of this money?"

"I gave it all away, as I told you, to those fellows that let me go."

"I don't believe that. Take off your coat; I'm going to search you." Smithers reluctantly removed his coat, and tearing the lining Tom found it padded with greenbacks.

"Ah, ha," he said with satisfaction. "This is more like the thing. I'm afraid I'm going to spoil this coat, Smithers; but I guess the government will get you another, so don't you worry."

Tom sat there counting for a long time, and was not sure he had the amount correct at last, but he made it something like twenty-seven thousand dollars. He stuffed the greenbacks into the valise.

"Now, Smithers," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction, "get on your little horse, and we'll jog along back."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the trembling man for the second time. The blood was running down from his ears along his neck.

"Well, in the first place," said Tom, "I'm going to take the five thousand dollars that the New-Yorker offers as a reward for the recovery of the rest of the money. I'll send the remainder of the cash on to him by express from my station when I get there. As for you, I'll hand you over to the sheriff, or whoever is best qualified to take hold of you; then they can do what they like with you."

"But you've got no right to arrest me without a warrant," said Smithers.

"Oh, we don't bother about such trifles as warrants here in Texas. Don't you worry about that; you can make a complaint about it if you like. I think they will do everything for you that is strictly legal, in order to satisfy you, when they get you down in St. Louis or New York. I've got some salt in my pocket, which I always carry for the benefit of my horse, so let me rub a handful into those ears of yours. It will sting at first, but it will be good for 'em."

They got on their horses, and made their way back to Seppings's ranch. On the train Smithers appealed to the passengers, saying that he was being held without a warrant, and the conductor seemed to think the transaction somewhat illegal. But Tom explained to all those in the smoking-car that they were in the State of Texas, that he had two first-class active revolvers in his possession, and that if

anybody wanted to test his marksmanship, as Smithers had done, they'd only to step up and try to rescue the prisoner. So the passengers agreed not to interfere with what was strictly none of their business.

At Chapman's Junction Tom took his prisoner by the collar and lugged him off, keeping a threatening eye on the passengers as he did so.

"See here, Peters," he said, as the train was moving off, "these people on the train seem to think you must have a warrant to arrest a thief. Is that so, Peters?"

Peters stood there rubbing his chin thoughtfully, regarding the prisoner intently the while.

"Well, I guess that's so, Tom," he said, after a while. "You can't arrest a man in this country, thief or murderer, you know, without a warrant."

"You don't mean it?" cried Tom, much abashed.

"Yes," replied Peters, "we must do things according to law and order."

"That's right," said Smithers. "I told this man so, all along."

"Well, you mustn't mind him," said Peters to the stranger. "Tom's a good fellow, but he can't be expected to be a lawyer, you know. We'll do everything here legal and proper, and don't you be afraid. We'll tie you up in a hard knot, and telegraph to St. Louis, and say we're sitting on you till they come; and then, you bet, you'll have all the warrants you want. So don't you be dissatisfied, and don't you hold it against Tom."

When the officers at length arrived they made no objections to Tom's breach of the law in making his revolver his warrant for the arrest of the prisoner.

"Good-by!" said Tom, holding out his hand to Smithers, which the other curtly refused, "and remember this whenever you are doing your time, wherever it is, that if you hadn't taken in a fellow who was kind-hearted, if he was green, you'd have got off this time into Mexico."

LIFE PORTRAITS OF HENRY CLAY.

Born in Hanover County, Virginia, April 12, 1777. Died at Washington, D. C., June 29, 1852.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

THE earliest portrait of Henry Clay that I have been able to find is the first one here reproduced, painted by the erratic and irascible John Wesley Jarvis, in 1814. Others follow by Kentucky's gifted son, Matthew Harris Jouett, about 1818; John H. I. Browere, in 1825 (frontispiece); Samuel Finley Breese Morse, in 1841; John Neagle, in 1842; Joel Tanner Hart, in 1844; Marcus Aurelius Root, in 1848; and Charles W. Jarvis, about 1851; also a daguerreotype without date or name from the well-known Gilsey collection.

Mrs. John M. Clay of Lexington owns a miniature of Henry Clay, her father-in-law, which, it is claimed, represents him in early life, but I have been unable to see it or get a photograph of it. It is said to be much like the engraving by Longacre, "from a miniature," that was published in Atkinson's "Casket," Philadelphia, 1819. One Washington Blanchard painted a theatrical miniature in 1842 which he intended for Henry Clay, but it is noted only because it is in the public collection of the Corcoran Art Gallery. John Wood Dodge painted a miniature of

Clay at Ashland which he indorsed "finished June 3rd 1843." It is owned by Mrs. A. C. Gunther of New York.

The veteran Charles Willson Peale painted a portrait of Mr. Clay in Washington in the winter of 1818-19, which was recently presented to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. In 1822 C. B. King painted a portrait of him which now hangs in the Corcoran Art Gallery. It was engraved, soon after, in folio by Peter Maverick, and one state of the plate has the lettering in Italian.

Cabinet portraits on panel of Henry Clay were painted by Joseph Wood in 1825, William J. Hubard in 1832, and George Linen in 1838. The first two are whole lengths, but their location is unknown, while the third, a three-quarter length, is owned by the painter's daughter-in-law, Mrs. John B. Linen of Buffalo, New York. All three have been engraved, the last mentioned for Horace Greeley's campaign life of Henry Clay, with Clay's certificate that it is "an excellent likeness." Mr. Linen was sent to Washington by William L. Stone, the well-known po-

litical editor of New York, expressly to paint this picture, which received a silver medal as "the best specimen of portrait painting exhibited" at the National Academy of Design in 1839. Hubbard's portrait was exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts the year it was painted, and a portion of it was engraved for Longacre's "Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans."

Manuel J. Franca, a painter from the island of Madeira, who settled in Philadelphia, but subsequently removed to St. Louis, where he died, painted a portrait of Henry Clay in 1842 for Mr. Hamilton H. Jackson, to whom Mr. Clay wrote, "Mr. Francona (*sic*), at the instance of your liberality, has made a portrait of me which, as far as I can judge, is a good likeness. He has succeeded in some features in respect to which most of the artists have failed." The picture and letter now belong to Mr. R. Hall McCormick of Chicago.

Portraits of Mr. Clay are owned by the New York Historical Society (painted by S. S. Osgood); the Long Island Historical Society (a good early portrait by an unknown hand); the city of Brooklyn, New York (a whole length, signed "P. S. Stanton, New Orleans, 1847"); the State of Kentucky (a whole length, hanging in the capitol at Frankfort, and signed "F. H. Heban, Louisville"); the Corcoran Art Gallery (a bust portrait ascribed to Henry Inman), and the District of Columbia. This last is an important whole length portrait painted by Chester Harding, in the winter of 1847-48, for the citizens of Washington. When it was completed many of the "citizens" refused to pay their quota of the price, on the ground that Mr. Clay had blasted his prospects for nomination and election to the presidency, and the artist had to carry his hat around to gather in the subscriptions. The portrait now hangs in the Criminal Court at Washington. Mr. Robert T. Ford of New York owns a bust portrait of Clay, which he purchased as the work of Matthew Jouett, but which I have no hesitation in assigning to Chester Harding, about 1830.

G. P. A. Healy went from the Hermitage, where he had been painting the portrait of "Old Hickory," to Ashland, where he painted that of Henry Clay. This portrait, dated "July 26, 1845," is owned by Mr. Thomas B. Bryan of Elmhurst, Illinois.

Oliver Frazier painted several portraits of Henry Clay, but the portrait by him preferred by members of Mr. Clay's family

was painted in 1851, and is claimed to be the last portrait made of Clay before he sought that relief in Cuba which the equatorial clime did not afford. Frazier was painting this portrait for himself, and had it nearly finished, when Mr. Clay's son called to see it. The latter was so impressed with its faithfulness that he exclaimed: "That is my father, and you must not put your brush upon him again; the portrait is mine;" and he took it without the "finishing touches" for fear they might take from the likeness. It is owned by the widow of that son, Mrs. James B. Clay, living near Lexington, Kentucky. The original study for it—a pencil drawing, finished with color—is in the possession of Mrs. Jouett Menefee of Louisville, Kentucky.

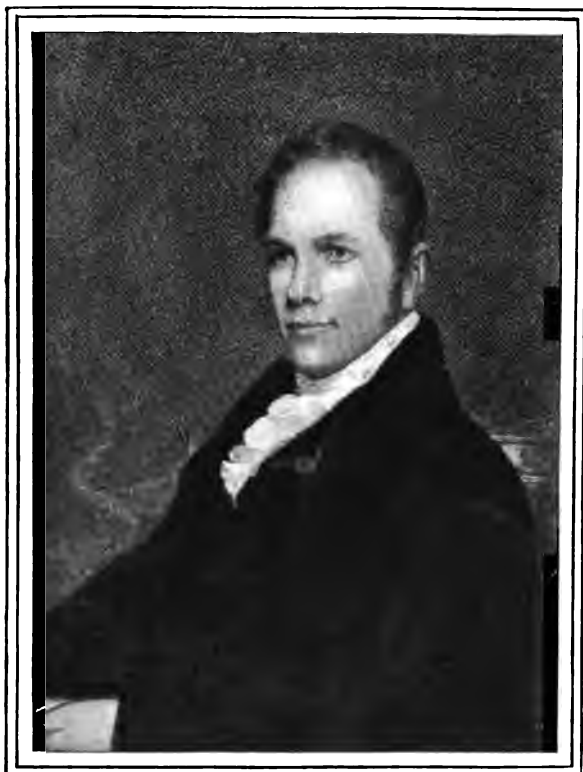
One "E. Brackett" painted a portrait of Clay which is absolutely without merit of any kind. A portrait of Clay signed "Bartlett 1831" belongs to Mr. C. Rapallo Henderson of New York; and a poor picture of him, inscribed "Painted by David A. Woodward on the birthday of the original, Washington City, 1850," was recently shown in New York.

Clevenger, Hugh Cannon, H. K. Brown, and Clark Mills each modeled Clay, while Edouart and W. H. Brown cut striking silhouettes of him, and Anthony, Brady, De Berg Richards, and others took innumerable daguerreotypes of him.

Henry Clay was as striking physically as Daniel Webster, but in a different way, and, although Clay's head appeared to be much smaller than Webster's, they are said to have worn the same size of hats. Clay was six feet one and one-half inches high, of broad frame, but spare, with long arms and small hands. His hair was sandy, his eyes light blue—"electrical when kindled"—and he had, as all his portraits show, a phenomenal mouth for size as well as shape.

On April 11, 1799, Clay was married, in Lexington, to Lucretia Hart. Mrs. Clay was born in Hagerstown, Maryland, March 18, 1781, and is spoken of as a woman of great strength of character, a marvel of good and thrifty housewifery, who, while her distinguished husband was battling in the council of the nation, remained at home "selling her butter and eggs, milk and vegetables," from the famed Ashland farm, where she reared eleven children, and died respected and mourned April 8, 1864. The only painted portrait of her is the one here reproduced and never before published.

LIFE PORTRAITS OF HENRY CLAY.



Henry Clay in 1814. Painted by J. W. Jarvis.

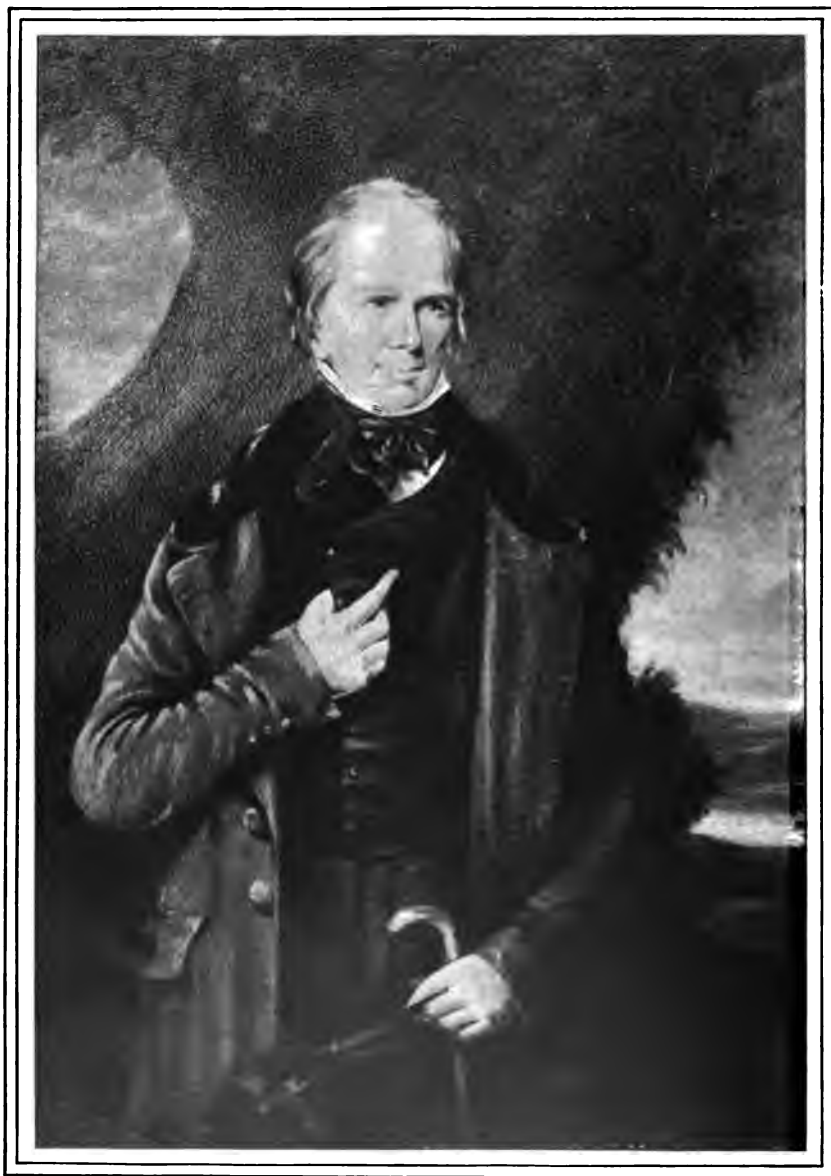
HENRY CLAY ABOUT 1818. AGE 41. PAINTED BY JOUETT.

From the original portrait painted by Matthew Harris Jouett, now in the possession of Henry Clay's granddaughter, Mrs. Henry C. McDowell, of "Ashland," Lexington, Ky. Panel, 22 by 28 inches. Matthew Harris Jouett was born near Harrodsburg, Mercer County, Ky., April 22, 1788, and died at Lexington, Ky., August 10, 1827. He was bred to the law, and served in the second war with England; but whether at the bar or in the army, he was first and last an artist, and one too of wonderful ability. Indeed, it is not extravagant to say that his work borders on the marvelous, considering his environment and lack of opportunity. The only advantage he had was four months with Stuart, in Boston, in 1816. But he did not need the great master's advice, for he painted as good pictures before this experience as he did afterward. In fact, as is so often the case, he seems to have lost some of his individuality in that of his master. His versatility was greater than Stuart's, and his mastery of technical difficulties such as Stuart never attempted. Jouett resided chiefly in Lexington, and had many opportunities of intercourse with Henry Clay, of whom he painted at least three portraits—the one here reproduced, one in Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky., and one painted several years later and presented by Mr. Clay to James Calwell, of the Greenbriar, White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, which now belongs to Miss Columbia G. Calwell, of Richmond, Virginia. The present portrait is esteemed "the best ever painted of Mr. Clay in his prime."

HENRY CLAY IN 1814. AGE 37. PAINTED BY J. W. JARVIS. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From the original portrait painted by John Wesley Jarvis, now in the possession of Mr. Robert T. Ford, New York. Panel, 22 by 27 inches. John Wesley Jarvis, as he called himself late in life, died in New York, January 14, 1830. His nativity is uncertain, while his generally reputed kinship to John Wesley has apparently no stronger basis than his name, which was a late assumption, his early signature being simply "J. Jarvis." He is first found in Philadelphia, apprenticed to Edward Savage, whom he maligned as he did every one with whom he was thrown in contact. Jarvis scraped a mezzotinto, painted some miniatures, and wandered about the country painting portraits of very unequal quality and merit. He has, however, left enough good work to show that he was not without considerable ability as a portrait painter. The portrait of Mr. Clay, here reproduced for the first time, was painted in New York, Jarvis's chief abiding place, in the winter of 1814, immediately before Mr. Clay sailed for Europe as one of the commissioners to negotiate the treaty of Ghent. It was painted expressly for Mrs. Clay, but she was so dissatisfied with it that she gave it to her niece, who owned it until her death in 1878, and from whose daughter it passed into Mr. Ford's possession. It is interesting as an early portrait of Mr. Clay, and historically important for its epoch; and while it is not hard to understand Mrs. Clay's dissatisfaction with it as a likeness, it is an admirable piece of painting.





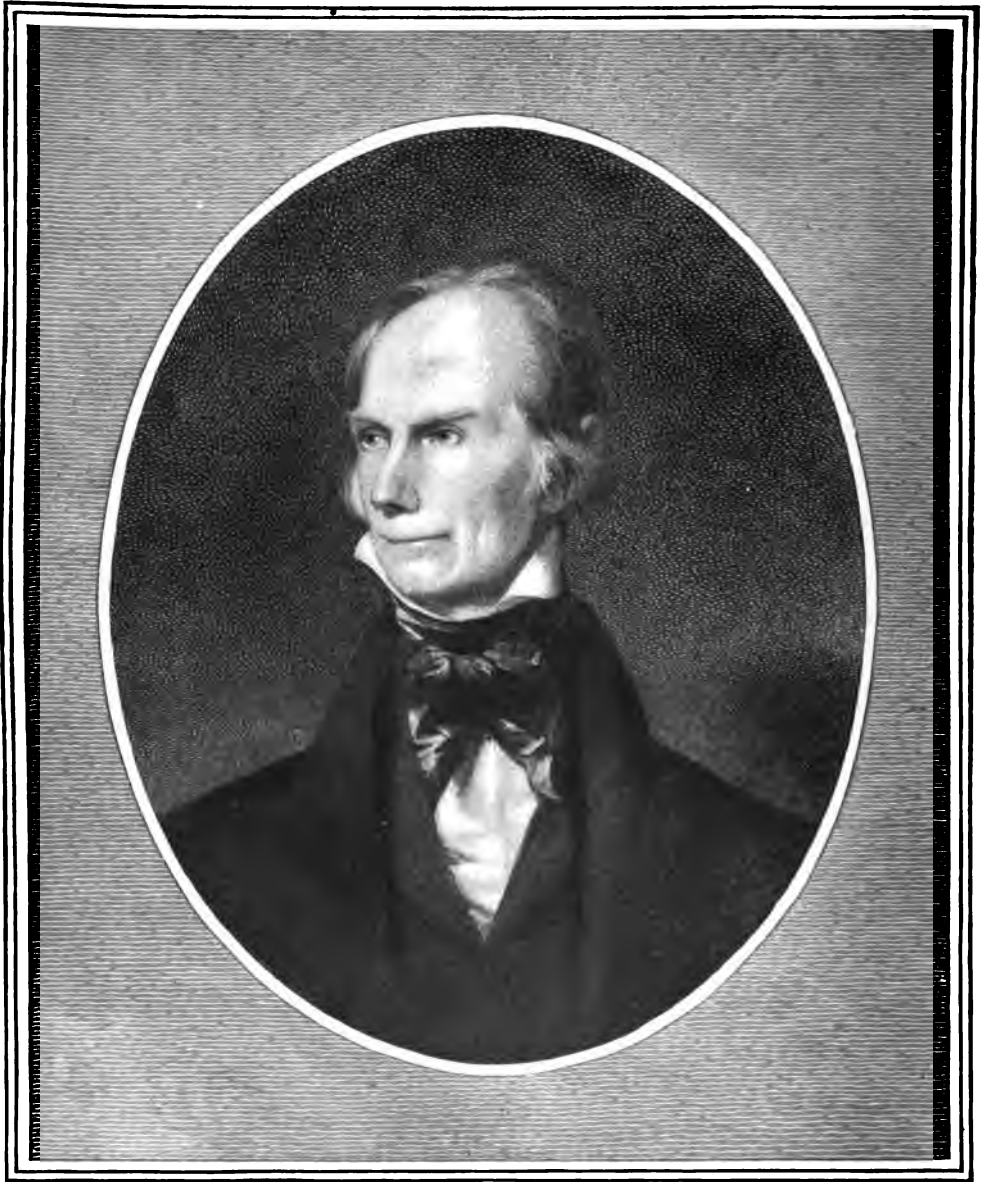
HENRY CLAY IN 1841. AGE 64. PAINTED BY S. F. B. MORSE. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From the original portrait painted by Samuel Finley Breese Morse, now in the possession of Mr. William F. Havemeyer, New York. Canvas, 48 by 60 inches. Professor Morse, as he was commonly called, was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791, and died in New York, April 2, 1872. The later career of the distinguished inventor of the electric telegraph has hidden from many the knowledge that he began life as an artist. After being graduated by Yale College, where he partially supported himself by painting miniatures at five dollars each and profiles at one dollar, he went to England with Washington Allston, and became one of the London coterie of later-day famous Americans, consisting of Irving, Leslie, Newton, Allston, and Morse. He studied under Allston and at the Royal Academy, receiving a gold medal for his model of "The Dying Hercules," a subject which he also painted. After four years he returned home, painted a number of portraits, and was chiefly instrumental in founding the National Academy of Design, New York, of which he was the first president. He visited Europe again in 1829, and three years later, on his homeward voyage, suggested the idea of the electric telegraph, which a dozen years later was put into operation between Washington and Baltimore. He abandoned art as a profession in 1839, so that his portrait of Clay, which is signed and dated "S. F. B. Morse 1841," was painted when he no longer considered himself a professional artist. Morse is not entitled to very high rank as a painter, his work having interest chiefly from his subsequent distinction in another field. His best work is perhaps his whole-length portrait of Lafayette, belonging to the corporation of New York, which is simple in treatment and broadly handled in its masses. The portrait of Clay is now published for the first time.



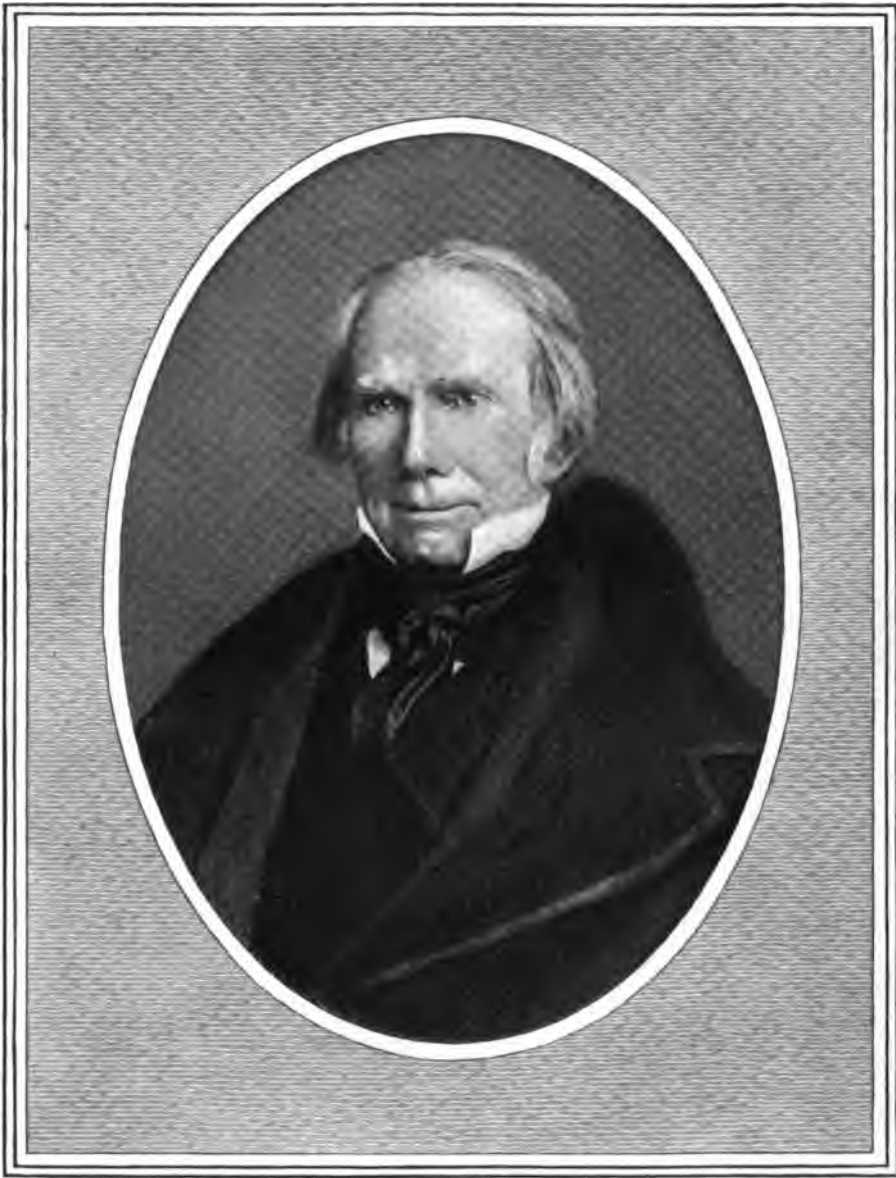
HENRY CLAY IN 1844. AGE 67. MODELED BY HART.

From the marble in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, District of Columbia. Joel Tanner Hart made his bust of Henry Clay from life in 1844. The next year it was exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. In 1849 Hart went to Italy to have put into marble a statue of Clay that he had modeled for Richmond, Virginia, and which is now in the State capitol there. In 1867 he completed a statue of Clay for the court-house at Louisville, and afterward he made a colossal statue of Clay for New Orleans. It is by his statues of Clay that Hart is most favorably known. He had every facility for studying Clay, being his near neighbor and friend, and has handed down a portrait which the family of Mr. Clay consider the best likeness of him that there is, one of them writing, "I believe the cold marble of Hart's bust conveys a better idea of Mr. Clay, with its clear outline of feature, than any of the portraits have done." Since the writing of the note to Hart's bust of Jackson, printed in *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* for July, Hart's chief creative work has been destroyed. On the morning of May 14, 1897, a fire broke out in the court-house at Lexington, and Hart's statue of "Woman Triumphant," as he calls it in his will, fell a victim to the flames. It was not a great work, but it was both interesting and important in the history of American art, and its loss is to be deplored.



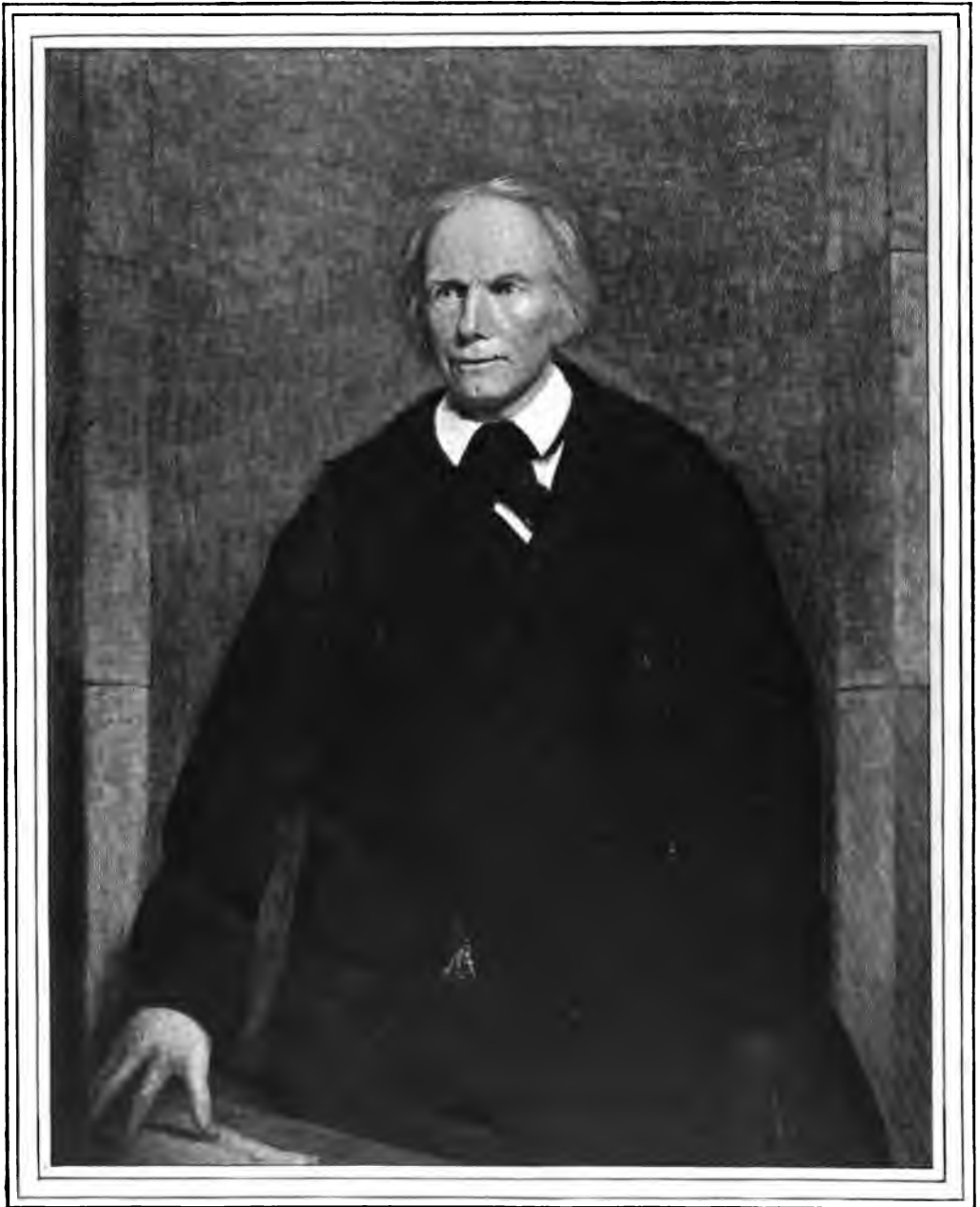
HENRY CLAY IN 1842. AGE 65. PAINTED BY NEAGLE.

From the original portrait painted by John Neagle, now in the possession of Colonel Clayton McMichael, Philadelphia. Canvas, 24 by 30 inches. John Neagle was born in Boston, November 4, 1796, during a temporary visit of his parents from Philadelphia, in which city he died September 17, 1865. He is entitled to a very high position as a portrait painter, being in his best work a close competitor with Jouett for second place to Stuart. Odd to relate, when he first entered upon his art career, he went West, determining upon Lexington as his home; but when he heard of Jouett and sought him out, he said he found there was no room for him in that section, and quickly moved along. He subsequently returned to Philadelphia, married a niece and step-daughter of Thomas Sully, and for years shared with Sully the best patronage of the city. In recognition of his ability, Neagle was sent by the National Clay Club of Philadelphia to Ashland to paint a whole-length portrait of the great Whig leader. He was accorded a number of sittings, from which he painted the portrait here reproduced, and made studies for the whole-length picture in which Clay is represented standing in an impressive position with a globe, partly covered with the American flag, in the foreground. Clay is pointing to the globe and flag in the same attitude in which he stood while speaking on the Right of Search. This whole-length picture belongs to the Union League Club, Philadelphia, while a duplicate is owned by the general government. On the back of a small oil study sketch of the figure Neagle has written, with his accustomed care, "Friday Nov. 4, 1842," while he has indorsed on the canvas of the bust portrait here reproduced, "Portrait of Hon. Henry Clay painted from life by John Neagle, November 1842, at Ashland, Ky." Neagle's picture is esteemed among the very best portraits of Clay for resemblance and character.



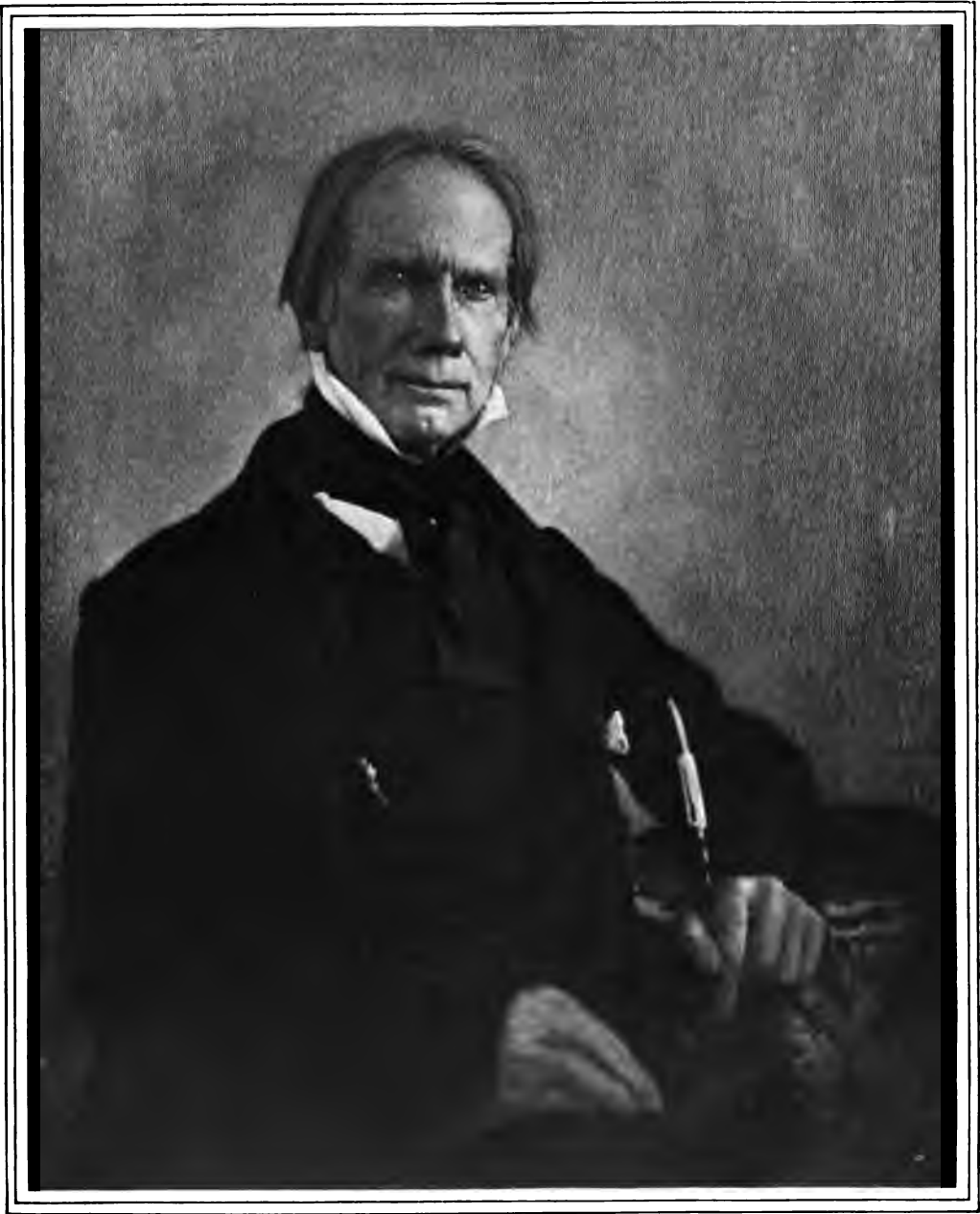
HENRY CLAY IN 1848. AGE 71. BY ROOT.

From the original daguerreotype by Marcus Aurelius Root, now in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Marcus Aurelius Root was born at Granville, Ohio, August 15, 1808, and died in Philadelphia, April 12, 1888. He was among the very first in Philadelphia to engage in the study and practice of the art of daguerreotyping, and in it he was preëminently successful. In his history of the heliographic art, entitled "The Camera and the Pencil," he gives an interesting account of the sitting that resulted in the picture here reproduced. This portrait was taken in Philadelphia, March 7, 1848, when Clay was given a popular reception by the citizens. Mr. Root says, "An appointment being made for my taking the daguerreotype of Henry Clay, I requested the mayor of our city together with several other of Mr. Clay's friends who were present to keep the statesman in brisk conversation until I was ready to expose the plates to the image, and in twenty-three seconds three good portraits were taken at once. In a few seconds more his likeness again was daguerreotyped by four cameras at once, all representing him as we then saw him engaged in conversation, mentally aroused and wearing a cheerful intellectual and noble expression of countenance. Thus seven portraits were taken in but thirteen minutes with such success that Mr. Clay remarked after inspecting them: 'Mr. Root, I consider these as decidedly the best and most satisfactory likenesses that I have ever had taken and I have had many.' These words he left in my register with his autograph. One of these portraits has since been engraved as the best likeness of him extant"—for the latest edition of the "National Portrait Gallery." The one here reproduced was used on the last stamp issued by Blood's Penny Post in Philadelphia.



HENRY CLAY ABOUT 1851. AGE 74. PAINTED BY C. W. JARVIS. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From the original portrait painted by Charles W. Jarvis, now in the possession of the Union League Club, New York. Canvas, 40 by 50 inches. Charles W. Jarvis is reputed to have been the son of John W. Jarvis, who limned the first portrait of Henry Clay here produced, but very little is known of him. He was a student at the National Academy of Design, began exhibiting there in 1830, and continued an irregular exhibitor until 1850. In those days, when sign-painters were called upon for pictorial additions to their lettering, he was an occasional helper in this line. His portrait of Clay, here reproduced, shows careful treatment and considerable mastery of brush. It is full of character and spirit without being aggressive, and is the most intellectual portrait of Mr. Clay that we know. Its date is fixed by the "turned down collar," as the only other portrait of Clay in this article of dress is Frazer's last portrait, painted in this same year. Jarvis painted from this picture a whole-length portrait for the corporation of New York, which hangs in the Aldermen's Chamber of the City Hall, elaborately signed, probably by one of the artist's sign-painter friends, "Charles W. Jarvis." Mr. Clay's hand rests on a letter addressed "Henry Clay," a not uncommon method with early painters of inscribing the name of the subject.



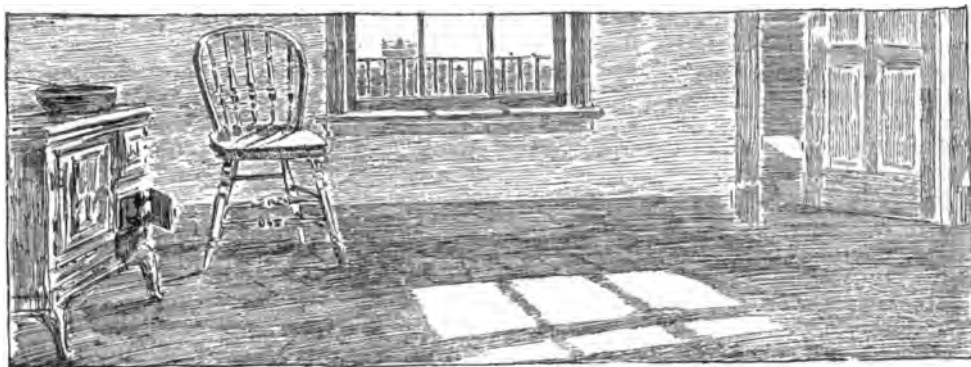
HENRY CLAY ABOUT 1845. AGE 68.

From an original daguerreotype in the collection of Mr. Peter Gilsey, New York. This very fine daguerreotype of Henry Clay is, of course, from life, but when, where, or by whom taken is not known, although it is probably by M. B. Brady, of Washington. It is in the invaluable collection of reflected images formed by Mr. Gilsey, which has generously paid tribute to *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* on previous occasions by furnishing life portraits of prominent men of the recent past, and was secured by him from the representatives of Abraham Bogardus, the New York photographer. A portrait is not simply a mathematically exact reproduction of the features and form. To be a *likeness*, it requires to be the expression of the dominant character of the subject. This is shown not only by the light in the eye, the mobility of the mouth, and the natural play of the facial muscles, but also by the simple, accustomed pose, the not unusual dress, the common attitude, and make-up. It is all of these characteristics combined that make the daguerreotype of Mr. Clay here reproduced, by whomsoever it was taken, of such commanding importance that, although reproduced in a former number of this magazine, it is now reproduced again.



MRS. HENRY CLAY. PAINTED BY OLIVER FRAZER. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From the original portrait painted by Oliver Frazer, now in the possession of Mrs. Clay's granddaughter, Mrs. Henry C. McDowell, "Ashland," Lexington, Kentucky. Canvas, 22 by 24 inches. Oliver Frazer was born in Lexington, Kentucky, February 4, 1808, and died there April 9, 1864. As a youth he received some instruction from Matthew Jouett, but, as he was only nineteen years old when Jouett died, it is impossible that he could have "studied for several years under Jouett," as his friends are proud to state, and there is certainly no trace of Jouett's art in Frazer's work. He went to Europe with his friend Healy, and, like Healy, excelled as a conversationalist and good fellow. Some years before his death his sight became impaired, and, as he was of rather a listless disposition, his pictures are few. His portrait of Mrs. Clay was left unfinished, and, after Frazer's death, was found in his studio. Its period is not known, but it is thought to have been painted about the time that Frazer painted his last portrait of Mr. Clay, which was in 1851. It portrays the face of a woman with considerable force of character, and is not without nice artistic feeling.



“BADNESS.”

BY JOHN J. A' BECKET.

JOHN MACDOWELL sat in the kitchen of his East Side tenement-house quarters, with the look on his face of one whom hope has deserted. His square chin was planted in the palm of his stout, red hand. In his face were the eloquent hollows of emaciation. His thick, wavy, brown hair, with its incongruous gleams of gold, clung to his forehead and neck in damp wisps. Despair looked from his honest blue eyes.

It is not the best moment for well-regulated thinking when a man realizes himself as the center of radiating blind alleys of misfortune. Nor was the kitchen of a small tenement-house apartment the fittest spot for brooding in, on that sweltering day of August. But Mrs. MacDowell, by the prerogative of the dead, had the darkened front room to herself, and, happily, the fire in the kitchen stove, in modest imitation of the flame of life in John's wife, had also gone out. John, only five months before, was a cheery, sanguine young stone-cutter, with good wages, whose wife was an earnest, sympathetic helpmate, and true mother to his two plump-faced little girls. She, poor woman! who had headed his small list of blessings, also started the roll-call of disasters. The air of their street and of the stived-up rooms, only one of which ever knew what sunshine was, proved a good field for microbic activity. Mrs. MacDowell fell ill of consumption. Notwithstanding conscientious efforts to preserve herself for the trials of life, she grew steadily worse. The ex-

penses of her illness were a drain on John's wages, never more than comfortably sufficient for the quartette when in health. The poor pay dearly for the misery of bodily affliction.

Then John had been stabbed in his forearm while trying to keep a drunken man from pettishly knifing his wife. The wound threw John out of work for three months (it was his right arm which was cut), and he lost his job. He had worn out his shoes, and, incidentally, his heart, running round looking for another. In the meanwhile the appetites of the little girls were unimpaired.

By this time the blasting heat of summer was at hand, and sickness and mortality thrived apace. John came home one day, after another disheartening quest for employment, to find his wife panting her last. It was only a sense of wifely duty that enabled her to hold out till his return. She pressed his strong hand to her wan face and gasped with terrible simplicity: “John, darlin', don't lose heart, 'nd be good to the childer.”

The rent had been unpaid for two months. To be sure, there was the excellent reason, from the tenant's standpoint, that there wasn't any money to pay it with. But everybody knows how inadequately that placates a landlord. After John had fallen short the first time, the agent promptly raised the rent from twelve to fifteen dollars a month. It was a neat device for getting rid of an undesirable tenant.

An undertaker who knew John and who

felt he would rather get money later on than not get it at all, supplied the cheapest of coffins and the absolutely necessary outfit for consigning Mrs. MacDowell to the earth, though even that dark burrow had to be paid for. There was a landlord for the graveyard, too.

John's landlord, though a great, mystic being, dwelling apart, was, John had learned, a young man no older than himself. He had only lately come into his estate, which was measured by acres of holdings in city realty. These old ramshackle rookeries on the East Side had first belonged to his grandfather, and had then been fairly decent dwellings. Things had changed, and while most of the lots had appreciated in value, these had steadily deteriorated. The neighborhood offered no inducement for tearing the buildings down and substituting better. Therefore the owner wrung a small rental out of poor tenants—enough, perhaps, to keep Mrs. Vanderhoff in gloves.

So on this prostratingly hot day, John MacDowell sat crouched up in the kitchen, alone with despair. He who had never wronged man, woman, nor child; who had worked hard, with grateful willingness, for his family, and had taken a manly pride in keeping them as decent as he could; he, without doing aught to effect so gross a change, had become like to the tramps in the parks, unable to keep a roof over the heads of his motherless children, or give food and clothing to their small bodies. And, in this dark hour, she who had been his greatest help and comforter lay in that front room dead. This was his lot. That other man, no older than he, was surfeited with wealth. Everything he wanted was his for the taking. And that man had raised his rent when he was penniless, out of work, and had two helpless children on his hands. Wasn't there something wrong somewhere?

There was only one thing John could see left to do. He would go himself to this young Vanderhoff and ask him, as man to man, if this was right. He would put before him his case, and, if the man was human, he could not be so void of mercy as to turn a deaf ear to his bitter needs. He could tell him as no other could of his case. There was bitterness, suffering, and torment in it, which could grow to madness. But there was no disgrace, nothing to prevent his standing erect and looking that other straight in the eye as he told it all.

He rose, took his hat, and went into the room where his wife lay. She had always given him sound counsel, and in this turmoil of thoughts he turned to her still. The gaunt body in the coffin which held it so crampingly and unsympathetically, seemed lonely to John. But the face was contentedly calm.

"Don't lose heart, 'nd be good to the childer." John framed the words with his lips as he stood holding his hat with both hands and looking down on her with blurred eyes and compressed lips. Then he put his thick fingers on her forehead, as if taking a blessing, and strode out.

He asked Mrs. Murphy, who was fat and rough and kind, a good neighbor with "bowels of compassion," to keep an eye on the little girls while he was away. He had to borrow a dollar from a workingman companion to get to the place on the Hudson where his millionaire landlord lived in the summer. He was put off at the small station. A victoria with two horses was waiting to drive a gentleman who came on the same train, up the road shaded with trees, to his home. It suggested the luxury John was about to invade.

A wharf ran-out into the river. In the middle of the stream floated a large steam-yacht, her white sides glistening in the sunlight as if she were sharply chiseled from compacted snow. Her brasswork threw out filaments of blinding light. Under an awning were roomy wicker-work chairs piled with cushions. To lounge in those as the snowy craft cut her gay way through the dancing blue waves, while the fresh sea-air blew around one, was not to be stirred to thoughts of hot, acrid-smelling rooms on the East Side.

MacDowell gave a sigh that was half groan, and moved on doggedly. He inquired the way to Mr. Vanderhoff's place. It proved to be an Eden of trees and fresh lawns, with a colonial house spreading its comfortable dimensions in roomy ease at the end of the drive.

When John MacDowell reached the house, he pulled the bell with a sinking of the heart. He felt his own lack of harmony with the air of everything about the place. A big, smooth-shaven servant in knee-breeches opened the door, and regarded him with a countenance that expressed something more than indifference.

"Is this Mr. Vanderhoff's?" asked MacDowell.

"Yes," said the servant, eying him deliberately.

"You're not—will you please tell him I want to see him for a few minutes?"

"What do you want to see him for?" inquired the man, bringing the door a little closer to.

"I'll tell *him* that," said McDowell, shortly. "But it's only for a few minutes, you can say."

"He won't see you unless you send your name and tell your business," returned the man stiffly. He made a motion as if preparing to close the door.

"Tell him, then, John MacDowell wants to see him about the rent he owes him," he said sharply.

"He never sees any one about that sort of thing. You'll have to go to the agent."

"I've had too much of the agent. It's the boss I want now. Go and tell him." MacDowell's voice rose, and he spoke imperiously. It sounded menacing.

"You'll have to see the agent," said the man, and shut the door.

MacDowell trembled with indignation. His first impulse was to burst in the door. But he had sense enough to know that violence like that would hardly commend him to his landlord's temperate consideration. He wandered haltingly down the walk, looking back at the house, to see if he might get a glimpse of Mr. Vanderhoff himself or of some less uppish servant.

He had passed only a few minutes in this irresolute fashion when he heard steps coming up the walk. A broad-shouldered, strong-faced man with a surly expression was approaching.

"What do you want here?" he inquired brusquely of John.

"I want to see the boss, and I must," he replied.

"Didn't the man tell you he couldn't

see you? You get out of here. Come! Hurry up! People may come out, and they don't want to see tramps round the place."

"Don't call me a tramp," flared out MacDowell, his eye flashing ominously. "I'm as honest as any one round here, and work harder for all I get than the like o' yours."

The man grasped him by the arm, and pushed him toward the gate.

"If you don't get out of here quick, I'll send for the police and have you arrested for trespassin'," he said.

With a vigorous movement MacDowell shook off his hold and raised his clenched fist. Then he thought of his children alone in the house with their dead mother, and their terror if he should not return came over him. From her coffin his wife



seemed to stretch a restraining hand. His raised fist sank slowly, fell to his side.

"I'll go," he said. "But don't you lay a finger on me."

He walked toward the gate and down the beautiful country road, his brain whirling. He stood for a moment, turned and shook his fist at the house, then walked droopingly on to the station. He was standing there with bitter thoughts fermenting in his heart when a basket-phæton rolled down the hill to the station. A prim-looking *bonne*, from whose neat cap streamed two long, broad ribbons, got out, and then assisted a little girl to alight. The dainty child seemed to John MacDowell a veritable fairy. A large hat of some light, white material shaded her small, round face. Her curly hair was of the fluffiest gold. The whole of her diminutive person was clothed in soft white.

As they passed him, the little thing, who was not more than four, just the age of John's younger child, suddenly looked up into his face, with eyes as blue as his own, and broke into the sunniest smile of good-fellowship. It was a democratic touch of innocent, warm, human kinship, and the young workman, sore and broken, and battling with anger and despair, melted under the sunbeam and smiled back on the pretty child.

A moment later a sudden scream startled him, and, looking back, he saw the little elf trotting down the wharf as fast as her legs would carry her. She had stolen away from the nurse, and when discovered had broken into a run,

laughing mischievously. Before the nurse could catch her, she had reached the cross-piece of timber at the end of the wharf. She now clambered on to it and started to run its length; but her foot slipped, and in an instant she was in the river.

The nurse stood screaming and wringing her hands. John MacDowell tore down the wharf on a hot run, pulling off his coat as he went. After one glance at the small object drifting away on the current, he sprang into the river and struck out for her. He reached her just as she was sinking. Her gown and puffed-out coat had helped to sustain her till they became drenched. John clutched her garments with one hand, and tried to make his way back. The current was strong, and he had to swim diagonally toward the bank below the wharf. It was

hard work. He struggled manfully on. He had not realized before this exertion how much enfeebled he was by low diet, wearing cares, and the weakening heat of the summer. It was only some ten yards now to the shore, but the child weighed on him terribly. His arms were becoming numb, and he could get no air into his compressed lungs.

At last, as a final effort, he seized her with both hands, turned over on his

back, and pushed himself along, using only his legs. It was a relief, and though slow, weary work, he hoped he would hold out. Suddenly he felt a stinging blow on the back of his head. He had struck a rock barely submerged. It was the last straw.



"DON'T CALL ME A TRAMP."

Stunned, his head throbbing as if it would burst, he made a few spasmodic efforts; then, with a short gasp, he gave up. At that moment the child was snatched from his arms. As he sank, the thought of his own little girls was all that marred the perfect acquiescence with which he felt the cool water closing above his head. This last stroke of fate seemed a mercy. There was a green, blinding light; he felt the water rush into his mouth, and—

When he opened his eyes his first impression was that he was in heaven. Soft, bracing air breathed coolly about him. Under him and above him were smooth linen sheets; his head was pillowed on a soft, firm support. He stretched his legs that he might feel that cool, smooth touch of the fine linen. All smelt so pure and clean. It was different from the noisome atmosphere and grimy surroundings of the East Side.

He soon realized that he was lying in a brass bed, in a small, daintily fitted-up room, and he seemed to be moving along. Oh, how deliciously restful and comforting it was! He put his hand to his head. A linen bandage was wrapped round it, moist with bay rum. How nice that smelled. He drew a long sigh as life came back to him.

"Well, how do you feel now? Are you all right?"

He languidly rolled up his eyes. A young man dressed in white flannels and with a yachting cap on his head was standing looking down on him. He had a pleasant expression, and his voice was quiet but sympathetic.

"I'm all right, but my head feels queer," replied MacDowell, slowly. "Where am I? Is the little girl all right?"

"Yes, she's all right, and not a bit the worse for her ducking, thanks to you," said the young man, heartily. "She wasn't very much scared. 'Badness' has a knack for getting into every kind of a scrape, but she pulls out without serious damage. She is very curious to see the man that pulled her out of the water—says she knows you. They are drying her and fixing her up now. I'm her father, and am very much obliged to you. But we can talk about that later. You're on my yacht. You fainted within a few feet of the shore. It's mighty good you were there. The nurse only got Bingham on the spot in time to snatch Effie out of your arms, and then pull you out. There was no other man around, and the child would

have been—. But that's all right now. You struck your head against a rock, but it wasn't a very serious wound. So I had you brought right out here to the yacht and put to bed, as we were going to take a spin down the bay, it's so hot. You lie there till you're perfectly rested. But first I think you'd better take a bite and have something to drink. Are you comfortable?"

"I never—was so comfortable—in my life," said MacDowell, with a solemn slowness which brought a spasmodic smile to the young man's face. He leaned over the bed, pressed an electric button, and gave a low-voiced order to the servant who promptly appeared. After a short while the man returned with a large bottle plunged up to its neck in cracked ice in a silver pail. Then he placed a small table near the bed, and put on it four lamb chops of which the bones terminated in small white rosettes of paper, some little triangular sandwiches, stuffed eggs, and a mold of quivering jelly that looked like a marvelous topaz.

The look with which MacDowell regarded this gastronomic tableau again made his host's facial muscles relax.

"Now, we'll fix you up in bed, and you eat and drink all you want to, and call for anything you have a fancy for besides. Then lie down and sleep some more. If you've got a family we can send them word so that they won't worry. Then a good spin down the bay, and you'll be as fresh as new paint."

"It don't seem right," muttered the stone-cutter, as the young man took a hand at bolstering him up comfortably for an attack on the "spread" before him. His grandmother in the "ould country" had never told John when a child any more startling fairy tale than this experience. Merely to ask for what you wanted, and, presto, to have it! And to sail around in a palace, just to keep cool! The very conditions of the material world seemed altered. The air, the look, the smell, and touch were not what MacDowell had known before. These thoughts ran through his mind as he ate and drank with simple zest. The amber liquid they gave him in a large, flat wine-cup bubbled and sang to him in a small, hissing whisper. It sent life prickling through him. He ate and drank his fill, propped up in the sweet, firm, clean bed, so unlike the sodden mattress on which his bones were wont to turn from bump to bump. At last he wiped his mouth with the great square of spot-

less damask and heaved an artless sigh. With twinkling eyes the other young man regarded him in ungrudging envy.

"You'd better put me on land now as soon as you can, young feller," said MacDowell, as his own world and his duty in it came back to him resentingly. "I'm all right now. That little crack on the head ain't nothin'. I'd thinned down and weakened up more'n I knew, or I wouldn't have giv'n out like that. You've put new life into me, you 'nd that little smilin' girl o' yours. I never tasted anything like that sizzling stuff before, 'nd the food was mighty good. Thank you for your kindness. I must get home."

A short sigh escaped him at the thought—Home!

"Oh, you'd better take a little spin first and get yourself full of sea air and well rested," said the young man, with animated cordiality. "You can get up and dress if you feel up to it, and come out on deck, and sit in a good, comfortable chair. It's too late to do anything to-day. Do

you live in New York? I can put a man ashore anywhere with word for your people, you know."

"There's nobody to get it but my little girls," said John. "My wife's dead, and laid out to be buried, and there's nobody with 'em except her 'nd Mrs. Murphy. I wouldn't have left 'em only that I had to. All they've got is me, 'nd God knows that don't seem much help to 'em," said the workman bitterly. "But there's got to be the funeral, 'nd then we can all be thrown out together. If it wasn't for them, 'twould have been better to have left me in the river. Though, the Lord knows, I ain't complainin' of you, young feller. You're a white man. If there was more of your kind, there'd be less of mine."

"Suppose you tell me a little more about yourself," said the "young feller," quietly. "I don't think there will be any throwing out. Nothing worse than a moving out, perhaps, to something better."

MacDowell did tell him, simply, truly, the facts in the case.

"I'm glad I came up here, if I didn't get what I wanted," he added in conclusion. "You don't know how that little girl o' yours made me feel when she looked up and smiled so sweet, and she all dressed up, 'nd me with a 'jumper' on and a-lookin' like something to be shy of; 'nd though I don't think my gettin' after her when she fell in the river was much, for a big dog would ha' done that 'nd made a better fist of it than I did, yet it makes me feel good to have been round to do it; 'nd I



"THE NURSE STOOD SCREAMING AND WRINGING HER HANDS."

wouldn't have been there only for this *Mister—*"

He stopped short.

"Mister?" said the young man, interrogatively.

"I guess I'd better not tell you his name, after sayin' what I have about him. I'm more willin' now to think he may be all right. When I write 'nd let him know, perhaps he'll do the square thing. You've treated me so straight I've got some heart in me again. I'll get up and dress, 'nd you land me at the first point it's convenient. And—I'd like to see your little girl again before I go," he said, shyly.

"Why, of course," said the young man, cheerfully. "I wonder they've kept her away as long as they have."

He went himself and got her. She was crisply attired in some more white clothes, and though her hair was a little wet and stringy, her smile and eyes were as bright and friendly as ever. She walked with dignity to John, and put her small hands on his knees.

"Thank you for not lettin' me drown," she said, regarding him with grateful admiration. She put up her flower-like face at an angle that seemed to invite something which her active mind conceived as the next thing in order. Poor MacDowell was abashed, and a bit conscious of how red and rough his hands looked with the tiny, dimpled ones of "Badness" resting on them. He glanced at the young man.

"I think she wants to kiss you," said that fond parent with perfect calmness. "She is enough of a woman already to seem to think a man enjoys that sort of

favor from her sex. You'd better let her, I think."

John MacDowell lifted the dainty child to his knees, his blue eyes bent on her with the look that Galahad's must have had when fixed upon the Holy Grail. She put her hands upon his neck and pressed her soft lips to his mouth, then smiled again, as if at her shameless sweetness. John pressed his own lips on her smooth cheek, and replaced her on the floor.

"Now go to your mamma and tell her you're getting old enough to be watched already when you carry on like this with strange gentlemen," said her father. "I'm going home with him, and you'll probably see him again later."

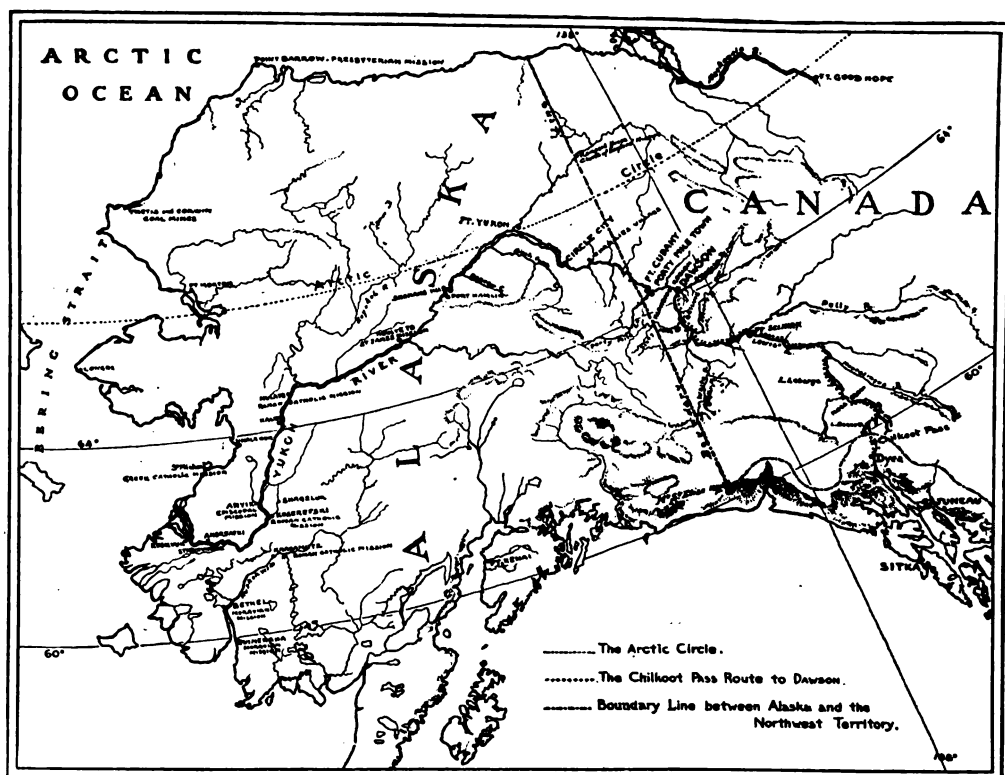
Though John protested against such extravagant courtesy, the young fellow did go home with him, and got a very adequate grasp of the whole situation. He left John sixty dollars when he went away, and

—what was more grateful to John—he came to Mrs. MacDowell's funeral the next day, and sat in the pew with John and the little girls, as if he were one of the family.

Soon after this John MacDowell and his motherless bairns went to live in a small, ivy-covered cottage on the young man's place, with softly swaying elms about it, and birds whistling in their leafy boughs as if life was nothing but a holiday. John was under-gardener. Then the agent, who had had his own method of collecting rents, was discharged by Mr. Vanderhoff. But before this, John had learned with pleasant surprise that this was the name of his host on the yacht.



"WITH THE LOOK THAT GALAHAD'S MUST HAVE HAD WHEN FIXED UPON THE HOLY GRAIL."



LIFE IN THE KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS.

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS OF THE FOUNDER OF DAWSON.

RECORDED BY J. LINCOLN STEFFENS.

JOE LADUE had run away from San Francisco to escape the people who wished to hear about the Klondike and his luck there; he had fallen in with a carload of Christian Endeavor tourists who were as eager as the Californians to know how gold was picked up; in Chicago he stepped off the train into a circle of questioners; hurrying on to his native Plattsburg in the Adirondacks, he met the same inquiries. Here, however, the curious were his friends; so he talked a day and a night more; then he drove out to the farmhouse that to him is home, and for a short time he felt safe. Saturday morning some of the neighbors came across the fields to see his nuggets and photographs, and to hear his good-luck story. Surely that was the end! Sunday morning he came downstairs in his slippers to have a day of rest. He had just finished breakfast and was standing idly in the farmyard with his friends of the house, when I came down upon him with my request for an account, the longest and most complete he had told yet.

"You must be tired telling about it all," I began.

He smiled faintly. "Yes, I am," he said.

He was the weariest-looking man I ever saw. I have known bankers and business men, editors and soldiers and literary men, who had the same look out of the eyes that this pioneer of the Northwest country has; they were men who had made money or a name, earned by hard labor that which others envied them. They were tired, too. Their true stories were "hard-luck" stories. The disappointments that ran before the final triumph limped in had spoiled the taste for it. None of them showed the truth so plainly as the founder of Dawson, the city of the Klondike. Joe Ladue is a sad-eyed man with a tale of years which no one thinks of, which no one wants to hear about. That is all his own. He is willing to begin where you wish him to, on the day when he "struck it rich." But when his friends and neighbors as I was leaving him that Sun-

day, he dropped the bagful of nuggets for them to pass around, finger, and stare at. He went off down to the barn and hid.

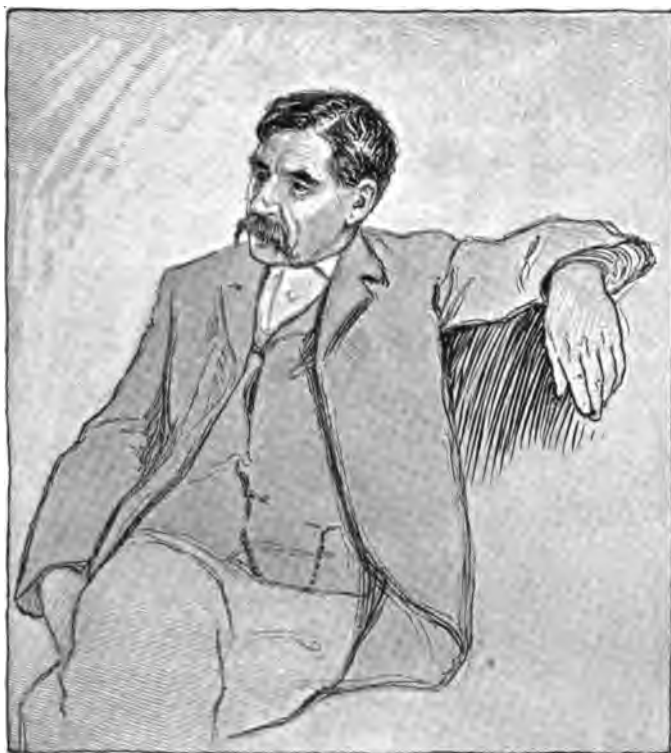
He is about forty-five years old. Twenty-five years ago he started away from the woods of Lake Champlain, going to Colorado, Wyoming, Dakota, chasing each rumor of gold, and working—for nothing. His old friend, Mr. Lobdell, "staked him" when he failed, and, at last, some fifteen years ago, he went into Alaska, trading with the Indians, prospecting, milling, building, moving on, working hard all the time. The gold was there. Everybody knew it was somewhere near, that they were walking over it, and some men were finding it. I was in Alaska myself in 1888, and I met miners who were bringing out gold year after year. But Joe Ladue had to stay there till he could dig it out, risking what others met—failure and death. Now he has the gold. What of it? Everybody wished to know how much he got.

"Enough," he told them, dryly. And he sighed as he saw the listeners' eyes sparkle with sordid imaginings. He seemed to covet, as they did the gold, their desire for it.

Why was he going back in the spring, then?

"I have to," he answered. "I've got so many interests to look after. There's the sawmill and the logging and Dawson and a couple of claims staked out that have to be worked. You've got to attend to things, you know." So it was not a mere matter of picking up a fortune and coming back to spend and enjoy it.

The whole interview was in the tone of this answer, simple, plain, colorless, almost lifeless. His description of an outfit, his guide to the route, a remark about the shooting of Miles Cañon, the proper way to stake out and work a claim, his view of miners' meetings—all were given in even mood. Yet it was not indifference or bored patience. He was painstaking in his offerings of facts not asked for, which he thought should be included in an ac-



JOE LADUE, THE PIONEER OF ALASKA AND FOUNDER OF DAWSON.

count of the Klondike. His interest was altogether in the men who might be going there, and what he put into the article was framed for actual use. The information which would help no one directly he gave because it was asked for, but briefly, and with a side glance at the trail of the gold-seekers. Some of the crossings of our purposes were worth while. Once, for instance, when he was making his list of the equipment of a Yukon miner on the way in, I pointed out to him that he had forgotten his "gun," and I meant that he had omitted to mention the revolver which plays such a conspicuous part in the life of most mining camps.

"You don't need a gun," he answered.

"There's no game to speak of."

"But you surely take a revolver."

"No use; it only adds weight to the pack."

"What do you have, then—knives?"

"Yes, you must have knives and forks and spoons, of course."

When I made my meaning clear, Mr. Ladue gave an interesting glimpse of the order maintained by the miners of the Yukon in their lawless communities, but he was unable to explain it. Most of the men were good fellows, he said. Were

there no thieves? Not one. No cut-throats? None. Gamblers?

"Plenty. Everybody gambles, especially in the long winter nights."

"Don't they cheat?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"The saloon-keepers won't have it."

"How can they prevent it? Are

there no professional gamblers in the camps?"

"Yes, but they put up a straight game. And there are men, too, who have been pretty bad before; I have heard that some of them were ex-convicts and fellows who had run away to escape prison and hanging. But none of them try anything on in there."



"SHEEP CAMP" OR "LAST TIMBER."

Ten miles from Dyea, on the road to the Chilkoot Pass. To cover these ten miles in winter requires two days. From this point the Indians—men, women, and children—carry the traveler's outfit to the summit of Chilkoot Pass, six miles away. Here and at Dyea, and on the trail between them, the men who rushed in last summer were stalled because of the lack of packers to carry their outfits to the top of the Pass.



AN OUTFIT IN CAMP ON A PORTAGE.

"But why don't they?"

"I don't know; but they don't."

"What are they afraid of? Has any one ever been punished?"

"Not that I remember."

"Well, why don't thieves steal on the Klondike?"

"I guess it's because they dasent."

Though quietly spoken, this vague answer came with an expression of face—just a quick flash of light—and a slight shift-

ing of the body, which suggested the complete explanation. And there was a hint, too, of the man who was resting under the calm surface I was prospecting; so I kept digging.

The first sentence of Mr. Ladue's story, as he gave it, was a warning to the men who were rushing into the Northwest. He foresaw starvation ahead not only for them, but for those who were already on the ground. Some would have provided themselves with a supply of food sufficient to last them, but others would not. All would suffer in consequence.

"Not the men who have taken enough," I protested.

"Yes, they all will. Won't the food have to be divided up even all around?"

This is Joe Ladue.

LADUE'S STORY.

I am willing to tell all I can think of about the Klondike and the great Northwest country so long as it is understood that I am not advising anybody to go there. That I will not do. It goes pretty hard with some of the men who go in. Lots of them never come out, and not half of those who do make a stake. The country is rich, richer than any one has ever said, and the finds you have heard about are only the beginnings, just the surface pickings, for the country has not been prospected except in spots. But there are a great many hardships to go through, and to succeed, a man has to have most of the virtues that are needed in other places not so far away and some others besides. This winter I expect to hear that there is starvation on the Klondike on account of the numbers that have rushed in without sufficient supplies, for I know that the stores there have not enough to go around, while the men who

laid in provisions have only enough for themselves. They will divide up, as they always do, but that will simply spread the trouble and make things worse. Next

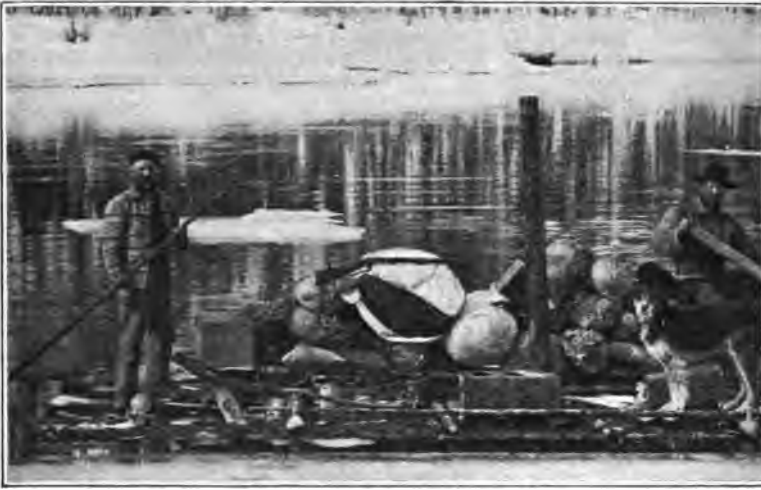


CHILKOOT PASS, NEAR THE SUMMIT.

This photograph shows a party of prospectors zigzagging their way up the slope. When the snow is coated with ice the travelers lash themselves together in Alpine style, and proceed step by step, the leader cutting footholes in the crust. It takes a day, sometimes two or more, to travel from Sheep Camp to the top of Chilkoot Pass, though the distance is but six miles. The descent on the other side is easy, and can be made by coasting by those who know the way.

spring, from the fifteenth of March on, is the time to go.

What you call the Klondike we speak of as the Throndiike. I don't know exactly why. The Klondike Creek, which names the district where the richest streaks have been struck, was the Throchec to the In-



AN OUTFIT ON A RAFT.

dians, which means salmon, not reindeer, as I have read since I came out in the spring. There is sense in that name, because the stream, which is about the size of the Saranac River up here in the Adirondacks, is chock-full of salmon, and you never see a reindeer there, not even a moose. In fact, game is very scarce on the Klondike, as it is all along the Yukon.

No guns or pistols or anything of that kind are needed. Here is what ought to be put in an outfit: A camp-stove, frying-pan, kettle, coffee-pot, knives and forks and spoons, and a drill or canvas tent; an ax, a hatchet, a whipsaw, a handsaw, a two-

inch auger, a pick and shovel, and ten pounds of nails. For wear, heavy woolen clothes are best—not furs—and the stoutest overshoes you can get, with arctic socks. Then, there is a "sleigh," as we call it, really a sled, six or eight feet long and sixteen inches in the run. It is safest to buy this in Juneau, for those you pick up in other places won't

track. I don't take a canoe unless I am late going in, but they make the lightest and strongest in Victoria, at about 160 to 200 pounds weight. The simplest thing to go down the river on is a raft, but to make that or a boat, you need, besides the nails and tools I named, two pounds of oakum and five pounds of pitch. A year's supply of grub, which can be bought as cheaply in Juneau as anywhere, I think, is: 100 sacks of flour, 150 pounds of sugar, 100 pounds of bacon, thirty pounds of coffee, ten pounds of tea, 100 pounds of beans, fifty pounds of oatmeal, 100 pounds of mixed fruits, twenty-five



ON LAKE LINDERMAN IN THE LATE SPRING, AFTER THE ICE HAS CLEARED.

pounds of salt, about ten dollars' worth of spices and knickknacks, and some quinine to break up colds. The total cost of this outfit is about \$200, but no man should start with less than \$500, and twice that is ten times as good.

The easiest way to get there is by boat, which will take you around by St. Michael's at the mouth of the Yukon, and transferring you there to the side-wheeler, carry you seventeen hundred miles up the river to Dawson. But that isn't independent.

fourteen miles to Lake Linderman. That is five miles long, with a bad piece of rapids at the lower end. But if it is early in the season, you sled it on the lake and take the mile of rapids in a portage to Lake Bennett, which is a twenty-eight-mile tramp. It is four miles' walk to Caribou Crossing, then a short ride or tramp to Takoon Lake, where, if the ice is breaking, you can go by boat or raft, or if it is still hard, you must sled it twenty-one miles, to the Tagish River and Lake,



MILES CAÑON, SHOWING A BOAT "RUNNING" OUT. AFTER LEAVING THE CAÑON, THE RIVER FORMS A DANGEROUS EDDY, WHICH SOMETIMES BRINGS DISASTER TO THE TRAVELER.

If a man wants to go in with his own provisions, free of connections with the transportation companies, which will sell but will not let anybody take along his own supplies, then the Chilkoot Pass route is the best. And that isn't so bad. You start from Juneau and go by steamer to Chilkat, then to Dyea, eight miles, where you hire Indians to help you to the summit of this pass. From Dyea you walk ten miles through snow to Sheep Camp, which is the last timber. From there it is a climb of six miles to the summit, 4,100 feet high, and very often you or the Indians have to make two or three trips up and down to bring up the outfit. Leaving the Indians there, you go down, coasting part way,

four miles long. Take the left bank of the river again, and you walk four miles to Marsh Lake, where you may have to build a raft or boat to cover its twenty-four miles of length. If not, then you must at the bottom, for there begins the Lynx River, which is usually the head of navigation, for unless the season is very late or the start very early, the rest of the way is almost all by water.

Thirty miles down the Lynx River you come suddenly upon Miles Cañon, which is considered the worst place on the trip. I don't think it is dangerous, but no man ought to shoot the rapids there without taking a look at them from the shore. The miners have put up a sign on a rock



FORT CUDAHY, ON THE YUKON, WITH FORTY MILE, AT THE MOUTH OF FORTY MILE CREEK, IN THE BACKGROUND.

to the left just before you get to it, so you have warning and can go ashore and walk along the edge on the ice. It is sixty feet wide and seven-eighths of a mile long, and the water humps up in the middle, it goes so fast. But very few have been caught there, though they were killed, of course. Below the cañon there are three miles of bad river to White Horse Rapids, which are rocky and swift, with falls, but taking chances is unnecessary, and I consider it pretty good dropping. After the rapids it is thirty miles down to Lake Labarge, the last of the lakes, which is thirty-one miles to row, sail, or tramp, according to the condition of the water. From there a short portage brings you to the head of the Lewis River, really the Yukon, though we do not call it that till, after drifting, poling, or rowing two hundred miles, the Pelly River flows in and makes one big, wide stream. I must warn men who are going in to watch out for Five Fingers Rapids, about 141 miles down the Lewis, where they must take the right-hand channel. That practically ends the journey, for, though it is 180 miles from the junction of the Pelly and Lewis, it is simply a matter of drifting. And I want to say for the hardness

of this whole trip, that I have brought horses in that way, using a raft. And it is curious to see how soon they learn to stand still while you are going, and to walk on and off the raft mornings and evenings at camping-places.

When I left Dawson in the spring there were some two thousand white men, forty families, and two hundred Indians in the Klondike district, most of them living in cabins or tents on claims. The town, which I named after the man who fixed the boundary between American and Canadian possessions, is new, having only a few houses in it, and is chiefly a source of supplies and a place of meeting. The Alaska Commercial Company has the store there, and the Canadian government has a reservation with a squad of sixty mounted police and a civil officer or two. The site is on the east bank of the Yukon and on the north bank of the Klondike River, which comes into the Yukon at that point. The boundary line is seventy miles southwest.

The gold has been found in the small creeks that flow into the Klondike. First comes Bonanza Creek, a mile and a half back of Dawson. It is thirty miles long and very rich, but its tributaries are still



DAWSON, ON THE YUKON RIVER, WITH THE MOUTH OF THE KLONDIKE RIVER IN THE BACKGROUND.

better. Ten miles up it the Eldorado, for example, is the most productive streak that has been turned up; it is only six miles long, and is all staked out in claims, but \$250 has been taken out in a pan there, and I estimate that the yield will be \$20,000,000. Seven miles above Bonanza the Klondike receives the waters of Bear Creek, which is also good, but its six miles of length is claimed by this time. Hunker Creek is fifteen miles up the Klondike, and up that is a little stream, about the size of a brook, which is called Gold Bottom. All these streams flow from the south, and they come from hills that must have lots of gold in them, for other creeks that run out of them into Indian River show yellow, too. Indian River is about thirty miles south or up the Yukon from Dawson. Stewart River and Sixty Mile Creek with their tributaries, all south, and Forty Mile Creek with its branches, off to the northwest—all have gold, and though they have been prospected some, they have not been claimed like the Klondike.

Claims have to be staked out, of course, according to the Canadian laws, which I think are clear and fair. The only fault I find with them is that they recognize no agreements that are not in writing, and they do not give a man who "stakes" a prospector, any share in a claim. But I suppose these difficulties can be got around all right by being more careful about having things in writing hereafter.

Another point that is hard to get over is that you have to swear that no man before you took gold off that claim, which you can't do, not knowing whether there was anybody ahead of you or not. The rest of the requirements are sensible. All you have to do is to find gold, to which you must swear, then you mark off about five hundred feet along the bed of the creek where no one has laid a claim, and stick up four stakes with your name on them, one at each corner of your land. Across the ends you blaze the trees. This done, you go to the register of claims, pay fifteen dollars, and, after a while, the surveyor will come along and make it exact. Claims run about ten to the mile, and are limited practically only by the width of the ground between the two "benches," or sides of the hills, that close in the stream. The middle line of a series of claims follows the "pay streak," which is usually the old bed of the creek, and it runs across the present course of the water several times, sometimes, in a short distance.

WORKING A CLAIM.

Working a claim can go on at all seasons of the year, and part of the process is best in winter, but prospecting is good only in summer, when the water is flowing and the ground loose. That is another reason why it is useless for new hands to go in now. They cannot do anything

except work for others till spring. Then they can prospect with water flowing and the ground soft. If they strike it they can stake out their claim, clear a patch of trees, underbrush, and stones, and work the surface till winter sets in. We quit the "pan" or "hand" method then. The "rocker" is almost never used except in "sniping," which is a light surface search on unclaimed land or on a claim that is not being worked for enough to pay expenses or to raise a "grub-stake." As soon as the water freezes so that it won't flow in on a man, we begin to dig to the bedrock, sometimes forty feet down. The ground is frozen, too, in winter, of course, but by "burning" it, as we say, we can soften it enough to let pick and shovel in. All the dirt is piled on one side, and when spring opens again, releasing the water, we put up our sluices and wash it all summer or till we have enough. There has not been any quartz mining yet on the Yukon, but back of the placers, in the hills which have not been prospected, the original ledges must be holding good things for the capitalist.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT ON THE KLONDIKE.

Life on the Klondike is pretty quiet. Most of the men there are hard workers; but the climate, with the long winter nights, forces us to be idle a great deal, and miners are miners, of course. And there is very little government. The point

is, however, that such government as there is, is good. I like the Canadian officers, the Canadian laws, and the Canucks themselves. The police are strict and efficient. The captain was a fine man, but he had more than he could do this last season, when the rush for the Klondike came. That began in August a year ago, and as the rumor spread up and down the Yukon, the towns and mining camps were deserted by everybody who could get away. Men left the women to come on after them, and hurried off to the Klondike to lay out claims. Circle City was cleaned out. There wasn't room enough on the steamer to take all who wanted to get away to the new diggings, and many a good-paying claim was abandoned for the still better ones on the creeks that make the Klondike. The captain of the police had only a few men without horses to detail around over the claims, and, besides his regular duties, he had to act as register of claims and settle disputes that were brought to him. And there were a good many of these. The need of civil officers is very great, especially of a surveyor.

The miners on the Yukon are shrewd, experienced men, and sometimes they are tricky. I do not like the kind of government they set up for themselves, except in the very first stages. It is all by miners' meetings. They begin by being fair, but after a while cliques are formed, which run things to suit the men who are



A DOG TEAM ON THE YUKON.

A mixed team, consisting of Esquimaux dogs and dogs from the coast. From fifteen to twenty dogs are used in a team, old, "broken" dogs in the lead, pups in the middle. Yukon miners train their dogs to "gee" and "haw" at call, no line ever being used. The man to the right in the picture has on a "parkie," the native coat and head-gear, made of double skins, and thus having fur inside and out.

in them, or, which is just as bad, they turn the sessions into fun. Nobody can get justice from a miners' meeting when women are on one side.

When Bonanza Creek was opened up some of the claims got mixed up in the rush, and the measurements were all wrong. Notices were posted on the store doors and on the houses, calling a miners' meeting to settle the boundaries of claims. As was usual in such meetings, a committee was selected to mark off the claims all the way up the creek with a fifty-foot rope. Somehow a rope only forty feet long was sneaked in, and that made all the claims short. The space that was left over was grabbed by the fellows who were in the game.

Sometimes in winter, when there is plenty of time, a dispute that is left to the miners' meeting grows into a regular trial, with lawyers (there are several among the miners) engaged for a fee, a committee in place of the judge, and a regular jury. Witnesses are examined, the lawyers make speeches, and the trial lasts till nobody who listens to it all, knows what to think. I never liked it. The best way, according to my experience, for two men who can't agree, to have a settlement is to choose

their own committee, each side picking a representative and both selecting a third. Then the committee is fair, and generally the decision is satisfactory.

Most of the time when the men cannot work is spent in gambling. The saloons are kept up in style, with mirrors, decorations, and fine, polished, hardwood bars. No cheating is allowed, and none is tried. The saloon-keepers won't have it in their places. Nobody goes armed, for it is no use. Some of the men are the kind that would take naturally to shooting, but they don't try it on the Yukon. The only case that I know of was when James Cronister shot Washburn, and that didn't amount to anything, because Washburn was a bad man. There was a jury trial, but the verdict was that Cronister was justified.

The only society or organization for any purpose besides business in there is the Yukon Pioneers. I don't belong to that, so I don't know much about it. It is something like the California Pioneers of '49. They have a gold badge in the shape of a triangle with Y. P. on it and the date '89. To be a member you must have come into the country before 1889. But the time limit used to be earlier, and



THE TWO MODES OF LIVING ON A CLAIM.

Miners spend the winters in either a tent or a cabin, and, on the whole, comfortably, despite the fact that the temperature sometimes reaches sixty degrees below zero.

it may be later now, for they have shoved it on up several times since I have noticed. The society does some good. When a man gets sick and caves in it raises money to send him out. Now and then it gives a ball, and there are plans on foot to have more pleasure of that sort next winter and

lucky miner can, but if they are enterprising they can make a good stake. Wages are fifteen dollars a day, and a man who works for himself can earn much more than that. I have gone into the logging business with a mill at Dawson. The spruce trees are thirty inches through,



ENTRANCE TO A CROSS-CUT LEADING INTO GOLD-BEARING GRAVEL.

after that. But we need a hotel or some other big building before much of that can be done.

In fact, we need a great many things besides gold. We have no coin. Gold dust and nuggets pass current by weight at about fifteen dollars and fifty cents to the ounce. It is pretty rough reckoning, as, for instance, when a man brings in a nugget mixed with quartz. Then we take it altogether, gravel and gold, for pure gold, and make it up on the

goods. Carpenters, blacksmiths—all the trades—are wanted, and men who can work at them can make much more than the average miner. They can't make what a



PICKING ON A "BENCH" TO LOOSEN GOLD-BEARING GRAVEL FOR THE SLUICES BELOW.

and, after rafting them down from Ogilvie and Forty Mile, you get \$130 a thousand foot for them sawed into boards. Then there is butchering for the man who

will drive sheep over in the summer. It has been done, and is to be done again. But it is useless for me to go on telling all the occupations that would pay high profits. The future of the Northwest country is not so long as that of a country that can look forward to other industries than mining and the business that depends on mining, but it is longer than the lifetime of any of us. The surface has been pricked in a few places, but I do not know

that the best has been found, and I am quite sure no one has any idea of the tremendous extent of the placer diggings, to say nothing of the quartz that is sure to follow. Then, all the other metals, silver and copper and iron, have been turned up, while coal is plentiful. I believe thoroughly in the country. All I have doubt about is the character of some of the men who are rushing in to get rich by just picking up the gold.



A PLACER, SHOWING SLUICE, OR FLUME, AND SIDE BATHS.

This is a very good picture of a claim, and the process of mining from the "benches" or on the sides, as distinguished from "bar" diggings in the bed of the creek. The straight line above and parallel to the flume is the old bed of the stream. It is from this line of terraces and below it that the pay dirt is taken, usually in the winter. Then, when the spring comes and the ice breaks up, the water is brought down for use in the sluices. The gold-bearing gravel is shoveled into the sluices, carried slowly over the "pans," or platforms, and turned out on the side tables, where it is deposited, while the water and the lighter stones and dirt are carried down into the stream again, where they meet the coarser stuff that is pounded out at the end of the flume.

THE MARTYRDOM OF "MEALY" JONES.

AN EPISODE OF THE SWIMMING-HOLE AT BOYVILLE.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE,

Author of "The King of Boyville," "A Recent Confederate Victory," and other stories.

HIS mother named him Harold, and named him better than she knew. He was just such a boy as one would expect to see bearing a heroic name. He had big, faded blue eyes, a nubbin of a chin, and wide, wondering ears, and freckles—such brown blotches of freckles on his face and neck and hands, such a milky way of them across the bridge of his snub nose, that the boys called him "Mealy." And Mealy Jones it was to the end. When his parents called him Harold in the hearing of his playmates, the boy felt ashamed, for he felt that a nickname could give him equal standing among his fellows. There were times in his life—when he was alone, recounting valorous deeds—that Mealy more than half persuaded himself that he was a real boy. But when he was with Winfield Pennington, surnamed "Piggy" in the court of Boyhood, and Abraham Lincoln Carpenter, similarly knighted "Old Abe," Mealy saw that he was only Harold, a weak and unsatisfactory imitation. He was handicapped in his struggle to be a natural boy by a mother who had been a "perfect little lady" in her girlhood and who was molding her son in the forms that fashioned her. If it were the purpose of this tale to deal in philosophy, it would be easy to digress and show that Mealy Jones was a study in heredity; that from his mother's side of the house he inherited wide, white, starched collars, and from his father's a burning desire to whistle through his teeth. But this is only a simple tale, with no great problem in it, save that of a boy working out his salvation between a fiendish lust for suspenders with trousers and a long-termed incarceration in shirt-waists with despised white china buttons around his waist-band.

No one ever knew how Mealy Jones learned to swim but Piggy, and Harold's mother doesn't consider Piggy Pennington any one, for the Penningtons are Methodists and the Joneses are Baptists, and very hard-shelled ones, too. However, Mealy Jones did learn to swim "dog-

fashion" years and years after the other boys he knew had become postgraduates in aquatic lore and could "tread water," "swim sailor-fashion," and "lay" their hair. Mrs. Jones permitted her son to go swimming occasionally, but she always exacted from him a solemn promise not to go into the deep water, and Harold, who was a good little boy, made it a point not to "let down" when he was beyond the "step-off," so of course he could not know how deep it was, although the bad little boys who "brought up bottom" had told him that it was twelve feet deep.

One hot June afternoon Mealy stood looking at a druggist's display window, gazing idly at the pills, absently picking out the various kinds which he had taken. He had just come from his mother with the express injunction not to go near the river. His eyes roamed listlessly from the pills to the pain-killer, and, turning wearily away, he saw Piggy and Old Abe and Jimmy Sears. The three boys were scuffling for the possession of a piece of rope. Pausing a moment in front of the grocery store, they beckoned for Mealy. The lad joined the group. Some one said:

"Come on, Mealy, and go swimmin'."

"Aw, Mealy can't go," put in Jimmy; "his ma won't let him."

"Yes, I kin, *too*, if I want to," replied Mealy, stoutly—but, alas! guiltily.

"Then come on," said Piggy Pennington. "You don't dast. My ma don't care how often I go in—only in dog days."

After some desultory debate they started—the four boys—pushing one another off the sidewalk, "rooster-fighting," shouting, laughing, racing through the streets. Mealy Jones longed to have the other boys observe his savage behavior. He knew, however, that he was a sham, that he was not of them, that he was a sad make-believe. The guilt of the deed he was doing oppressed him. He wondered how he could go into crime so stolidly, and inwardly he quaked as he recalled the stories he had read of boys who had

drowned while disobeying their parents. His uneasiness was augmented by the ever-present sense that he could not cope with the other boys at their sports. He let them jostle him, and often ran whenever his self-respect goaded him to jostle back. Mealy was glad when the group came to the deep shade of the woods and walked slowly.

It was three o'clock when the boys reached the swimming-hole. There the great elm-tree, with its ladder of exposed roots, stretched over the water. Piggy Pennington, stripped to the skin, ran whooping down the sloping bank, splashing over the gravel at the water's edge, and plunged into the deepest water. Old Abe followed cautiously, bathing his temples and his wrists before sousing all over. Jimmy Sears threw his shirt high up on the bank as he stood ankle-deep in the stream. Piggy's exhilaration having worn off by this time, he picked up a mussel-shell and threw it at Jimmy's feet. The water dashed wide of its mark and sprinkled Mealy, who was sitting on a log, taking off his shoes.

"Here, Piggy, you quit that," said Mealy.

Jimmy said nothing. He sprang into the air head foremost toward Piggy, who dived from sight. His pursuer saw the direction Piggy took and followed him. The boys were a few feet apart when Jimmy came to the surface, puffing and spouting and shaking the water from his eyes and hair. He hesitated in his pursuit. Piggy observed the hesitation, and with a quick overhand movement shot a stinging stream of water from the ball of his hand into his antagonist's face. Then he turned on his side and swam swiftly to shallow water, where he stood and splashed his victim, who was lumbering toward shore with his eyes shut, panting loudly. With every splash Piggy said, "How's that, Jim?" or "Take a bite of this," or "Want a drink?" When Jimmy got where he could walk on the creek

bottom, he made a feint of fighting back, but he soon ceased, and stood by, gasping for breath, before saying, "Let's quit."

Then followed the fun of ducking, the scuffling and the capers of the young human animals at play—at play even as gods in the elder days. Mealy saw it all through envious eyes and with a pricking conscience, as he doggedly fumbled the myriad buttons which his mother had fastened upon his pretty clothes. He heard Piggy dare Abe across the creek, and call him a cowardly calf, and say, "Any one 't 'ull take a dare 'll steal sheep." Mealy saw Jimmy grin as he cracked rocks under water while the other boys were diving, and watched Old Abe, as he made the waves rise under his chin, swimming after the fleeing culprit. He saw Abe catch Jimmy and hold his head under water until Mealy's smile faded to a horrified grin. Then he saw the victim and the victor come merrily to the shallows, laughing as though nothing unusual had occurred. It was high revel in Boyville, and the satyrs were in the midst of their joy.

Then Mealy heard Piggy say, "Aw, come in, Mealy; it won't hurt you."

"Is it cold?" asked Mealy.

"Naw," replied Piggy.

"Naw, course it ain't," returned Jimmy.

"Warm as dish-water," cried Abe.

Mealy's ribs shone through his skin. His big milky eyes made him seem uncanny, standing there shivering in the shade. He hobbled down the pebbly bank on his tender feet, his bashful grin breaking into a dozen contortions of pain as he went. The boys stood watching him like tigers awaiting a Christian martyr. He paused at the water's edge, put in a toe and jerked it out with a spasm of cold.

"Aw, that ain't cold," said Piggy.

"Naw, when you get in you won't mind it," insisted Abe.



PIGGY PENNINGTON, THE KING OF BOYVILLE.

Mealy replied, "Oo, oo! I think that's pretty cold."

"Wet your legs and you won't get the cramp," advised Jimmy Sears.

Mealy stooped over to scoop up some water in his hands. He heard the boys laugh, and the next instant he felt a shower of water on his back. It made the tears come.

"Uhm-m-m—no fair splashin'," he whined.

Mealy put one foot in the water and drew it out quickly, gasping, "Oo! I ain't goin' in. It's too cold for me. It'll bring my measles out." He started trembling up the bank; then he heard a splashing behind him.

"Come back here," cried Piggy, whose hands were uplifted; "come back here and git in this water or I'll muddy you." Piggy's hands were full of mud. He was about to throw it when the Jones boy pretended to laugh and giggled, "Oh, I was just a-foolin'."

But he paused again at the water's edge, and Piggy, who had come up close enough to touch the rickety lad, reached out a muddy hand and dabbed the quaking boy's breast. The other boys roared with glee. Mealy extended a deprecatory hand, and took Piggy's wet, glistening arm and stumbled nervously into the stream, with an "Oo-oo!" at every uncertain step. When the water came to Mealy's waist Abe cried, "Duck! duck, or I'll splash you!" The boy sank down, with his teeth biting his tongue as he said, "Oo—I wouldn't do you that way."

When the shock of the tepid water had spent itself, Mealy's grin returned, and he shivered happily, "Oo—it's good, ain't it?"

Ten minutes later the boys were diving from the roots of the elm-tree into the deep water on the other side of the creek. Ten minutes after that they were sliding down a muddy toboggan which they had revived by splashing water upon the incline made and provided by the town boys for scudding. Ten minutes afterward they were covering themselves with coats of mud, frescoed—one with stripes made with the point of a stick, another with polka-dots, another with checks, and Mealy with snake-like, curving stripes. Then the whole crew dashed down the path to the railroad bridge to greet the afternoon passenger train. When it came they jumped up and down and waved their striped and spotted arms like the barbarian warriors which they fancied they were. They swam up

the stream leisurely, and, as they rounded the bend that brought their landing-place into view, the quick eye of Piggy Pennington saw that some one had been meddling with their clothes. He gave the alarm. The boys quickened their strokes. When they came to the shallows of the ford they saw the blue-and-white starched shirt of Mealy Jones lying in a pool tied into half a dozen knots, with the water soaking them tighter and tighter. The other boys' clothes were not disturbed.

"Mealy's got to chaw beef," cried Piggy Pennington. The other boys, except the Jones boy, echoed Piggy's merriment. Great sorrows come to grown-up people, but there is never a moment in after-life more poignant with grief than that which stabs a boy when he learns that he must wrestle with a series of water-soaked knots in a shirt. As Mealy sat in the broiling sun, gripping the knots with his teeth and fingers, he asked himself again and again how he could explain his soiled shirt to his mother. Lump after lump rose in his throat, and dissolved into tears that trickled down his nose. The other boys did not heed him. They were following Piggy's dare, dropping into the water from the overhanging limb of the elm-tree.

They did not see the figure of another boy, in ragged clothes, with a gingham shirt, cotton suspenders, and a torn straw hat, sitting on a stone back of Mealy, smiling complacently. Not until the stranger walked down to the water's edge where Mealy sat did the other boys spy him.

"Who is it?" asked Abe.

"I never saw him before," replied Jimmy Sears.

"Oh, I'll tell you who it is," returned Abe, after looking the stranger over. "It's the new boy. Him an' his old man come to town yesterday. They say he's a fighter. He licked every boy in the mountain jumpers this mornin'."

By this time the new boy was standing over Mealy, saying, "How you gittin' along?"

Mealy looked up, and said with the petulance of a spoiled child, "Hush your mouth, you old smartie! What good d't do you to go an' tie my clo'es?"

Piggy and Jimmy and Abe came hurrying to the landing. They heard the new boy retort, "Who said I tied your clo'es?" Mealy made no reply. The new boy repeated the query. Mealy saw the boys in the water looking on, and his courage rose; for Mealy was in the primary de-

partment of life, and had not yet learned that one must fight alone. He answered, "I did," with an emphasis on the "I," as he tugged at the last knot. The new boy had been looking Mealy over, and he replied quickly, "You're a liar!"

There was a pause, during which Mealy looked helplessly for some one to defend him. He was sure that his companions would not stand there and see him whipped.

One of the boys in the water said diplomatically, "Aw, Mealy, I wouldn't take that!"

"You're another," faltered Mealy, who looked supplication and surprise at his friends, and wondered if they were really going to desert him. The new boy waded around Mealy, and leaned over him, and said, shaking his fist in the freckled face, "You're a coward, and you don't dast take it up and fight it out."

Mealy's face flushed. He felt anger mantling his frame. He was one of those most pitiable of mortals whose anger brings tears with it. The last knot in the shirt was all but conquered, when Mealy bawled in a scream of passionate sobs:

"When I git this shirt fixed I'll show you who's a coward."

The new boy sought a level place on the bank for a fight, and sneered, "Oh, cry baby! cry baby! Say, boys, where's its bottle?"

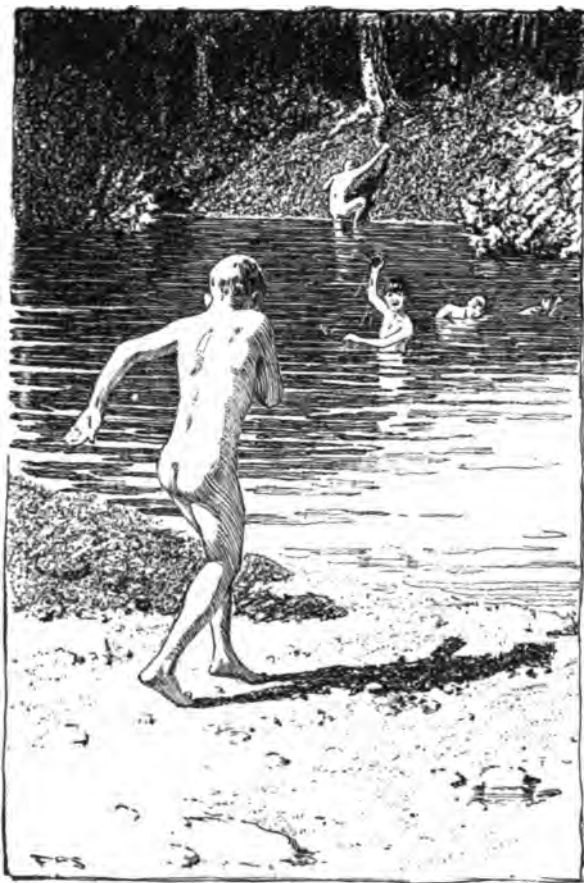
Mealy rose with a stone in each hand, and hobbled over the pebbles, crying, "Touch me now! Touch me if you dare!"

"Aw, you coward! drop them rocks," snarled the new boy.

Mealy looked at his friends imploringly. He felt lonely, deserted, and mistreated, but he saw in the faces of his comrades the reflection of the injunction to put down the stones. He did so, and his anger began to cool. But he whimpered again, "Well now, touch me if you dare!"

The new boy came over briskly, and

made a feint to slap the naked lad, who ward- ed off the blow, sniffing, "You just leave me alone. I ain't hurting you." The boys in the water laughed—it seemed to Mealy such a cruel laugh. Anger enveloped him again, and he struck out blindly through his tears, hand over hand, striking the new boy in the mouth and making it bleed, before he realized that the fight had begun. The new boy tried to clinch Mealy, but the naked body slipped away from him; and just then the combatants saw the satisfied grin freeze on the faces of the boys in the wa-



"HE HOBLED DOWN THE PEBBLY BANK."

ter. A step crunched the gravel near them, and in a moment that flashed vividly with rejoicing that the fight was ended, then with abject, chattering terror, Mealy Jones saw his father approaching. Mealy did not run. The uplifted cane and the red, perspiring face of his father transfixed the lad, yet he felt called upon to say something. His voice came from a dry throat, and he spoke through an idiotic grin as he said, "I didn't know you wanted me, pa."

After the burst of his father's

ten awful minutes of shame passed for Mealy while he was putting on his wet clothes. The boys in the water swam noiselessly upstream to the roots of the elm-tree, where he saw them looking at his disgrace. During those ten minutes Mealy realized that his father's deepening silence portended evil; so he tried to draw his father into a discussion of the merits of the case by whimpering from time to time, "Well, I guess they ast me to come," or "Piggy said it wouldn't hurt, cause 't ain't in dog days," or "I wasn't in where it was deep. I was only a-wadin'." The new boy, who was seated upon a log near by with a stone in his hand, which he had picked up fearing the elder Jones would join the fray, sniffed audibly. He called to the other boys derisively, "Say, any of you boys got the baby's blocks?" It did not lift the mantle of humiliation that covered Mealy to hear his father reply to the new boy, "That will do for you, sir." While Mealy wept he wiped away his tears first with one hand and then with the other, employing the free hand in fastening the innumerable buttons that held his soiled clothes together. It seemed to him that there was not another boy in all Willow Creek who had such thoughtless, cruel parents as he had. At that moment he did not fear the punishment that might be in store for him. He was thinking of the agony of his next meeting with Piggy Pennington. Mealy fancied that Abe Carpenter, who was a quiet, philosophical boy, would not tease him, but horror seized him when he thought of Piggy.

As Mealy fastened the last button, he felt his father's finger under his collar, and he felt his own feet shambling blindly over the pebbles, up the path, into the bushes; he heard the boys in the water laugh with the new boy—and then—stories differ. The boys say he howled lustily, "Oh, pa, I won't do it any more," over and over again. Mealy Jones says that it didn't hurt a bit.

This much is certain: that Master Harold Jones walked through the town that day a few feet ahead of his father, who tapped the boy's legs with a hooked cane whenever his steps lagged. At the door of the Jones home Mrs. Jones stood to welcome the martial procession, which she saw, and then heard, approaching some time before it arrived. To his wife, whose face pictured anxious grief, Mr. Jones said, as he turned the captive over to her: "I found this young gentleman in swimming—swimming and fighting. I have attended to

his wants, I believe. I leave him to you."

Harold Jones was but a lad—a good lad whose knowledge of the golden text was his Sunday-school teacher's pride, yet he had collected other scraps of useful information as he journeyed through life, and one of these was a perfectly practical familiarity with the official road map to his mother's heart. Therefore, when he crossed the threshold of the Jones home Harold began at once to weep dolefully.

"Harold Jones, what do you mean by such conduct?" asked his mother.

The boy stood by the window long enough to see that his father had turned the corner toward the town. Then he fell on the floor, and began to bewail his lot, refusing to answer the first question his mother asked, but telling instead how "all the other boys in this town can go swimmin' when they want to," hinting that he wouldn't care, if papa had only just come and brought him home, but that papa—and this was followed by a vocal cataract of woe that made the dishpans ring.

He noted that his mother bent over him and said, "My poor boy;" at which sign little Harold punctured the levees of his grief again, and said he "never was going to 'face any of the boys in this town again"—he "just couldn't bear it." Mrs. Jones paused in her work at this, put down a potato which she was peeling, and stood up stiffly, saying in a freezing tone, "Harold Jones, you don't mean to tell me that your father punished you in front of those other little boys?"

Her son only sobbed and nodded an affirmative, and gave lusty voice to the tearful wish that he was dead. Mrs. Jones stooped to the floor and took her child by an arm, lifting him to his feet. She smoothed his hair and took him with her to the big chair in the dining-room, where she raised his seventy pounds to her lap, saying as she did so, "Mama's boy will soon be too big to hold." At that the spoiled child only renewed his weeping and clutched her tightly. There, little by little, he forgot the mishaps of the day. There the anguish lifted from his heart, and when his mother asked, "Harold, why did you go into the water when we told you not to?" the child only shook his head, and, after repeated questioning, his answer came:

"Well, they asked me, mom."

"Who asked you?" persisted Mrs. Jones.

"Piggy Pennington and Jimmy Sears," returned the lad.

To the query, "Well, do you have to do everything they ask you to, Harold?" the lad's answer was a renewal of the heart-breaking sobs. These softened the mother's heart, as many and many a woman's heart has been melted through all the ages. She soothed the truant child and petted him, until the cramping in his throat relaxed sufficiently to admit of the passage of an astonishingly large slice of bread and butter and sugar. After it was disposed of, Harold busied himself by assorting his old iron scraps on the back porch, and his mother smiled as she fancied she heard the boy trying to whistle a tune. Harold had left the porch before his father came home with the beefsteak for supper, and Mrs. Jones met her husband with: "Pa Jones, what could you be thinking of—punishing that boy before the other children? Do you want to break what little spirit he has? Why, that child was nearly in hysterics for an hour after you left!"

Mr. Jones hung up his crooked cane, put a stick of wood in the stove, scraped his pipe with his knife, and blew through the stem.

"I guess he wasn't hurt much," replied the father. Then he added, as he put a live coal in the pipe: "I s'pose you went an' babied him an' spoiled it all." There was a puffing pause, after which Mr. Jones added, "If you'd let him go more, an' didn't worry your head off when he was out of sight, he'd amount to more."

Mrs. Jones always gave her husband three moves before she spoke. "Yes! yes! you'd make that boy a regular little rowdy if you had your way, William Jones."

In the mean time Harold Jones had heard a long, shrill whistle in the alley, and, answering it, he ran as rapidly as his spindling legs would carry him. He knew it was the boys. They were grinning broadly when he came to them. It was Piggy Pennington who first spoke, "Oh, pa, I won't do it any more," repeating the phrase several times in a suppressed voice, and leering impishly at Mealy.

"Aw, you're making that up," answered Mealy in embarrassment. But Piggy continued his teasing until Abe Carpenter said: "Say, Mealy, we want you to go to the cave with us to-morrow; can you?"

The "can you" was an imputation on his personal liberty that Mealy resented. He replied, "Uh-huh! you just bet your bottom dollar I can." Piggy began teasing again, but Abe silenced him, and the boys sat in the dirt behind the barn, chattering about the new boy, whose name, according to the others, was "Bud" Perkins. Mealy entered the conversation with much masculine pomp—too much, in fact; for when he became particularly vain-glorious some one in the group was certain to glance at his shoes—and shoes in June in Boyville are insignia of the weaker sex, the badges of shame.

But Mealy did not feel his disgrace. He walked up the ash path to the kitchen with an excellent imitation of manly pride in his gait. He kicked at a passing cat, shook his head bravely, talking to-himself about the way he would have whipped the new boy if his father had not interrupted the fight.

As Mrs. Jones heard the boy's step on the porch, she said to his father, "Now, pa, that boy has been punished enough today. Don't you say a word to him." Harold walked by his father with averted face. At supper the boy did not look at his father, and when the dishes were put away, Mr. Jones, who sat in the kitchen smoking, heard his wife and the child in a front room, chatting cheerily. The lonesome father smoked his pipe and recalled his youth. The boy's voice brought back his own shrill treble. And he coughed nervously. After Mrs. Jones had put the lad to bed, and was in the pantry arranging for breakfast, the father knocked the ashes from his briar into the stove, and, humming an old tune, went to the boy's bedroom door. He paused awkwardly on the threshold. The boy turned his face toward the wall. The action cut the father to the quick. He walked to the bed and bent over the child, touching a father's rough-bearded face to the soft cheek. He found the soft hand—with a father's large hand—under the sheet, and he held the little hand tightly as he said:

"Well, Harold"—there he paused for a second. But he continued, "Do you think you'd a-licked that boy if—if—I hadn't a-come?"

Then the two laughed, and a little throb of joyous pain tingled in their throats—such as only boys may feel.

ONE OF GOD'S FOOLS.

BY CAPTAIN MUSGROVE DAVIS.

JOE came into the regiment, no one knew exactly how or whence. He was not quite a "natural," but well along toward it. From a friend who came to look for him, it was learned that he had received an injury to his head when quite young. School was of little use to him, and he hardly got beyond his letters and the writing of his name. He was always spoken of as "Poor Joe."

We all wondered how any recruiting officer accepted him; and, more, how he got the consent of his family to enlist. Recruiting officers were not very particular, however, and as for Joe's family, it transpired that they never had a chance to protest, for Joe ran away from home to enlist. It was afterwards proposed to effect his discharge, but he howled his family into acquiescence, and remained

in the regiment to do many brave acts—without knowing they were brave. He was simply incapable of fear.

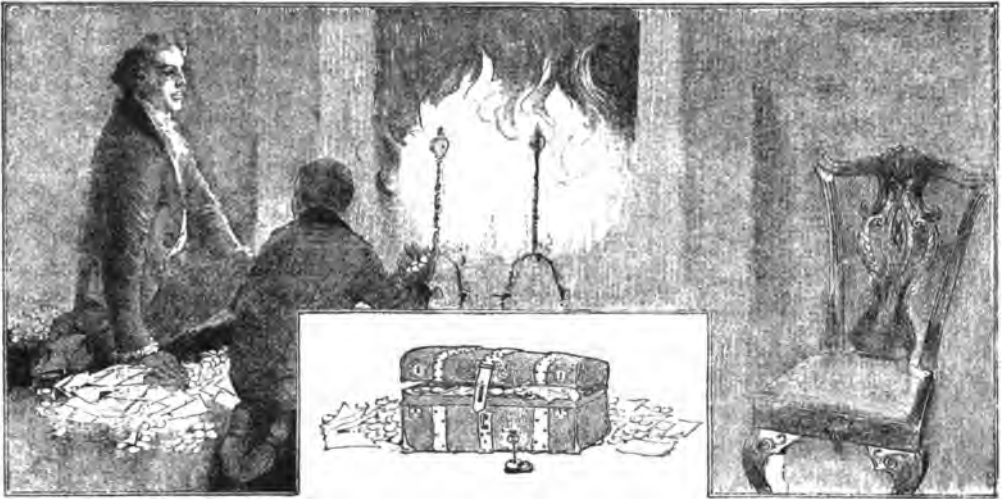
At the second battle of Bull Run he refused to retreat with the rest, but stood out solitary and alone, and fired until all his ammunition was exhausted, then threw away his musket, and backed doggedly toward his own lines, shaking his fists and throwing stones at the "rebs." They cheered him to the echo, and from a thousand throats went up the shout: "Let him alone! Let him alone!"

At Antietam, when our regiment was driven back, it was found that one of Joe's tent-mates had been wounded and left between the lines. When Joe heard of it he was beside himself with grief. He threw down his gun, and ran straight into the fire in front, shouting: "Give me Lem! Give me Lem! Don't you touch me or I'll tell Mr. Lincoln! Give me Lem!"

Unscathed, he reached the Confederate lines. There he found Lem, picked him up, and started back. A Confederate soldier essayed to detain him, but the officer in command—noble fellow—shouted: "No! No! Let no one lay hands on that man and dare to call himself a soldier. Go, my brave fellow, and God preserve you." And Joe regained his regiment without a scratch, bearing his comrades in his arms.

At Gettysburg our command was supporting a battery, and Joe, exhausted from long duty, had crawled under one of the guns of the battery and gone to sleep. A shell struck near, scattering showers of earth all about. Joe awoke with eyes and ears full, got up, shook himself, brushed the dirt away as well as he could, faced the "rebs," and in that fearful din shouted: "Say, Johnnie, don't you do that agin, or I'll come over there and lick ye." Then he lay down under the gun again, and went to sleep. One of God's fools!





ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER—SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Viscount Anne de St. Ives, under the name of Champdivers, while held a prisoner of war in Edinburgh Castle, attracts the sympathy of Flora Gilchrist, who, out of curiosity, visits the prisoners, attended by her brother Ronald. On her account St. Ives kills a comrade, Goguelat, in a duel, fought secretly in the night, with the divided blades of a pair of scissors. An officer of the prison, Major Chevenix, discovers the secret of the duel and of St. Ives's interest in the young lady: a fact that promises importance later. Having escaped from prison, St. Ives plans to proceed to a rich uncle in England, Count de Kéroual, who, as he has learned from a solicitor, Daniel Romaine, is near dying, and is likely to make him his heir in place of a cousin, Alain de

St. Ives. First, however, he steals to the home of Flora Gilchrist. Discovered there by the aunt with whom Flora lives, he is regarded with suspicion; but still is helped to escape across the border, under the guidance of two drovers. After many adventures, he reaches Amersham Place, his uncle Count de Kéroual's country seat, and finds the count extremely low, with a doctor in close attendance. To his surprise, the whole household shows to have been in active expectation of his coming: a room has been made ready for him, new clothes are laid out for his wear, and a young man named Rowley is at hand for his exclusive service. He is hurried off to dress for dinner, and then dines in company with the doctor.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DESPATCH-BOX.

THE doctor had scarce finished his meal before he hastened with an apology to attend upon his patient; and almost immediately after, I was myself summoned, and ushered up the great staircase and along interminable corridors to the bedside of my great-uncle the count. You are to think that up to the present moment I had not set eyes on this formidable personage, only on the evidences of his wealth and kindness. You are to think besides that I had

heard him miscalled and abused from my earliest childhood up. The first of the *émigrés* could never expect a good word in the society in which my father moved. Even yet the reports I received were of a doubtful nature; even Romaine had drawn of him no very amiable portrait; and as I was ushered into the room, it was a critical eye that I cast on my great-uncle. He lay propped on pillows in a little cot no greater than a camp-bed, not visibly breathing. He was about eighty years of age, and looked it; not that his face was much lined, but all the blood and color seemed to have faded from his body, and even his eyes,

which last he kept usually closed as though the light distressed him. There was an unspeakable degree of slyness in his expression, which kept me ill at ease; he seemed to lie there with his arms folded, like a spider waiting for prey. His speech was very deliberate and courteous, but scarce louder than a sigh.

"I bid you welcome, Monsieur le Vicomte Anne," said he, looking at me hard with his pale eyes, but not moving on his pillows. "I have sent for you, and I thank you for the obliging expedition you have shown. It is my misfortune that I cannot rise to receive you. I trust you have been reasonably well entertained?"

"Monsieur mon oncle," I said, bowing very low, "I am come at the summons of the head of my family."

"It is well," he said. "Be seated. I should be glad to hear some news—if that can be called news that is already twenty years old—of how I have the pleasure to see you here."

By the coldness of his address, not more than by the nature of the times that he bade me recall, I was plunged in melancholy. I felt myself surrounded as with deserts of friendlessness, and the delight of my welcome was turned to ashes in my mouth.

"That is soon told, Monseigneur," said I. "I understand that I need tell you nothing of the end of my unhappy parents? It is only the story of the lost dog."

"You are right. I am sufficiently informed of that deplorable affair; it is painful to me. My nephew, your father, was a man who would not be advised," said he. "Tell me, if you please, simply of yourself."

"I am afraid I must run the risk of harrowing your sensibility in the beginning," said I, with a bitter smile, "because my story begins at the foot of the guillotine. When the list came out that night, and her name was there, I was already old enough, not in years, but in sad experience, to understand the extent of my misfortune. She—" I paused. "Enough that she arranged with a friend, Madame de Chasseradès, that she should take charge of me, and by the favor of our jailors I was suffered to remain in the shelter of the Abbaye. That was my only refuge; there was no corner of France that I could rest the sole of my foot upon except the prison. Monsieur le Comte, you are as well aware as I can be what kind of a life that was and how swiftly death smote in that society. I did not wait long before the nar-

of Madame de Chasseradès succeeded to that of my mother on the list. She passed me on to Madame de Noytot; she, in her turn, to Mademoiselle de Braye; and there were others. I was the one thing permanent; they were all transient as clouds; a day or two of their care, and then came the last farewell and—somewhere far off in that roaring Paris that surrounded us—the bloody scene. I was the cherished one, the last comfort, of these dying women. I have been in pitched fights, my lord, and I never knew such courage. It was all done smiling, in the tone of good society; *belle maman* was the name I was taught to give to each; and for a day or two the new 'pretty mamma' would make much of me, show me off, teach me the minuet, and to say my prayers, and then, with a tender embrace, would go the way of her predecessors, smiling. There were some that wept too. There was a childhood! All the time Monsieur de Culemburg kept his eye on me, and would have had me out of the Abbaye and in his own protection; but my 'pretty mammas' one after another resisted the idea. Where could I be safer? they argued; and what was to become of them without the darling of the prison? Well, it was soon shown how safe I was! The dreadful day of the massacre came; the prison was overrun; none paid attention to me, not even the last of my 'pretty mammas,' for she had met another fate. I was wandering distracted, when I was found by some one in the interests of Monsieur de Culemburg. I understand he was sent on purpose; I believe, in order to reach the interior of the prison, he had set his hand to nameless barbarities: such was the price paid for my worthless, whimpering little life! He gave me his hand; it was wet, and mine was reddened; he led me unresisting. I remember but the one circumstance of my flight—it was my last view of my last 'pretty mamma.' Shall I describe it to you?" I asked the count, with a sudden fierceness.

"Avoid unpleasant details," observed my great-uncle, gently.

At these words a sudden peace fell upon me. I had been angry with the man before; I had not sought to spare him; and now, in a moment, I saw that there was nothing to spare. Whether from natural heartlessness or extreme old age, the soul was not at home; and my benefactor, who had kept the fire lit in my room for a month past—my only relative except whom I knew already to be a hired

spy—had trodden out the last sparks of hope and interest.

"Certainly," said I; "and, indeed, the day for them is nearly over. I was taken to Monsieur de Culemborg's,—I presume, sir, that you know the Abbé de Culemborg?"

He indicated assent without opening his eyes.

"He was a very brave and a very learned man—"

"And a very holy one," said my uncle, civilly.

"And a very holy one, as you observe," I continued. "He did an infinity of good, and through all the Terror kept himself from the guillotine. He gave me such education as I have—enough for a soldier. It was in his house in the country at Dammarie, near Melun, that I made the acquaintance of your agent, Mr. Vicary, who lay there in hiding, only to fall a victim at the last to a gang of *chauffeurs*."

"This poor Mr. Vicary!" observed my uncle. "He had been many times in my interests to France, and this was his first failure. *Quel charmant homme, n'est-ce pas?*"

"Infinitely so," said I. "But I would not willingly detain you any farther with a story the details of which it must naturally be more or less unpleasant for you to hear. Suffice it, that by M. de Culemborg's advice, I entered the service of France at sixteen, and have since then carried arms in such a manner as not to disgrace my family."

"You narrate well; *vous avez la voix chaude*," said my uncle, turning on his pillows as if to study me. "I have a very good account of you by Monsieur de Mauseant, whom you helped in Spain. And you had some education from the Abbé de Culemborg, a man of good house? Yes, you will do very well. You have a good manner and a handsome person, which hurts nothing. We are all handsome in the family; even I myself, I have had my successes, the memories of which still charm me. It is my intention, my nephew, to make of you my heir. I am not very well content with my other nephew, Monsieur le Vicomte: he has not been respectful, which is the flattery due to age. And there are other matters."

I was half tempted to throw back in his face that inheritance so coldly offered. At the same time I had to consider that he was an old man and, after all, my relation; and that I was a poor one, in considerable straits, with a hope at heart

which that inheritance might yet enable me to realize. Nor could I forget that, however icy his manners, he had behaved to me from the first with the extreme of liberality and, I was about to write, kindness, but the word, in that connection, would not come. I really owed the man some measure of gratitude, which it would be an ill manner to repay if I were to insult him on his deathbed.

"Your will, monsieur, must ever be my rule," said I, bowing.

"You have wit, monsieur mon neveu," said he, "the best wit—the wit of silence. Many might have deafened me with their gratitude. Gratitude!" he repeated, with a peculiar intonation, and lay and smiled to himself. "But to approach what is more important. As a prisoner of war, will it be possible for you to be served heir to English estates? I have no idea: long as I have dwelt in England, I have never studied what they call their laws. On the other hand, how if Romaine should come too late? I have two pieces of business to be transacted—to die, and to make my will; and, however desirous I may be to serve you, I cannot postpone the first in favor of the second beyond a very few hours."

"Well, sir, I must then contrive to be doing as I did before," said I.

"Not so," said the Count. "I have an alternative. I have just drawn my balance at my banker's, a considerable sum, and I am now to place it in your hands. It will be so much for you and so much less—" He paused, and smiled with an air of malignity that surprised me. "But it is necessary it should be done before witnesses. Monsieur le Vicomte is of a particular disposition, and an unwitting donation may very easily be twisted into a theft."

He touched a bell, which was answered by a man having the appearance of a confidential valet. To him he gave a key.

"Bring me the despatch-box that came yesterday, La Ferrière," said he. "You will at the same time present my compliments to Dr. Hunter and M. l'Abbé, and request them to step for a few moments to my room."

The despatch-box proved to be rather a bulky piece of baggage, covered with Russia leather. Before the doctor and an excellent old smiling priest it was passed over into my hands with a very clear statement of the disposer's wishes; immediately after which, though the witnesses remained behind to draw up and sign a

joint note of the transaction, Monsieur de Kéroural dismissed me to my own room, La Ferrière following with the invaluable box.

At my chamber door I took it from him with thanks, and entered alone. Everything had been already disposed for the night, the curtains drawn, and the fire trimmed; and Rowley was still busy with my bedclothes. He turned round as I entered with a look of welcome that did my heart good. Indeed, I had never a much greater need of human sympathy, however trivial, than at that moment when I held a fortune in my arms. In my uncle's room I had breathed the very atmosphere of disenchantment. He had gorged my pockets; he had starved every dignified or affectionate sentiment of a man. I had received so chilling an impression of age and experience that the mere look of youth drew me to confide in Rowley. He was only a boy, his heart must beat yet, he must still retain some innocence and natural feelings, he could blurt out follies with his mouth, he was not a machine to utter perfect speech! At the same time, I was beginning to outgrow the painful impressions of my interview; my spirits were beginning to revive; and at the jolly, empty looks of Mr. Rowley, as he ran forward to relieve me of the box, St. Ives became himself again.

"Now, Rowley, don't be in a hurry," said I. "This is a momentous juncture. Man and boy, you have been in my service about three hours. You must already have observed that I am a gentleman of a somewhat morose disposition, and there is nothing that I more dislike than the smallest appearance of familiarity. Mr. Pole or Mr. Powl, probably in the spirit of prophecy, warned you against this danger."

"Yes, Mr. Anne," said Rowley blankly.

"Now there is just arisen one of those rare cases in which I am willing to depart from my principles. My uncle has given me a box—what you would call a Christmas-box. I don't know what's in it, and no more do you: perhaps I am an April fool, or perhaps I am already enormously wealthy; there might be five hundred pounds in this apparently harmless receptacle!"

"Lord, Mr. Anne!" cried Rowley.

"Now, Rowley, hold up your right hand and repeat the words of the oath after me," said I, laying the despatch-box on the table. "Strike me blue if I ever disclose to Mr. Powl, or Mr. Powl's viscount, or anything that is Mr. Powl's, not to mention Mr.

Dawson and the doctor, the treasures of the following despatch-box; and strike me sky-blue scarlet if I do not continually maintain, uphold, love, honor, and obey, serve, and follow to the four corners of the earth and the waters that are under the earth, the hereinafter-before-mentioned (only that I find I have neglected to mention him) Viscount Anne de Kéroural de St.-Yves, commonly known as Mr. Rowley's viscount. So be it. Amen."

He took the oath with the same exaggerated seriousness as I gave it to him.

"Now," said I. "Here is the key for you; I will hold the lid with both hands in the meanwhile." He turned the key. "Bring up all the candles in the room, and range them alongside. What is it to be? A live gorgon, a Jack-in-the-box, or a spring that fires a pistol? On your knees, sir, before the prodigy!"

So saying, I turned the despatch-box upside down upon the table. At the sight of the vast mass of bank paper and gold that lay in front of us, between the candles, or rolled upon the floor alongside, I stood astonished.

"Oh my! Oh Mr. Anne! What a sight o' money!" cried Mr. Rowley, and he scrambled after the fallen guineas. "Why, it's like a blessed story-book. It's like the Forty Thieves."

"Now, Rowley, let's be cool, let's be business-like," said I. "Riches are deceitful, particularly when you haven't counted them; and the first thing we have to do is to arrive at the amount of my—let me say, modest competency. If I'm not mistaken, I have enough here to keep you in gold buttons all the rest of your life. You collect the gold, and I'll take the paper."

Accordingly, down we sat together on the hearthrug, and for some time there was no sound but the creasing of bills and the jingling of guineas, broken occasionally by the exulting exclamations of Rowley. The arithmetical operation on which we were embarked took long, and it might have been tedious to others; not to me nor to my helper.

"Ten thousand pounds!" I announced at last.

"Ten thousand!" echoed Mr. Rowley.

And we gazed upon each other.

The greatness of this fortune took my breath away. With that sum in my hands, I need fear no enemies. People are arrested, in nine cases out of ten, not because the police are astute, but because

themselves run short of money; and I had here before me in the despatch-box a succession of devices and disguises that insured my liberty. Not only so; but, as I felt with a sudden and overpowering thrill, with ten thousand pounds in my hands I was become an eligible suitor. What advances I had made in the past, as a private soldier in a military prison, or a fugitive by the wayside, could only be qualified or, indeed, excused as acts of desperation. And now, I might come in by the front door; I might approach the dragon with a lawyer at my elbow and rich settlements to offer. The poor French prisoner, Champdivers, might be in a perpetual danger of arrest; but the rich traveling Englishman, St. Ives, in his post-chaise, with his despatch-box by his side, could smile at fate and laugh at locksmiths. I repeated the proverb, exulting, *Love laughs at locksmiths!* In a moment, by the mere coming of this money, my love had become possible—it had come near, it was under my hand—and it may be by one of the curiosities of human nature, but it burned that instant brighter.

"Rowley," said I, "your viscount is a made man."

"Why, we both are, sir," said Rowley.

"Yes, both," said I; "and you shall dance at the wedding;" and I flung at his head a bundle of bank notes, and had just followed it up with a handful of guineas, when the door opened, and Mr. Romaine appeared upon the threshold.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. ROMAINE CALLS ME NAMES.

FEELING very much of a fool to be thus taken by surprise, I scrambled to my feet and hastened to make my visitor welcome. He did not refuse me his hand; but he gave it with a coldness and distance for which I was quite unprepared, and his countenance, as he looked on me, was marked in a strong degree with concern and severity.

"So, sir, I find you here?" said he, in tones of little encouragement. "Is that you, George? You can run away; I have business with your master."

He showed Rowley out, and locked the door behind him. Then he sat down in an armchair on one side of the fire, and looked at me with uncompromising sternness.

"I am hesitating how to begin," said he. "In this singular labyrinth of blun-

ders and difficulties that you have prepared for us, I am positively hesitating where to begin. It will perhaps be best that you should read, first of all, this paragraph." And he handed over to me a newspaper.

The paragraph in question was brief. It announced the recapture of one of the prisoners recently escaped from Edinburgh Castle; gave his name, Clausel, and added that he had entered into the particulars of the recent revolting murder in the castle, and denounced the murderer:

"It is a common soldier called Champdivers, who had himself escaped, and is in all probability involved in the common fate of his comrades. In spite of the activity along all the Forth and the East Coast, nothing has yet been seen of the sloop which these desperadoes seized at Grangemouth, and it is now almost certain that they have found a watery grave."

At the reading of this paragraph my heart turned over. In a moment I saw my castle in the air ruined; myself changed from a mere military fugitive into a hunted murderer, fleeing from the gallows; my love, which had a moment since appeared so near to me, blotted from the field of possibility. Despair, which was my first sentiment, did not, however, endure for more than a moment. I saw that my companions had indeed succeeded in their unlikely design; and that I was supposed to have accompanied and perished along with them by shipwreck—a most probable ending to their enterprise. If they thought me at the bottom of the North Sea, I need not fear much vigilance on the streets of Edinburgh. Champdivers was wanted: what was to connect him with St. Ives? Major Chevenix would recognize me if he met me; that was beyond bargaining; he had seen me so often, his interest had been kindled to so high a point, that I could hope to deceive him by no stratagem or disguise. Well, even so he would have a competition of testimony before him: he knew Clausel, he knew me, and I was sure he would decide for honor. At the same time, the image of Flora shot up in my mind's eye with such a radiancy as fairly overwhelmed all other considerations; the blood sprang to every corner of my body, and I vowed I would see and win her, if it cost my neck.

"Very annoying, no doubt," said I, as I returned the paper to Mr. Romaine.

"Is annoying your word for it?" said he.

"Exasperating, if you like," I admitted.

"And true?" he inquired.

"Well, true in a sense," said I. "But perhaps I had better answer that question by putting you in possession of the facts?"

"I think so, indeed," said he.

I narrated to him as much as seemed necessary of the quarrel, the duel, the death of Goguelat, and the character of Clausel. He heard me through in a forbidding silence, nor did he at all betray the nature of his sentiments, except that, at the episode of the scissors, I could observe his mulberry face to turn three shades paler.

"I suppose I may believe you?" said he, when I had done.

"Or else conclude this interview," said I.

"Can you not understand that we are here discussing matters of the gravest import? Can you not understand that I feel myself weighed with a load of responsibility on your account—that you should take this occasion to air your fire-eating manners against your own attorney? There are serious hours in life, Mr. Anne," he said severely. "A capital charge, and that of a very brutal character and with singularly unpleasant details; the presence of the man Clausel, who (according to your account of it) is actuated by sentiments of real malignity and prepared to swear black white; all the other witnesses scattered and perhaps drowned at sea; the natural prejudice against a Frenchman and a runaway prisoner; this makes a serious total for your lawyer to consider, and is by no means lessened by the incurable folly and levity of your own disposition."

"I beg your pardon!" said I.

"Oh! My expressions have been selected with scrupulous accuracy," he replied. "How did I find you, sir, when I came to announce this catastrophe? You were sitting on the hearthrug playing, like a silly baby, with a servant, were you not, and the floor all scattered with gold and bank paper? There was a tableau for you! It was I who came, and you were lucky in that. It might have been any one—your cousin as well as another."

"You have me there, sir," I admitted. "I had neglected all precautions, and you do right to be angry. *Apropos*, Mr. Romaine, how did you come yourself, and how long have you been in the house?" I added, surprised, on the retrospect, not to have heard him arrive.

"I drove up in a chaise and pair," he returned. "Any one might have heard me. But you were not listening, I suppose? being so extremely at your ease in the very house of your enemy, and under

a capital charge! And I have been long enough here to do your business for you. Ah, yes, I did it, God forgive me!—did it before I so much as asked you the explanation of the paragraph. For some time back the will has been prepared; now it is signed; and your uncle has heard nothing of your recent piece of activity. Why? Well, I had no fancy to bother him on his death-bed: you might be innocent; and at bottom I preferred the murderer to the spy."

No doubt of it but the man played a friendly part; no doubt also that, in his ill-temper and anxiety, he expressed himself unpalatably.

"You will perhaps find me over-delicate," said I. "There is a word you employed—"

"I employ the words of my brief, sir," he cried, striking with his hand on the newspaper. "It is there in six letters. And do not be so certain—you have not stood your trial yet. It is an ugly affair, a fishy business. It is highly disagreeable. I would give my hand off—I mean I would give a hundred pound down, to have nothing to do with it. And, situated as we are, we must at once take action. There is here no choice. You must first of all quit this country, and get to France, or Holland, or, indeed, to Madagascar."

"There may be two words to that," said I.

"Not so much as one syllable!" he retorted. "Here is no room for argument. The case is nakedly plain. In the disgusting position in which you have found means to place yourself, all that is to be hoped for is delay. A time may come when we shall be able to do better. It cannot be now: now it would be the gibbet."

"You labor under a false impression, Mr. Romaine," said I. "I have no impatience to figure in the dock. I am even as anxious as yourself to postpone my first appearance there. On the other hand, I have not the slightest intention of leaving this country, where I please myself extremely. I have a good address, a ready tongue, an English accent that passes, and, thanks to the generosity of my uncle, as much money as I want. It would be hard indeed if, with all these advantages, Mr. St. Ives should not be able to live quietly in a private lodging, while the authorities amuse themselves by looking for Champdivers. You forget, there is no connection between these two personages."

"And you forget your cousin," retorted Romaine. "There is the link. There is the tongue of the buckle. He knows you are Champdivers." He put up his hand as if to listen. "And, for a wager, here he is himself!" he exclaimed.

As when a tailor takes a piece of goods upon his counter and rends it across, there came to our ears from the avenue the long tearing sound of a chaise and four approaching at the top speed of the horses. And, looking out between the curtains, we beheld the lamps skimming on the smooth ascent.

"Ay," said Romaine, wiping the window-pane that he might see more clearly. "Ay, that is he, by the driving! So he squanders money along the king's highway, the triple idiot! gorging every man he meets with gold for the pleasure of arriving. Where? Ah, yes, where but a debtors' jail, if not a criminal prison!"

"Is he that kind of a man?" I asked, staring on these lamps as though I could decipher in them the secret of my cousin's character.

"You will find him a dangerous kind," answered the lawyer. "For you, these are the lights on a lee shore! I find I fall in a muse when I consider of him; what a formidable being he once was, and what a personable! and how near he draws to the moment that must break him utterly! We none of us like him here; we hate him, rather; and yet I have a sense—I don't think at my time of life it can be pity—but a reluctance rather, to break anything so big and figurative, as though he were a big porcelain pot or a big picture of high price. Ay, there is what I was waiting for!" he cried, as the lights of a second chaise swam in sight. "It is he beyond a doubt. The first was the signature and the next the flourish. Two chaises, the second following with the baggage, which is always copious and ponderous, and one of his valets: he cannot go a step without a valet."

"I hear you repeat the word big," said I. "But it cannot be that he is anything out of the way in stature."

"No," said the attorney. "About your height, as I guessed for the tailors, and I see nothing wrong with the result. But, somehow, he commands an atmosphere; he has a spacious manner; and he has kept up, all through life, such a volume of racket about his personality, with his chaises and his racers and his dicings, and I know not what, that somehow he imposes! It seems, when the farce is done, and he

locked in the Fleet prison—and nobody left but Bonaparte and Lord Wellington and the Hetman Platoff to make a work about—the world will be in a comparison quite tranquil. But this is beside the mark," he added, with an effort, turning again from the window. "We are now under fire, Mr. Anne, as you soldiers would say, and it is high time we should prepare to go into action. He must not see you; that would be fatal. All that he knows at present is that you resemble him, and that is much more than enough. If it were possible, it would be well he should not know you were in the house."

"Quite impossible, depend upon it," said I. "Some of the servants are directly in his interests, perhaps in his pay: Dawson, for an example."

"My own idea!" cried Romaine. "And at least," he added, as the first of the chaises drew up with a dash in front of the portico, "it is now too late. Here he is."

We stood listening, with a strange anxiety, to the various noises that awoke in the silent house: the sound of doors opening and closing, the sound of feet near at hand and farther off. It was plain the arrival of my cousin was a matter of moment, almost of parade, to the household. And suddenly, out of this confused and distant bustle, a rapid and light tread became distinguishable. We heard it come upstairs, draw near along the corridor, pause at the door, and a stealthy and hasty rapping succeeded.

"Mr. Anne—Mr. Anne, sir! Let me in!" said the voice of Rowley.

We admitted the lad, and locked the door again behind him.

"It's *him*, sir," he panted. "He've come."

"You mean the viscount?" said I. "So we supposed. But come, Rowley—out with the rest of it! You have more to tell us, or your face belies you!"

"Mr. Anne, I do," he said. "Mr. Romaine, sir, you're a friend of his, ain't you?"

"Yes, George, I am a friend of his," said Romaine, and, to my great surprise, laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Well, it's this way," said Rowley—"Mr. Powl have been at me! It's to play the spy! I thought he was at it from the first! From the first I see what he was after—coming round and round, and hinting things! But to-night he outs with it plump! I'm to let him hear all what you're to do beforehand, he says; and he

give me this for an earnest"—holding up half a guinea; "and I took it, so I did! Strike me sky-blue scarlet!" says he, adverting the words of the mock oath; and he looked askance at me as he did so.

I saw that he had forgotten himself, and that he knew it. The expression of his eye changed almost in the passing of the glance from the significant to the appealing—from the look of an accomplice to that of a culprit; and from that moment he became the model of a well-drilled valet.

"Sky-blue scarlet?" repeated the lawyer. "Is the fool delirious?"

"No," said I; "he is only reminding me of something."

"Well—and I believe the fellow will be faithful," said Romaine. "So you are a friend of Mr. Anne's, too?" he added to Rowley.

"If you please, sir," said Rowley.

"Tis something sudden," observed Romaine; "but it may be genuine enough. I believe him to be honest. He comes of honest people. Well, George Rowley, you might embrace some early opportunity to earn that half-guinea, by telling Mr. Powl that your master will not leave here till noon to-morrow, if he go even then. Tell him there are a hundred things to be done here, and a hundred more that can only be done properly at my office in Holborn. Come to think of it—we had better see to that first of all," he went on, unlocking the door. "Get hold of Powl, and see. And be quick back, and clear me up this mess."

Mr. Rowley was no sooner gone than the lawyer took a pinch of snuff, and regarded me with somewhat of a more genial expression.

"Sir," said he, "it is very fortunate for you that your face is so strong a letter of recommendation. Here am I, a tough old practitioner, mixing myself up with your very distressing business; and here is this farmer's lad, who has the wit to take a bribe and the loyalty to come and tell you of it—all, I take it, on the strength of your appearance. I wish I could imagine how it would impress a jury!"

"And how it would affect the hangman, sir?" I asked.

"*Absit omen!*" said Mr. Romaine devoutly.

We were just so far in our talk when I heard a sound that brought my heart into my mouth: the sound of some one slyly trying the handle of the door. It had been preceded by no audible footstep.

Since the departure of Rowley our wing of the house had been entirely silent. And we had every right to suppose ourselves alone, and to conclude that the newcomer, whoever he might be, was come on a clandestine, if not a hostile, errand.

"Who is there?" asked Romaine.

"It's only me, sir," said the soft voice of Dawson. "It's the viscount, sir. He is very desirous to speak with you on business."

"Tell him I shall come shortly, Dawson," said the lawyer. "I am at present engaged."

"Thank you, sir!" said Dawson.

And we heard his feet draw off slowly along the corridor.

"Yes," said Mr. Romaine, speaking low, and maintaining the attitude of one intently listening, "there is another foot. I cannot be deceived!"

"I think there was indeed!" said I.

"And what troubles me—I am not sure that the other has gone entirely away. By the time it got the length of the head of the stair the tread was plainly single."

"Ahem—blockaded?" asked the lawyer.

"A siege *en règle!*" I exclaimed.

"Let us come farther from the door," said Romaine, "and reconsider this damnable position. Without doubt, Alain was this moment at the door. He hoped to enter and get a view of you, as if by accident. Baffled in this, has he stayed himself, or has he planted Dawson here by way of sentinel?"

"Himself, beyond a doubt," said I. "And yet to what end? He cannot think to pass the night there!"

"If it were only possible to pay no heed!" said Mr. Romaine. "But this is the accursed drawback of your position. We can do nothing openly. I must smuggle you out of this room and out of this house like seizable goods; and how am I to set about it with a sentinel planted at your very door?"

"There is no good in being agitated," said I.

"None at all," he acquiesced. "And, come to think of it, it is droll enough that I should have been that very moment commenting on your personal appearance when your cousin came upon this mission. I was saying, if you remember, that your face was as good or better than a letter of recommendation. I wonder if M. Alain would be like the rest of us—I wonder what he would think of it?"

Mr. Romaine was sitting in a chair by

the fire with his back to the windows, and I was myself kneeling on the hearthrug and beginning mechanically to pick up the scattered bills, when a honeyed voice joined suddenly in our conversation.

"He thinks well of it, Mr. Romaine. He begs to join himself to that circle of admirers which you indicate to exist already."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DEVIL AND ALL AT AMERSHAM PLACE.

NEVER did two human creatures get to their feet with more alacrity than the lawyer and myself. We had locked and barred the main gates of the citadel; but unhappily we had left open the bathroom sally-port; and here we found the voice of the hostile trumpets sounding from within, and all our defences taken in reverse. I took but the time to whisper Mr. Romaine in the ear: "Here is another tableau for you!" at which he looked at me a moment with a kind of pathos, as who should say, "Don't hit a man when he's down." Then I transferred my eyes to my enemy.

He had his hat on, a little on one side: it was a very tall hat, raked extremely, and had a narrow curling brim. His hair was all curled out in masses like an Italian mountebank—a most unpardonable fashion. He sported a huge tippetted overcoat of frieze, such as watchmen wear, only the inside was lined with costly furs, and he kept it half open to display the exquisite linen, the many-colored waistcoat, and the profuse jewelry of watch-chains and brooches underneath. The leg and the ankle were turned to a miracle. It is out of the question that I should deny the resemblance altogether, since it has been remarked by so many different persons whom I cannot reasonably accuse of a conspiracy. As a matter of fact, I saw little of it and confessed to nothing. Certainly he was what some might call handsome, of a pictorial, exuberant style of beauty, all attitude, profile, and impudence: a man whom I could see in fancy parade on the grand stand at a race-meeting, or swagger in Piccadilly, staring down the women, and stared at himself with admiration by the coal-porters. Of his frame of mind at that moment his face offered a lively if an unconscious picture. He was lividly pale, and his lip was caught up in a smile that could almost be called a snarl, of a sheer, arid malignity that ap-

palled me and yet put me on my mettle for the encounter. He looked me up and down, then bowed and took off his hat to me.

"My cousin, I presume?" he said.

"I understand I have that honor," I replied.

"The honor is mine," said he, and his voice shook as he said it.

"I should make you welcome, I believe," said I.

"Why?" he inquired. "This poor house has been my home for longer than I care to claim. That you should already take upon yourself the duties of host here is to be at unnecessary pains. Believe me, that part would be more becomingly mine. And, by the way, I must not fail to offer you my little compliment. It is a gratifying surprise to meet you in the dress of a gentleman, and to see"—with a circular look upon the scattered bills—"that your necessities have already been so liberally relieved."

I bowed with a smile that was perhaps no less hateful than his own.

"There are so many necessities in this world," said I. "Charity has to choose. One gets relieved, and some other, no less indigent, perhaps indebted, must go wanting."

"Malice is an engaging trait," said he.

"And envy, I think?" was my reply. He must have felt that he was not getting wholly the better of this passage at arms; perhaps even feared that he should lose command of his temper, which he reined in throughout the interview as with a red-hot curb, for he flung away from me at the word, and addressed the lawyer with insulting arrogance.

"Mr. Romaine," he said, "since when have you presumed to give orders in this house?"

"I am not prepared to admit that I have given any," replied Romaine; "certainly none that did not fall in the sphere of my responsibilities."

"By whose orders, then, am I denied entrance to my uncle's room?" said my cousin.

"By the doctor's, sir," replied Romaine; "and I think even you will admit his faculty to give them."

"Have a care, sir," cried Alain. "Do not be puffed up with your position. It is none so secure, Master Attorney. I should not wonder in the least if you were struck off the rolls for this night's work, and the next I should see of you were when I flung you alms at a pothouse door

to mend your ragged elbows. The doctor's orders? But I believe I am not mistaken! You have to-night transacted business with the count; and this needy young gentleman has enjoyed the privilege of still another interview, in which (as I am pleased to see) his dignity has not prevented his doing very well for himself. I wonder that you should care to prevaricate with me so idly."

"I will confess so much," said Mr. Romaine, "if you call it prevarication. The order in question emanated from the count himself. He does not wish to see you."

"For which I must take the word of Mr. Daniel Romaine?" asked Alain.

"In default of any better," said Romaine.

There was an instantaneous convulsion in my cousin's face, and I distinctly heard him gnash his teeth at this reply; but, to my surprise, he resumed in tones of almost good-humor:

"Come, Mr. Romaine, do not let us be petty!" He drew in a chair and sat down. "Understand you have stolen a march upon me. You have introduced your soldier of Napoleon, and (how, I cannot conceive) he has been apparently accepted with favor. I ask no better proof than the funds with which I find him literally surrounded—I presume in consequence of some extravagance of joy at the first sight of so much money. The odds are so far in your favor, but the match is not yet won. Questions will arise of undue influence, of sequestration, and the like: I have my witnesses ready. I tell it you cynically, for you cannot profit by the knowledge; and, if the worst comes to the worst, I have good hopes of recovering my own and of ruining you."

"You do what you please," answered Romaine; "but I give it you for a piece of good advice, you had best do nothing in the matter. You will only make yourself ridiculous; you will only squander money, of which you have none too much, and reap public mortification."

"Ah, but there you make the common mistake, Mr. Romaine!" returned Alain. "You despise your adversary. Consider, if you please, how very disagreeable I could make myself, if I chose. Consider the position of your *protégé*—an escaped prisoner! But I play a great game. I condemn such petty opportunities."

At this Romaine and I exchanged a glance of triumph. It seemed manifest that Alain had as yet received no word of Clausel's recapture and denunciation. At

the same moment the lawyer, thus relieved of the instance of his fear, changed his tactics. With a great air of unconcern, he secured the newspaper, which still lay open before him on the table.

"I think, Monsieur Alain, that you labor under some illusion," said he. "Believe me, this is all beside the mark. You seem to be pointing to some compromise. Nothing is further from my views. You suspect me of an inclination to trifle with you, to conceal how things are going. I cannot, on the other hand, be too early or too explicit in giving you information which concerns you (I must say) capitally. Your great-uncle has to-night canceled his will, and made a new one in favor of your cousin Anne. Nay, and you shall hear it from his own lips, if you choose! I will take so much upon me," said the lawyer, rising. "Follow me, if you please, gentlemen."

Mr. Romaine led the way out of the room so briskly, and was so briskly followed by Alain, that I had hard ado to get the remainder of the money replaced and the despatch-box locked, and to overtake them, even by running, ere they should be lost in that maze of corridors, my uncle's house. As it was, I went with a heart divided, and the thought of my treasure thus left unprotected, save by a paltry lid and lock that any one might break or pick open, put me in a perspiration whenever I had the time to remember it. The lawyer brought us to a room, begged us to be seated while he should hold a consultation with the doctor, and, slipping out of another door, left Alain and myself closeted together.

Truly he had done nothing to ingratiate himself; his every word had been steeped in unfriendliness, envy, and that contempt which (as it is born of anger) it is possible to support without humiliation. On my part, I had been little more conciliating; and yet I began to be sorry for this man, hired spy as I knew him to be. It seemed to me less than decent that he should have been brought up in the expectation of this great inheritance, and now, at the eleventh hour, be tumbled forth out of the house door and left to himself, his poverty, and his debts—those debts of which I had so ungallantly reminded him so short a time before. And we were scarce left alone ere I made haste to hang out a flag of truce.

"My cousin," said I, "trust me, you will not find me inclined to be your enemy."

He paused in front of me—for he had not accepted the lawyer's invitation to be seated, but walked to and fro in the apartment—took a pinch of snuff, and looked at me while he was taking it with an air of much curiosity.

"Is it even so?" said he. "Am I so far favored by fortune as to have your pity? Infinitely obliged, my cousin Anne! But these sentiments are not always reciprocal, and I warn you that the day when I set my foot on your neck, the spine shall break. Are you acquainted with the properties of the spine?" he asked, with an insolence beyond qualification.

It was too much. "I am acquainted also with the properties of a pair of pistols," said I, toising him.

"No, no, no!" says he, holding up his finger. "I will take my revenge how and when I please. We are enough of the same family to understand each other, perhaps; and the reason why I have not had you arrested on your arrival, why I had not a picket of soldiers in the first clump of evergreens, to await and prevent your coming—I, who knew all, before whom that pettifogger, Romaine, has been conspiring in broad daylight to supplant me—is simply this: that I had not made up my mind how I was to take my revenge."

At that moment he was interrupted by the tolling of a bell. As we stood surprised and listening, it was succeeded by the sound of many feet trooping up the stairs and shuffling by the door of our room. Both, I believe, had a great curiosity to set it open, which each, owing to the presence of the other, resisted; and we waited instead in silence, and without moving, until Romaine returned and bade us to my uncle's presence.

He led the way by a little crooked passage, which brought us out in the sick-room and behind the bed. I believe I have forgotten to remark that the count's chamber was of considerable dimensions. We beheld it now crowded with the servants and dependants of the house, from the doctor and the priest to Mr. Dawson and the housekeeper, from Dawson down to Rowley and the last footman in white calves, the last plump chambermaid in her clean gown and cap, and the last ostler in a stable waistcoat. This large congregation of persons (and I was surprised to see how large it was) had the appearance, for the most part, of being ill at ease and heartily bewildered, standing on one foot, gasping like zanies, and those who were in the corners nudging each

other and grinning aside. My uncle, on the other hand, who was raised higher than I had yet seen him on his pillows, wore an air of really imposing gravity. No sooner had we appeared behind him, than he lifted his voice to a good loudness, and addressed the assemblage.

"I take you all to witness—can you hear me?—I take you all to witness that I recognize as my heir and representative this gentleman, whom most of you see for the first time, the Viscount Anne de St.-Yves, my nephew of the younger line. And I take you to witness at the same time that, for very good reasons known to myself, I have discarded and disinherited this other gentleman whom you all know, the Viscount de St.-Yves. I have also to explain the unusual trouble to which I have put you all—and, since your supper was not over, I fear I may even say annoyance. It has pleased M. Alain to make some threats of disputing my will, and to pretend that there are among your number certain estimable persons who may be trusted to swear as he shall direct them. It pleases me thus to put it out of his power and to stop the mouths of his false witnesses. I am infinitely obliged by your politeness, and I have the honor to wish you all a very good evening."

As the servants, still greatly mystified, crowded out of the sick-room door, curtseying, pulling the forelock, scraping with the foot, and so on, according to their degree, I turned and stole a look at my cousin. He had borne this crushing public rebuke without change of countenance. He stood, now, very upright, with folded arms, and looking inscrutably at the roof of the apartment. I could not refuse him at that moment the tribute of my admiration. Still more so when, the last of the domestics having filed through the doorway and left us alone with my great-uncle and the lawyer, he took one step forward towards the bed, made a dignified reverence, and addressed the man who had just condemned him to ruin.

"My lord," said he, "you are pleased to treat me in a manner which my gratitude, and your state, equally forbid me to call in question. It will be only necessary for me to call your attention to the length of time in which I have been taught to regard myself as your heir. In that position, I judged it only loyal to permit myself a certain scale of expenditure. If I am now to be cut off with a shilling as the reward of twenty years of service, I shall be left not only a beggar, but a bankrupt."

Whether from the fatigue of his recent exertion, or by a well-inspired ingenuity of hate, my uncle had once more closed his eyes, nor did he open them now. "Not with a shilling," he contented himself with replying; and there stole, as he said it, a sort of smile over his face, that flickered there conspicuously for the least moment of time, and then faded and left behind the old impenetrable mask of years, cunning, and fatigue. There could be no mistake: my uncle enjoyed the situation as he had enjoyed few things in the last quarter of a century. The fires of life scarce survived in that frail body; but hatred, like some immortal quality, was still erect and unabated.

Nevertheless my cousin persevered.

"I speak at a disadvantage," he resumed. "My supplanter, with perhaps more wisdom than delicacy, remains in the room," and he cast a glance at me that might have withered an oak-tree.

I was only too willing to withdraw, and Romaine showed as much alacrity to make way for my departure. But my uncle was not to be moved. In the same breath of a voice, and still without opening his eyes, he bade me remain.

"It is well," said Alain. "I cannot then go on to remind you of the twenty years that have passed over our heads in England, and the services I may have rendered you in that time. It would be a position too odious. Your lordship knows me too well to suppose that I could stoop to such ignominy. I must leave out all my defence—your lordship will it so! I do not know what are my faults; I know only my punishment, and it is greater than I have the courage to face. My uncle, I implore your pity: pardon me so far; do not send me for life into a debtors' jail—a pauper debtor."

"*Chat et vieux, pardonner?*" said my uncle, quoting from La Fontaine; and then opening a pale-blue eye full on Alain, he delivered with some emphasis:

"La jeunesse se flatte et croit tout obtenir ;
La vieillesse est impitoyable."

The blood leaped darkly into Alain's face. He turned to Romaine and me, and his eyes flashed.

"It is your turn now," he said. "At least it shall be prison for prison with the two viscounts."

"Not so, Mr. Alain, by your leave," said Romaine. "There are a few formalities to be considered first."

But Alain was already striding towards the door.

"Stop a moment, stop a moment!" cried Romaine. "Remember your own counsel not to despise an adversary."

Alain turned.

"If I do not despise, I hate you!" he cried, giving a loose rein to his passion. "Be warned of that, both of you."

"I understand you to threaten Monsieur le Vicomte Anne," said the lawyer. "Do you know, I would not do that. I am afraid, I am very much afraid, if you were to do as you propose, you might drive me into extremes."

"You have made me a beggar and a bankrupt," said Alain. "What extreme is left?"

"I scarce like to put a name upon it in this company," replied Romaine. "But there are worse things than even bankruptcy, and worse places than a debtors' jail."

The words were so significantly said that there went a visible thrill through Alain; sudden as a sword-stroke, he fell pale again.

"I do not understand you," said he.

"Oh, yes, you do," returned Romaine. "I believe you understand me very well. You must not suppose that all this time, while you were so very busy, others were entirely idle. You must not fancy, because I am an Englishman, that I have not the intelligence to pursue an inquiry. Great as is my regard for the honor of your house, Mr. Alain de St.-Yves, if I hear of you moving directly or indirectly in this matter, I shall do my duty, let it cost what it will: that is, I shall communicate the real name of the Buonapartist spy who signs his letters *Rue Grégoire de Tours*."

I confess my heart was already almost altogether on the side of my insulted and unhappy cousin; and if it had not been before, it must have been so now, so horrid was the shock with which he heard his infamy exposed. Speech was denied him; he carried his hand to his neckcloth; he staggered; I thought he must have fallen. I ran to help him, and at that he revived, recoiled before me, and stood there with arms stretched forth as if to preserve himself from the outrage of my touch.

"Hands off!" he somehow managed to articulate.

"You will now, I hope," pursued the lawyer, without any change of voice, "understand the position in which you are placed, and how delicately it behooves

you to conduct yourself. Your arrest hangs, if I may so express myself, by a hair, and as you will be under the perpetual vigilance of myself and my agents, you must look to it narrowly that you walk straight. Upon the least dubiety, I will take action." He snuffed, looking critically at the tortured man. "And now let me remind you that your chaise is at the door. This interview is agitating to his lordship—it cannot be agreeable for you—and I suggest that it need not be further drawn out. It does not enter into the views of your uncle, the count, that you should again sleep under this roof."

As Alain turned and passed without a word or a sign from the apartment, I instantly followed. I suppose I must be at bottom possessed of some humanity; at least, this accumulated torture, this slow butchery of a man as by quarters of rock, had wholly changed my sympathies. At that moment I loathed both my uncle and the lawyer for their cold-blooded cruelty.

Leaning over the banisters, I was but in time to hear his hasty footsteps in that hall that had been crowded with servants to honor his coming and was now left empty against his friendless departure. A moment later, and the echoes rang and the air whistled in my ears, as he slammed the door on his departing footsteps. The fury of the concussion gave me (had one been still wanted) a measure of the turmoil of his passions. In a sense, I felt with him; I felt how he would have gloried to slam that door on my uncle, the lawyer, myself, and the whole crowd of those who had been witnesses to his humiliation.

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER THE STORM.

No sooner was the house clear of my cousin, than I began to reckon up, ruefully enough, the probable results of what had passed. Here were a number of pots broken, and it looked to me as if I should have to pay for all! Here had been this proud, mad beast goaded and baited both publicly and privately, till he could neither hear nor see nor reason; whereupon the gate had been set open, and he had been left free to go and contrive whatever vengeance he might find possible. I could not help thinking it was a pity that, whenever I myself was inclined to be upon my good behavior, some friends of mine should always determine to play a piece

of heroics and cast me for the hero—or the victim—which is very much the same. The first duty of heroics is to be of your own choosing. When they are not that, they are nothing. And I assure you, as I walked back to my own room, I was in no very complaisant humor; thought my uncle and Mr. Romaine to have played knuckle-bones with my life and prospects; cursed them for it roundly; had no wish more urgent than to avoid the pair of them; and was quite knocked out of time, as they say in the ring, to find myself confronted with the lawyer.

He stood on my hearthrug, leaning on the chimney-piece, with a gloomy, thoughtful brow, as I was pleased to see, and not in the least as though he were vain of the late proceedings.

"Well?" said I. "You have done it, now!"

"Is he gone?" he asked.

"He is gone," said I. "We shall have the devil to pay with him when he comes back."

"You are right," said the lawyer, "and very little to pay him with but flams and fabrications, like to-night's."

"To-night's?" I repeated.

"Ay, to-night's!" said he.

"To-night's *what*?" I cried.

"To-night's flams and fabrications."

"God be good to me, sir," said I, "have I something more to admire in your conduct than ever I had suspected? You cannot think how you interest me! That it was severe, I knew; I had already chuckled over that. But that it should be false also! In what sense, dear sir?"

I believe I was extremely offensive as I put the question, but the lawyer paid no heed.

"False in all senses of the word," he replied seriously. "False in the sense that they were not true, and false in the sense that they were not real; false in the sense that I boasted, and in the sense that I lied. How can I arrest him? Your uncle burned the papers! It was an act of generosity; I have seen many of these acts, and always regretted—always regretted! 'That shall be his inheritance,' he said, as the papers burned; he did not mean that it should have proved so rich a one. How rich, time will tell."

"I beg your pardon a hundred thousand times, my dear sir, but it strikes me you have the impudence—in the circumstances, I may call it the indecency—to appear cast down?"

"It is true," said he; "I am. I am

cast down. I am literally cast down. I have been unjust. I did not appreciate feel myself quite helpless against your danger." cousin."

"Now, really!" I asked. "Is this serious? And is it perhaps the reason why you have gorged the poor devil with every species of insult? and why you took such surprising pains to supply me with what I had so little need of—another enemy? That you were helpless against him? 'Here is my last missile,' say you; 'my ammunition is quite exhausted: just wait till I get the last in—it will irritate, it cannot hurt him. There—you see!—he is furious now, and I am quite helpless. One more prod, another kick: now he is a mere lunatic! Stand behind me; I am quite helpless!' Mr. Romaine, I am asking myself as to the background or motive of this singular jest, and whether the name of it should not be called treachery?"

"I can scarce wonder," said he. "In truth it has been a singular business, and we are very fortunate to be out of it so well. Yet it was not treachery: no, no, Mr. Anne, it was not treachery; and if you will do me the favor to listen to me for the inside of a minute, I shall demonstrate the same to you beyond cavil." He seemed to wake up to his ordinary briskness. "You see the point?" he began. "He had not yet read the newspaper, but who could tell when he might? He might have had that tell-tale journal in his pocket, and how should we know? We were—I may say, we are—at the mercy of the merest twopenny accident."

"Why, true," said I; "I had not thought of that."

"I warrant you," cried Romaine, "you had supposed it was nothing to be the hero of an interesting notice in the journals! You had supposed, as like as not, it was a form of secrecy! But not so in the least. A part of England is already buzzing with the name of Champdivers; a day or two more and the mail will have carried it everywhere: so wonderful a machine is this of ours for disseminating intelligence! Think of it! When my father was born—but that is another story. To return: we had here the elements of such a combustion as I dread to think of—your cousin and the journal. Let him but glance an eye upon that column of print, and where were we? It is easy to ask; not so easy to answer, my young friend. And let me tell you, this sheet is the Viscount's usual reading. It is my conviction he had it in his pocket."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I. "I

have been unjust. I did not appreciate my danger."

"I think you never do," said he.

"But yet surely that public scene—" I began.

"It was madness. I quite agree with you," Mr. Romaine interrupted. "But it was your uncle's orders, Mr. Anne, and what could I do? Tell him you were the murderer of Goguelat? I think not."

"No, sure!" said I. "That would but have been to make the trouble thicker. We were certainly in a very ill posture."

"You do not yet appreciate how grave it was," he replied. "It was necessary for you that your cousin should go, and go at once. You yourself had to leave to-night under cover of darkness, and how could you have done that with the viscount in the next room? He must go, then; he must leave without delay. And that was the difficulty."

"Pardon me, Mr. Romaine, but could not my uncle have bidden him go?" I asked.

"Why, I see I must tell you that this is not so simple as it sounds," he replied. "You say this is your uncle's house, and so it is. But to all effects and purposes it is your cousin's also. He has rooms here; has had them coming on for thirty years now, and they are filled with a prodigious accumulation of trash—stays, I daresay, and powder-puffs, and such effeminate idiocy—to which none could dispute his title, even suppose any one wanted to. We had a perfect right to bid him go, and he had a perfect right to reply, 'Yes, I will go, but not without my stays and cravats. I must first get together the nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine chestsful of insufferable rubbish that I have spent the last thirty years collecting—and may very well spend the next thirty hours a-packing of.' And what should we have said to that?"

"By way of repartee?" I asked. "Two tall footmen and a pair of crabtree cudgels, I suggest."

"Heaven deliver us from the wisdom of laymen!" cried Romaine. "Put myself in the wrong at the beginning of a lawsuit? No, indeed! There was but one thing to do, and I did it, and burned my last cartridge in the doing of it. I stunned him. And it gave us three hours, by which we should make haste to profit; for if there is one thing sure, it is that he will be up to time again, to-morrow in the morning."

"Well," said I, "I own myself an idiot."

Well do they say, *an old soldier, an old innocent!* For I guessed nothing of all this."

"And, guessing it, have you the same objections to leave England?" he inquired.

"The same," said I.

"It is indispensable," he objected.

"And it cannot be," I replied. "Reason has nothing to say in the matter; and I must not let you squander any of yours. It will be enough to tell you this is an affair of the heart."

"Is it even so?" quoth Romaine, nodding his head. "And I might have been sure of it. Place them in a hospital, put them in a jail in yellow overalls, do what you will, young Jessamy finds young Jenny. Oh, have it your own way; I am too old a hand to argue with young gentlemen who choose to fancy themselves in love; I have too much experience, thank you. Only, be sure that you appreciate what you risk: the prison, the dock, the gallows, and the halter—terribly vulgar circumstances, my young friend; grim, sordid, earnest; no poetry in that!"

"And there I am warned," I returned gaily. "No man could be warned more finely or with a greater eloquence. And I am of the same opinion still. Until I have again seen that lady, nothing shall induce me to quit Great Britain. I have besides—"

And here I came to a full stop. It was upon my tongue to have told him the story of the drovers, but at the first word of it my voice died in my throat. There might be a limit to the lawyer's toleration, I reflected. I had not been so long in Britain altogether; for the most part of that time I had been by the heels in limbo in Edinburgh Castle; and already I had confessed to killing one man with a pair of scissors; and now I was to go on and plead guilty to having settled another with a holly stick! A wave of discretion went over me as cold and as deep as the sea.

"In short, sir, this is a matter of feeling," I concluded, "and nothing will prevent my going to Edinburgh."

If I had fired a pistol in his ear he could not have been more startled.

"To Edinburgh?" he repeated. "Edinburgh? where the very paving-stones know you?"

"Then is the murder out!" said I. "But, Mr. Romaine, is there not sometimes safety in boldness? Is it not a commonplace of strategy to get where the enemy least expects you? And where would he expect me less?"

"Faith, there is something in that, too!" cried the lawyer. "Ay, certainly, a great deal in that. All the witnesses drowned but one, and he safe in prison; you yourself changed beyond recognition—let us hope—and walking the streets of the very town you have illustrated by your—well, your eccentricity! It is not badly combined, indeed!"

"You approve it, then?" said I.

"Oh, approve!" said he; "there is no question of approval. There is only one course which I could approve, and that were to escape to France instantler."

"You do not wholly disapprove, at least?" I substituted.

"Not wholly; and it would not matter if I did," he replied. "Go your own way; you are beyond argument. And I am not sure that you will run more danger by that course than by any other. Give the servants time to get to bed and fall asleep, then take a country cross-road, and walk, as the rhyme has it, like blazes all night. In the morning take a chaise or take the mail at pleasure, and continue your journey with all the decorum and reserve of which you shall be found capable."

"I am taking the picture in," I said. "Give me time. 'Tis the *tout ensemble* I must see: the whole as opposed to the details."

"Mountebank!" he murmured.

"Yes, I have it now; and I see myself with a servant, and that servant is Rowley," said I.

"So as to have one more link with your uncle?" suggested the lawyer. "Very judicious!"

"And, pardon me, but that is what it is," I exclaimed. "Judicious is the word. I am not making a deception fit to last for thirty years; I do not found a palace in the living granite for the night. This is a shelter-tent—a flying picture—seen, admired, and gone again in the wink of an eye. What is wanted, in short, is a *trompe-l'œil* that shall be good enough for twelve hours at an inn: is it not so?"

"It is, and the objection holds. Rowley is but another danger," said Romaine.

"Rowley," said I, "will pass as a servant from a distance—as a creature seen poised on the dicky of a bowling chaise. He will pass at hand as the smart, civil fellow one meets in the inn corridor, and looks back at, and asks, and is told, 'Gentleman's servant in Number 4.' He will pass, in fact, all round, except with his personal friends! My dear sir, pray what

do you expect? Of course, if we meet my cousin, or if we meet anybody who took part in the judicious exhibition of this evening, we are lost; and who's denying it? To every disguise, however good and safe, there is always the weak point; you must always take (let us say—and to take a simile from your own waistcoat pocket) a snuff-boxful of risk. You'll get it just as small with Rowley as with anybody else. And the long and short of it is, the lad's honest, he likes me, I trust him; he is my servant, or nobody."

"He might not accept," said Romaine.

"I'll bet you a thousand pounds he does!" cried I. "But no matter; all you have to do is to send him out to-night on this cross-country business, and leave the thing to me. I tell you, he will be my servant, and I tell you, he will do well."

I had crossed the room, and was already overhauling my wardrobe as I spoke.

"Well," concluded the lawyer, with a shrug, "one risk with another: *à la guerre comme à la guerre*, as you would say. Let the brat come and be useful, at least."

And he was about to ring the bell, when his eye was caught by my researches in the wardrobe. "Do not fall in love with these coats, waistcoats, cravats, and other panoply and accoutrements by which you are now surrounded. You must not run the post as a dandy. It is not the fashion, even."

"You are pleased to be facetious, sir," said I; "and not according to knowledge. These clothes are my life, they are my disguise; and since I can take but few of them, I were a fool indeed if I selected hastily! Will you understand, once and for all, what I am seeking? To be invisible, is the first point; the second, to be invisible in a post-chaise and with a servant. Can you not perceive the delicacy of the quest? Nothing must be too coarse, nothing too fine; *rien de voyant, rien qui détonne*; so that I may leave everywhere the inconspicuous image of a handsome young man of a good fortune traveling in proper style, whom the landlord will forget in twelve hours—and the chambermaid perhaps remember, God bless her! with a sigh. This is the very fine art of dress."

"I have practiced it with success for fifty years," said Romaine, with a chuckle. "A black suit and a clean shirt is my infallible recipe."

"You surprise me; I did not think you would be shallow!" said I, lingering be-

tween two coats. "Pray, Mr. Romaine, have I your head? or did you travel post and with a smartish servant?"

"Neither, I admit," said he.

"Which changes the whole problem," I continued. "I have to dress for a smartish servant and a Russia-leather despatch-box." That brought me to a stand. I came over and looked at the box with a moment's hesitation. "Yes," I resumed. "Yes, and for the despatch-box! It looks moneyed and landed; it means I have a lawyer. It is an invaluable property. But I could have wished it to hold less money. The responsibility is crushing. Should I not do more wisely to take five hundred pounds, and entrust the remainder with you, Mr. Romaine?"

"If you are sure you will not want it," answered Romaine.

"I am far from sure of that," cried I. "In the first place, as a philosopher. This is the first time I have been at the head of a large sum, and it is conceivable—who knows himself?—that I may make it fly. In the second place, as a fugitive. Who knows what I may need? The whole of it may be inadequate. But I can always write for more."

"You do not understand," he replied. "I break off all communication with you here and now. You must give me a power of attorney ere you start to-night, and then be done with me trenchantly until better days."

I believe I offered some objection.

"Think a little for once of me!" said Romaine. "I must not have seen you before to-night. To-night we are to have had our only interview, and you are to have given me the power; and to-night I am to have lost sight of you again—I know not whither, you were upon business, it was none of my affairs to question you! And this, you are to remark, in the interests of your own safety much more than mine."

"I am not even to write to you?" I said, a little bewildered.

"I believe I am cutting the last strand that connects you with common sense," he replied. "But that is the plain English of it. You are not even to write; and if you did, I would not answer."

"A letter, however—" I began.

"Listen to me," interrupted Romaine. "So soon as your cousin reads the paragraph, what will he do? Put the police upon looking into my correspondence! So soon as you write to me, in short, you write to Bow Street; and if you will take

my advice, you will date that letter from France."

"Too bad!" said I, for I began suddenly to see that this might put me out of the way of my business.

"What is it now?" says he.

"There will be more to be done, then, before we can part," I answered.

"I give you the whole night," said he. "So long as you are off ere daybreak, I am content."

"In short, Mr. Romaine," said I, "I have had so much benefit of your advice and services that I am loath to sever the connection and would even ask a substitute. I would be obliged for a letter of introduction to one of your own cloth in Edinburgh—an old man for choice, very experienced, very respectable, and very secret. Could you favor me with such a letter?"

"Why, no," said he. "Certainly not. I will do no such thing, indeed."

"It would be a great favor, sir," I pleaded.

"It would be an unpardonable blunder," he replied. "What? Give you a letter of introduction? and when the police come, I suppose, I must forget the circumstance? No, indeed. Talk of it no more."

"You seem to be always in the right," said I. "The letter would be out of the question; I quite see that. But the lawyer's name might very well have dropped from you in the way of conversation; having heard him mentioned, I might profit by the circumstance to introduce myself; and in this way my business would be the better done, and you not in the least compromised."

"What is this business?" said Romaine.

"I have not said that I had any," I replied. "It might arise. This is only a possibility that I must keep in view."

"Well," said he, with a gesture of the hands, "I mention Mr. Robie; and let that be the end of it!—Or wait!" he added. "I have it. Here is something that will serve you for an introduction, and cannot compromise me." And he wrote his name and the Edinburgh lawyer's address on a piece of card, and tossed it to me.

CHAPTER XXI.

I BECOME THE OWNER OF A CLARET-COLORED CHAISE.

WHAT with packing, signing papers, and partaking of an excellent cold supper

in the lawyer's room, it was past two in the morning before we were ready for the road. Romaine himself let us out of a window in a part of the house known to Rowley; it appears it served as a kind of postern to the servants' hall, by which (when they were in the mind for a clandestine evening) they would come regularly in and out; and I remember very well the vinegar aspect of the lawyer on the receipt of this piece of information—how he pursed his lips, juttied his eyebrows, and kept repeating, "This must be seen to; indeed! this shall be barred to-morrow in the morning!" In this preoccupation, I believe he took leave of me without observing it; our things were handed out; we heard the window shut behind us; and became instantly lost in a horrid intricacy of blackness and the shadow of woods.

A little wet snow kept sleepily falling, pausing, and falling again; it seemed perpetually beginning to snow and perpetually leaving off; and the darkness was intense. Time and again we walked into trees; time and again found ourselves adrift among garden borders or stuck like a ram in the thicket. Rowley had possessed himself of the matches, and he was neither to be terrified nor softened. "No, I will not, Mr. Anne, sir," he would reply. "You know he tell me to wait till we were over the 'ill. It's only a little way now. Why, and I thought you was a soldier, too!" I was at least a very glad soldier when my valet consented at last to kindle a thieves' match. From this we easily lit the lantern; and thence forward, through a labyrinth of woodland paths, were conducted by its uneasy glimmer. Both booted and great-coated, with tall hats much of a shape, and laden with booty in the form of the despatch-box, a case of pistols, and two plump valises, I thought we had very much the look of a pair of brothers returning from the sack of Amersham Place.

We issued at last upon a country by-road where we might walk abreast and without precaution. It was nine miles to Aylesbury, our immediate destination; by a watch which formed part of my new outfit it should be about half-past three in the morning; and as we did not choose to arrive before daylight, time could not be said to press. I gave the order to march at ease.

"Now, Rowley," said I, "so far so good. You have come, in the most obliging manner in the world, to carry these

valises. The question is, what next? What are we to do at Aylesbury? or, more particularly, what are you? Thence, I go on a journey. Are you to accompany me?"

He gave a little chuckle. "That's all settled already, Mr. Anne, sir," he replied. "Why, I've got my things here in the valise—a half a dozen shirts and what not; I'm all ready, sir: just you lead on; you'll see."

"You have!" said I. "You made pretty sure of your welcome."

"If you please, sir," said Rowley.

He looked up at me, in the light of the lantern, with a boyish shyness and triumph that awoke my conscience. I could never let this innocent involve himself in the perils and difficulties that beset my course without some hint of warning, which it was a matter of extreme delicacy to make plain enough and not too plain.

"No, no," said I; "you may think you have made a choice, but it was blindfold, and you must make it over again. The count's service is a good one; what are you leaving it for? Are you not throwing away the substance for the shadow? No, do not answer me yet. You imagine that I am a prosperous nobleman, just declared my uncle's heir, on the threshold of the best of good fortune, and from the point of view of a judicious servant, a jewel of a master to serve and stick to? Well, my boy, I am nothing of the kind, nothing of the kind."

As I said the words, I came to a full stop and held up the lantern to his face. He stood before me, brilliantly illuminated on the background of impenetrable night and falling snow, stricken to stone between his double burden like an ass between two panniers, and gaping at me like a blunderbuss. I had never seen a face so predestined to be astonished or so susceptible of rendering the emotion of surprise; and it tempted me as an open piano tempts the musician.

"Nothing of the sort, Rowley," I continued, in a churchyard voice. "These are appearances, pretty appearances. I am in peril, homeless, hunted. I count scarce any one in England who is not my enemy. From this hour I drop my name, my title; I become nameless; my name is proscribed. My liberty, my life, hang by a hair. The destiny which you will accept, if you go forth with me, is to be tracked by spies, to hide yourself under a false name, to follow the desperate pre-

tences and perhaps share the fate of a murderer with a price upon his head."

His face had been hitherto beyond expectation, passing from one depth to another of tragic astonishment, and really worth paying to see; but at this, it suddenly cleared. "Oh, I ain't afraid!" he said; and then, choking into laughter, "Why, I see it from the first!"

I could have beaten him. But I had so grossly overshot the mark that I suppose it took me two good miles of road and half an hour of elocution to persuade him I had been in earnest. In the course of which, I became so interested in demonstrating my present danger that I forgot all about my future safety, and not only told him the story of Goguelat, but threw in the business of the drovers as well, and ended by blurting out that I was a soldier of Napoleon's and a prisoner of war.

This was far from my views when I began; and it is a common complaint of me that I have a long tongue. I believe it is a fault beloved by fortune. Which of you considerate fellows would have done a thing at once so foolhardy and so wise as to make a confidant of a boy in his 'teens and positively smelling of the nursery? And when had I cause to repent it? There is none so apt as a boy to be the adviser of any man in difficulties such as mine. To the beginnings of virile common sense he adds the last lights of the child's imagination; and he can fling himself into business with that superior earnestness that properly belongs to play. And Rowley was a boy made to my hand. He had a high sense of romance and a secret cultus for all soldiers and criminals. His traveling library consisted of a chap-book life of Wallace and some sixpenny parts of the "Old Bailey Sessions Papers" by Gurney, the shorthand writer; and the choice depicts his character to a hair. You can imagine how his new prospects brightened on a boy of this disposition. To be the servant and companion of a fugitive, a soldier, and a murderer, rolled in one—to live by stratagems, disguises, and false names, in an atmosphere of midnight and mystery so thick that you could cut it with a knife—was really, I believe, more dear to him than his meals, though he was a great trencherman and something of a glutton besides. For myself, as the peg by which all this romantic business hung, I was simply idolized from that moment; and he would rather have sacrificed his hand than surrendered the privilege of serving me.

We arranged the terms of our campaign, trudging amicably in the snow, which now, with the approach of morning, began to fall to purpose. I chose the name of Ramornie, I imagine from its likeness to Romaine; Rowley, from an irresistible conversion of ideas, I dubbed Gammon. His distress was laughable to witness: his own choice of an unassuming nickname had been Claude Duval! We settled our procedure at the various inns where we should alight, rehearsed our little manners like a piece of drill until it seemed impossible we should ever be taken unprepared; and in all these dispositions you may be sure the despatch-box was not forgotten. Who was to pick it up, who was to set it down, who was to remain beside it, who was to sleep with it—there was no contingency omitted, all was gone into with the thoroughness of a drill-sergeant on the one hand and a child with a new plaything on the other.

"I say, wouldn't it look queer if you and me was to come to the post-house with all this luggage?" said Rowley.

"I daresay," I replied. "But what else is to be done?"

"Well, now, sir—you hear me," says Rowley. "I think it would look more natural-like if you was to come to the post-house alone and with nothing in your hands—more like a gentleman, you know. And you might say that your servant and baggage were a-waiting for you up the road. I think I could manage, somehow, to make a shift with all them dratted things—leastways if you was to give me a 'and up with them at the start."

"And I would see you far enough before I allowed you to try, Mr. Rowley!" I cried. "Why, you would be quite defenceless! A footpad that was an infant child could rob you. And I should probably come driving by to find you in a ditch with your throat cut. But there is something in your idea, for all that; and I propose we put it in execution no farther forward than the next corner of a lane."

Accordingly, instead of continuing to aim for Aylesbury, we headed by cross-roads for some point to the northward of it, whither I might assist Rowley with the baggage, and where I might leave him to await my return in the post-chaise.

It was snowing to purpose, the country all white, and ourselves walking snow-drifts, when the first glimmer of the morning showed us an inn upon the highway side. Some distance off, under the shelter of a corner of the road and a clump of

trees, I loaded Rowley with the whole of our possessions, and watched him till he staggered in safety into the doors of the "Green Dragon," which was the sign of the house. Thence I walked briskly into Aylesbury, rejoicing in my freedom and the causeless good spirits that belong to a snowy morning; though, to be sure, long before I had arrived the snow had again ceased to fall and the eaves of Aylesbury were smoking in the level sun. There was an accumulation of gigs and chaises in the yard, and a great bustle going forward in the coffee-room and about the doors of the inn. At these evidences of so much travel on the road I was seized with misgiving lest it should be impossible to get horses and I should be detained in the precarious neighborhood of my cousin. Hungry as I was, I made my way first of all to the postmaster, where he stood—a big, athletic, horsey-looking man, blowing into a key in the corner of the yard.

On my making my modest request, he awoke from his indifference into what seemed passion.

"A po'-shay and 'osses!" he cried. "Do I look as if I 'ad a po'-shay and 'osses? Curse me, if I 'ave such a thing on the premises. I don't *make* 'osses and chaises—I *ire* 'em. You might be"—and instantly, as if he had observed me for the first time, he broke off, and lowered his voice into the confidential. "Why, now that I see you are a gentleman," said he, "I'll tell you what! If you like to *buy*, I have the article to fit you. Second- and shay by Lycett, of London. Latest style; good as new. Superior fittin's, net on the roof, baggage platform, pistol 'olsters—the most com-plete and the most gen-teel turn-out I ever see! The 'ole for seventy-five pound! It's as good as givin' her away!"

"Do you propose that I should trundle it myself, like a hawker's barrow?" said I. "Why, my good man, if I have to stop here anyway, I should prefer to buy a house and garden!"

"Come and look at her!" he cried; and, with the word, links his arm in mine and carries me to the out-house where the chaise was on view.

It was just the sort of chaise that I had dreamed of for my purpose: eminently rich, inconspicuous, and genteel; for, though I thought the postmaster no great authority, I was bound to agree with him so far. The body was painted a dark claret, and the wheels an invisible green. The lamp and glasses were bright as sil-

ver; and the whole equipage had an air of privacy and reserve that seemed to repel inquiry and disarm suspicion. With a servant like Rowley and a chaise like this, I felt that I could go from the Land's End to John o' Groat's House amid a population of bowing ostlers. And I suppose I betrayed in my manner the degree in which the bargain tempted me.

"Come," cried the postmaster, "I'll make it seventy, to oblige a friend!"

"The point is: the horses," said I.

"Well," said he, consulting his watch, "it's now gone the 'alf after eight. What time do you want her at the door?"

"Horses and all?" said I.

"'Osses and all!" said he. "One good turn deserves another. You give me seventy pound for the shay, and I'll 'oss it for you. I told you I didn't *make* 'osses; but I *can* make 'em to oblige a friend."

What would you have? It was not the wisest thing in the world to buy a chaise within ten miles of my uncle's house; but in this way I got my horses for the next stage. And by any other, it appeared that I should have to wait. Accordingly, I paid the money down—perhaps twenty pounds too much, though it was certainly a well-made and well-appointed vehicle—ordered it round in half an hour, and proceeded to refresh myself with breakfast.

The table to which I sat down occupied the recess of a bay-window, and commanded a view of the front of the inn, where I continued to be amused by the successive departures of travelers—the fussy and the offhand, the niggardly and the lavish—all exhibiting their different characters in that diagnostic moment of the farewell: some escorted to the stirrup or the chaise door by the chamberlain, the chambermaids, and the waiters almost in a body; others moving off under a cloud, without human countenance. In the course of this I became interested in one for whom this ovation began to assume the proportions of a triumph; not only the under-servants, but the barmaid, the landlady, and my friend the postmaster himself, crowding about the steps to speed his departure. I was aware, at the same time, of a good deal of merriment, as though the traveler were a man of ready wit and not too dignified to air it in that society. I leaned forward with a lively curiosity; and the next moment I had blotted myself behind the teapot. The popular traveler had turned to wave a farewell; and behold! he was no other

than my cousin Alain. It was a change of the sharpest from the angry, pallid man I had seen at Amersham. Ruddy to a fault, illuminated with vintages, crowned with his curls like Bacchus, he now stood before me for an instant, the perfect master of himself, smiling with airs of conscious popularity and insufferable condescension. He reminded me at once of a royal duke, of an actor turned a little elderly, and of a blatant bagman who should have been the illegitimate son of a gentleman. A moment after he was gliding noiselessly on the road to London.

I breathed again. I recognized, with heartfelt gratitude, how lucky I had been to go in by the stable-yard instead of the hostelry door, and what a fine occasion of meeting my cousin I had lost by the purchase of the claret-colored chaise! The next moment I remembered that there was a waiter present. No doubt but he must have observed me when I crouched behind the breakfast equipage; no doubt but what he must have commented on this unusual and undignified behavior; and it was essential that I should do something to remove the impression.

"Waiter!" said I, "that was the nephew of Count Carwell that just drove off, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir; Viscount Carwell we calls him," he replied.

"Ah, I thought as much," said I. "Well, well, curse all these Frenchmen, say I!"

"You may say so, indeed, sir," said the waiter. "They ain't not to say in the same field with our 'ome-raised gentry."

"Nasty tempers?" I suggested.

"Beas'ly temper, sir, the viscount 'ave," said the waiter with feeling. "Why, no longer ago than this morning, he was sitting breakfasting and reading in his paper. I suppose, sir, he come on some pilittical information, or it might be about 'orses, but he raps his 'and upon the table sudden and calls for curaçao. It gave me quite a turn, it did; he did it that sudden and 'ard. Now, sir, that may be manners in France, but hall I can say is, that I'm not used to it."

"Reading the paper, was he?" said I. "What paper, eh?"

"Here it is, sir," exclaimed the waiter. "Seems like as if he'd dropped it."

And picking it off the floor, he presented it to me.

I may sav that I was quite prepared, that I alr-
hat to expect; but at
sight of my heart stopped

beating. There it was: the fulfilment of Romaine's apprehension was before me; the paper was laid open at the capture of Clausel. I felt as if I could take a little curaçao myself, but on second thoughts called for brandy. It was badly wanted, and suddenly I observed the waiter's eyes to sparkle, as it were, with some recognition; made certain he had remarked the resemblance between me and Alain; and became aware—as by a revelation—of the fool's part I had been playing. For I had now managed to put my identification beyond a doubt, if Alain should choose to make his inquiries at Aylesbury; and, as if that were not enough, I had added, at an expense of seventy pounds, a clue by which he might follow me through the length and breadth of England in the shape of the claret-colored chaise! That elegant equipage (which I began to regard as little better than a claret-colored ante-room to the hangman's cart) coming presently to the door, I left my breakfast in the middle and departed; posting to the north as diligently as my cousin Alain was posting to the south, and putting my trust (such as it was) in an opposite direction and equal speed.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHARACTER AND ACQUIREMENTS OF MR. ROWLEY.

I AM not certain that I had ever really appreciated before that hour the extreme peril of the adventure on which I was embarked. The sight of my cousin, the look of his face—so handsome, so jovial at the first sight, and branded with so much malignity as you saw it on the second—with his hyperbolical curls in order, with his neckcloth tied as if for the conquests of love, setting forth (as I had no doubt in the world he was doing) to clap the Bow Street runners on my trail and cover England with handbills, each dangerous as a loaded musket, convinced me for the first time that the affair was no less serious than death. I believe it came to a near touch whether I should not turn the horses' heads at the next stage and make directly for the coast. But I was now in the position of a man who should have thrown his gage into the den of lions; or, better still, like one who should have quarreled overnight under the influence of wine, and now, at daylight, in a cold winter's morning, and humbly sober, must

make good his words. It is not that I thought any the less, or any the less warmly, of Flora. But, as I smoked a grim cigar that morning in the corner of the chaise, no doubt I considered, in the first place, that the letter-post had been invented, and admitted privately to myself, in the second, that it would have been highly possible to write her on a piece of paper, seal it, and send it skimming by the mail, instead of going personally into these egregious dangers and through a country that I beheld crowded with gibbets and Bow Street officers. As for Sim and Candlish, I doubt if they crossed my mind.

At the Green Dragon Rowley was waiting on the doorsteps with the luggage, and really was bursting with unpalatable conversation.

"Who do you think we've 'ad 'ere, sir?" he began breathlessly, as the chaise drove off. "Red Breasts," and he nodded his head portentously.

"Red Breasts?" I repeated, for I stupidly did not understand at the moment an expression I had often heard.

"Ah!" said he. "Red weskits. Runners. Bow Street runners. Two on 'em, and one was Lavender himself! I hear the other say quite plain, 'Now, Mr. Lavender, *if* you're ready.' They was breakfasting as nigh me as I am to that post-boy. They're all right; they ain't after us. It's a forger; and I didn't send them off on a false scent—oh, no! I thought there was no use in having them over our way; so I give them 'very valuable information,' Mr. Lavender said, and tipped me a tizzy for myself; and they're off to Luton. They showed me the 'andcuffs, too—the other one did—and he clicked the dratted thing on my wrist; and I tell you, I believe I nearly went off in a swoond! There's something so beastly in the feel of them! Begging your pardon, Mr. Anne," he added, with one of his delicious changes from the character of the confidential schoolboy into that of the trained, respectful servant.

Well, I must not be proud. I cannot say I found the subject of handcuffs to my fancy; and it was with more asperity than was needful that I reproved him for the slip about the name.

"Yes, Mr. Ramornie," says he, touching his hat. "Begging your pardon, Mr. Ramornie. But I've been very piticular, sir, up to now; and you may trust me to be very piticular in the future. It were only a slip, sir."

"My good boy," said I, with the most imposing severity, "there must be no slips. Be so good as to remember that my life is at stake."

I did not embrace the occasion of telling him how many I had made myself. It is my principle that an officer must never be wrong. I have seen two divisions beating their brains out for a fortnight against a worthless and quite impregnable castle in a pass: I knew we were only doing it for discipline, because the general had said so at first and had not yet found any way out of his own words; and I highly admired his force of character, and throughout these operations thought my life exposed in a very good cause. With fools and children, which included Rowley, the necessity was even greater. I proposed to myself to be infallible; and even when he expressed some wonder at the purchase of the claret-colored chaise, I put him promptly in his place. In our situation, I told him, everything had to be sacrificed to appearances; doubtless, in a hired chaise, we should have had more freedom, but look at the dignity! I was so positive that I had sometimes almost convinced myself. Not for long, you may be certain! This detestable conveyance always appeared to me to be laden with Bow Street officers and to have a placard upon the back of it publishing my name and crimes. If I had paid seventy pounds to get the thing, I should not have stuck at seven hundred to be safely rid of it.

And if the chaise was a danger, what an anxiety was the despatch-box and its golden cargo! I had never had a care but to draw my pay and spend it; I had lived happily in the regiment, as in my father's house, fed by the great emperor's commissariat as by ubiquitous doves of Elijah—or, my faith! if anything went wrong with the commissariat, helping myself with the best grace in the world from the next peasant! And now I began to feel at the same time the burthen of riches and the fear of destitution. There were ten thousand pounds in the despatch-box, but I reckoned in French money, and had two hundred and fifty thousand agonies; I kept it under my hand all day, I dreamed of it at night. In the inns I was afraid to go to dinner and afraid to go to sleep. When I walked up a hill I durst not leave the doors of the claret-colored chaise. Sometimes I would change the disposition of the funds: there were days when I carried as much as five or six thousand pounds on my own person, and only the residue con-

tinued to voyage in the treasure-chest; days, when I bulked all over like my cousin, crackled to a touch with bank paper, and had my pockets weighed to bursting point with sovereigns. And there were other days, when I wearied of the thing—or grew ashamed of it—and put all the money back where it had come from: there let it take its chance, like better people! In short, I set Rowley a poor example of consistency, and, in philosophy, none at all.

Little he cared! All was one to him so long as he was amused, and I never knew any one amused more easily. He was thrillingly interested in life, travel, and his own melodramatic position. All day he would be looking from the chaise-windows with ebullitions of gratified curiosity that were sometimes justified and sometimes not, and that (taken altogether) it occasionally wearied me to be obliged to share. I can look at horses, and I can look at trees, too, although not fond of it. But why should I look at a lame horse or a tree that was like a letter Y? What exhilaration could I feel in viewing a cottage that was the same color as "the second from the miller's" in some place where I had never been and of which I had not previously heard? I am ashamed to complain, but there were moments when my juvenile and confidential friend weighed heavy on my hands. His cackle was indeed almost continuous, but it was never unamiable. He showed an amiable curiosity when he was asking questions, an amiable guilelessness when he was conferring information. And both he did largely. I am in a position to write the biographies of Mr. Rowley, Mr. Rowley's father and mother, his Aunt Eliza, and the miller's dog; and nothing but pity for the reader, and some misgivings as to the law of copyright, prevail on me to withhold them.

A general design to mold himself upon my example became early apparent, and I had not the heart to check it. He began to mimic my carriage, he acquired with servile accuracy a little manner I had of shrugging the shoulders, and I may say it was by observing it in him that I first discovered it in myself. One day it came out by chance that I was of the Catholic religion. He became plunged in thought, at which I was gently glad. Then suddenly:

"Odd-rabbit it! I'll be Catholic too!" he broke out. "You must teach me it, Mr. Anne—I mean, Ramornie."

I dissuaded him, alleging that he would find me very imperfectly informed as to

the grounds and doctrines of the church and that, after all, in the matter of religions, it was a very poor idea to change. "Of course, my church is the best," said I; "but that is not the reason why I belong to it: I belong to it because it was the faith of my house. I wish to take my chances with my own people, and so should you. If it is a question of going to hell, go to hell like a gentleman with your ancestors."

"Well, it wasn't that," he admitted. "I don't know that I was exactly thinking of hell. Then there's the inquisition, too. That's rather a cawker, you know."

"And I don't believe you were thinking of anything in the world," said I—which put a period to his respectable conversion.

He consoled himself by playing for a while on a cheap flageolet, which was one of his diversions, and to which I owed many intervals of peace. When he first produced it, in the joints, from his pocket, he had the duplicity to ask me if I played upon it. I answered no; and he put the instrument away with a sigh and the remark that he had thought I might. For some while he resisted the unspeakable temptation, his fingers visibly itching and twittering about his pocket, even his interest in the landscape and in sporadic anecdote entirely lost. Presently the pipe was in his hands again; he fitted, unfitted, refitted, and played upon it in dumb show for some time.

"I play it myself a little," says he.

"Do you?" said I, and yawned.

And then he broke down.

"Mr. Ramornie, if you please, would it disturb you, sir, if I was to play a chune?" he pleaded. And from that hour the tootling of the flageolet cheered our way.

He was particularly keen on the details of battles, single combats, incidents of scouting parties, and the like. These he would make haste to cap with some of the exploits of Wallace, the only hero with whom he had the least acquaintance. His enthusiasm was genuine and pretty. When he learned we were going to Scotland, "Well, then," he broke out, "I'll see where Wallace lived!" And presently after he fell to moralizing. "It's a strange thing, sir," he began, "that I seem somehow to have always the wrong sow by the ear. I'm English, after all, and I glory in it. My eye! don't I, though! Let some of your Frenchies come over here to invade, and you'll see whether or not! Oh, yes, I'm English to the backbone, I am.

And yet look at me! I got hold of this 'ere William Wallace and took to him right off; I never heard of such a man before! And then you came along, and I took to you. And both the two of you were my born enemies! I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Ramornie, but would you mind it very much if you didn't go for to do anything against England"—he brought the word out suddenly, like something hot—"when I was along of you?"

I was more affected than I can tell.

"Rowley," I said, "you need have no fear. By how much I love my own honor, by so much I will take care to protect yours. We are but fraternizing at the outposts, as soldiers do. When the bugle calls, my boy, we must face each other, one for England, one for France, and may God defend the right!"

So I spoke at the moment; but, for all my brave airs, the boy had wounded me in a vital quarter. His words continued to ring in my hearing. There was no remission all day of my remorseful thoughts; and that night (which we lay at Lichfield, I believe) there was no sleep for me in my bed. I put out the candle and lay down with a good resolution, and in a moment all was light about me, like a theater, and I saw myself upon the stage of it, playing ignoble parts. I remembered France and my emperor, now depending on the arbitrament of war, bent down, fighting on their knees and with their teeth against so many and such various assailants. And I burned with shame to be here in England, cherishing an English fortune, pursuing an English mistress, and not there, to handle a musket in my native fields, and to manure them with my body if I fell. I remembered that I belonged to France. All my fathers had fought for her, and some had died. The voice in my throat, the sight of my eyes, the tears that now sprang there, the whole man of me, was fashioned of French earth and born of a French mother. I had been tended and caressed by a succession of the daughters of France, the fairest, the most ill-starred, and I had fought and conquered shoulder to shoulder with her sons. A soldier, a noble, of the proudest and the bravest race in Europe, it had been left to the prattle of a hobbledehoy lackey in an English chaise to recall me to the consciousness of duty.

When I saw how it was, I did not lose time in indecision. The old classical conflict of love and honor being once fairly before me, it did not cost me a thought.

I was a St.-Yves de K roual; and I decided to strike off on the morrow for Wakefield and Burchell Fenn, and embark, as soon as it should be morally possible, for the succor of my downtrodden fatherland and my beleaguered emperor. Pursuant on this resolve, I leaped from bed, made a light, and as the watchman was crying half-past two in the dark streets of Lichfield, sat down to pen a letter of farewell to Flora. And then—whether it was the sudden chill of the night, whether it came by association of ideas from the remembrance of Swanston Cottage, I know not—but there appeared before me—to the barking of sheep-dogs—a couple of snuffy and shambling figures, each wrapped in a plaid, each armed with a rude staff; and I was immediately bowed down to have forgotten them so long and of late to have thought of them so cavalierly.

Sure enough there was my errand! As a private person I was neither French nor English; I was something else first: a loyal gentleman, an honest man. Sim and Candlish must not be left to pay the penalty of my unfortunate blow. They held my honor tacitly pledged to succor them; and it is a sort of stoical refinement entirely foreign to my nature to set the political obligation above the personal and private. If France fell in the interval for the lack of Anne de St.-Yves, fall she must! But I was both surprised and humiliated to have had so plain a duty bound upon me for so long—and for so long to have neglected and forgotten it. I think any brave man will understand me when I say that I went to bed and to sleep with a conscience very much relieved, and woke again in the morning with a light heart. The very danger of the enterprise reassured me: to save Sim and Candlish (suppose the worst to come to the worst) it would be necessary for me to declare myself in a court of justice, with consequences which I did not dare to dwell upon. It could never be said that I had chosen the cheap and the easy; only that in a very perplexing competition of duties I had risked my life for the most immediate.

We resumed the journey with more diligence: thenceforward posted day and night; did not halt beyond what was necessary for meals; and the postilions were excited by gratuities, after the habit of my cousin Alain. For twopence I could have gone further and taken four horses; so extreme was my haste, running as I was before the terrors of an awakened conscience. But I feared to be conspicuous.

Even as it was, we attracted only too much attention, with our pair and that white elephant, the seventy pounds' worth of claret-colored chaise.

Meanwhile I was ashamed to look Rowley in the face. The young shaver had contrived to put me wholly in the wrong; he had cost me a night's rest and a severe and healthful humiliation, and I was grateful and embarrassed in his society. This would never do; it was contrary to all my ideas of discipline. If the officer has to blush before the private, or the master before the servant, nothing is left to hope for but discharge or death. I hit upon the idea of teaching him French, and, accordingly, from Lichfield, I became the distracted master and he the scholar—how shall I say? indefatigable, but uninspired. His interest never flagged. He would hear the same word twenty times with profound refreshment, mispronounce it in several different ways, and forget it again with magical celerity. Say it happened to be *stirrup*. "No, I don't seem to remember that word, Mr. Anne," he would say. "It don't seem to stick to me—that word don't." And then, when I had told it him again, "*Etrier!*" he would cry, "To be sure! I had it on the tip of my tongue. *Etrier!*" (going wrong already, as if by a fatal instinct). "What will I remember it by, now? Why, *interior*, to be sure! I'll remember it by its being something that ain't in the interior of a horse." And when next I had occasion to ask him the French for stirrup, it was a toss-up whether he had forgotten all about it or gave me *exterior* for an answer. He was never a hair discouraged. He seemed to consider that he was covering the ground at a normal rate. He came up smiling day after day. "Now, sir, shall we do our French?" he would say; and I would put questions, and elicit copious commentary and explanation, but never the shadow of an answer. My hands fell to my sides; I could have wept to hear him. When I reflected that he had as yet learned nothing and what a vast deal more there was for him to learn, the period of these lessons seemed to unroll before me vast as eternity, and I saw myself a teacher of a hundred, and Rowley a pupil of ninety, still hammering on the rudiments! The wretched boy, I should say, was quite unspoiled by the inevitable familiarities of the journey. He turned out at each stage the pink of serving-lads, deft, civil, prompt, attentive, touching his hat like an automaton, raising the status of Mr. Ramornie

in the eyes of all the inn by his smiling in the world but the one thing I had service, and seeming capable of anything chosen—learning French!

(To be continued.)

CAMPs OF GREEN.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

Not alone those camps of white, old comrades of the wars,
When as order'd forward, after a long march,
Footsore and weary, soon as the light lessens we halt for the night,
Some of us so fatigued carrying the gun and knapsack, dropping asleep in our tracks,
Others pitching the little tents, and the fires lit up begin to sparkle,
Outposts of pickets posted surrounding alert through the dark,
And a word provided for countersign, careful for safety,
Till to the call of the drummers at daybreak loudly beating the drums,
We rise up refresh'd, the night and sleep pass'd over, and resume our journey,
Or proceed to battle.

Lo, the camps of the tents of green,
Which the days of peace keep filling, and the days of war keep filling,
With a mystic army, (is it too order'd forward? is it too only halting awhile,
Till night and sleep pass over?)

Now in those camps of green, in their tents dotting the world,
In the parents, children, husbands, wives, in them, in the old and young,
Sleeping under the sunlight, sleeping under the moonlight, content and silent there
at last,
Behold the mighty bivouac-field and waiting-camp of all,
Of the corps and generals all, and the President over the corps and generals all,
And of each of us O soldiers, and of each and all in the ranks we fought,
(There without hatred we all, all meet).

For presently O soldiers, we too camp in our place in the bivouac-camps of green,
But we need not provide for outposts, nor word for the countersign,
Nor drummer to beat the morning drum.

WHEN WERE THE GOSPELS WRITTEN?

DISCOVERIES OF THE LAST TWENTY YEARS AND WHAT THEY HAVE DONE TOWARD ANSWERING THE QUESTION.

BY F. G. KENVON, M.A.,

Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum.

AT the beginning of this century the question of the authenticity of the Gospels was one which, if mooted at all, was reserved for scholars and theologians. People in general might believe or disbelieve, on philosophical grounds, the story contained in them, but they rarely troubled themselves to examine the historical evidence on either side; and if scholars discussed it, their labors attracted as little public attention as if they were dealing with Homer or Tacitus. The present generation has seen a great change in this attitude. Articles in magazines; lectures in our public parks and halls; successful novels, such as "Robert Elsmere;" popular handbooks for and against Christianity, have familiarized most educated persons with the fact that there is and, for some time has been, an active controversy as to the historical character of the Gospels. Whether the knowledge of the general reader goes much deeper than this may be doubted, but it is a common practice with those who impugn the truth of the Christian story to speak as though the weight of independent and scholarly opinion were incontestably on their side; and since a novel or a magazine article seldom admits of more than a superficial handling of so large a subject, an impression that this assumption is true remains in the minds of many who have neither the leisure nor the training to test it for themselves. The citation of a string of German names of which the reader naturally knows nothing has an imposing effect, and may cover a plentiful want of argument. On the other hand, any argument on the opposite side, from a person holding office in the church, is discounted on the ground that the writer's opinion is unconsciously biased by his interests; as though German scholars did not depend for their professional advancement on making a name for themselves and could not do so most easily by the maintenance of novel and unorthodox opinions.

Under these circumstances it seems not unreasonable to try to state for the readers of a popular magazine, who are not specialists, the general course and drift of criticism upon this subject during the present generation, which will show how far such assumptions as those which have just been mentioned are justified. The best test of a theory is to see how it has borne the ordeal of time—how researches and discoveries since the time of its promulgation have affected it; whether it still holds its own, or has suffered much change and modification. It is so that we judge of the Copernican theory of the universe, the Newtonian theory of gravitation, the Darwinian theory of evolution; and it is a fair test to apply also to the theories that have been propounded with respect to the origin and authenticity of the Gospels. No one will question the vital importance of the problem. Our life and society, our highest hopes and aspirations in this nineteenth century, are bound up with the truth of those events which the Gospels relate as having happened in the generation from which our era is dated.

THE HISTORICAL CHARACTER OF THE FOUR GOSPELS.

The life of Christ is the center alike of our history in the past and our hopes for the future; and our knowledge of it rests mainly upon the evidence of the four Gospels. If they can be shown to be unhistorical, there is little left out of which the story of that life can be put together. It is upon this issue that the controversy of the present generation turns and with which we are now concerned. Let us see, then, upon what grounds we believe them to be historical and on what lines the attack upon their authenticity has been based.

The proof is twofold. On the one hand, the language, the composition, the statements of the books themselves can be examined and tested. We can see

whether their point of view is such as would be natural at the time when they profess to have been written, or whether there are allusions to events or opinions of a later period. The positions of the Jewish people and of the Christian community changed so rapidly, new opinions sprang up and colored the thoughts and language of men so strongly, that it would be almost impossible for a writer to avoid betraying himself if he tried to throw himself back to a date two or three generations before his own. Evidence of this character is known as internal evidence, and it plays an important part in the controversy concerning the authenticity of the Gospels. But it does not stand alone. There is also what is called external evidence, or proofs which can be drawn from the writings of other authors who lived at or soon after the date at which the Gospels are supposed to have been composed. Either from direct statements in such works, or from the presence or absence in them of quotations from the Gospels, we can derive proofs of the existence or non-existence of the Gospels at the time when these works were written. It is to evidence of this class that the test of which I have spoken can be applied. The critics who first questioned the authenticity of the Gospels upon historical grounds had the books before them, and knew what they had to meet in the way of internal evidence; but fresh external evidence has been brought to light from time to time of which they had no knowledge. Here, then, we have a new and independent test by which their theories can be judged. It is because a considerable amount of such fresh evidence has been recently brought to light that it seems opportune to try to gather up its results and to show what has been its bearing upon the general controversy. If the original attack upon the Gospels has broken down or has been seriously discredited by this test, we shall have the right to look with great suspicion on the conclusions of critics who continue to use the same methods.

BAUR AND HIS SCHOOL OF CRITICISM.

In these pages, therefore, I propose to give some account of the most striking discoveries which have been made during the last twenty years. In order, however, to appreciate their importance, it is necessary to state briefly the form taken by the attack upon the Gospels. The controversy in its modern shape is now just fifty

years old. Its founder was the great German scholar, Ferdinand Baur, a professor of Tübingen University, from whom the famous Tübingen school of criticism took its rise. It was in 1847 that he published a treatise on the origin of the Gospels; but this was only one among several works embodying a novel view of early Christian history. With German learning and German ingenuity he put together, out of the books of the New Testament, a quite different narrative of the origin and growth of Christianity from that which the books themselves tell. Regarding the life of Christ as a merely human life, he sees in the apostolic age a deadly struggle between the adherents of St. Peter and those of St. Paul, lasting far into the second century, and discerns in most of the New Testament books attempts to write the history of Christianity from the point of view of one or another of these parties. It was claimed that they were not histories in the true sense of the word, but partisan tracts, the value of which depends less on what they assert than on what we can read between the lines.

In this attack upon the historical character of the Gospels, a cardinal point is the late date assigned to their composition. It is clearly easier to regard them as historically false if they were written considerably later than the events which they profess to record. Especially is this the case with the supernatural element contained in them. It is a fixed principle with modern critics of the Gospels that "miracles do not happen." Older critics tried to explain away the miracles recorded in the Gospels as due to optical illusions, or unintentional misunderstandings on the part of the disciples; but their successors have recognized the futility of this attempt, and prefer to regard the Gospel narratives as not contemporary with the events which they record and the miraculous element as an addition due to the credulity of a later age. On all grounds, therefore, it was essential to Baur to put the composition of these books as late as possible; and, accordingly, he assigns them all to dates well within the second century. Later than the end of that century it was impossible to place them, since the evidence of Tertullian and Irenæus, writing about A.D. 200, fully and explicitly demonstrated that their preëminence among all Christian writings was by that time firmly established; but no earlier date was granted them than such unimpeachable evidence rendered absolutely

necessary. St. Matthew's Gospel was placed by Baur about A.D. 130, St. Luke's about 150, St. Mark's about 160, and St. John's between 160 and 170. The other books of the New Testament, with five exceptions, shared the same fate. None of them was allowed to be what it professed to be, or to have been written when it professed to have been written, except the Epistles of St. Paul to the Romans, Corinthians, and Galatians, and the Apocalypse of St. John.

Such, then, is the theory of Baur, which forms the starting point and foundation of the modern criticism of the Gospels. It is not necessary now to consider the arguments by which he supported it. Good or bad, they were of necessity merely arguments from probability, which could not stand against any clear and decisive evidence of the existence of the Gospels before these dates. What, then, is the result of the new evidence which the last twenty years have brought to light?

Baur died in 1860; and now, a generation after his death, it is not too much to say that his theory is completely shattered. No competent critic can now maintain that any one of the dates assigned by him to the Gospels is tenable. Even the latest of them must have been written before the date which he allowed to the earliest. Nor is it difficult now to see where the fault of his method lies. No one can blame him for his fresh and fearless examination of the historical evidence bearing upon the origin of Christianity; but his results, like those of many of his followers, are vitiated by the habit, wherever absolutely convincing evidence is wanting, of adopting the position most unfavorable to the traditional view.

For this fault a swift Nemesis was preparing. Even while Baur was writing, as we shall see presently, evidence was being brought to light which was fatal to his conclusions, though no one noticed it at the time; and since his death, and especially within the last twenty years, fact after fact has been discovered, all tending in the same direction, namely, to throw further and further back the dates at which we are bound to believe the Gospels to have been composed.

THE "DIATESSARON" OF TATIAN.

Of all the discoveries of the last twenty years, the first, and, in some respects, the most important, is the "Diatessaron"

of Tatian. As its Greek name indicates (*διὰ τεσσάρων* = "by" or "by means of four"), it is a harmonized Gospel, composed out of the four Gospels by dovetailing verses out of the different Evangelists into a single narrative. This is a device which has often been practiced in the church, down to the present day; but the importance to us of Tatian's harmony lies in the evidence which it affords, not only of the existence, but of the preëminent position, of our four canonical Gospels at a very early date. Tatian was born about A.D. 110, a native of Assyria. He was converted to Christianity by Justin Martyr, whose chief work, the "Apology for Christianity," was written about A.D. 150-155. After Justin's death, about A.D. 165, he fell into the error of the Encratites, an extremely ascetic sect, who regarded marriage, eating flesh, and drinking wine as unlawful, and he died about A.D. 180. Different views have been held as to whether his harmony was written in the days of his orthodoxy or afterwards. On the one hand, it evidently passed current in the Syrian church for many generations as an orthodox representation of the Gospel narrative; on the other, Mr. Rendel Harris has shown reason to believe that it exhibited traces of the special opinions of the Encratites. In the one case we should suppose it to have been written about 160; in the other, about 170. If, then, the "Diatessaron" was put together out of the four canonical Gospels, it is clear that they held, at this date, a position of marked and recognized superiority over all other narratives of our Lord's life; and since such a position could not be acquired except after the lapse of some considerable time, this would show that all four were composed at a date *at least* as early as that which Baur assigns to the earliest of them and much earlier than those which he allows to three out of the four.

Until twenty years ago, however, the "Diatessaron" was supposed to be lost, and all our knowledge of it was of an indirect kind, leaving much opening for controversy and for the display of critical ingenuity. The earliest mention of it was by Eusebius, the great church historian, about A.D. 325; and he does not seem to have seen the work himself, though he says that it was still circulating in some quarters down to his time. Epiphanius, in A.D. 374, briefly referred to it, but confused it with the Gospel according to the Hebrews. Theodoret, a Syrian bishop between 420

and 457, found more than two hundred copies of it in use in his diocese, and replaced them by copies of the four Gospels. In 545 Bishop Victor of Capua found a Latin harmony of the Gospels which he guessed might be a translation of the "Diatessaron," of the existence of which he knew only from Eusebius, and published it, substituting, however, the words of the Vulgate for those of the original before him, and this work is still extant in a manuscript known as the Codex Fuldensis. One other notice of the "Diatessaron," much later, but of great importance, must be mentioned. It is that of Dionysius Bar-Salibi, an Armenian bishop, at the end of the twelfth century, who (following an earlier Syrian author, Ishodad, about A.D. 850) states that Tatian put together "one Gospel out of the four;" that St. Ephrem of Syria wrote a commentary upon it; and that its first words were, "In the beginning was the Word."

To the ordinary mind these notices might have seemed sufficient to establish the all-important fact that Tatian did actually compose a harmony of the four canonical Gospels, and, consequently, that these had established their paramount position in the church by the middle of the second century. But the ingenuity of the Tübingen critics was able to explain them all away, and even to deny that Tatian ever wrote a harmony at all, or that, if he did, it was based upon our Gospels. An anonymous work published in England in 1875, entitled "Supernatural Religion," which, as embodying the as yet unfamiliar views of Baur, achieved a notoriety quite out of proportion to its merits, affirmed boldly that there was no such thing as Tatian's harmony at all; that the work which Theodoret had found and ejected was the now lost Gospel according to the Hebrews; and that this was identical with the Gospel according to Peter. At the moment of their publication these assertions could only be met, as Bishop Lightfoot very ably met them, by a restatement of circumstantial evidence; but within a few years they have been signally refuted by proofs of a decisive character. Tatian's harmony and the Gospel according to Peter have both been discovered, and it is obvious, first, that they are absolutely distinct works; next, that neither of them is identical with the Gospel according to the Hebrews; and, finally, that the "Diatessaron" is, as common sense had always maintained, a harmony of the four canonical Gospels.

RECOVERY OF THE "DIATESSARON."

The story of the recovery of the "Diatessaron" is curious, mainly for the reason that it was delayed so much longer than it need have been. Indeed, all the while that Baur was expounding his theories and his disciples were developing them, evidence was staring them in the face which made their views untenable, at least so far as related to the dates of the Gospels. In 1836 the Armenian Mechitarist Fathers at Venice published an edition, in Armenian, of the works of St. Ephrem of Syria; and among them was the very commentary on the "Diatessaron" to which, as mentioned above, Dionysius Bar-Salibi had made reference, but which had hitherto been supposed to be lost. Published in Armenian, however, and with no distinctive title to call attention to its character, it remained absolutely unknown for forty years, till, in 1876, the Mechitarists employed Dr. George Moesinger to revise and publish a Latin version of it which had been made by the original editor of the Armenian, Dr. Aucher. Yet, even then, when edited in Latin by a German scholar, it attracted no notice for four years; and Lightfoot, when writing an answer to "Supernatural Religion," a year after the appearance of Moesinger's volume, was unaware of the discovery, which would at once have determined an important branch of the controversy in his favor. It is to America that the honor belongs of first bringing the discovery forward in its true light, since it was Dr. Ezra Abbot, in his "Authorship of the Fourth Gospel" (1880), who first directed general attention to it. Dr. Wace took it up in England, Dr. Harnack in Germany, and Dr. Zahn was led to devote a large monograph to the subject, in which he endeavored to reconstruct the "Diatessaron" from the quotations given by St. Ephrem.

The commentary of St. Ephrem established beyond all doubt the all-important fact that Tatian's "Diatessaron" was actually constructed out of the four canonical Gospels; and his very copious quotations enabled Zahn to make out the general structure and much of the actual text of the work. Meanwhile, what purported to be an Arabic translation of the work itself was lying in the Vatican library, and had been briefly mentioned by J. Assemani, who brought it to the Vatican, so long ago as 1791, and by a few subsequent writers. No one, however, had made any detailed

study of it, until Zahn, though unable to examine it himself, called attention to its existence, and so aroused the interest of Father Ciasca, one of the librarians of the Vatican. Ciasca, consequently, had the privilege of being the first modern scholar to make acquaintance with the complete "Diatessaron"—a fit reward for much good service to Biblical criticism. One more happy incident, however, had yet to intervene before the world at large was placed in possession of the recovered treasure. Circumstances delayed its publication until, in 1886, Ciasca chanced to show the manuscript to the Vicar-Apostolic of the Catholic Copts, then on a visit to Rome; and this gentleman at once remarked that he had seen another copy of the same work in private hands in Egypt and could undertake to procure it. He was as good as his word; and from this newly acquired manuscript, which is superior to the copy in the Vatican, Ciasca edited the work in 1888, as a gift from the College of Writers of the Vatican Library to Pope Leo XIII., on the occasion of his Jubilee. So, after many vicissitudes, was the world at last placed in possession of the long-lost "Diatessaron" of Tatian.

The importance of this discovery for Biblical criticism has been indicated above. It shows that, at a date at which Baur believed two at least of the Gospels to have been yet unwritten, all four not only were written, but occupied a position of preëminence and authority which could not be the growth of a few years. When closely examined, it proves even more than this; for the Gospel text used by Tatian, so far as it can be ascertained with certainty, differs already in many respects from that which criticism shows to be the original one. Such divergencies, which are due to the mistakes, the insertions, or the omissions of copyists, imply the multiplication of copies and some considerable lapse of time in which the variations may spread. It is true that the evidence on this point is still incomplete, because we have not recovered the "Diatessaron" in its original language. What we have is a copy (or rather two copies) of an Arabic translation, made early in the eleventh century, of a Syrian copy written about the year 900, together with two copies of an Armenian version of a Syriac commentary composed by a writer who died in 373. Until recently it was always supposed that the "Diatessaron" was written in Greek, as its Greek title would seem to indicate; and in that case we are doubly removed from

the original language. There is, however, good reason for doubting this opinion and for holding the original language to have been Syriac. It was certainly in Syria that its use flourished; its text has strong affinities with that which is found in the oldest Syriac version of the Gospels; St. Ephrem, who commented upon it, was a Syrian father and wrote in Syriac; and there is evidence that the Old Testament quotations in it were in accordance with the Syriac version of the Scriptures. If this opinion be true, then we have the "Diatessaron" at second hand only; and competent scholars declare that our Arabic text has the appearance of being a faithful rendering of the Syriac from which it is translated. If, then, the variations which we find in it from the Gospel text, as this appears in other early authorities, date from Tatian himself, it follows that the original composition of even the latest of the Gospels must be put at a point very considerably anterior to the middle of the second century in order to allow time for these divergencies to be propagated.

Thus, along two lines of argument we find that the reappearance of the "Diatessaron," though it does not enable us to fix absolutely the date of the composition of the Gospels, yet demolishes the extreme views of Baur and his followers, and pushes back the origin of the Gospels to a period when the friends and companions of the apostles were still alive and could have testified whether the narratives which passed under their names were indeed their work or not. If the Gospels were not written later than A.D. 120, and this the evidence of the "Diatessaron" seems to establish, then it is very difficult to argue with any plausibility that they fall outside the apostolic age at all. More than this we must not expect to be able to prove by evidence of this class. We can hardly hope to discover any ancient work which will authoritatively fix for us the exact years in which each of the four Gospels was written. It is enough for us to know that they belong, even the latest of them, to the age of the apostles, and that there is no reason, so far as external evidence is concerned, to doubt the traditional belief that they were written either by the apostles themselves or by their companions.

One discovery has thus served to ruin the structure which Baur and his followers reared upon their own imaginings and to render any similar theory much more difficult and less plausible.



ANTHONY HOPE.

See page 1103.

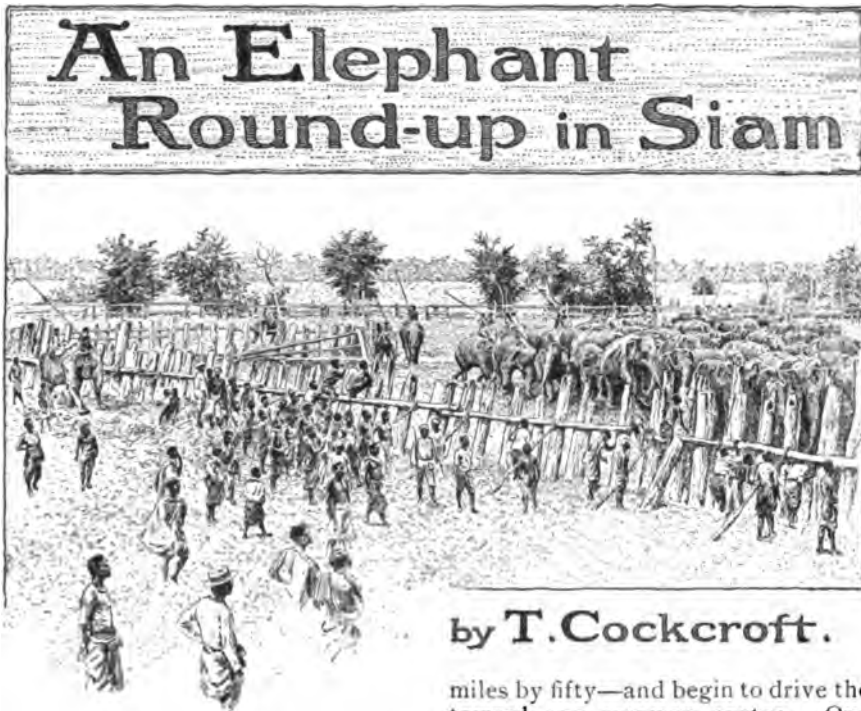
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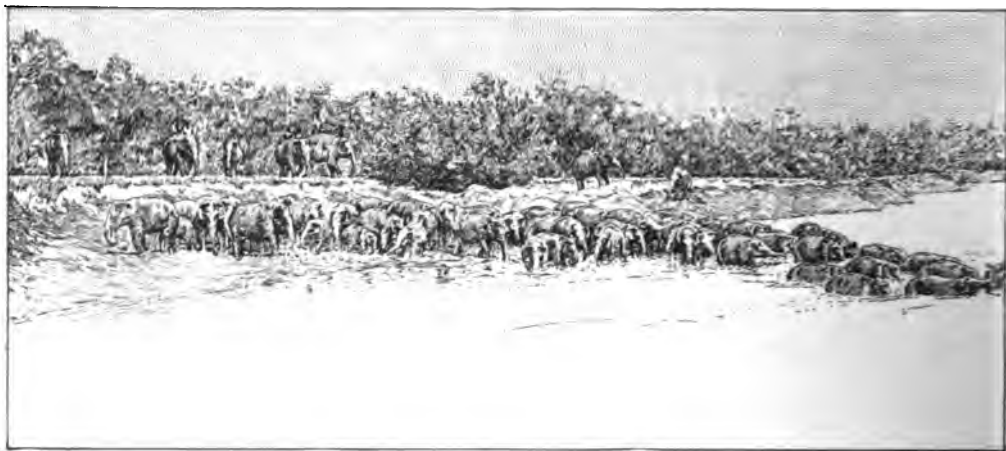


THE semi-annual elephant round-up at Ayuthia, the ancient capital of Siam, is a sight the like of which is to be witnessed nowhere else in the world. When the first rains of the season have fallen, the order goes forth from the head of the elephant department at Bangkok to collect the herds for a specified day. Thereupon the servants of the department spread themselves over the vast stretch of delta-land from the Menam to the Bangpakong River, and almost from Bangkok to the Korat foothills—an area of about thirty

miles by fifty—and begin to drive the herds toward one common center. Over this wide tract, except at the times of the round-up, the elephants, which are the special property of the king, roam free, and to molest them in any wise is a grave violation of the law.

The proclamation of a round-up creates a great stir, and people crowd into Ayuthia from all directions to witness the drive and capture. Here gather the inhabitants of all the surrounding country within two or three days' journey, wealthy Siamese, important officials, and all the Europeans who can possibly get away from Bangkok. These latter are largely the guests of the officers in charge of the proceedings. They make the sixty miles' journey by river, coming in commodious steam launches or comfortable house-boats towed by launches.

The scene is one of the greatest anima-



CROSSING THE RIVER.

tion. The still unplanted rice-fields across a fair-sized tributary of the Menam are alive with small knots of people in gaily colored garb, among whom the yellow robes of the priesthood are seen in large numbers. About two miles away is a belt of bamboo bushes, in and out of which people are incessantly dodging. Presently a solitary elephant, an enormous single-tusker, mounted by two men, slowly stalks through an opening in the bushes. He is the decoy or leader. Soon one or two wild elephants follow, and at sight of them a yell of "Chang-ma!" ("The elephants are here!") arises from the spectators. Shortly, the bushes grow alive with elephants; they come pouring through every gap, about two hundred of them, and quietly assemble behind the leader on the open plain. Meanwhile, several others, mounted by men carrying spears, have come through other openings, and now form a guard which prevents the wild herd from breaking back. The whole herd begins to move forward, conducted by the leader, and guarded on all sides by the spearmen. It moves in a stately mass, and at every stride the elephants splash their heads with water from the rain-covered fields; to cool themselves, occasionally they throw the water over their backs.

On reaching the river some hesitation is shown by the front ranks of the herd, for the bank is fully six feet high. In goes the leader, however, and persuaded by his example, and yielding to the pressure behind from those anxious to get away from the spearmen, the mass follow, looking like a big, black avalanche as they slide down the bank. Once in the

water, they show great delight in it after their long, hot march. The crowd of spectators awaits them on the opposite bank, but as they approach and begin to emerge from the stream, breaks away and scatters wildly in all directions.

The river crossed, the trained and well-guided leader heads straight for a large square inclosure made of great teak posts. Come into the inclosure, he passes, by a gateway at the right, into a second inclosure, which narrows to an exit nine feet wide; and by this exit he passes on into the corral—or, as it is called in Siamese, *paneat*—proper: a large square inclosure surrounded by a brick wall about twelve feet thick and, at the entrance, ten feet high.

The herd has no choice but to follow. One and another member of it, growing suddenly suspicious, may turn back; but there are the mounted guardsmen with the spears to set them again forward. Pushing, crowding, crossing each other, bunting each other over, blocking the way in a futile endeavor to go three abreast, roaring, groaning, bellowing, the duped, terror-stricken creatures cling to the leader's heels. The top of the wall is crowded with spectators, for the passage in yields the best view of the elephants. They are of all sizes, from the full-grown elder down to the baby no bigger than a retriever dog. In the crush it looks at moments as if nothing could save the small ones from being tramped to death, and the distress of their mothers for them is a thing strange and pitiful to see. But they dodge in and out, boring a path for themselves, and in the end come through unharmed. One of the older ones, a beast



INSIDE THE PANEAT.

of but medium size, is borne down by the press to his knees, and, in regaining his feet, he strikes with his shoulder a beam of teak wood nearly a foot square. Instantly the beam is rent into splinters that go flying high in the air.

The moment the herd has entered, the entrance is closed by throwing across it a triple row of strong teak bars. Finding themselves shut in, the elephants begin to circle round a wooden tower placed in the center of the inclosure and occupied by the officer who directs the work.

In this circuit they are seeking the leader who has conducted them thus far; but he has been quietly withdrawn by his rider through a curiously contrived wicket gate, of which we shall learn more later on. The precaution is not unnecessary, for if the leader were still in the herd after his dupes came to a



THE WICKET GATE.

full realization of their imprisonment, his life probably would not be worth much.

It is now near sunset—owing to the great heat herds are never driven in the middle of the day—and the elephants are given a light supper of tender bamboo branches and left for the night to such



NOOSING OPERATIONS.

repose as their confusion and fear will permit them.

About eight o'clock the next morning the elephant which had served as leader the previous day and four or five other enormous tuskers, each mounted by two men and equipped with a long coil of green hide rope, fastened with a circular, detachable noose to the end of long bamboos, are taken into the *paneat*, by the wicket gate already mentioned. This gate is constructed of four parallel rows of teak posts of great height, leading from the inner stockade to the outer wall, through which latter is a passage considerably narrower than the one by which the herd entered. The two inner rows of posts swing from stout iron bars at the top, and at the bottom are drawn outward in grooves by winches. When the gate is closed, a man may still pass between the posts with some wriggling, and the gate is open—that is, when the posts are drawn inward—there is just sufficient space for the elephants to squeeze out.

On the entrance of the elephants the general herd, scene moves to the opposite side of the stockade, and being followed, it rushes, plunging, and bellowing, round the wicket gate. In this race the

mounted elephants choose out, and strive to separate from the herd, such animals as they desire to capture. As opportunity offers, they drop a noose under the foot of the one they are after, and draw it tight just below the knee. Usually this is accomplished only after several trials.

Next, the coil of rope is thrown to the ground, and caught up by a man who runs in from the wicket gate to make it fast to a post. The elephant does not attempt to run, but runs on until the full length of the rope is stretched. The elephant is then caught, and the rope is fastened to a post. The elephant is then led to the wicket gate, and the rope is fastened to a post. The elephant is then led to the wicket gate, and the rope is fastened to a post.

be- of and both



A YOUNG ELEPHANT STRUGGLING FOR LIBERTY.

paneat, with a wild rush. It is not free, though, for outside it is confronted by a fresh cordon of mounted elephants of huge size, as well as spearmen afoot, while on the plain there is an immense ring of people. Now and then one breaks through the cordon and goes off at a trot, but the yells and shouts of the crowd generally pull him up. If the crowd should break, however, in front of one of these runaways there would be mischief.

Meanwhile those noosed and still inside the *paneat* are led out, tied fore and aft, to mounted elephants, for it is impossible to bring them out three abreast. Once outside, however, they are met by three mounted animals, which take up positions one on each side and another behind. Their tempers are mollified by pouring water over them from tubes of bamboo; they are tied neck and neck to the elephant on each side, and then ignominiously dragged off to the royal elephant stables, where they are tied by the neck and one leg to a post. It takes three years to train an elephant to perfect docility, and during that time he is unable to move otherwise than with his post as a pivot, except at the will of his trainers.

There are more elephants still to be caught; but now the work is conducted in the open. The same methods are fol-

lowed here as in the *paneat*, the noosed animals being tied to short posts driven into the plain, and a cordon of tame elephants forming the boundaries previously supplied by the stockade. Here are seen some amusing manifestations of elephant nature. One animal, whose foot a mahout is gently tapping with his bamboo, only puts down that foot the more firmly and pushes the harder to get inside the throng. Eventually, however, he is overcome by superior strategy, for as he lifts his other foot to get a little farther away, the noose is gently slipped over it, and he is promptly tied to his stake.

In another instance a youngster of three years, whose mother is in the herd, is noosed. His determined efforts to break his rope are both interesting and amusing, and the solicitude of his dam is enough to move any one but a Siamese elephant-catcher. As the result of various little "confabs," a plan of campaign seems eventually to be decided upon; for at a moment when the rest of the herd has left a clear space, the mother comes up, and while the youngster tugs with all his might at his rope, she puts down her head and exerts her whole strength in one great push behind. A huge tusker is on the watch, however, and the plan is frustrated by the mother being driven off.



A MOTHER TRYING TO HELP HER YOUNGSTER.

The sun having now become very hot, the herd is allowed to pass through the cordon and take a bath in the river, while the noosed animals are being tied and led to the stables. After their bath they are kept well in check by mounted men specially told off, while they spend the afternoon browsing on the clumps of young bamboo and other bushes in the neighborhood. Then, shortly before sunset, they are quietly driven again into the *paneat*, there to pass the night, awaiting a second day similar to the one just passed. Then, all the animals that are at present desired having been chosen out and put into bonds, the rest of the herd is escorted out to the open plain and set at liberty for at least another six months.

The elephant stables at Ayuthia consist of long sheds, placed parallel to each other, and standing on ground sufficiently elevated to be above the floods. There the animals are tied to strong posts, and a keeper is set over each. The keeper's first care is as to the strength of the captive's rope and that no one gets within reach of the constantly swinging trunk. His next is to obtain a supply of grass, bundles of which are thrown within reach of the sulky-looking prisoner. As dusk approaches, green bushes are burned a few feet away, in order by the smoke to keep

off the mosquitoes, which, in Siam, have sufficient penetrative power to pierce even the hide of an elephant.

An elephant round-up is not without its dangers. The occasions on which there is no loss of life are rare, and sometimes the victims of the elephants number three or four.

During the hunt a sharp lookout is always kept for an "albino," and when one is discovered great is the rejoicing, for the white elephant, both in Siam and Burma, is an object of the greatest reverence. To add him to the many of his kind already in the royal stables at Bangkok no labor will be spared. More than once the capture of a white elephant has provoked war between Siam and Burma. On one occasion two had been captured and brought to Ayuthia amid great rejoicings. The king of Burma promptly sent in a demand for one of them, a demand which was as promptly refused. Such a *casus belli* between two old antagonists, of course, could not be allowed to slip, and a Burmese army at once invaded Siam. It was not, however, successful in obtaining one of the coveted animals that time.

The elephants caught are chiefly employed upon government work. A large number are, however, required to move timber in the extensive teak forests of



THE STRUGGLE WITH AN OBSTREPEROUS YOUNGSTER.

northern Siam and Burma and also in matter of the gravest import ; but there some of the sawmills. Under these con- seems little danger of that in Siam so ditions, therefore, the extinction of the long as the present methods of capture elephant in these countries would be a are practised.

MAKING HIM SECURE AT LAST.





THE TURF-CUTTERS.

BY SHAN F. BULLOCK,

Author of "Ring o' Rushes," etc.

IT was the first real day of spring; a living, heartsome day. The great sun looked down joyously on an awaking earth; the air had a freshness as of the sea; from every hedgerow the birds piped out; the hills were alive, the valleys jubilant; far away my lord, the mountain, stretched himself lazily in the sunshine; everywhere beneath the glad sky ran a riot of life, the earth thrilled with it, the wind came throbbing with its mad fervor.

In the valley which lies between Emo and Rhamus hill, the turf-cutters were out; and now, the clang of the one o'clock bell in Louth farm-yard having died away among the hills, sat squatted round their fires among the heather. All the morning, from a score of mounds, the blue smoke had streamed up, had run its tattered skirts together above the level of the hilltops, swept before the stress of the wind out over Thrasna River, and gone trailing for the shining roofs of Buun. All the morning it had filled the valley and lain stretched like a blue veil upon the distant hills; wherever you went, all the morning, the pungent smell of it (bringing to you memories of mud walls, soot-blackened rafters, and clacking groups round cottage hearthstones) had come to you, now thin and faint (like the whiff from a peasant's coat as he slouches up the aisle o' Sundays), now gratefully wholesome and refreshing as the breath of whins, now hot and reeking as from the mouths of wattled chimneys. All the morning, in

all your wanderings, the wind had brought to you the sound of laughter, the shouts of the men, the songs of the women, the skirls of the children; now and then, as the smoke lifted, you had glimpse of the crowd of workers, seen the flash of the spades and the glint of the shawls and handkerchiefs, the sudden popping of the peat from black bog-holes, the going and coming across the banks of the shrieking barrows; so, all the morning, it had been; now silence held the valley, the smoke went up thin and clear, and, scattered among the willow clumps, you had sight of the turf-cutters gathered in groups round the twinkling fires.

At the top of the bog, not far from the Curleck road, burned the fire of the Dalys; and round it, sitting squat on the dry peat bank, was a party of ten: three men, three women, and four little Dalys—a family group gathered from neighboring bog-holes to make merry over the potatoes and salt.

As lord of the fire, and tenant, moreover, of an elegant mudhouse (the same, in fact, that, in the old days, had sheltered Pete Coyne), James Daly held chief seat at the feast, well shielded from the wind by a willow clump, his back to a stump, his legs crossed luxuriously. Beside him, on the one hand, his brother-in-law, Mike Brady, a thin, sour-looking man, sat propped against a creel; on the other, his old father sat bent forward like over-ripe corn, his eyes fixed wearily on the fire and

his old gums wagging. Facing these, cook and hostess in one, squatted the buxom Mrs. Daly (known thereabouts as Fat Anne), having on this side her sister-in-law, Mrs. Judy Brady, a woefully thin and yellow little woman, and on that her cousin Lizzie Dolan, young, fresh, bouncing, the belle of the bog.

These six almost ringed the fire; but behind the broad back of Mrs. Daly, the lesser ring of four shockheaded children kept themselves in a fine state of excitement by jouking under the elbows of their elders for a chance glimpse at the fire, by scrambling for the potatoes that occasionally came flying over their mother's shoulder, peeling them with their fingers (in slavish imitation, be it said, of the ways of their elders), and throwing the skins to the dog. All were bare-legged and bare-footed, and what garments they wore were coarse and ragged; the men were mud-spattered from head to foot, the women peat-stained to the ankles and elbows, the children shining like niggers through their tatters. The grip of winter was still fast in their bones, its hardships cut deep on their faces. Not a man there had sixpence in his pocket or a pound in the

world: you might have weighed (and valued) the bulk of them against half a ton of hay. Truly an uncouth party enough, and a motley, striving there, on the fat earth, beneath the glad sky, to appease stern hunger with offerings of potatoes and salt and libations of buttermilk!

"Well, glory be to God," said Lizzie, the bouncer, as she cooled a potato by deftly throwing it from hand to hand; "glory be to God, but it's grand to feel that warm sun on the small o' your back."

"Yis," said Anne Daly, and turning over on her knees, began drawing a fresh cast of roasted potatoes from the fire with a pair of wooden tongs. "Yis, an' when, forby that, the fire's scorchin' the face on ye, it's like as if ye were stretched between two mustard plasters. There ye

are, childer," cried she, and began dropping the potatoes one by one over her shoulder; "an' God send they may fatten ye."

The children skirled and scrambled excitedly; the dog yelped and jumped.

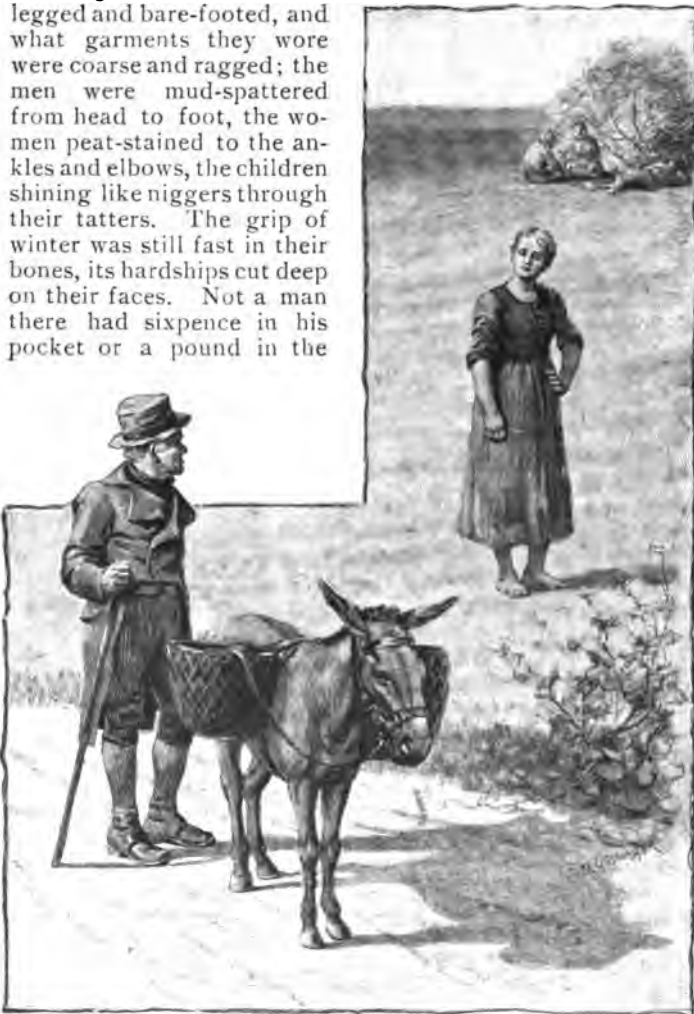
"Stop yir throats over there, dang ye," shouted Mike Brady.

"An' stop yours, Mike," retorted Anne Daly, and held out a potato. The milk noggin went round; Lizzie, the bouncer, wiped her lips on her bare arm, and gave another little sigh of content.

"Och, but it's a heavenly day, anyway," she went on, and looked up at the sky. "Luk how far away the sky has gone—an' it as blue as blue. Aw, me. An' to think that only yisterday, or the day before, we were shiverin' in our stockin's, an' now—an' now we're as warm as warm. Aw, sure, it's powerful to be alive!"

Mike Brady leant forward towards Lizzie.

"Ay, it's well to be alive. It'd take



"ALONG THE NARROW CART-PASS . . . AN OLD MAN CAME SLOWLY."

more'n the sun to warm ye if ye were below," said Mike, and pointed downwards with his finger. "Sun or moon," he went on grimly, when he had blown his potato cool, "is all one when the worms are in your bones."

"Ugh, listen to the man," said Lizzie, with a shrug. "Lord sees, it's ducked in a bog-hole ye should be, Mike Brady. Such talk on such a day!"

"An' what ails the talk? An' what ails the day, will ye tell me?" answered Mike, and, looking up, fixed his bright little eyes on Lizzie's face. "Jist because you feel like a filly on grass, is that any reason why I should? Eh?"

Anne Daly sat back on her heels, leant on the tongs, and bent forward towards Mike.

"I say, Mike Brady," said she, "it 'd be manners in ye to keep your foolishness till ye've filled your stomach. Man alive, what ails ye? Or did ye sleep on nettles last night? You an' your bones an' worms. Ach!"

"She's right there," said James Daly, with a wag of his head. "Keep such talk till ye're like the ould man here. Time enough to talk o' graves, Mike, when your head's white."

"Ay, ay," groaned old Daly; "ay, ay. Och, ay!"

"An' isn't it jist that," snapped Mike; "isn't it jist because I'm travelin' fast to white hairs meself that I say such things?"

"White hairs your granny!" sneered Anne Daly. "An' you with ivery tooth in your head. Arrah, whisht wi' your bleather, Mike Brady."

"Arrah, whisht wi' yours," retorted Mike; "d'ye think ye can tell me about meself? A lot o' good the sun or the spring does any man when the blood's cowl'd in him. Look at Lizzie, bloomin' over there like a meadow daisy, an' as full o' life as a kitten. D'ye think I'm iver goin' to feel like that again?"

"Ach, whisht, Mike," said Lizzie, and dropped her face.

"It's God's truth," moaned James Daly, and wagged his head; "it's God's truth. I mind when the sight o' the spring sun 'd make me jump like a salmon an' go struttin' along in me glory like a full-feathered peacock. Ay, I do. But it doesn't now. Na, na. It doesn't now. Ay, but it's well to be young. Yis!"

"It is so," groaned old Daly. "It is so."

"Aw, ay," sighed poor yellow Judy Brady. "It is so."

Dole seemed come upon the party; almost might you have expected to see them turn from the feast and sob among the heather. Of the six making the inner ring (the other ring and the dog had already gone scampering across the bog in quest of diversion) only Anne Daly kept from groaning.

"Well, devil take me," cried she, "but it's the lively party we're gettin'. Faith, if we only had a hearse we could make a dacent funeral between us. Here, dang your eyes," she shouted, and scattered fresh potatoes over the turf bank; "stop your croakin' wi' them."

James, her husband, took out his pipe, and with his little finger began probing the bowl in search of tobacco.

"Me belt's tight," said he; "but I'll croak no more."

"Thank God for that same," replied Anne.

"For all that," continued James, and looked at Lizzie, "I'm free to remark, I suppose, that it's well to be young."

Lizzie raised her head.

"An' who's denyin' it?" she asked, not very softly.

"Divil a sowl," answered James, and reached for a coal.

"To hear ye, an' more'n you, ye'd think ye were all grudgin' me me youth."

"Faith, an' so I am," answered James, and through his pipe smoke winked gravely at Judy Brady; "so I am, for I wish to glory, Lizzie, I was young meself an' had ye this mortal minit i' the inside o' me arm."

Lizzie tittered and flushed; Judy Brady put her hand on her wizened lips; Mike sniffed twice, which was as near laughter as he usually got; Mrs. Daly looked across the fire at her husband.

"Aw, thank ye, Mister Daly," said she, with a toss of her head.

"Arrah, not at all, Mrs. Daly," answered James, and waved his pipe stem; "not at all. Woman, dear, ould married people like us are used to these wee things. Sure, ye needn't thank me. Sure, one o' these fine days, some tight fella (we all know *who*) 'll be sayin' as much to Lizzie herself over the coals."

Again James the wag winked at Judy Brady; Lizzie reddened and bridled up. "Will he, indeed?" snapped she.

"Aw, 'deed he will, me girl; 'deed he will."

"An' supposin' he doesn't, Mister Daly?"

"The Lord sen', child; the Lord sen'."

"Then suppose he *does*, Mister Daly?" Lizzie persisted. "What'll happen then?"

"Aw, the Lord knows, child; the Lord knows."

"Ye think," said Lizzie, and bent towards her tormentor, "ye think I'll sit here like Anne an' listen to him?"

"I'm thinkin' so," drawled James. "Supposin' you're wise, I'm thinkin' so."

"An' supposin' I'm not wise?"

"Then there'll be the devil to pay, I'm fearin'."

"That's what ye think o' marryin'?" cried Lizzie.

"That's it," answered James, and looked at his wife; "that's me experience. But niver fear, acushla; take things aisy. Marryin's like all else; ye get used to it in the course o' time. Ye do so."

"Ye think that?" cried Lizzie. "An' ye think I—I—?"

"I know all about it," answered James, in his driest manner, "all about it. At first, when the hard word comes, ye'll bite your lips; then, after a year or so, when you're seasoned a bit, ye'll flare out angry, an' mebbe go for the tongs; after that, if you're wise, you'll jist notice nothin'. Aw, no. Like an ass's skin, ye'll get dull o' feelin'; sticks'll only rattle on ye; nothin' but prods of a pin'll make ye jump. Aw, no. That's the way o' the world, sirs. We're all the same. At first, if Mary goes out to milk, out Pat must go to carry the candle; after a while, Mary goes be herself, an' Pat sits smokin' up the chimbley; another year or two goes, an' if the cow kicks Mary into the gripe, Pat says it's a damned good job; after that, it's jist waitin' for the end, and when that comes, it's good-by to the graveyard for Pat or Mary—an' a good riddance, too. Ay, that's how the world goes, sirs; that's the way."

James settled back against his stump, folded his arms, and with the knowing smile of your professional humorist broad on his face, sat waiting for sport. Already, old Daly was nodding over his pipe; with gleaming eyes the rest of the ring bent forward to have a good sight of Lizzie's glowing face.

"That's what ye say," cried Lizzie, and stretched out a quivering arm; "that's what ye tell me to expect? That's the experience has come to *you*, James Daly, after all these years? An' ye sit there tellin' it to me! But let me tell ye this, James Daly, an' to your face I say it: If I thought your words were true, I'd scorn

ye; an', for meself, I'd pray the Lord to keep me always young, an' I'd sooner die this day, nor—"

At loss of a word, perhaps at loss of a thought (for she was speaking in a flurry of excitement), Lizzie paused; and just then the young scarecrows of Dalys began to clamor out in the heather.

"Here's ould Raw-bin," cried they. "Luk, mammy, 'at ould Raw-bin an' the ass."

"Go on," said James Daly to Lizzie. "Ye'd sooner die nor what?"

"Here's ould Raw-bin," shouted the scarecrows. "Luk, mammy."

"Ah, be quiet, ye brats, ye," shouted Anne.

"Aw, but here's ould Raw-bin," persisted the scarecrows. And at the word Lizzie sat back and dropped her arm.

Along the narrow cart-pass which from Curleck road runs down the middle of Emo bog, an old man came slowly, and before him drove an ass and creels. His face was withered, rough, stubbled with iron-gray hair; a battered beaver hat hung precariously on his crown; round his neck was a thick woolen muffler wrapped round and round, the ends hanging outside his greasy waistcoat; a long frieze coat, adorned with many patches everywhere, with brass buttons here and there, and pieces of cord in place of buttons elsewhere, hung from his bent old shoulders to his feeble old knees; his legs were tightly bound in coils of straw rope, and as he walked his great hob-nailed boots slipped up and down on his heels; his eyes were fixed straight before him, his tongue incessantly clicked on his palate, and he walked so close to the ass's heels that he was able to rest his oaken staff on the crupper of the creel-mats.

Now Robin, as he was called, was something of a character and a good deal of a favorite; and as he passed the Dalys' fire, Anne, nothing loath, maybe, in the manner of hostesses, to change the talk among her party, or to bring diversion to it, rose and hailed him.

"Hoi-i, Robin," she called; "how the sorrow are ye?"

"I'm rightlly," answered Robin, and plodded on.

"Is it pass us ye would wi'out a crack?" cried Anne. "Och, man alive, what's the hurry?"

"I want scraws for the fire," came back; "I haven't a spark."

"Ah, sorrow take the fire. Come over

here and share ours, an' ate a roasted pratie; come on, now, wi' ye."

Robin stopped short, scratched his pate, mumbled a word or two to himself; then left his ass to its devices, crossed the ditch which keeps the bog from the cart track, and stumbled through the heather towards the Dalys' fire.

All welcomed him. James shifted his seat a little and gave him a share of his stump; Anne piled the potatoes before him, set the milk noggin at his elbow, promised him a bite o' bread an' a dribble o' tay later on, and told him to fire away. Without any ado Robin shot a potato from its jacket, dipped it in the salt, and began eating. He gave no time to talk, hardly lifted his eyes from his hands; well within ten minutes of the time of his coming there was not a potato outside his coat.

He put down the milk noggin, gave a sigh of big content, wiped his lips on his coat sleeve, settled back against the stump, and began groping in his pockets for his pipe. Already James Daly, with his elbow resting on the stump and his cheek on his hand, was fast asleep; Mike Brady, flat on his face, and with his forehead on his crossed wrists, was lying like a log; old Daly, still sitting in the old place, had gathered up his legs, laid his arms across his knees, and gone asleep with his head resting on his hands; from the three went up a great noise of snoring.

"Well, I'm obliged to ye for that, Anne," said Robin, as he brought forth his pipe. "Lord love ye for it. Sure it's powerful to feel full again. Ay, ay."

"Aw, not at all, Robin; not at all, man," answered Anne, and set an old black porringer on the fire; "it's a poor heart, sure, wouldn't share a bite wi' a neighbor. Here ye are, me son," and she held out a coal with the tongs. "Light up and have a draw before ye have the tay. It'll be ready in a jiffy."

"I'm obliged to ye, Anne, I'm obliged to ye. Lord love ye, Anne," said Robin; then lit his pipe and fell to smoking. Gradually his eyelids grew heavy; the pipe went out and fell from his lips; his head nodded once or twice, suddenly fell back on the stump—and Robin was with the snorers.

Anne Daly took the porringer from the fire, poured some black tea into a mug, added a little sugar, and handed the mug to Mrs. Brady.

"Drink, Judy," said she.

"God bless ye, Anne," said Judy; and drank.

"Did iver God make quarer creatures nor the men, I wonder," Anne went on, and passed the mug to Lizzie. "To think o' the four sleepin' there like brute beasts an' good tay goin' beggin'. Lord sees, it's wonderful."

"Ay, it's wonderful," said Judy Brady; "aw, sure, they're the powerful strange mortals, anyway."

"Strange?" said Anne. "It's not the word. They're *onknowable*."

"There's Mike'd sleep fifteen hours on end, wi'out iver budgin' a limb," said Judy. "Dear knows, but only for the hunger, sometimes I think he'd niver wake."

"Well, he'll get little chance then o' sleepin' for iver in this world," was Anne's comment. "For the likes of us can't get far from the hunger. Aw, no."

"Aw, no," said Judy, and took another sip of the tea. "Aw, 'deed we can't."

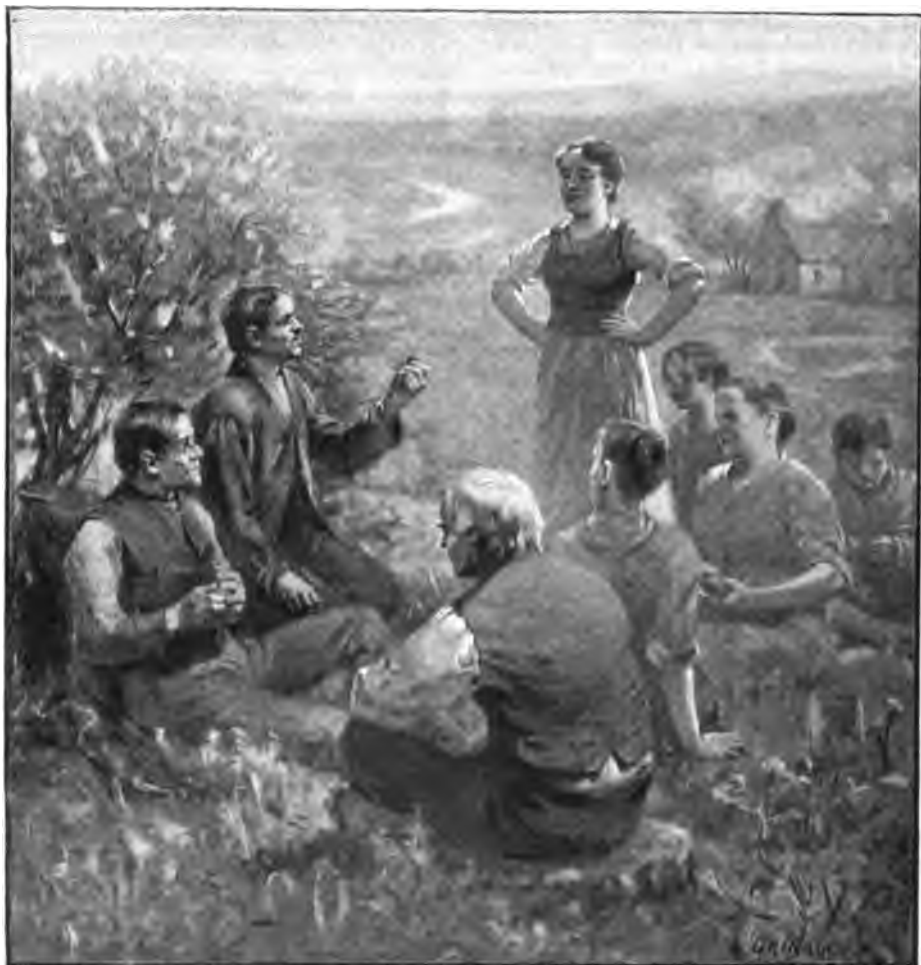
"Men are the devils," Lizzie broke in, all suddenly. "To think o' the way *that* James talked! . . . It's—it's not true, I tell ye . . . I tell ye, I'll never get married if . . ."

Anne and Judy opened eyes of wonder. "Lord sees," said they, "Lord sees!" Then said Anne in the voice of the scorner:

"Ah, quit your foolery, Lizzie Dolan. Troth, it's in short clothes ye should be still. You an' your tantrums, an' your threats, an' your bleather about niver marryin'! Niver marry, indeed! Troth, will ye, an' that before harvest next. Here, take another drig o' the tay an' stop your romancin'. Mopin', indeed! An' James only jokin' ye. Mopin', indeed! An' you as good, a'most, as marrit already, wi' a snug house an' a bouncin' boy waitin' for ye; an' yot not promised to him more'n a fortnight! Come, sit over here, an' tell us about that weddin' dress ye'll be after gettin'; an' quit your pighin', for God's sake. Come on, I tell ye."

And Lizzie sat over. Five minutes afterwards she was herself again, bright-eyed, voluble, as full of spirits and life as that spring day was full of glory.

The talk was of butter, eggs, dresses—dresses, forsooth! and these poor souls with only tatters in their wardrobes—of their little affairs, pleasures, troubles, of men and marriage, and of Lizzie's coming marriage in particular. Presently it flagged somewhat, and a pause coming, Lizzie's eyes fell upon the woeful figure of Ould Robin. She gave a little shiver of disgust at sight of his old, time-beaten



" . . . A FAMILY GROUP GATHERED FROM NEIGHBORING BOG-HOLES TO MAKE MERRY OVER THE POTATOES AND SALT. . . ."

face, his ugliness and squalor, his open mouth and dribbling chin. "Lord, the ugly ould man he is," said she; then, the spirit of mischief and of the spring being strong in her, she reached over and softly took the old beaver from Robin's head.

"Whisht," said she, as Anne Daly remonstrated; "whisht, till I show ye;" and plucking some sprays of heather she began decorating the hat. Long pieces she fixed all round within the band, and hanging down behind, and sticking forth the holes on top; here and there on the rim she laid a potato skin, and up the front fastened the old man's pipe; then, all being to her fancy, gently replaced the hat on Robin's head, and drew back tittering.

"Lord, the sight he is, the comical ould sight," cried she; "whisht, Anne, whisht; don't laugh, or ye'll wake him." But

already Anne had laughed, and Robin was awake.

He sat forward, blinking and rubbing his eyes.

"Faith," said he, in a hoarse croak, "I—I misdoubt I was asleep—so I was."

The women were so near laughter that none dared venture an answer.

"Faith," said Robin again, "I must ha' been asleep, so I must." He yawned wearily, stretched himself; then made as if to rise. "I'll have to be stirrin', so I will," said he. "I wonder where that divil of an ass is, now? Mebbe it's kickin' in a bog-hole the crature is."

With an effort Lizzie choked down her laughter.

"Ah, no, Robin," said she; "ah, no; don't be stirrin' yet. Sure, you're time enough; an' there's the ass grazin' along the pass; an' ye haven't had your tay; an'

—an' sure ye'll wait anyway till the men wake up. Sure they'd be ojus glad to see ye again," said Lizzie, and winked knowingly at Anne Daly.

The old man sank back against the stump.

"Very well," said he; "very well. Sure, there's no hurry, so there's not. It's a long day till night yet; an' there's no one waitin' for me now at home. Aw, no."

Up and down the old man wagged his head; and at sight of the dancing heather plumes in his hat, Lizzie buried her face in her hands and turned quickly away.

"Aw, Anne, dear," said she; "Anne, dear, I'll die, I'll die."

Robin gathered up his knees, clasped them with his hands, and sat looking towards Thrasna River. "Aw, no," he moaned, "there's no one waitin' now."

Again Lizzie turned to him.

"Tell me, Robin," said she; "what age might ye be, now?"

"If God spares me, I'll be seventy-five come next Hollentide, so I will. Yis, seventy-five years."

"It's a big age," said Anne Daly; "a powerful big age."

"Arrah, not at all," said Lizzie; "sure it's only a trifle, an' it lies like a feather on him. I say, Robin, isn't it near time ye thought o' marryin' again?"

The old man turned his head slowly and looked full at Lizzie.

"What's that?" said he.

"Aw, now ye heard me well enough," said Lizzie, with a coy look. "That's only your little way. Come, now, Robin, out wi' it. Who's the lassie?"

"Is it o' marryin' you're axin' me?" asked Robin; and before the solemnity of his face Lizzie dropped her eyes.

"It is," said she.

Slowly Robin turned his head and looked out over the heather.

"I was married only once," said he, very deliberately; "only once; an' I wish to God I was married yit, for it's meself is the lonesome man this day."

The women looked soberly at each other. Across the fire, old Daly awoke and sat staring in wonderment at Robin's hat. Mike Brady turned over on his back and began to yawn.

"I dunno if ye know it," said Robin, turning again to Lizzie, "but yisterday twelve months to a day it was that I buried Mary."

Lizzie flushed crimson, and cast down her eyes.

"Aw, aw," was all she could say.

"Yisterday twelve months to a day," Robin went on. "An' would ye believe me, it's jist the same wi' me the day as it was twelve months ago—jist as lonesome an' bewildered."

Mike Brady sat upright and, like old Daly, in sleepy amaze watched Robin slowly rise to his feet.

"It's a mortal curious kind o' feelin' comes over a man," said Robin, still very deliberately, and with his eyes fixed straight before him, speaking to no one in particular, "when he loses somethin' that he's got used to. If it's only an ould 'baccy knife he kind o' frets over losin' it; an' the longer he had it the more he misses it; an' when it's somethin' livin' that goes, an' ould dog, mebbe, or an ass, or somethin'—aw, sure, the feelin's woeful, woeful. It's lek as if the world was different, somehow, an' oneself, an'—an' iverything. Aw, yis, it's a mortal curious kind o' feelin'. An', if so be it's God's will that a man loses a child, or a sister, or—"

Robin paused, and, looking down at his boots, began rubbing his chin with his fingers. One or two of the potato skins and a spray of heather fell from his hat, but he never saw them fall. Like logs the three women and the two men sat watching him. James Daly still slept. Out in the heather, the children were shouting. From the fires here and there among the willow clumps, came the sounds of song and laughter.

"Nigh fifty years," Robin went on, and raised his face, "I lived wi' Mary—nigh fifty years; an' all the time, 'cept one day an' night I spent in Glann witnessin' to a lawsuit, I was niver parted from her. Fifty year; sure it must be we got well used to each other. Aw, ay, it must be. Sure it stands to sense that when two people eat for fifty years at the same table, an' work together, an' sleep together, an' do iverything together, that—that one's not oneself at all but jist as much one as t'other. Sure it must be. Aw, I know it; well I know it."

Again Robin paused. James Daly awoke; yawned; slowly raised his eyes; all at once caught sight of Robin's heather-decked hat.

"Why—why," he began; "what in glory, Robin—"

"Ah, whisht, ye *bodach*, ye," snapped Anne, his wife; "whisht wi' ye."

Robin fixed his eyes on Rhamus hill, and went on:

"Ay, but it's wonderful the grip a woman has on a man when he's lived wi' her for fifty years. Ay, it's astonishin'. An' ye niver know how astonishin' it is till ye lose her. Naw, ye niver know till then. Losin' anythin' else in the world's nothin' to it; nothin' at all. Ye get used to that, in a week, or a month, or so; but niver, niver do ye get used to th' other. Niver, niver! Ah, well I know it. . . . Twelve months ago, an' a day more, I buried Mary. That's a longish time, ye'd think, long enough anyway to get used to missin' her. But, somehow, I can't get used to it. How is it, will ye tell me? How does it come that ivery night I start from me sleep an' stretch out me hand to feel if she's there—an' she isn't; an' ivery night I lie awake from that on till mornin', jist lyin' frettin' an' frettin', an' thinkin' an' thinkin'? An' how is it, will ye tell me, that when I'm lightin' the fire o' mornin's, or lacin' me boots, or eatin' me breakfast, or doin' anythin' at all, I keep turnin' me head as I used to do when she spoke or I heard her foot? An' what is it sends me wanderin' about the house as if I was lookin' for somethin'—lookin' for somethin', I dunno what? An' then I ramble about the fields, an' do this an' that, an' see this an' that, an' all the time me mind is ramblin', an' I go moonin' an' stumblin' about jist as if I was lookin' for a thing I'd dropped. What makes me carry on like that, now? An' then I come back; an' when I lift the latch, somehow there's a kind o' dread on me, for I know the house is empty as the grave, an' I know I'll keep hearin' things, an' imaginin'

things, an' doin' quare things. Aw, it's mighty curious, odious strange. An' through it all I know I'm foolish; aw, I know it. I know she's dead, an' buried; an' I know I'll niver see her in this world again; an' I keep tryin' to get used to it, an' tryin' to make the best o' things, seein' 'twas God's will an' can't be helped; but it's no use, no use. I can't forget things; I can't get used to the loneliness; an', for all I know, if I was to live to be a hundred it'd be jist the same, an' I'd be as lonely then as I am this mortal day. - I'd go home then, jist as I'll go home the day, knowin' that there's an empty house waitin' for me, an' a dark hearth; an' I'd go moonin' about, an' in an' out, an' up an' down, jist as if I was hopin' to see some one or tryin' to find somethin'. An' the foolishness of it, sirs, the foolishness of it! For, sure, there's nothin' to be found, nothin' in the world; an' there, starin' me in the face, iver an' always, is Mary's ould chair, an' there's her boots, an' her shawl, an' her specs, an' the chair's empty, an' the boots, an' iverythin'. Ay, iverythin's empty, house an' all, house an' all—an' it's meself only feels like a ghost in it."

Robin stopped, rubbed his chin for a moment, then turned to Lizzie. "So ye'll see," he said, and strove to smile a little, "ye'll see that, mebbe, when all's considered, I've had enough o' marryin' to do my time."

"Aw, God help ye," moaned Anne Daly; "God help your ould heart."

But Lizzie, her face all wet with tears, ran to Robin.



" . . . AN' IT'S MESELF ONLY THAT FEELS LIKE A GHOST IN IT."

"Wait, Robin," said she, and deftly an' get the scraws for the fire. Come began plucking away the sprigs of heather from his hat; "wait, me son, till I fix the band on that ould hat o' yours—sure it's all crooked, an' up an' down. There, now it's better; an' may God forgive me this day!"

"Forgive ye for what, child?" asked Robin.

"Aw, for me sins," cried Lizzie; "an' may God be good to you. But aisy, now, till I fix ye up a bit. Aisy now," said she, and knotted his scarf; then buttoned his waistcoat; then stooped and laced up his boots; last of all took the old man by the hand. "An', now, come away wi' me," said she, "till I help ye catch the ass,

"I will," said Robin. "Good-by, Anne, ye girl, ye—an' James—an' all. God keep ye."

"Aw, good-by, Robin," said Anne Daly, and spoke for the rest. "Good-by, me son, an' may the angels keep ye and comfort ye."

So, hand in hand, Robin and Lizzie started; and just as they set foot on the heather, Lizzie turned her head and flashed a look at James Daly as he sat staring hard into the fire.

"An' now, James Daly," cried she; "*now* what have ye got to say for yourself?"

THE OLDEST RECORD OF CHRIST'S LIFE.

THE FIRST COMPLETE ACCOUNT OF THE RECENT FINDING OF THE "SAYINGS OF OUR LORD."

BY BERNARD P. GRENFELL, M.A.,

One of the two discoverers of the manuscript.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY F. G. KENYON, M.A.



IN the following article Mr. Grenfell describes the discovery of one of the most interesting documents that has come to light of recent years. It is not much to look at: a single small page, measuring less than six inches by four, of the ancient writing material known as papyrus, containing on each side some twenty lines of Greek writing; a rubbed, tattered, mutilated waif from a rubbish heap in one of the many lost and buried cities of Egypt. Yet what is it? The earliest, and far the earliest, record of the words spoken by our Lord Jesus Christ upon earth; the oldest document, by more than a century, in which the name of Jesus is written.

Hitherto the oldest documents containing the record of our Lord's life have been the famous Vatican and Sinaitic manuscripts of the New Testament, the former being at Rome, the latter at St. Petersburg. These are believed to have been written in the fourth century—say, somewhere about A.D. 350. The Alexandrian manuscript, in the British Museum, is perhaps seventy-five years later than these. But this scrap of papyrus, dug up last winter in Egypt by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt on behalf of the Egypt Exploration Fund, is declared by experts to have been written at the end of the second or the beginning of the third century—say, somewhere about A.D. 200. Thus a space of 150 years is wiped away by this discovery. Hitherto an interval of 300 years separated the life of Christ from the earliest extant copy of any record of it; now that interval is reduced by one-half, and any day the spade of the explorer may cut off another fifty or a hundred years from the interval that still remains.

Seventeen hundred years ago some humble Egyptian Christian was carrying about a little pocket volume in which were inscribed some of the words spoken by Christ upon earth. It was not a handsome volume, such as would have suited the library of

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Bernard P. Grenfell and his associate in the discovery of the "Sayings of Our Lord," Mr. Arthur S. Hunt, Fellows of Oxford University, England, were particularly well equipped, in point of scholarship, for the exploration they undertook and for interpreting the important discovery which it fell to them to make. They have just published the manuscript in facsimile, and a translation of it, with a commentary, in a small pamphlet, through Henry Frowde, London and New York. It is by the kind permission of Mr. Frowde that we reproduce a page of the manuscript in facsimile here.

a rich man. Such a volume would, in those days, have been in the form of a roll, provided with ornamental rollers and perhaps covered with a wrap to protect it from harm. The book form to which we are accustomed was, at first, only used for note-books, and then for cheap copies of literary works; and it was more as a note-book than as a work of literature at all that this precious leaf must have been regarded by its first possessor. Into this note-book, which was of a size to be easily carried about with him, he had copied some of the sayings of our Lord, from a collection made, we know not how much earlier—perhaps in the days when the Apostles were still alive, almost certainly before the four Gospels had come to be recognized as the sole authoritative records of our Lord's life. Some of these sayings are certainly authentic, since they are also preserved in the inspired Gospels. Some of them are not found in the Gospels; but who shall say whether they are or are not authentic? If we had the whole book which that Egyptian Christian once carried about with him, we could answer this question more surely; but we have only a single leaf, separated from the others by some chance, and preserved by the marvelous dryness of the climate and soil of Egypt amid thousands of other fragments of papyrus in the rubbish heaps of Behnesa. One leaf, with eight sayings, each prefaced by the formula, "Jesus saith"; three of them completely or substantially identical with sayings recorded in the Gospels, three of them wholly new, the other two so much mutilated as to be unintelligible; yet, small as it is, the oldest extant record of our Lord's life upon earth.

HOW WE FOUND THE "LOGIA."



IN spite of the number of excavations which have been conducted in Egypt during the last twenty years, comparatively little has yet been done for the scientific exploration of the many ancient town ruins with which the country is studded, especially along the edge of the desert. The superior attractions of temples and tombs for the excavator have caused the sites of towns to be left, except in a few notable cases, to native diggers, whether for nitrous earth or for antiquities, with the result that many of the most valuable objects found never even reach the dealers' shops, while all the historical information concerning their date and *provenance* is lost.



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BEHNESA FROM THE SOUTH.

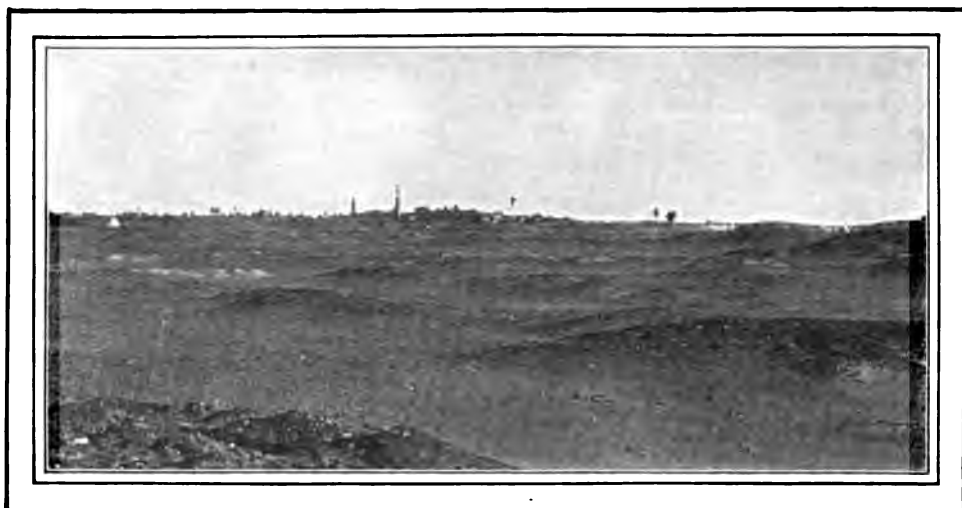
The principal reason for this avoidance of town sites on the part of excavators has been the fact that most ancient Egyptian towns continued to be inhabited until at least Roman times, probably the most flourishing period, in point of population, in all Egyptian history. Hence the majority of the ancient town ruins belong to that period; and, in the case of most sites which are known to be much older, the accumulation of late house ruins and debris, dating generally from the second to the eighth century, is too deep to allow the systematic excavation of the lower levels, except at an expenditure which is likely to far exceed the value of the results obtained. But though the investigation of these mounds which conceal nothing earlier than the first century presents but few attractions to most Egyptologists, whose interest in Egyptian history, art, and language naturally ceases at the point when Egypt finally lost her independence and became absorbed in a larger whole, the town sites of the Roman period, nevertheless, offer a fertile field for excavation, because it is in their ruined houses and rubbish mounds that papyri, and, above all, Greek papyri, are chiefly to be found.

The first find of Greek papyri took place about 120 years ago, when fifty complete rolls were discovered in a pot at Memphis, near Cairo, by some natives, who, however, burnt them all except one (so the story runs) "for the sake of the smell." Since then, Greek papyri have been found from time to time, and discoveries like that of Aristotle's treatise on the

Athenian Constitution and that of the Gospel of Peter have opened up a new prospect of recovering the lost treasures of classical antiquity and early Christian literature, which recalls the days of the Renaissance.

But it has been by native diggers in nearly every case, not by the scientific explorer, that the most important discoveries of papyri have been made; and so much unauthorized digging for antiquities has unfortunately been allowed to go on in Egypt, that the choice of a suitable site for finding papyri is now much narrowed, especially as the climate of the Delta is not sufficiently dry for so fragile a substance to be preserved, and the would-be excavator is therefore limited to Upper Egypt, between Cairo and the first cataract, the frontier of the Roman province.

I had for some time felt that one of the most promising sites left was the city of Oxyrhynchus, on the edge of the western desert, 120 miles from Cairo. Being the capital of one of the districts into which Egypt was anciently divided, it must have been the abode of many rich people who could afford to possess a library of literary texts. Though the ruins of the old town were known to be fairly extensive, and the site still continued partly to be inhabited up to the present day, no papyri appeared to have come from it, a fact which, though it might mean that there were no papyri to be found, made it probable that the place had not been much plundered for antiquities in recent times. Above all, Oxyrhynchus seemed to be a site where fragments of Christian literature might be



BEHNESA FROM THE NORTHWEST AND LOOKING ACROSS THE MOUNDS OF OXYRHYNCHUS.

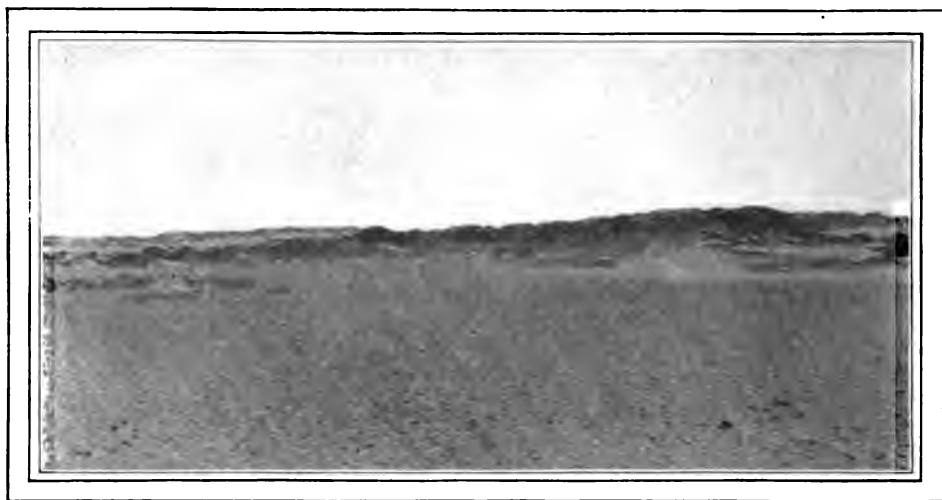
expected of an earlier date than the fourth century, to which our oldest manuscripts of the New Testament belong; for the place was renowned in the fourth and fifth centuries on account of the number of its churches and monasteries, and the rapid spread of Christianity about Oxyrhynchus, as soon as the new religion was officially recognized, implied that it had already taken strong hold during the preceding centuries of persecution.

The wished-for opportunity for digging at Oxyrhynchus offered itself last autumn, when leave was obtained by the Egypt Exploration Fund for Professor Flinders Petrie and myself to excavate anywhere in the strip of desert between the Fayûm and Minya, ninety miles long, in which Oxyrhynchus is situated. That place was chosen to be our headquarters, and work was begun there by Professor Petrie, who, after digging for a week and finding that both the ancient town and the cemetery belonged to the Roman period, handed over the excavations to Mr. Hunt and myself, and left to dig an early Egyptian site some forty miles to the north.

The ruins of Oxyrhynchus are seven miles from the Nile, just inside the desert and on the west bank of the Bahr Yusuf ("Joseph's river"), a branch of the Nile, about 100 yards wide, which runs out of the main stream some distance north of Assiout, and after flowing along the desert edge for 120 miles, cuts through the low range of the Libyan Hills, and creates the fertile oasis of the Fayûm. The area covered by the ancient town is a mile and a quarter long by half a mile broad, its modern

representative, Behnesa, still occupying a small fraction of it on the east side. It must have remained an important place until medieval times, since, though the village consists of merely a few squalid huts, there are four once handsome mosques, now rapidly falling to ruin, and the surface of about half the whole site is strewn with early or medieval Arabic pottery and debris of houses belonging to the same period.

The decline of Behnesa is due to its unprotected situation on the desert side of the Bahr Yusuf; for it is thus exposed to frequent nocturnal raids on the part of the Bedawîn Arabs, who are settled in considerable numbers along this part of the desert edge, and who, in accordance with their immemorial custom, sanctioned, so they claim, by the Creator Himself, eke out their otherwise precarious modes of subsistence by depredations upon their more prosperous neighbors. One of these raids took place while we were there, and an attempt was made to get into our house, which had been built a few yards outside the village; but the would-be marauders decamped on being fired at by our two native guards. Not indeed that they need have been frightened by the antique muzzle-loaders such as our worthy guardians possessed, but the Bedawîn, knowing the fellaheen's temperament well enough, does not expect to be resisted. It not infrequently happens that a small party of Bedawîn will raid a whole village of fellaheen without any serious opposition; for, as the fellah admits himself, when he hears the robbers in the next house, he lies very still lest he should



MOUND IN WHICH THE LOGIA FRAGMENT WAS FOUND.

attract them to his own. Probably the best way to put a stop to this would be to adopt some such system as that which is being employed with great success by the English government in Burma to suppress dacoits, six of whom used to be enough to "hold up" a village. Instead of a village being compensated by the government for being raided, the rest of the village has not only to make good the damage done to the victims, but to pay all the expenses connected with the capture of the robbers—a system which, I am told, is producing quite a high degree of public spirit among the villagers.

But to return to Behnesa: Its only claim to distinction is its modern cemetery, the largest one in the district, and a place of peculiar sanctity owing to the number of holy men buried there, including a local saint of much repute, Dakrûri, whose white-domed tomb is a conspicuous object in the broad desert plain extending from Behnesa towards the hills. The cemetery is immediately to the west of the village, and outside it, stretching far to the north and south, a series of low, irregular mounds with intervening hollows and low ground strewn with bricks and pottery, partly covered with a coating of wind-blown sand, marks the site of Oxyrhynchus, the mounds farthest from the village being the most ancient.

My first impressions on walking over the site were not very favorable. The size of the town, which is over a mile in length, made the prospect of discovering papyri appear at first sight almost as far off as that of finding the proverbial needle;

and, still more, the condition of utter ruin to which a thousand years' use as a quarry for stone and bricks had reduced the site, made it contrast unfavorably with the Fayûm towns which we had excavated the year before, where many of the houses and buildings still had their walls standing. But at Oxyrhynchus it was clear from the first that little beyond the foundations of buildings was left, and that, if papyri were to be found, they would be not in houses, but in the rubbish mounds. The distinction is one of much importance in digging for papyri, because those found in rubbish mounds, having been thrown away as waste paper, are generally in an extremely fragmentary condition, while in houses, on the other hand, which, after being deserted, have become filled up with sand, one may find collections of complete rolls, sometimes buried in pots, sometimes lying loose on the floor, just as they had been left when the house was deserted by its last occupant.

Though the great majority of papyri have been recovered from town ruins, Greek papyrus rolls are occasionally, though very rarely, found buried in tombs; and those which have been discovered in this way have, as a rule, proved the most valuable of all; for a manuscript would not be buried with its owner unless it were some special literary treasure, whether classical or theological. We therefore devoted our attention first to exploring the ancient cemetery.

The Egyptians generally buried their dead in ridges of high ground near the edge of the desert, though often, for



SOME OF OUR FELLAHEEN DIGGING FOR PAPYRI.

greater security, the cemeteries were hidden far back in the hills. At Oxyrhynchus there were no hills nearer than seven miles, and the intervening ground is a flat plain with scarcely a rise. In this plain, however, and parallel with the town, at a distance of a quarter of a mile to a mile from the ruins, we found many tombs, chiefly of the second to the fourth century. As is the case with so many Egyptian cemeteries, most of the tombs which were worth plundering had been opened long ago; and those which had not been disturbed contained little of interest, especially as they had been dug in low ground and were affected by damp working up through the soil, so that any papyrus which might have been buried there would have perished long ago. So, after three uneventful weeks, we resolved to start work upon the town.

On January 11th we sallied forth at sunrise with some seventy workmen and boys, and set them to dig trenches through a mound near a large space covered with piles of limestone chips, which probably denotes the site of an ancient temple, though its walls have been all but entirely dug out for the sake of the stone. The choice proved a very fortunate one, for papyrus scraps at once began to come to light in considerable quantities, varied by occasional complete or nearly complete

private and official documents containing letters, contracts, accounts, and so on; and there were also a number of fragments written in uncials, or rounded capital letters, the form of writing used in copying classical or theological manuscripts. Later in the week Mr. Hunt, in sorting the papyri found on the second day, noticed on a crumpled uncial fragment written on both sides the Greek word *KΑΡΦΟΣ* ("mote"), which at once suggested to him the verse in the Gospels concerning the mote and the beam. A further examination showed that the passage in the papyrus really was the conclusion of the verse, "Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye;" but that the rest of the papyrus differed considerably from the Gospels, and was, in fact, a leaf of a book containing a collection of sayings of Christ, some of which, apparently, were new. More than that could not be determined until we came back to England.

The following day Mr. Hunt identified another fragment as containing most of the first chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. The evidence both of the handwriting and of the dated papyri with which they were found makes it certain that both the "Logia" and the St. Matthew fragment were written not later than the third cen-

tury, and they are, therefore, a century older than the earliest manuscripts of the New Testament. It is not improbable that they were the sole remains of a library belonging to some Christian who perished in the persecution during Diocletian's reign, and whose books were thrown away.

Finding that the rubbish mounds were so fruitful, I proceeded to increase the number of workmen and boys up to 110, and the flow of papyri rapidly became a torrent which it was difficult to cope with. Each lot found by a pair (man and boy working together) had to be kept separate from the rest; for the knowledge which papyri are found together is frequently of great importance, as, for instance, in determining the date of the "Logia;" and since it is inevitable that some papyri should get broken in the process of getting them out of the closely packed soil, it is imperative to keep together, as far as possible, fragments of the same document. We engaged two men to make tin boxes for storing the papyri, but for the next ten weeks they could scarcely keep up with us.

The papyri were, as a rule, not very far from the surface of the rubbish; in one patch of ground, indeed, merely turning up the surface with one's boot would sometimes disclose a roll; and it was seldom that we found them at a greater depth than ten feet, though we made various efforts by digging deep, especially in the earlier mounds, to find papyri earlier than the first century A.D. But our attempts were not successful, and the explanation seems to be that, as in the case of the tombs, the damp soaking from below had proved fatal to what papyri there may have been in the lower levels. It was not uncommon to find at a much less distance than ten feet from the surface, in the lower mounds, rolls which had been hopelessly spoiled by damp. Sometimes the papyri were scattered at various depths all over a mound, but generally they were confined to one or two layers of the rubbish, those in each layer having been thrown away about the same time.

This was particularly the case in three mounds where large quantities of rolls were found together, probably representing part of the local archives or record offices at different periods. It was the custom in Egypt during the Roman period to carefully store up, in the government record offices at each town, official documents of every kind dealing with the administration and taxation of the country; and to these ar-

even private persons used to send letters, contracts, and other documents which they wished to keep, just as we send similar documents to a solicitor or banker. Of course, after a time, when the records were no longer wanted, a clearance became necessary, and it seems that the old papyrus rolls were put in baskets or on wicker trays, and thrown away as rubbish.

We on several occasions came upon places where a basketful of papyri had been thrown, and sometimes we even found them in the actual baskets. Unfortunately, it was the practice to tear most of the rolls to pieces first, and of the rest many had naturally been broken or crushed after being thrown away, while in some cases the rubbish mounds had been partially burnt; so that the amount discovered which is sufficiently well preserved to be of use bears but a small proportion to what the whole amount might have been. Still, even as it is, the number of fairly well-preserved documents in these three great finds is very large, especially in the case of the third, which took place on March 18th and 19th, and was, I suppose, a "record" in point of quantity. On the first of these two days we came upon a part of a mound which had a thick layer of almost solid papyrus. There was room for six pairs of men and boys to be working simultaneously at this storehouse, and the difficulty was to find enough baskets in Behnesa to contain all the papyri. At the end of the day's work, no less than thirty-six were brought in, many of them stuffed with fine rolls, three to ten feet long. Fortunately, we had some large packing-cases at hand, in which we had brought our stores from Cairo, and as the baskets were required for the next day's work, Mr. Hunt and I set to work at nine o'clock in the evening to stow away the papyri. The task was only finished at three in the morning; and on the following night we had a repetition of it, for twenty-five more baskets were filled before the place was exhausted.

This was our last great find, as the best ground had now all been dug; but we continued the excavations for nearly a month longer, at the end of which we packed up the papyri in twenty-five large cases, weighing altogether nearly two tons, and despatched them to Cairo. One hundred and fifty of the largest and finest rolls were taken for the Gizeh Museum; the rest is now at Oxford, where Mr. Hunt and I are engaged in the lengthy task of sorting and unrolling. The thorough examination of

this vast collection will be the work of years, and it is impossible yet to say what may be discovered in it.

Our diggers, with the exception of four trained men from the Fayûm, who had

fied with the *bakhshish* which they received for all that they found. The idea of the natives with regard to the motive of the excavators is that they are in search of gold, or at least of ancient coins. That

there should be any interest attaching to "old paper" is, of course, quite beyond their comprehension; and, though ready enough to make a profit out of our apparent folly, they no doubt regarded our desire for papyri as a proof of that madness which is generally attributed to Europeans by the fellaheen second only to that afforded by our taking the skulls found in the ancient cemetery back to England in order to measure them. An amusing illustration of the fellaheen's speculations on the latter subject was given us two years ago at Nagada, whence Professor Petrie took back to England all the skeletons found in the so-called "New Race" cemetery. The current explanation, we found afterwards, of our proceedings was that in England there was a great paucity of population, and that in consequence we came out to Egypt to dig up skeletons, in order that by means of magic we might bring them back to life, and so make new men out of them.



EXACT FACSIMILE OF THE RECTO SIDE OF THE PAPYRUS.

experience of digging for papyri and kept a general lookout over the others, were drawn from Behnesa and the surrounding villages. The site of Oxyrhynchus had been very little touched by antiquity-hunters, and we were fortunate therefore in obtaining a very unsophisticated body of men, who knew nothing about *anticas*, to start with, and appeared very well satis-

The excavator in Egypt is not much troubled by the restrictions which hamper the independence of employers of labor in this country. There is no question there about an eight-hours day. Sunrise to sunset, with an hour off at noon, makes a nine to eleven-hours day even for the youngest, and one does not hear much about "half-timers." As the papyrus digging was

comparatively light work, I had more boys than men diggers, the former being not only easier to manage and more trustworthy, but quite as keen about the work as the men, which is rather remarkable, seeing that all their earnings go to their parents. But I should think nearly every boy in the district who could walk wanted to be taken on to the work. Some of the tiny applicants really looked as though they had only recently left their cradles, if they had ever known such luxuries, which, of course, they had not. One of the smartest workers of all was also the smallest, a little chap about eight years old, who had a wonderful eye for the right kind of soil for finding papyri. I am afraid some tender-hearted persons would have thought me a very brutal taskmaster, if they could have seen some of these children lifting and carrying away heavy baskets of rubbish all day, clothed, perhaps, if the weather was hot, in nothing but a cap on their heads and a piece of string round their waists. But I think the same persons would have retracted their opinion, if they could, at the end of the day's work, have seen the said infants racing each other home over the sand dunes, while I plowed my way painfully in the rear.

People naturally think of excavating as a continuous process of looking on at the discovery of valuable things; but there is,

of course, another side to it, which is, in reality, much the more prominent of the two. There are many more blanks than prizes drawn in this, perhaps the most legitimate, form of lottery, though the world does not hear much of the first. And even when Fortune is, on the whole, kind, she generally bestows her gifts at rare intervals, in the hope of which the excavator has to bear weeks and often months of monotony. Moreover, superintending excavations in Egypt means standing all day to be half choked and blinded by the peculiarly pungent dust of ancient rubbish, blended on most days with the not less irritating sand of the desert; probably drinking water which not even the East London Waterworks would have ventured to supply to its consumers, and keeping incessant watch over men who, however much you may flatter yourself to the contrary, will steal if they get the chance and think it worth their while to do so.

Still the excavator's life has a fascination possessed by few other pursuits; and though at present the task of publishing the papyri which we have found is more pressing than that of discovering new ones, I look forward to the day, not very distant, I hope, when I shall once more exchange the pen for the measuring stick, and the close atmosphere of the study for the freedom and independence of the desert.



OUR ENCAMPMENT.



THE MAKING OF A REGIMENT.

WHAT A SERVICE OF SEVEN MONTHS DID FOR A TROOP OF RAW VOLUNTEERS.

BY IRA SEYMOUR.

THE process by which men were made soldiers in our late war was one of the most remarkable things in that phenomenal conflict. Men who had no taste for military life, no desire for martial glory, and none save the most rudimentary military training were enlisted, uniformed, organized into regiments, officered often with those as ignorant of war as themselves, equipped, armed, and sent into the field within a few months, or even a few weeks, after being mustered into service. And these raw regiments were speedily molded into well-disciplined and effective battalions, fit to be members of a famous army.

All this is history more or less well known, but the way in which the result was accomplished is not so familiar, and perhaps the experience of one who was a member of one of these regiments may be worth telling.

I remember—I was but a boy then—how, at the time of the news from Sumter and the President's first call for troops, the pastor of the village church spoke on a Sunday morning to a breathless congregation and closed with the trumpet call, "Who will go to the war?"

Instantly in the gallery one man stood up. He was a veteran who had served in the regular army in Mexico. There were others, but I mention him because he was typical. Into the earliest formed regiments went the few like the soldier of Mexico who had seen actual warfare, also

the pick of the members of the city militia organizations; and into these first regiments went the enthusiasm of the nation's first burst of patriotism. Then, too, the delays of the first year of the war gave opportunity for drill and discipline of the regulation sort, often under officers of West Point training. These oldest regiments were, therefore, the flower of the army, and in a peculiar way the model and foundation of it. But after Gettysburg—indeed, before that memorable battle—they had become terribly reduced in number and actually formed but a fraction of the mighty host.

THE ENLISTMENT.

The history of the later regiments was different. Enthusiasm, though it did not die, cooled. Something else took its place, something more truly characteristic of the great crisis. I do not know how to give it a name. It was a spirit that entered into the nation, a solemn and compelling impulse that seized upon men whether they would or no. Many attempted to resist, but successful resistance was blasting to peace of mind. The voice of this spirit asked insistently, "Why do you not go to the war?" And it was not easy for an able-bodied man to prove his right to stay at home. It was in obedience to this impulse that men went into regiments formed during the year of 1862. The day for illusions was passing; the grim character of the

struggle was becoming too evident. "Going to the war" meant no possibility of holiday excursion, for the stress of the crisis hastened new regiments to the front with small delay; the calls for troops were urgent, and they summoned to serious work. It was by one of these calls that we were mustered, and it was marvelous how quickly ten full companies were enlisted in the county. Local pride had its influence; the county contained one large manufacturing town and several important villages. Town vied with country, and each village with every other, in completing its quota of men. There were other influences. "A draft" was beginning to be talked of, and there were some who said, "I would rather volunteer now than be drafted a few months later." Then, too, for the first time, a bounty was promised. It was small in comparison with the sums afterwards offered, but sufficient to turn the scale with waverers. And yet the chief impulse was that imperious spirit of the hour which had begotten the feeling in every man's breast that until he had offered himself to his country he owed an unpaid debt; and when a regiment was actually in process of organization in your own neighborhood, this was brought home with redoubled force; when friends and neighbors to whom perhaps the sacrifice was greater than it possibly could be to yourself came forward, very shame made it difficult to hold back. Men really too old for service forgot a few years of their life and persuaded the mustering officer to wink at the deception. Boys, whose too glaring minority had alone prevented them thus far, yet in whose ardent hearts the spirit of the hour burned the more hotly by delay, sprang to the opportunity. In our own company there were a few men over forty-five years of age and a much larger number of whom it would be a stretch of truth to say they were eighteen. It was pretty much the same throughout the ten companies. There were laboring men and mechanics, manufacturers and their employees, storekeepers and clerks, a few farmers, and a few students. There were young men from the best families in the county and some ne'er-do-wells, but the mass of the company and of the regiment was composed of plain, intelligent men, workers in the industries of a busy community. As to nationality, there were a few Germans and a sprinkling of Irish, but the body of the regiment was American of old and solid New England and Dutch stock.

THE FIRST OFFICERS.

We enlisted on a strictly equal footing, and chose our own company officers. The field officers, the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and major, were elected by the company officers and appointed by the governor of the State. The non-commissioned officers, the sergeants and corporals, were selected by the captains.

The captain of our own company was a jeweler and an old member of a city militia organization. Our first lieutenant was a banker's clerk, and our second lieutenant a mechanic who had in some way acquired an excellent knowledge of tactics. These were fair examples of the officers of the regiment. Out of the forty or more of them, ten had served in the State militia; a few of these ten had been with the "three months' men" who were called out at the beginning of the war; scarcely one of them had ever seen a shot fired in anger; the large majority, like the mass of the men, were destitute of any real military knowledge.

As to the colonelcy, the officers had fixed their desires upon a member of one of the old regiments, a highly qualified man; but the State authorities, in their inscrutable wisdom, refused to appoint him and sent us instead a staff officer who, though he had seen some slight service, was ignorant of infantry tactics and without experience in actual command. He was, however, an imposing individual, a fine horseman, with a decidedly military bearing and a self-assurance which temporarily concealed his defects.

THE ALPHABET OF TACTICS.

Such, then, was the regiment when it was ready to be mustered into the service. You might say, "This is not a regiment; it is a mob," and you would be wrong. The men had gone through no such process of drill as is considered essential to the making of soldiers, yet they were not utterly ignorant even in this matter. It would have been hard at that time to find a young American who did not know something of the rudiments of infantry tactics. The political campaigns immediately preceding the war, with their semi-military organizations and their nightly processions, were a preparation for what followed which has been too little noticed. And when the war began, in every village "Home Guards" or drill classes were formed, and

Hardee's and Casey's "Tactics" were well known and carefully studied books. We were all inexperienced, but only a small minority of the thousand men and officers were absolutely ignorant of military drill; moreover, the mass of them were intelligent Americans, who learned quickly and easily. When we left the home camp a few weeks after enrolment, we could march deceptively well, and the regiment actually received praise for its fine appearance from spectators whose frequent opportunities had made them critical. Yet we were sadly defective. To keep step, to march by companies, to execute self-consciously a few motions of the manual of arms, is but the alphabet of tactics. The battalion, not the company, is the tactical unit, and until a regiment has mastered the battalion drill and has learned skirmish work it is unfit for modern warfare. In these essential things we were utterly unpractised.

There is also something else more important than drill. With regularly trained troops perfection of drill is simply the index of discipline. We were, in fact, very imperfect in both. Our discipline was certainly lax, yet even this was not wholly lacking. We were not a crowd of enthusiasts. Even at home we had for a year and a half lived in an atmosphere of war; the breath of battle from afar had reached us; we knew something of what it meant to be soldiers and what we were going into. The spirit of the hour enveloped us, and when we were formally mustered in and, with our right hands raised to heaven, took the oath of service, there was no wild cheering; there was instead a feeling of awe. The soul of the army, the mysterious solidarity of the mighty compelling organization, seemed to take possession of us; we knew that we were no longer our own. Discipline is already half learned when men are thus made ready for it.

Washington was our first destination. We made the journey in freight cars, and on our arrival went into camp under canvas for the first time. It was shortly after the battle of Antietam, and the city was half camp, half hospital. Everywhere one met the monotonous blue uniforms: officers hurrying hither and thither; wounded convalescents, pale and weary, strolling about; sentries and squads of provost guards; occasionally a brigade of dusty and tattered veterans from the front, marching through the streets; and near the railroad stations, trainloads of wounded

men who had been brought in from the overcrowded field hospitals, lying on the floors of box cars, the stench of their undressed hurts filling the air. Everywhere the atmosphere of war emptied of its glamour!

The Capital was the sore heart of the nation, and our glimpse of it was a wholesome lesson. It sobered us; it took away all lingering sense of insubordination and taught us the relentless power of the mighty machine of which we had become a part, and into which we knew we must be fitted.

BEGINNING ARMY LIFE IN EARNEST.

In a few days we were sent to Frederick City, and our army life began in earnest. For more than a week we slept without tents, upon the ground, under the open sky. We also took final leave of railroad transportation. We had to learn the use of our feet and the meaning of the march. After a short stay at Frederick, orders came to proceed to Hagerstown. Western Maryland was at that time strongly held by the Union forces, yet it was not a perfectly secure country. It was subject to raids of the enemy's cavalry, and there was a spice of danger in our march. We proceeded by easy stages; though, unseasoned as we were, the ten or twelve miles a day with our heavy loads seemed long enough; and at night when we made our bivouac we took carefully guarded positions and threw out pickets. Once there was a rumor that Stewart's raiders were in the neighborhood, and our colonel made us a little speech in his bravado style. He told us that we must not load our muskets, "that he greatly preferred the bayonet!" Fortunately, we were unmolested. Everywhere along our march through that beautiful Maryland hill country we saw the marks of war. We crossed the famous South Mountain and a corner of the Antietam battlefield. There were groups of lonely graves by the roadside, and here and there the white tents of lingering field hospitals. On one night we camped near Phil. Kearney's old brigade, one regiment of which had come from our own neighborhood. Some of us went over to their camp to visit friends whom we had not seen since the beginning of the war. We saw the evening dress parade of that choice regiment. They were fresh from the perils and hardships of the campaign; their ranks were sadly thinned, their clothes worn to rags, many



On the March.

of the men were nearly shoeless; but their rifles and their fighting equipments were in perfect order, and their dress parade was performed with a precision which could scarcely have been surpassed had they been a battalion of regulars in garrison, with spotless uniforms and white gloves.

TAKING EXAMPLE FROM THE VETERANS.

When we reached Hagerstown we found that we were assigned to a brigade of veterans, Yankees from the far North, who had come from their ancestral mountain farms at the first call of their country. They were, in many respects, a contrast to our friends whose dress parade we had witnessed. For those military forms and ceremonies so dear to the heart of the professional soldier they had small regard. They were noted foragers. Their commander, an officer of the regular army who afterwards became a distinguished division chief, said of them, with mingled vexation and admiration, "I never saw such men. It is impossible to tire them out. No matter how far or how hard you march them, at night they will be all over the country stealing pigs and chickens." Their five regiments were all from one State, and their *esprit de corps* was very strong. With quaint Yankee drawl they used to boast, "This old brigade has never been broke, and it never shall be." And I think they made good their word to

the end. They obeyed their officers with prompt devotion, but only because they knew that this was a necessary part of discipline; they had small reverence for rank or place. One of them once said to me, "When I am on guard, if I see an officer coming I always try to be at the other end of my beat, so that I won't have to salute him." And yet in small essentials these men were very precise soldiers. One evening one of them came over from his regiment to visit us. The enemy suddenly opened fire from his batteries away beyond the river. It was a common occurrence. There was no special danger; the regiments were not even formed in line; yet this veteran promptly took his leave. "You know," he said, "that when firing begins a man ought to be in his place in his own company." It was so always. With all their independence and contempt for conventionalities, the discipline prevailing in that brigade was really most rigid. They were not fond of reviews, and took no special pains to make a show on such occasions; but to see the splendid line they kept in that deadly charge on the Fredericksburg heights, when one of their small regiments lost over a hundred men in a few moments, was enough to bring tears of admiration from a soldier's eyes; and at Salem Heights, when at evening Stonewall Jackson's men, concentrated in overwhelming force, came down upon us in sudden savage charge, and the brigade at our right was "smashed like a pitcher thrown against a rock," when every other hope seemed gone, these Yankees stood firm, with unbroken ranks, and saved the Sixth Corps from disaster.

These were the soldiers whose example became our chief teacher in the art of war. Greenhorns as we were, they received us kindly into their fellowship, and, while they criticized freely, they were ever ready to give us full meed of praise for anything we did well.

INTO THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

We were scarcely settled in our brigade camp before orders came which set the whole army in motion. From picturesque Hagerstown we marched toward the Potomac, and encamped for a few days in a

of magnificent oaks. There was
sical talent of the popular sort
iment, and it had crystal-
r-lee club whose free con-
he camp-fires were the
hole brigade and did
easantly acquainted

One of the men
r on the banjo,
early beloved
or fellow, he
-room than
ew weeks
to the toil of
gled" and was
all, by the Confed-
and we saw him no



On the Picket Line.

cantly we left our pleasant
p, under the oaks, and a short
march brought us to the banks of the
Potomac and in view of a pontoon
bridge. That river was a Rubicon.
On the other side of it lay the de-
batable land, the region of bloody
battle, and the bridge which, like
a dark line of fate, lay across the water
in the glow of twilight, seemed the final
decision of our destiny. We had dreamed
that we were to be employed in garrison
duty to relieve older and more experienced
troops. Now we knew that we must take
our share, raw as we were, in the toil and
peril of the coming campaign. Soldiers
never know their destination on the march.
Even the officers, unless they be corps or
division commanders, are usually as much
in the dark as the humblest privates, and the
river, with its pontoon bridge, was a revela-
tion to our veteran friends as well as to
ourselves. We listened to their comments
with hushed attention. "Well, here we
are once more; here is the river and there
are the pontoons, and we are going over
into Virginia again. The inhabitants of
the land are all rebels, and yet the last
time we were over there our generals were
mighty tender towards them. No foraging
was allowed, and we submitted tamely;
we spared the inhabitants. But this
time, may the gods do so to us and more
also if we spare them!"

There was something of the Cromwellian
spirit among these Yankees, and in spite
of the provost guard, they made good
their threat.

REAL EXPERIENCE OF THE MARCH.

The crossing of that river in the morn-
ing marked a new stage in the making of

the regiment. We entered upon our first
real discipline, and it was that of the
march. Our tramp through Maryland,
which had seemed so severe, was really
child's play. Now we were part of a
great campaigning host, a mere unit in the
moving mass, in which we must perforce
keep our place. The discipline of the
march may seem very simple, and it is, in
fact, simpler in some ways than people sup-
pose who have formed their ideas from
what they have seen in city parades. The
tactics of the march are elementary. The
soldier must know how to keep his place
in a column of fours; the regiment must
be able instantly to form in line. That is
about all. On the march there is no at-
tempt at keeping step; there is far less ap-
parent order than in a political parade.
Each man carries his gun as he pleases,
only so that he interferes with no one else.
Yet, with loose order and apparent free-
dom there is really severest restraint.
The ranks must be kept closed up; to lag,
even when you are most weary, is a fault;
to drop out of your place and "straggle"
is a crime. A man is but a cog in the
wheels of a remorseless machine, and he
must move with it. The march is an art
which some otherwise well-drilled troops
are slow in acquiring. A regiment of in-
fantry is seldom allowed the road. When
an army is moving through a hostile
country, the roads are monopolized by the
artillery and the supply and ammunition

trains; foot soldiers must take to the fields, find a way over plowed ground or meadow, through fences, through brush, through woods, across bridgeless streams. In spite of obstacles the column must press on, keeping its formation intact, and keep closed up. This is no simple matter.

Battle is one trial of a soldier's quality; the march is another scarcely less severe. It tries endurance. Did you ever walk twenty miles in a day? It is not a long walk, and it may be delightful. But if you have had to carry even a light satchel or a fish-basket, with your wading-boots, you know how the trifling load tells before the day is over; how you try it first in one position, then in another, and each seems worse than the last. Now suppose yourself loaded with knapsack containing your half of a shelter tent, your blanket, and a few other necessities; haversack filled with three days' rations; cartridge-box with from forty to sixty rounds of ammunition; canteen of water, heavy musket and bayonet—fifty or sixty pounds in all. Your twenty miles will equal forty without the load; yes, more than that, even if you could walk at will and choose the easiest paths, which is precisely what the soldier cannot do. You must stumble over stony places, and push through briars, and wallow through swampy ground, or toil through soft fields; now and then you must wade a brook up to your knees or deeper, and for the next hour your shoes will weigh a pound more than they ought and gather mud and absorb gravel. Perhaps the regiment may take the highroad for a time, and the dust, beaten small and deep by preceding hoofs and wheels, will enshroud you in a horrible cloud from which there is no escape, and penetrate every crevice of your clothing, and fill your eyes and ears and mouth and nostrils, and blind and choke you.

There is no martial music to cheer you on; only the monotonous command, "Close up, men!" You lose consciousness of your soul; you know only that you have a body. Even that seems not to belong to you; it seems a badly oiled machine, part of a greater machine. And, then, on hot days the thirst! Your canteen will soon be exhausted; you will look with longing eyes at every stagnant puddle, and when a brook is reached—I have then seen men break through all restraint and madly dash at the water in spite of the drawn swords of officers vainly struggling to keep the ranks whole. As the day wanes the weariness amounts to agony.

Every bone aches, every nerve is unstrung; strong men lose their self-control, sometimes almost their manhood.

The moods of men on the march are a curious study. Perhaps early in the day the whole line will break into song, especially if the route happens to be through an inhabited town. The Maryland villages used to ring with

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

Then silence will fall on every one as the burden begins to tell. Not a word will be spoken until some one breaks out with an oath, and then, all up and down the line, every man who ever swears will answer, and the air will be blue with blasphemy.

War takes no account of Sabbaths. We often marched day after day until we fairly lost track of time, and you might hear a dialogue like the following:

"Bill, what day is this?"

"Why, don't you know? This is Sunday."

"By George! is that so? Well, there's no rest for the wicked!"

And then the men would begin to talk about home, and somehow over the rudeness of war and the weariness of the march a breath of hallowed air would seem to waft itself, and the far-off sound of Sabbath bells would seem to steal, and the dim faces of distant loved ones would rise before us, until the spell would perhaps be broken by another chorus of profanity.

WEEDING OUT THE INEFFICIENT.

By force of stern necessity we became a good marching regiment long before we had half learned tactical drill, and the discipline did several important things for us. Our marching was not peaceful; it was through a hostile country. The enemy's cavalry hung about our flanks and rear, and the sound of cannon was frequent. We had as yet no fighting, but we were constantly threatened, and that helped the discipline. It taught us unceasing vigilance and the need of perpetual readiness; it also tried the nerves of our officers. The unfit ones began to drop off. First our lieutenant-colonel, then our major, was smitten with what the men called "cannon fever." Their health failed suddenly, their resignations were offered and accepted, and we were well rid of them. The captain of Company A, who now be-

*A Wayside Well.*

came major, was a fine type of the class of men by whom our volunteer army was mainly officered. He was a plain citizen who had been superintendent in a manufactory, and his military knowledge was only such as could be gained in a militia company. He had, however, a strong soldierly instinct, and, better still, his personal character compelled respect. Familiar in manner, with no "airs," yet always dignified and firm; modest, yet, as we found when the test came, unflinchingly brave; with keen natural intelligence, quick to grasp a situation and prompt in action, he proved that good officers are born, not made. His awkwardness on horseback afforded amusement only for a little while. In a few weeks he rode like a cavalryman, and every fresh trial of his quality raised him in our esteem and affection.

The weeding process worked among the men in a different way. The old and weak and physically unfit broke down. Some of them died; a number of them were discharged from the service. At the end of a month we had lost more officers and as many men as a smartly contested battle would have cost us, and instead of being weaker, we were distinctly stronger for it. The law of the survival of the fittest was beginning to work. In another way the weeding process proceeded. Every army requires a great many non-

combatants as its servants. There must be wagoners, clerks at headquarters, ambulance drivers, hospital attendants, "detail men" of many sorts, and each regiment has to furnish its quota of these. When, therefore, an order would come to detail a man, perhaps for ambulance driver, the colonel would send it down to a captain with the hint, "Detail the worst dead beat in your company." Sometimes these non-combatant positions were sought by those who had no stomach for the fight, and thus, in different ways, our thinned ranks became cleaner.

EATING AND SLEEPING ON THE MARCH.

We learned other things by the discipline of the march. We learned to live as soldiers must. Life in a well-ordered camp and camp life in the field are vastly different. The army lived in shelter tents. These were simply pieces of cotton cloth about six feet square, and each man carried one piece on his knapsack. Two or three buttoned together and stretched over such poles or sticks as could be found, or over muskets set in the ground when nothing else could be had, formed our habitation. We literally carried our houses on our backs. We slept on the ground, or, rather, we learned not to sleep on the ground. Pine branches made a luxurious bed, but anything served—dried grass,

boughs of saplings, even corn stalks, though they were worse than boarding-house mattresses. I have slept on unthreshed wheat—anything to keep the body from direct contact with the ground, which, even in summer, chills one through before morning. Then, wood for fires must be had. Through the hill country of Virginia we used the fences. When the welcome halt was called at evening and arms stacked, it was a sight to see eight or nine hundred men joining with wild cheers in a mad charge on the nearest rail fence. Sometimes our colonel would draw us up in line and give the word, so that all might have an even chance, and then, after a brisk scrimmage, the fence would disappear as if by magic. Dry rails made the best of campfires, but the skill which men developed at fire-making was wonderful. We had few axes beside the dozen carried by the pioneer corps, whose duty it was to clear obstructions from the road; we had to break up our rails or break down branches as best we could. Our jack-knives did yeoman service. Often green wood alone was available; and I have actually seen fires kindled in the midst of pouring rain with nothing but such apparently impossible materials as green pine saplings.

Two men from each company were detailed as cooks. They were seldom favorites with the men. On the march, and, finally, almost altogether, their services were dispensed with. We preferred to do our own cooking, especially when it came to the coffee. Coffee was our chief comfort and our main necessity. We carried it in the haversack, in a little bag with a partition: on one side ground coffee, on the other, smaller side, a little brown sugar; and we made it generously, and drank it strong. Coffee, hardtack, and salt pork were the standard marching rations.

It was curious to notice how men treated the rations question. Three days' supply at a time was dealt out to us. Some of the men would make way with their stock in two days, and then go begging among their comrades. Upon others excessive weariness acted as a stay upon appetite, and the three days' rations would be more than enough. I think these were the men who stood the hardship of the march best. After supper came sleep, the sleep of exhaustion; and then at daybreak, the reveille, roll-call, hasty breakfast (like the

supper, of hardtack, pork, and coffee). Then canteens were filled from the nearest available water, knapsacks packed, and precisely at sunrise the column would be formed and the march begun. The rule



The Captain's Quarters.

was, march two hours, rest ten minutes, except at noon, when twenty minutes' rest was allowed.

At these rests the men would lie down wherever they happened to be, and think the hard ground blessed and the time too short. Sometimes, though this was later, during the battle season, we had night marches, and as illustrating the result of the discipline of the march even upon new troops, I have seen men, when halt was called at night, lie down in the dusty road and fall instantly fast asleep; but at the low-spoken order, "Fall in, men!" they would as instantly rise, and, before they were fully awake, step into their proper places in the line. Under the discipline of the march, in three months' time we had learned lessons which the best trained city militia regiments never learn and which made us veterans in comparison with them.

If you ask how we learned, I can only answer that we did as we saw the old

troops about us doing. And it is but justice to our colonel to say that he knew the duties of the march, and especially those of the camp, and was strict to the point of severity, with the officers especially.

and, as it grew darker, the fires increased in numbers and in brightness until, in every direction, as far as the eye could see, the lonely woods seemed changed as if by magic into a vast city. We were in the very midst of the great army; we had been marching with it all day.



Making Camp.

An army of a hundred thousand men on the march would be a wonderful sight if one could see it, but the columns stretch too far to be visible all at once. They reach for miles, and woods or hills or valleys hide them. But occasionally we had impressive views from some height into the country below, over which the endless lines moved like vast serpents, and sometimes we had curious surprises. I remember how one day our regiment took an unfrequented road and we seemed to be alone. No other troops were in sight, and all day long we speculated upon our destination. Some thought we were being sent back to Washington for garrison duty; others that we were detached for some special, perhaps perilous, service. There were all sorts of surmises, but finally night came, and we camped on the hillside of a long and deep valley. We lighted our fires, and, in apparent response, other fires began to twinkle from the hills beyond and beside us and from down in the valley,

THE FIRST BATTLE.

Our first battle was that of Fredricksburg, and we went into it under every disadvantage. Our showy colonel was absent on sick-leave, our only field officer was our yet untried major; in fact, not a single one of our officers had ever been really under fire, and, beside our imperfection in drill, we were wretchedly armed. In the haste to put us into the field, we had been supplied with Harper's Ferry smooth-bore muskets — antiquated weapons utterly unfit for modern warfare. We knew they were useless except at short range; we suspected that some of them would prove more dangerous to ourselves than to the enemy. The men despised them, and called them "stuffed clubs;" but they saved us from being sacrificed.

I was never prouder of my regiment than at the moment when we were ordered to the front. We had been for hours exposed to a long-range artillery fire, and one regiment after another of the brigade had been sent forward until we were left alone. We knew the helplessness of our inexperience and the uselessness of our old guns; yet when the command came there was no faltering. The men marched away with cheerful readiness, and in better line than we could often show on parade. But ere we reached the battle's bloody edge we were ordered back again. The commander of the brigade protested. He said that, armed and officered as we were, it would be sheer murder to send us in.

And so it happened that we saw that awful battle from afar, though for two days we endured one of the most trying of the ordeals which come to soldiers. We had to lie still and be shot at. Few indeed are hit by long-range artillery fire, but every catastrophe seems doubly dreadful because you see it all and can do nothing but wonder if it will be your turn next. You fall into a dolefully speculative mood and into watching for the sound of the howling shells. You can



tell if one is coming your way, but never just how near. Sometimes a shot will strike close in front and cover you with a shower of gravel, or a shell will explode over your head and rend the air with demoniac shrieks of flying fragments. Death seems even nearer and more horrible than in close battle, where you can do as well as suffer.

The panorama of that battle was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. From the amphitheater of hills on either side the river a hundred cannon roared. The space between seemed filled with a chorus of demons. In the lulls of this pandemonium, for miles along the line, the mournful, far-away skirmish fire echoed constantly, and ever and anon on that tragic Saturday, away at our right, we could hear the shouts of charging men coming like a fateful wail across the field, and then the steady roll of the Confederate file fire from the deadly stone wall, against which fourteen brigades were successively and vainly hurled. And every charging shout meant that men for duty's sake, but hopelessly, were meeting death by hundreds.

Incidents of that battle will always dwell in my memory. There I saw a soldier's death for the first time. We were in line with other troops well up toward the front. Beyond, in the open fields, the skirmishers were at work. We could see little of them save the puffs of smoke from their rifles. A man came over from a neighboring regiment to speak to a friend near

me. As he stood talking, a bullet from the skirmish line struck him in the breast, and he fell at our feet. I can feel the shock that went through me even now.

Tragedy is scarcely ever without its by-play of comedy. We were for a time lying at rest behind a low, bare ridge, which slightly protected us from the enemy's fire. Suddenly a rabbit started up from a little clump of bushes. Three or four soldiers instantly sprang after him. Presently the rabbit neared the ridge and ran to the top of it, but his pursuers, now in full chase, forgot all danger and followed. And the picture in my mind is that of the rabbit and his reckless hunters darkly silhouetted upon the summit of the ridge and punctuated here and there with the sudden white cloud of a bursting shell. I think the rabbit escaped; the men, I know, came off unharmed.

We had had no breakfast, and when the enemy's fire lulled, several of the men tried to do a little cooking. A comrade near me was busily engaged in frying a piece of pork in a pan extemporized from an old canteen. Suddenly the batteries reopened; several stacks of muskets were struck, with the effect of making them look like a nest of snakes. Our commander said, "Some of you men might as well move up nearer the ridge, where there is better protection." I could see that my friend of the frying-pan was growing anxious. He looked at his pork and then at the shelter. It was hard to abandon his

breakfast; but life was growing dearer every moment, and with sudden impulse he left all and ran for refuge. How big Corporal J——, lying near me, laughed as he rescued and appropriated the burning pork! The man did not hear the last of that frying-pan incident for months; yet he was a brave fellow, and afterwards did his duty nobly in the face of far greater danger than any we saw that day.

Men will do queer things in battle. I knew of a regiment sent to support a battery when the enemy was about to charge. The men went to their post at the double quick with fixed bayonets, and just in front of the battery they were ordered to lie down so that the guns might fire over their heads. As they did so one man accidentally pricked another with his bayonet, and the fellow, enraged, struck at him. They dared not stand up to fight for fear of having their heads blown off by the battery close behind, and, therefore, on their knees, under the guns, they had it out in a fisticuff duel before the officers could interfere and stop them.

"A GOOD COLONEL MAKES A GOOD REGIMENT."

We lost only a few men at Fredericksburg, but we gained a great experience. The battle took place in December, and after it the army went into winter quarters. A field officer from one of the old regiments of the brigade was detailed to command us in the protracted absence of our colonel. He knew our defects. We needed drill. He gave it to us without stint, and worked us as we had never been worked before—company and skirmish drill in the morning, battalion drill all the afternoon, so that after the evening dress parade we were as weary as bricklayers. Nothing escaped his notice, and he made you feel that his eyes were on you personally, and his orders came in a sharp, explosive tone that made men jump. After an hour's hard work on the drill ground, some of us would grow careless, and then that rasping voice would startle the whole battalion. "Why don't that man hold that gun *properly*?" and a half dozen muskets would straighten up with a jerk.

Under our own colonel the discipline of the regiment had been excessive in unimportant details and lax in essentials. All this was changed. We felt ourselves ruled with an iron hand, yet with just discrimination, so that while we stood in awe of our new commander, we learned to like him

greatly; the more so when we found that he liked us, and in a lurid, unrepeatable epigram expressed his opinion of what might have been made of us if he could have had us from the first. Then, too, he looked carefully after our comfort and our necessities. Some rascally quartermaster had nearly starved us with bad rations. He quickly stopped that. Moreover, to our great satisfaction, new rifles for the regiment arrived. We gladly bade good-by to our old "stuffed clubs," and we had occasional target practice with our new and effective weapons. A fresh spirit came into us; we imagined ourselves fit for anything.

Yet the regiment was really like a great boy who begins to think himself a man. The weeding process was still incomplete and progressing. Captains and lieutenants disappeared one by one. Some who were otherwise competent had broken down in health; others had been proved unfit. Their places were filled by promotions, mainly, of non-commissioned officers.

Our experience was precisely that of almost every volunteer regiment in the army. After the first twelve months' service the line was usually transformed. Sergeants and corporals, men who had been appointed because of fitness rather than chosen because of popularity or influence, came into command as company officers. In much less than a year not a single one of our original field officers remained, and only three of the ten original captains of companies.

As to the men in general, the weeding process showed some results worthy of record. It proved that very few men over forty years of age were fit for war, either physically or morally, and that boys from eighteen to twenty made excellent soldiers. It was not simply that the young fellows were more reckless, but they never worried about coming danger. They were more cheerful; they fretted less over privations; they actually endured hardships better than older and stronger men. Our losses among the boys were chiefly in battle; our losses among the old men were mainly by sickness and physical exhaustion. Doubtless it might be different with a body of men carefully selected and gradually inured to a soldier's life; but in our volunteer regiments, hastily enlisted, and composed of men whose habit of life was suddenly changed, the facts as observed in our experience would, I think, always hold good.

The monotony of camp life was broken

*In Action.*

by frequent picket duty. This was sometimes dangerous and often trying, especially to the non-commissioned officers, on whom special responsibility rested; yet in pleasant weather, at least, it was a welcome change from the dull routine of camp. It was also an essential part of our education. Pickets are the antennæ of an army. In the face of the enemy the antennæ become formidable as skirmishers. A picket line, in case of need, is quickly transformed into a skirmish line. Nothing teaches vigilance, the use of independent judgment, prompt action in emergency, and, at the same time, strict subordination, like outpost or skirmish work. We had some exciting and some amusing experiences.

One night the line ran through a swamp. It was moonlight, and in the small hours toward morning things looked weird and ghostly. In visiting my sentries I came to one of our boys, a mere stripling, whom I found in a state of high excitement. "Sergeant," he said, "I wish I could be relieved; I'm afraid to stay here." I asked him what the trouble was, and he answered, "There's a wolf out there," pointing to a dismal clump of bushes. "I saw him come out of the woods and go across the swamp into those bushes. He was close to me. I do wish I could be relieved; I'm afraid to stay here alone!"

I knew it was a trick of the imagination, or possibly a stray fox, and told him so; but it was of no use. The poor fellow's terror was pitiful. Yet that same boy was afterward as bold as a lion when bullets

were flying thick and men were falling about him.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE IN THE FAMOUS "MUD MARCH."

Toward the end of January there were rumors in the air. They furnished food for camp gossip, and were beginning to leave us skeptical, when orders came suddenly, and we found ourselves one gray morning actually on the move—where or why we knew not, though it was clear that no ordinary enterprise was at hand; for the whole army was in motion, and, in all our experience, never had a march been so forced. It was hurry, hurry, almost at a trot, with rests so infrequent and so short that men, from sheer inability to keep the pace, began to drop out of the ranks. The roads were good, but the sky was overcast, and when, early in the evening, we halted and pitched our shelter tents for the night, the weather was threatening. Before morning a cold, northeast storm had set in; all day long the icy rain poured down. The Virginia roads were speedily melting into muddy creeks. The movement of artillery or pontoon trains was fast becoming an impossibility; but at nightfall a desperate attempt was made. Our regiment was among the unfortunates detailed to extricate the ponderous pontoon train from its muddy fetters. Imagine a bridge of boats loaded upon wagons, each great flat-bottomed boat about twenty feet long, and, alternating with the boats, wagon-trucks loaded with bridge timbers,



Cold Steel.

six or eight horses to each of these unwieldy vehicles, and the whole train hopelessly mired in a rough wood road, wheels sunk to the hubs, horses floundering helplessly, some of them half dead with their terrible work; the night dark, the half-frozen rain pouring pitilessly—and then perhaps you may picture the task which was ours. Muskets, equipments, even overcoats were left at our tents. We were marched about a mile to the place where the pontoons were stalled; ropes were made fast to the wagons, and, with a hundred men to each, we dragged them one after another out of the woods into the open ground. There they sunk more hopelessly than ever. The force of men had to be doubled. We could have drawn them far more easily without wheels; but at last, when it was nearly midnight, they were all ranged upon solid ground on a little knoll.

As to ourselves, we were drenched with the rain, bruised with our falls, half frozen with the cold, and plastered with mud from head to foot. And in this plight we were kept standing idly for a bitter hour, waiting for another division of the pontoon train. But it never came, and finally we were permitted to return to our tents, where we found everything, even our blankets, soaked with the merciless rain.

The work and exposure had been horrible. I remember, as we marched back to camp, seeing one poor fellow, a member of a veteran regiment, who had apparently gone crazy under the strain; he was screaming and swearing wildly, while his comrades vainly strove to calm him.

By morning the failure of the enterprise, which was an attempt to surprise the enemy, was evident. The retreat of the army through the mud and the rain which followed was an experience the horror of which none that shared it can forget. The elements were the foes which prevailed against us then, and the demoralization of the army was worse than any we ever saw inflicted by battle with mortals. Many men died from exposure and exhaustion. This was the famous "mud march."

Winter passed quickly after this, and with the spring came preparation for a new campaign. Our jaunty colonel had recovered his health and returned to duty; the list of field officers was completed by the appointment of a new lieutenant-colonel. All that we knew of him was that he had served with distinction upon General Hancock's staff. He was eccentric in manner, and evidently unpractised in the handling of an infantry regiment, and we took to him none too kindly at first. But when we came to know him, his high character, his resourcefulness, and his noble courage won our admiration and our profound respect. He was destined soon to become the commander of the regiment.

A GLORIOUS CHARGE—THE LAST STEP IN THE MAKING OF THE REGIMENT.

The last step, the most important of all, in the making of the regiment was now before us. At the first Fredericksburg

we had endured the trial of battle in part and passively. The more real and active experience was now before us. We were members of Sedgwick's Corps, whose brilliant capture of the Fredericksburg heights turned the tide of disaster at the battle of Chancellorsville and failed to pluck victory from defeat only because of the unaccountable inertness of the commander of the Union forces. Our regiment was one of those chosen to form part of one of the storming columns. It may seem strange that new troops should be selected for such perilous and difficult duty, yet this was often done. The new regiments were strong in numbers; they had not been decimated by battle and disease; and though less reliable than older battalions, when no complicated manœuvres were required, when the only thing was to go straight forward against a fire from the front, their wild *elan* sometimes accomplished wonders. They were seldom spared in close battle; it was a way, though a costly one, to break them in and make soldiers of them. The heaviest losses often fell upon them.

Placed between two other regiments of the brigade, in a sunken road, where we were sheltered from the enemy's fire, we anxiously awaited the signal for the assault. We could see something of the work before us. Nearly a mile of open field lay between us and the base of the hills whose crests were crowned with the Confederate earthworks, and every foot of that open ground was swept by their fire. It must be crossed before the storming column could reach the heaviest part of its task and begin the real assault upon those deadly hills. All along at our right, away up into the streets of Frederick, a mile away, other columns were stationed at intervals, some of them facing stronger defenses than those against which our attack was to be directed.

At noon precisely, the signal guns boomed out, and we sprang to the charge. From the very first our colonel blundered. He failed to obey his orders; he led us wildly in a wrong direction under the very guns of one of our batteries. The hills in front of us flamed and roared with hostile

fire, and our men were beginning to fall, but this disturbed us less than the confusing orders which sent us now this way, now that. It seemed as though the regiment was doomed to disgrace, if not to destruction. Then it was that we discovered the heroic character of our lieutenant-colonel. Ignoring his incompetent and now helpless superior, he calmly assumed command, and there, in the face of the enemy's fierce fire, halted us, re-formed our disordered line, and led us forward once more. There was no lack of courage in the men; they were willing to do all that could be asked of them. Throughout the remainder of that deadly though glorious charge the regiment proved that all it needed was what it had at last found—a true leader. We gained the crest of the hills along with the rest of the column. Our first real battle was fought. We had come through it, not indeed faultlessly—few new regiments ever do that—but so that we could look with reverence upon our torn flag, and view our sadly thinned ranks with sorrow, but without shame. Not perfectly, yet not unworthily, we had endured the ordeal of battle.

In seven months the regiment, which left home little better than a mob, save for the character of its members and the spirit which animated it, had become a battalion of seasoned and well-officered soldiers, fit to take its place in a brigade of veterans. We had learned to wear the armor so hastily put on. We had fitted ourselves to it.

If the story of the making of this regiment is worth the telling, that is not because it is in any way exceptional, but because it is typical. Some regiments were more fortunate than ours in their first commanders; some met the test of battle sooner. Details vary, yet the process through which we went is a fair example of that by which hundreds of thousands of peaceful American citizens were transformed into the soldiers of one of the most formidable armies of history. The process was not ideal; it was in many ways illogical, unmilitary, and wasteful; yet its results have seldom been surpassed.

FLANAGAN

AND HIS SHORT FILIBUSTERING ADVENTURE.

BY STEPHEN CRANE,

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Third Violet," etc.

I.

"I HAVE got twenty men at me back who will fight to the death," said the warrior to the old filibuster.

"And they can be blown, for all me," replied the old filibuster. "Common as sparrows. Cheap as cigarettes. Show me twenty men with steel clamps on their mouths, with holes in their heads where memory ought to be, and I want 'em. But twenty brave men, merely? I'd rather have twenty brave onions."

Thereupon the warrior removed sadly, feeling that no salaams were paid to valor in these days of mechanical excellence.

Valor, in truth, is no bad thing to have when filibustering, but many medals are to be won by the man who knows not the meaning of pow-wow, before or afterwards. Twenty brave men with tongues hung lightly may make trouble rise from the ground like smoke from grass because of their subsequent fiery pride, whereas twenty cow-eyed villains who accept unrighteous and far-compelling kicks as they do the rain of heaven may halo the ultimate history of an expedition with gold and plentifully bedeck their names, winning forty years of gratitude from patriots, simply by remaining silent. As for the cause, it may be only that they have no friends or other credulous furniture.

If it were not for the curse of the swinging tongue, it is surely to be said that the filibustering industry, flourishing now in the United States, would be pie. Under correct conditions, it is merely a matter of dealing with some little detectives whose skill at search is rated by those who pay them at a value of twelve or twenty dollars each week. It is nearly axiomatic that normally a twelve-dollar-per-week detective cannot defeat a one-hundred-thousand-dollar filibustering excursion. Against the criminal the detective represents the commonwealth; but in this other case he represents his desire to

show cause why his salary should be paid. He represents himself, merely, and he counts no more than a grocer's clerk.

But the pride of the successful filibuster often smites him and his cause like an ax, and men who have not confided in their mothers go prone with him. It can make the dome of the Capitol tremble and incite the Senators to overturning benches. It can increase the salaries of detectives who could not detect the location of a pain in the chest. It is a wonderful thing, this pride.

Filibustering was once such a simple game. It was managed blandly by gentle captains and smooth and undisturbed gentlemen who at other times dealt in the law, soap, medicine, and bananas. It was a great pity that the little cote of doves in Washington was obliged to rustle officially, and naval men were kept from their berths at night, and sundry custom-house people got wiggings, all because the returned adventurer pow-wowed in his pride. A yellow and red banner would have been long since smothered in a shame of defeat if a contract to filibuster had been let to some admirable organization like one of our trusts.

And yet the game is not obsolete. It is still played by the wise and the silent, men whose names are not display-typed and blathered from one end of the country to the other.

There is in mind now a man who knew one side of a fence from the other side when he looked sharply. They were hunting for captains then to command the first vessels of what has since become a famous little fleet. One was recommended to this man, and he said: "Send him down to my office, and I'll look him over." He was an attorney, and he liked to lean back in his chair, twirl a paper-knife, and let the other fellow talk.

The seafaring man came, and stood, and appeared confounded. The attorney asked the terrible first question of the filibuster

to the applicant. He said: "Why do you want to go?"

The captain reflected, changed his attitude three times, and decided ultimately that he didn't know. He seemed greatly ashamed. The attorney, looking at him, saw that he had eyes that resembled a lambkin's eyes.

"Glory?" said the attorney at last.

"No-o," said the captain.

"Pay?"

"No-o. Not that, so much."

"Think they'll give you a land grant when they win out?"

"No. Never thought."

"No glory. No immense pay. No land grant. What are you going for, then?"

"Well, I don't know," said the captain, with his glance on the floor, and shifting his position again. "I don't know. I guess it's just for fun, mostly." The attorney asked him out to have a drink.

When he stood on the bridge of his outgoing steamer, the attorney saw him again. His shore meekness and uncertainty were gone. He was clear-eyed and strong, aroused like a mastiff at night. He took his cigar out of his mouth and yelled some sudden language at the deck.

This steamer had about her a quality of unholy mediæval disrepair which is usually accounted the principal prerogative of the United States revenue marine. There is many a seaworthy icehouse if she was a good ship. She swashed through the seas as genially as an old wooden clock, burying her head under waves that came only like children at play, and on board it cost a ducking to go from anywhere to anywhere.

The captain had commanded vessels that shore people thought were liners, but when a man gets the ant of desire-to-see-what-it's-like stirring in his heart, he will wallow out to sea in a pail. The thing surpasses a man's love for his sweetheart. The great tank-steamer "Thunder Voice" had long been Flanagan's sweetheart, but he was far happier off Hatteras, watching this wretched little portmanteau boom down the slant of a wave.

The crew scraped acquaintance, one with another, gradually. Each man came ultimately to ask his neighbor what particular turn of ill-fortune or inherited devilry caused him to try this voyage. When one frank, bold man saw another frank, bold man aboard, he smiled, and they became friends. There was not a mind on

board the ship that was not fastened to the dangers of the coast of Cuba and taking wonder at this prospect and delight in it. Still, in jovial moments, they termed each other accursed idiots.

At first there was some trouble in the engine-room, where there were many steel animals, for the most part painted red, and in other places very shiny, bewildering, complex, incomprehensible to anyone who don't care, usually thumping, thumping, thumping with the monotony of a snore.

It seems that this engine was as whimsical as a gas-meter. The chief engineer was a fine old fellow with a gray mustache, but the engine told him that it didn't intend to budge until it felt better. He came to the bridge, and said: "The blamed old thing has laid down on us, sir."

"Who was on duty?" roared the captain.

"The second, sir."

"Why didn't he call you?"

"Don't know, sir." Later the stokers had occasion to thank the stars that they were not second engineers.

The "Foundling" was soundly thrashed by the waves for loitering while the captain and the engineers fought the obstinate machinery. During this wait on the sea, the first gloom came to the faces of the company. The ocean is wide, and a ship is a small place for the feet, and an ill ship is worriment. Even when she was again under way, the gloom was still upon the crew. From time to time men went to the engine-room doors and, looking down, wanted to ask questions of the chief engineer, who slowly prowled to and fro and watched with careful eye his red-painted mysteries. No man wished to have a companion know that he was anxious, and so questions were caught at the lips. Perhaps none commented save the first mate, who remarked to the captain: "Wonder what the bally old thing will do, sir, when we're chased by a Spanish cruiser?"

The captain merely grinned. Later he looked over the side and said to himself with scorn: "Sixteen knots! Sixteen knots! Sixteen hinges on the inner gates of Hades! Sixteen knots! Seven is her gait, and nine if you crack her up to it."

There may never be a captain whose crew can't sniff his misgivings. They scent it as a herd scents the menace far through the trees and over the ridges. A captain that does not know that he is on a foundering ship sometimes can take his men to tea and buttered toast twelve min-

utes before the disaster; but let him fret for a moment in the loneliness of his cabin, and in no time it affects the liver of a distant and sensitive seaman. Even as Flanagan reflected on the "Foundling," viewing her as a filibuster, word arrived that a winter of discontent had come to the stoke-room.

The captain knew that it requires sky to give a man courage. He sent for a stoker and talked to him on the bridge. The man, standing under the sky, instantly and shamefacedly denied all knowledge of the business. Nevertheless a jaw had presently to be broken by a fist because the "Foundling" could only steam nine knots and because the stoke-room has no sky, no wind, no bright horizon.

When the "Foundling" was somewhere off Savannah, a blow came from the northeast, and the steamer, headed southeast, rolled like a boiling potato. The first mate was a fine officer, and so a wave crashed him into the deck-house and broke his arm. The cook was a good cook, and so the heave of the ship flung him heels over head with a pot of boiling water, and caused him to lose interest in everything save his legs. "By the piper," said Flanagan to himself, "this filibustering is no trick with cards."

Later there was more trouble in the stoke-room. All the stokers participated save the one with a broken jaw, who had become discouraged. The captain had an excellent chest development. When he went aft, roaring, it was plain that a man could beat carpets with a voice like that one.

II.

ONE night the "Foundling" was off the southern coast of Florida and running at half speed toward the shore. The captain was on the bridge. "Four flashes at intervals of one minute," he said to himself, gazing steadfastly toward the beach. Suddenly a yellow eye opened in the black face of the night, and looked at the "Foundling," and closed again. The captain studied his watch and the shore. Three times more the eye opened and looked at the "Foundling" and closed again. The captain called to the vague figures on the deck below him. "Answer it." The flash of a light from the bow of the steamer displayed for a moment in golden color the crests of the inriving waves.

The "Foundling" lay to and waited.

The long swells rolled her gracefully, and her two stub masts, reaching into the darkness, swung with the solemnity of batons timing a dirge. When the ship had left Boston she had been as encrusted with ice as a Dakota stage-driver's beard; but now the gentle wind of Florida softly swayed the lock on the forehead of the coatless Flanagan, and he lit a new cigar without troubling to make a shield of his hands.

Finally a dark boat came plashing over the waves. As it came very near, the captain leaned forward and perceived that the men in her rowed like seamstresses, and at the same time a voice hailed him in bad English. "It's a dead sure connection," said he to himself.

At sea, to load two hundred thousand rounds of rifle ammunition, seven hundred and fifty rifles, two rapid-fire field guns, with a hundred shells, forty bundles of machetes, and a hundred pounds of dynamite, from yawls and by men who are not born stevedores, and in a heavy ground swell and with the search-light of a United States cruiser sometimes flashing like lightning in the sky to the southward, is no business for a Sunday-school class. When at last the "Foundling" was steaming for the open, over the gray sea, at dawn, there was not a man of the forty come aboard from the Florida shore, nor of the fifteen sailed from Boston, who was not glad, standing with his hair matted to his forehead with sweat, smiling at the broad wake of the "Foundling" and the dim streak on the horizon which was Florida.

But there is a point of the compass in these waters which men call the northeast. When the strong winds come from that direction, they kick up a turmoil that is not good for a "Foundling" stuffed with coal and war-stores. In the gale which came, this ship was no more than a drunken soldier.

The Cuban leader, standing on the bridge with the captain, was presently informed that of his men thirty-nine out of a possible thirty-nine were seasick. And in truth they were seasick. There are degrees in this complaint, but that matter was waived between them. They were all sick to the limits. They strewed the deck in every posture of human anguish; and when the "Foundling" ducked and water came sluicing down from the bows, they let it sluice. They were satisfied if they could keep their heads clear of the wash; and if they could not keep their heads clear of the wash, they didn't

care. Presently the "Foundling" swung her course to the southeast, and the waves pounded her broadside. The patriots were all ordered below decks, and there they howled and measured their misery one against another. All day the "Foundling" plopped and foundered over a blazing bright meadow of an ocean whereon the white foam was like flowers.

The captain on the bridge mused and studied the bare horizon. He said a strong word to himself, and the word was more in amazement than in indignation or sorrow. "Thirty-nine seasick passengers, the mate with a broken arm, a stoker with a broken jaw, the cook with a pair of scalded legs, and an engine likely to be taken with all these diseases, if not more. If I get back to a home port with a spoke of the wheel gripped in my hands, it'll be fair luck."

There is a kind of corn whisky bred in Florida which the natives declare is potent in the proportion of seven fights to a drink. Some of the Cuban volunteers had had the forethought to bring a small quantity of this whisky aboard with them, and being now in the fire-room and seasick, and feeling that they would not care to drink liquor for two or three years to come, they gracefully tendered their portions to the stokers. The stokers accepted these gifts without avidity, but with a certain earnestness of manner.

As they were stokers and toiling, the whirl of emotion was delayed, but it arrived ultimately and with emphasis. One stoker called another stoker a weird name, and the latter, righteously inflamed at it, smote his mate with an iron shovel, and the man fell headlong over a heap of coal which crashed gently, while piece after piece rattled down upon the deck.

A third stoker was providentially enraged at the scene, and assailed the second stoker. They fought for some moments, while the seasick Cubans sprawled on the deck watched with languid, rolling glances the ferocity of this scuffle. One was so indifferent to the strategic importance of the space he occupied that he was kicked in the shins.

When the second engineer came to separate the combatants, he was sincere in his efforts, and he came near to disabling them for life.

The captain said, "I'll go down there and—" But the leader of the Cubans restrained him. "No, no," he cried, "you must not. We must treat them like children, very gently, all the time, you

see, or else when we get back to a United States port they will—what you call—spring? Yes—spring the whole business. We must—jolly them. You see?"

"You mean," said the captain, thoughtfully, "they are likely to get mad and give the expedition dead away when we reach port again unless we blarney them now?"

"Yes, yes," cried the Cuban leader, "unless we are so very gentle with them they will make many troubles afterwards for us in the newspapers and then in court."

"Well, but I won't have my crew—" began the captain.

"But you must," interrupted the Cuban. "You must. It is the only thing. You are like the captain of a pirate ship. You see? Only you can't throw them overboard like him. You see?"

"Hum," said the captain, "this here filibustering business has got a lot to it when you come to look it over."

He called the fighting stokers to the bridge, and the three came meek and considerably battered. He was lecturing them soundly, but sensibly, when he suddenly tripped a sentence and cried: "Here! Where's that other fellow? How does it come he wasn't in the fight?"

The row of stokers cried at once eagerly: "He's hurt, sir. He's got a broken jaw, sir."

"So he has. So he has," murmured the captain, much embarrassed.

And because of all these affairs the "Foundling" steamed toward Cuba with its crew in a sling, if one may be allowed to speak in that way.

III.

At night the "Foundling" approached the coast like a thief. Her lights were muffled so that from the deck the sea shone with its own radiance, like the faint shimmer of some kinds of silk. The men on deck spoke in whispers, and even down in the fire-room the hidden stokers, working before the blood-red furnace doors, used no words and walked tip-toe. The stars were out in the blue-velvet sky, and their light with the soft shine of the sea caused the coast to appear black as the side of a coffin. The surf boomed in low thunder on the distant beach.

The "Foundling's" engines ceased their thumping for a time. She glided quietly forward until a bell chimed faintly

in the engine-room. Then she paused, with a flourish of phosphorescent waters.

"Give the signal," said the captain. Three times a flash of light went from the bow. There was a moment of waiting. Then an eye like the one on the coast of Florida opened and closed, opened and closed, opened and closed. The Cubans, grouped in a great shadow on deck, burst into a low chatter of delight. A hiss from their leader silenced them.

"Well?" said the captain.

"All right," said the leader.

At the giving of the word it was not apparent that anyone on board of the "Foundling" had ever been seasick. The boats were lowered swiftly, too swiftly. Boxes of cartridges were dragged from the hold and passed over the side with a rapidity that made men in the boats exclaim against it. They were being bombarded. When a boat headed for shore, its rowers pulled like madmen. The captain paced slowly to and fro on the bridge. In the engine-room the engineers stood at their station, and in the stoke-hole the firemen fidgeted silently around the furnace doors.

On the bridge Flanagan reflected. "Oh, I don't know," he observed, "this filibustering business isn't so bad. Pretty soon I'll be off to sea again, with nothing to do but some big lying when I get into port."

In one of the boats returning from shore came twelve Cuban officers, the greater number of them convalescing from wounds, while two or three of them had been ordered to America on commissions from the insurgents. The captain welcomed them, and assured them of a speedy and safe voyage.

Presently he went again to the bridge and scanned the horizon. The sea was lonely like the spaces amid the suns. The captain grinned, and softly smote his chest. "It's dead easy," he said.

It was near the end of the cargo, and the men were breathing like spent horses, although their elation grew with each moment, when suddenly a voice spoke from the sky. It was not a loud voice, but the quality of it brought every man on deck to full stop and motionless, as if they had all been changed to wax. "Captain," said the man at the masthead, "there's a light to the west'ard, sir. Think it's a steamer, sir."

There was a still moment until the captain called: "Well, keep your eye on it

now." Speaking to the deck, he said: "Go ahead with your unloading."

The second engineer went to the galley to borrow a tin cup. "Hear the news, second?" asked the cook. "Steamer coming up from the west'ard."

"Gee!" said the second engineer. In the engine-room he said to the chief: "Steamer coming up to the west'ard, sir."

The chief engineer began to test various little machines with which his domain was decorated. Finally he addressed the stoke-room. "Boys, I want you to look sharp now. There's a steamer coming up to the west'ard."

"All right, sir," said the stoke-room.

From time to time the captain hailed the masthead. "How is she now?"

"Seems to be coming down on us pretty fast, sir."

The Cuban leader came anxiously to the captain. "Do you think we can save all the cargo? It is rather delicate business. No?"

"Go ahead," said Flanagan. "Fire away. I'll wait for you."

There continued the hurried shuffling of feet on deck and the low cries of the men unloading the cargo. In the engine-room the chief and his assistant were staring at the gong. In the stoke-room the firemen breathed through their teeth. A shovel slipped from where it leaned against the side and banged on the floor. The stokers started and looked around quickly.

Climbing to the rail and holding on to a stay, the captain gazed westward. A light had raised out of the deep. After watching this light for a time he called to the Cuban leader, "Well, as soon as you're ready now, we might as well be skipping out."

Finally the Cuban leader told him: "Well, this is the last load. As soon as the boats come back you can be off."

"Shan't wait for the boats," said the captain. "That fellow is too close." As the last boat went shoreward, the "Foundling" turned, and like a black shadow stole seaward to cross the bows of the oncoming steamer. "Waited about ten minutes too long," said the captain to himself.

Suddenly the light in the west vanished. "Hum," said Flanagan, "he's up to some meanness." Everyone outside of the engine-room was set on watch. The "Foundling," going at full speed into the northeast, slashed a wonderful trail of blue silver on the dark bosom of the sea.

A man on deck cried out hurriedly,

"There she is, sir." Many eyes searched the western gloom, and one after another the glances of the men found a tiny black shadow on the deep, with a line of white beneath it. "He couldn't be heading better if he had a line to us," said Flanagan.

There was a thin flash of red in the darkness. It was long and keen like a crimson rapier. A short, sharp report sounded, and then a shot whined swiftly in the air and blipped into the sea. The captain had been about to take a bite of plug tobacco at the beginning of this incident, and his arm was raised. He remained like a frozen figure while the shot whined, and then, as it blipped in the sea, his hand went to his mouth and he bit the plug. He looked wide-eyed at the shadow with its line of white.

The senior Cuban officer came hurriedly to the bridge. "It is no good to surrender," he cried; "they would only shoot or hang all of us."

There was another thin red flash and a report. A loud, whirring noise passed over the ship.

"I'm not going to surrender," said the captain, hanging with both hands to the rail. He appeared like a man whose traditions of peace are clinched in his heart. He was as astonished as if his hat had turned into a dog. Presently he wheeled quickly and said: "What kind of a gun is that?"

"It is a one-pounder," cried the Cuban officer. "The boat is one of those little gunboats made from a yacht. You see?"

"Well, if it's only a yawl, he'll sink us in five more minutes," said Flanagan. For a moment he looked helplessly off at the horizon. His under jaw hung low. But, a moment later, something touched him like a stiletto point of inspiration. He leaped to the pilot house and roared at the man at the wheel. The "Foundling" sheered suddenly to starboard, made a clumsy turn, and Flanagan was bellowing through the tube to the engine-room before anybody discovered that the old basket was heading straight for the Spanish gunboat. The ship lunged forward like a draught-horse on the gallop.

This strange manœuver by the "Foundling" first dealt consternation on board. Men instinctively crouched on the instant, and then swore their supreme oath, which was unheard by their own ears.

Later, the manœuver of the "Foundling" dealt consternation on board of the gunboat. She had been going victori-

ously forward, dim-eyed from the fury of her pursuit. Then this tall, threatening shape had suddenly loomed over her like a giant apparition.

The people on board the "Foundling" heard panic shouts, hoarse orders. The little gunboat was paralyzed with astonishment.

Suddenly Flanagan yelled with rage and sprang for the wheel. The helmsman had turned his eyes away. As the captain whirled the wheel far to starboard, he heard a crunch as the "Foundling" lifted on a wave, smashed her shoulder against the gunboat, and he saw, shooting past, a little launch sort of a thing with men on her that ran this way and that way. The Cuban officers, joined by the cook and a seaman, emptied their revolvers into the surprised terror of the seas.

There was naturally no pursuit. Under comfortable speed the "Foundling" stood to the northward.

The captain went to his berth chuckling. "There, now," he said. "There, now!"

IV.

WHEN Flanagan came again on deck, the first mate, his arm in a sling, walked the bridge. Flanagan was smiling a wide smile. The bridge of the "Foundling" was dipping afar and then afar. With each lunge of the little steamer the water seethed and boomed alongside and the spray dashed high and swiftly.

"Well," said Flanagan, inflating himself, "we've had a great deal of a time, and we've come through it all right, and thank heaven it is all over."

The sky in the northeast was of a dull brick-red in tone, shaded here and there by black masses that billowed out in some fashion from the flat heavens.

"Look there," said the mate.

"Hum," said the captain. "Looks like a blow, don't it?"

Later the surface of the water rippled and flickered in the preliminary wind. The sea had become the color of lead. The swashing sound of the waves on the sides of the "Foundling" was now provided with some manner of ominous significance. The men's shouts were hoarse.

A squall struck the "Foundling" on her starboard quarter, and she leaned under the force of it as if she were never to return to the even keel. "I'll be glad when we get in," said the mate. "I'm going to quit then. I've got enough."

The steamer crawled on into the northwest. The white water sweeping out from her deadened the chug-chug-chug of the tired old engines.

Once, when the boat careened, she laid her shoulder flat on the sea and rested in that manner. The mate, looking down the bridge, which slanted more than a coal-chute, whistled softly to himself. Slowly, heavily, the "Foundling" arose to meet another sea.

At night, waves thundered mightily on the bows of the steamer, and water, lit with the beautiful phosphorescent glamour, went boiling and howling along the deck.

By good fortune the chief engineer crawled safely, but utterly drenched, to the galley for coffee. "Well, how goes it, chief?" said the cook, standing with his fat arms folded, in order to prove that he could balance himself under any condition.

The engineer shook his head slowly. "This old biscuit-box will never see port again. Why, she'll fall to pieces."

Finally, at night, the captain said: "Launch the boats." The Cubans hovered about him. "Is the ship going to sink?" The captain addressed them politely. "Gentlemen, we are in trouble, but all I ask of you is that you do just what I tell you, and no harm will come to anybody."

The mate directed the lowering of the first boat, and the men performed this task with all decency, like people at the side of a grave.

A young oiler came to the captain. "The chief sends word, sir, that the water is almost up to the fires."

"Keep at it as long as you can."

"Keep at it as long as we can, sir."

Flanagan took the senior Cuban officer to the rail, and, as the steamer sheered high on a great sea, showed him a yellow dot on the horizon. It was smaller than a needle when its point is toward you.

"There," said the captain. The wind-driven spray was lashing his face. "That's Jupiter Light on the Florida coast. Put your men in the boat we've just launched, and the mate will take you to that light."

Afterward Flanagan turned to the chief engineer. "We can never beach her," said the old man. "The stokers have got to quit in a minute." Tears were in his eyes.

The "Foundling" was a wounded thing. She lay on the water with gasping engines, and each wave resembled her death blow.

Now the way of a good ship on the sea is finer than sword-play. But this is when

she is alive. If a time comes that the ship dies, then her way is the way of a floating old glove, and she has that much vim, spirit, buoyancy. At this time many men on the "Foundling" suddenly came to know that they were clinging to a corpse.

The captain went to the stoke-room, and what he saw as he swung down the companion suddenly turned him hesitant and dumb. He had served the sea for many years, but this fire-room said something to him which he had not heard in his other voyages. Water was swirling to and fro with the roll of the ship, fuming greasily around half-strangled machinery that still attempted to perform its duty. Steam arose from the water, and through its clouds shone the red glare of the dying fires. As for the stokers, death might have been with silence in this room. One lay in his berth, his hands under his head, staring moodily at the wall. One sat near the foot of the companion, his face hidden in his arms. One leaned against the side, and gazed at the snarling water as it rose and its mad eddies among the machinery. In the unholy red light and gray mist of this stifling dim inferno they were strange figures with their silence and their immobility. The wretched "Foundling" groaned deeply as she lifted, and groaned deeply as she sank into the trough, while hurried waves then thundered over her with the noise of landslides.

But Flanagan took control of himself suddenly, and then he stirred the fire-room. The stillness had been so unearthly that he was not altogether inapprehensive of strange and grim deeds when he charged into them, but precisely as they had submitted to the sea so they submitted to Flanagan. For a moment they rolled their eyes like hurt cows, but they obeyed the voice. The situation simply required a voice.

When the captain returned to the deck, the hue of this fire-room was in his mind, and then he understood doom and its weight and complexion.

When finally the "Foundling" sank, she shifted and settled as calmly as an animal curls down in the bush grass. Away over the waves three bobbing boats paused to witness this quiet death. It was a slow maneuver, altogether without the pageantry of uproar, but it flashed pallor into the faces of all men who saw it, and they groaned when they said: "There she goes!" Suddenly the captain whirled and knocked his head on the gunwale. He

sobbed for a time, and then he sobbed and swore also.

There was a dance at the Imperial Inn. During the evening some irresponsible young men came from the beach, bringing the statement that several boatloads of people had been perceived off shore. It was a charming dance, and none cared to take time to believe this tale. The fountain in the courtyard plashed softly, and couple after couple paraded through the aisles of palms where lamps with red shades threw a rose light upon the gleaming leaves. High on some balcony a mocking-bird called into the evening. The band played its waltzes slumberously, and its music to the people among the palms came faintly and like the melodies in dreams.

Sometimes a woman said: "Oh, it is not really true, is it, that there was a wreck out at sea?"

A man usually said: "No, of course not."

At last, however, a youth came violently from the beach. He was triumphant in manner. "They're out there," he cried. "A whole boatload!" He received eager attention, and he told all that he supposed. His news destroyed the dance. After a time the band was playing delightfully to space. The guests had donned wraps and hurried to the beach. One little girl cried: "Oh, mamma, may I go

too?" Being refused permission, she pouted.

As they came from the shelter of the great hotel, the wind was blowing swiftly from the sea, and at intervals a breaker shone livid. The women shuddered, and their bending companions seized opportunity to draw the cloaks closer. The sand of the beach was wet, and dainty slippers made imprints in it clear and deep.

"Oh, dear," said a girl, "supposin' they were out there drowning while we were dancing!"

"Oh, nonsense!" said her younger brother; "that don't happen."

"Well, it might, you know, Roger. How can you tell?"

A man who was not her brother gazed at her then with profound admiration. Later she complained of the damp sand, and drawing back her skirts, looked ruefully at her little feet.

A mother's son was venturing too near to the water in his interest and excitement. Occasionally she cautioned and reproached him from the background.

Save for the white glare of the breakers, the sea was a great wind-crossed void. From the throng of charming women floated the perfume of many flowers. Later there floated to them a body with a calm face of an Irish type. The expedition of the "Foundling" will never be historic.

WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER.

WHEN I heard the learn'd astronomer,
 When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
 When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure
 them,
 When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause
 in the lecture-room,
 How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
 Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
 In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
 Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

From "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman;
 David McKay, Publisher, Philadelphia.
 By special permission.

UNKNOWN LIFE MASKS OF GREAT AMERICANS.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

THE LONG HIDDEN CASTS OF THE LIVING FEATURES OF ADAMS, JEFFERSON, MADISON, AND OTHERS, MADE BY A SECRET PROCESS BY J. H. I. BROWERE, ABOUT 1825, AND THE STORY OF THEIR PRODUCTION, CONCEALMENT FROM THE PUBLIC, AND RECENT RECOVERY.

WHAT one generation fails to appreciate, and therefore decries and sneers at, a subsequent one comprehends and applauds. It is conspicuously so in discovery, in science, in poetry, and in art; so much depends upon the point of view and the environment of the observed and the observer. Were this not so, the very remarkable collection of busts from life masks taken at the beginning of the second quarter of this century by John Henri Isaac Browere, almost an unknown name to-day, would not have been hidden away until now, while the circumstances that led to their discovery are as curious as that the busts should have been neglected and forgotten for so long.

I was familiar with the tragic story told by Henry S. Randall, in his ponderous life of President Jefferson, of how the venerated sage of Monticello, within a year of his decease, was nearly suffocated by "an artist from New

York," Browere, who attempted to take a mask of his living features, and how, in fear of bodily harm from the ex-President's irate black body-servant, "*the artist shattered his cast in an instant*," and was glad to depart hence quickly with the fragments which he was permitted to pick up.

With this statement fixed in my mind, I came across a letter from James Madison to Henry D. Gilpin, written October 25, 1827, in which Madison writes, respecting Jefferson's appearance, "Browere's bust in plaster, from his mode of taking it, will probably show a perfect likeness."

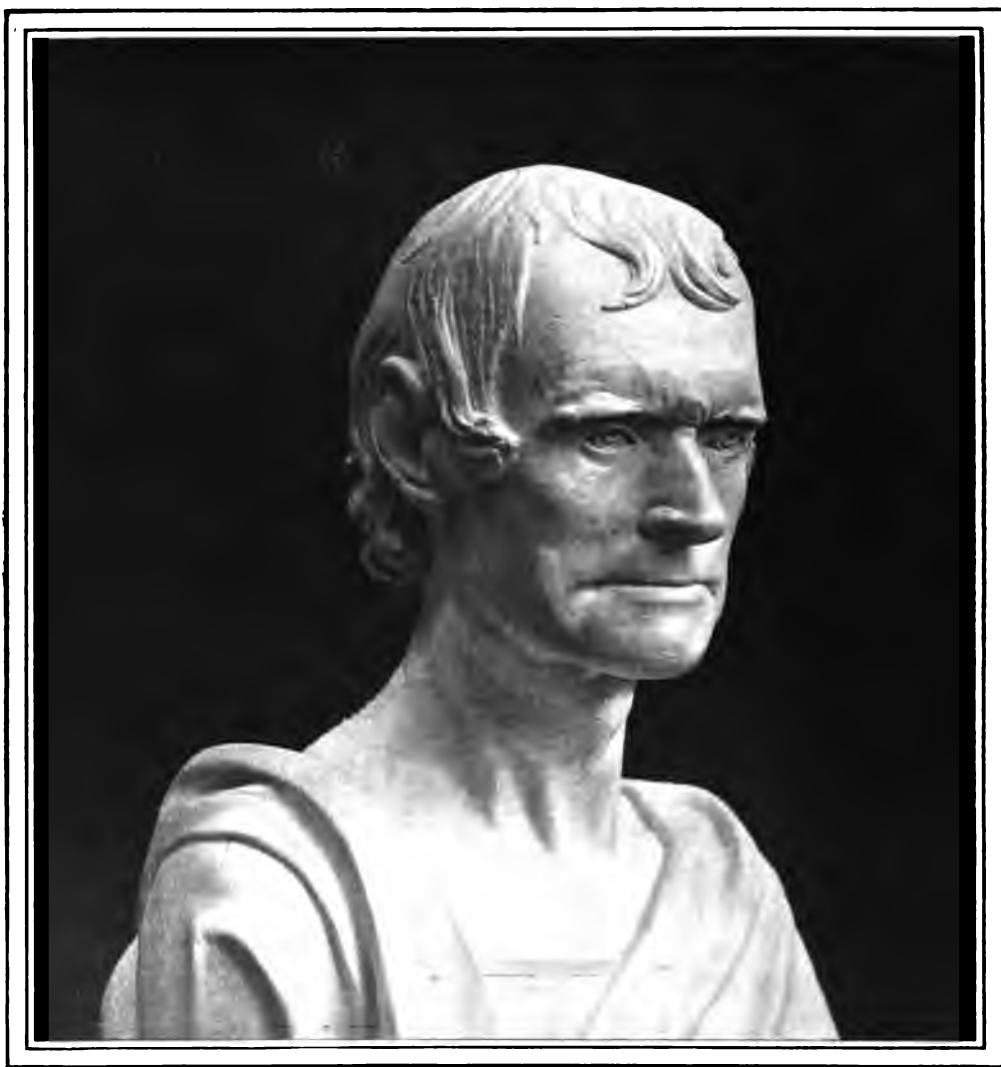
I was struck, of course, by the utter inconsistency of Randall's circumstantial account of the shattered cast picked up in fragments and Madison's pointed observations upon "Browere's bust" as then in existence, fifteen months after Jefferson's death. Thus it became important to ascertain the exact status of the subject; a task I



JOHN HENRI ISAAC BROWERE.

From the original water-color, of the same size as the reproduction, painted by his son, Albertus D. O. Browere, and now owned by Mrs. Frank Van Benschoten, Hudson, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The recovery of these busts has an uncommon human and historical importance, for they give us the first true revelation of these great men's faces. Now, after so many years, when our knowledge of their personal appearance, owing to the varied interpretations of artists, is largely traditional, we have them before us in the flesh, so that at a glance we know them as we know our friends—as living men.



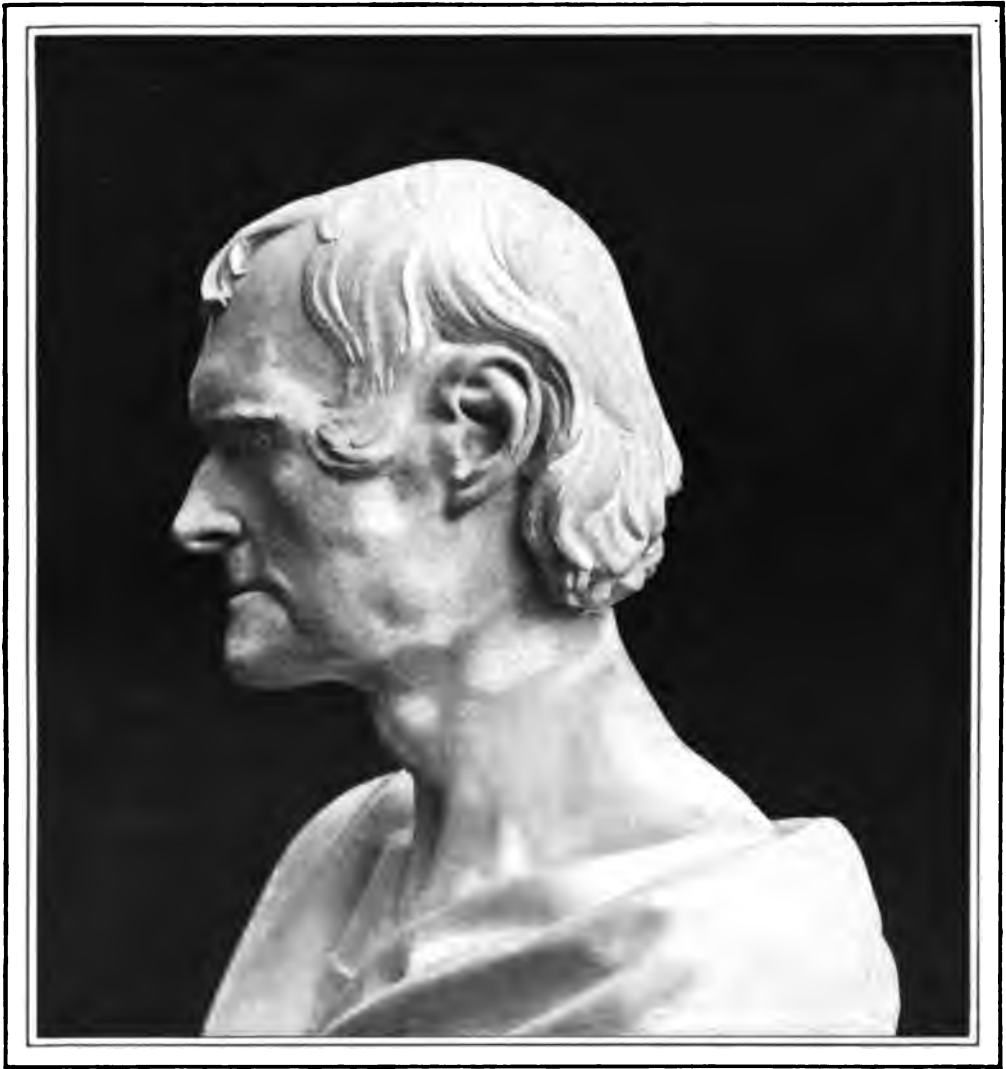
THOMAS JEFFERSON. AGE 82. FROM THE ORIGINAL BUST FROM A LIFE MASK TAKEN AT MONTICELLO, OCTOBER 15, 1825, BY J. H. I. BROWERE. FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

found comparatively easy through the calendars of Jefferson and Madison correspondence in the State Département at Washington, an examination of which, with the newspapers of the day, showing that Mr. Randall's method of writing history was to accept and repeat irresponsible country gossip rather than turn to documents at his hand that would explain and refute the gossip.

The one-time existence of the bust of Jefferson by Browere being thus established, the next and more difficult search was to discover its whereabouts, if still extant. But persistent and systematic inquiry discovered it, with a number of

other busts by Browere, of persons of greater or less consideration, in the custody of the artist's family, through whose courtesy the works of their ancestor, John Henri Isaac Browere, are now for the first time published.

John Henri Isaac Browere was born in New York, November 18, 1792, and died in the city of his birth, September 10, 1834. He was of Dutch descent, and early turned his attention to art, becoming a pupil of Archibald Robertson, at the well known Columbian Academy. Determined to further improve himself, Browere went abroad, and traveled on foot for nearly two years on the continent, studying art and more



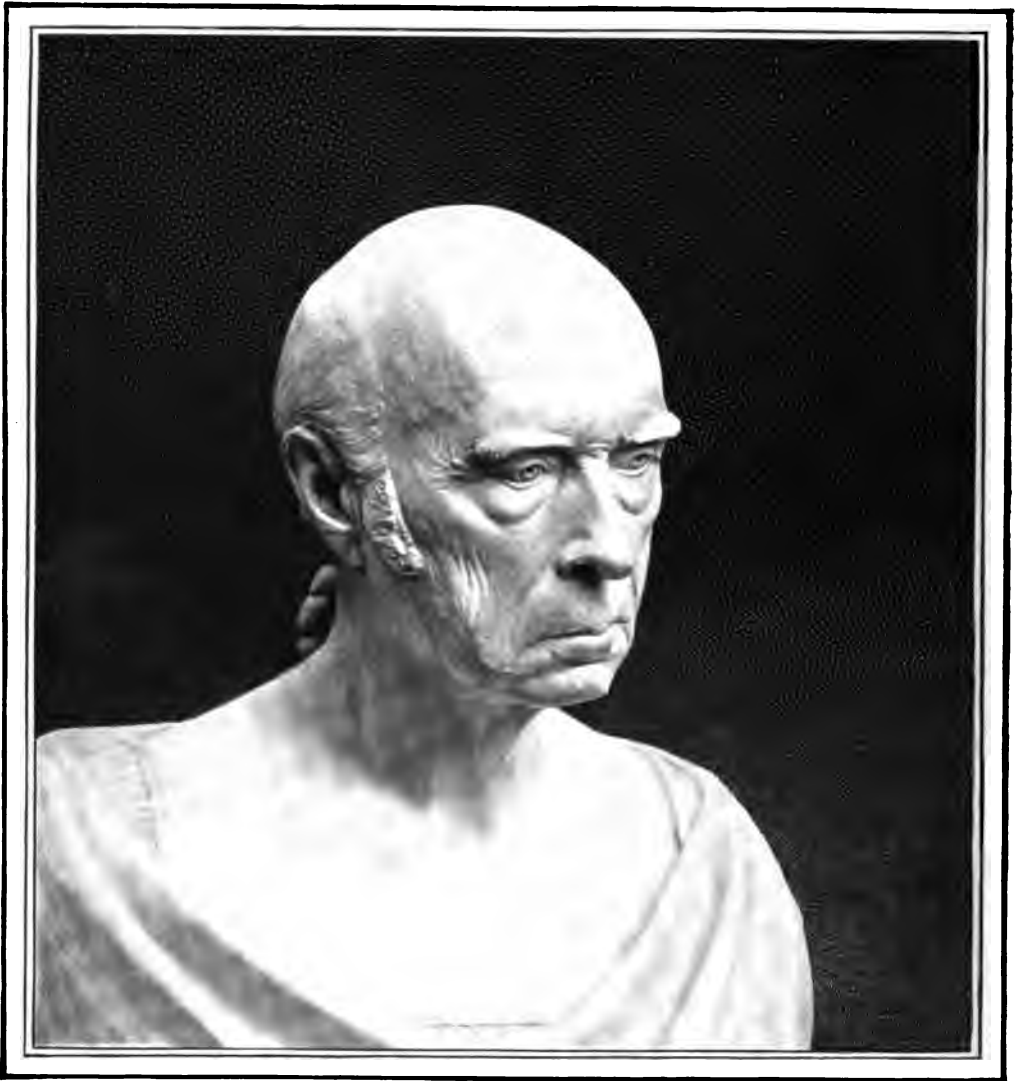
THOMAS JEFFERSON. AGE 82. SIDE VIEW OF THE BUST SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

especially sculpture. He returned to New York in 1820, and began modeling; but being of an inventive turn, he experimented to obtain casts from the living face, in a manner and with a composition different from those usually employed by sculptors.

His first satisfactory achievement was a cast of his friend and preceptor, Robertson, and his second that of Judge Pierrepont Edwards, of Connecticut. But it was left for "The Nation's Guest" to lift Browere into prominence in his art. At the request of the Common Council of New York, Lafayette permitted Browere to make a cast of his head, neck, and shoulders on July 11, 1825. But a slight accident happened to the cast, and the

operation was repeated a week later at Philadelphia. The result of the second trial was a likeness so admirable and of such remarkable fidelity that De Witt Clinton, S. F. B. Morse, and many others came forward and enthusiastically bore witness to its being "a perfect facsimile" of the distinguished Frenchman.

From this on, Browere devoted his time and means to making casts of the most noted men in the country's history who were then living, with the purpose of forming a national gallery of the busts of famous Americans. But after years of labor and the expenditure, as he writes to Madison, of \$12,087, the scheme was abandoned, owing to lack of support



JAMES MADISON. AGE 74. FROM THE ORIGINAL BUST FROM A LIFE MASK TAKEN AT MONTPELIER, OCTOBER 19, 1825, BY J. H. I. BROWERE. FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

and direct opposition from his brother artists, who maligned his pretensions because he was honest enough to call his method "*a process*." Surely, judging from results, it was superior to any other method of obtaining a life mask, and therefore it is most unfortunate that his "*process*" has to be counted among "*the lost arts*;" for neither he nor his son, who was acquainted with both the composition and the method of applying it, has left a word of information on the subject.

When the public press attacked Browere for his rumored maltreatment of President Jefferson, he replied: "Mr. Browere never has followed and never will follow

the usual course, knowing it to be fallacious and absolutely bad. The manner in which he executes portrait busts from life is unknown to all but himself, and the invention is his own, for which he claims exclusive rights, but it is infinitely milder than the usual course."

That Browere's method of taking life casts was accomplished without discomfort to the subject is fully attested by the number of persons who submitted to it, as also by the certificates that exist from Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Lafayette, Gilbert Stuart, and others. Notwithstanding this, the report of the discomfort suffered by the venerable Jefferson was so



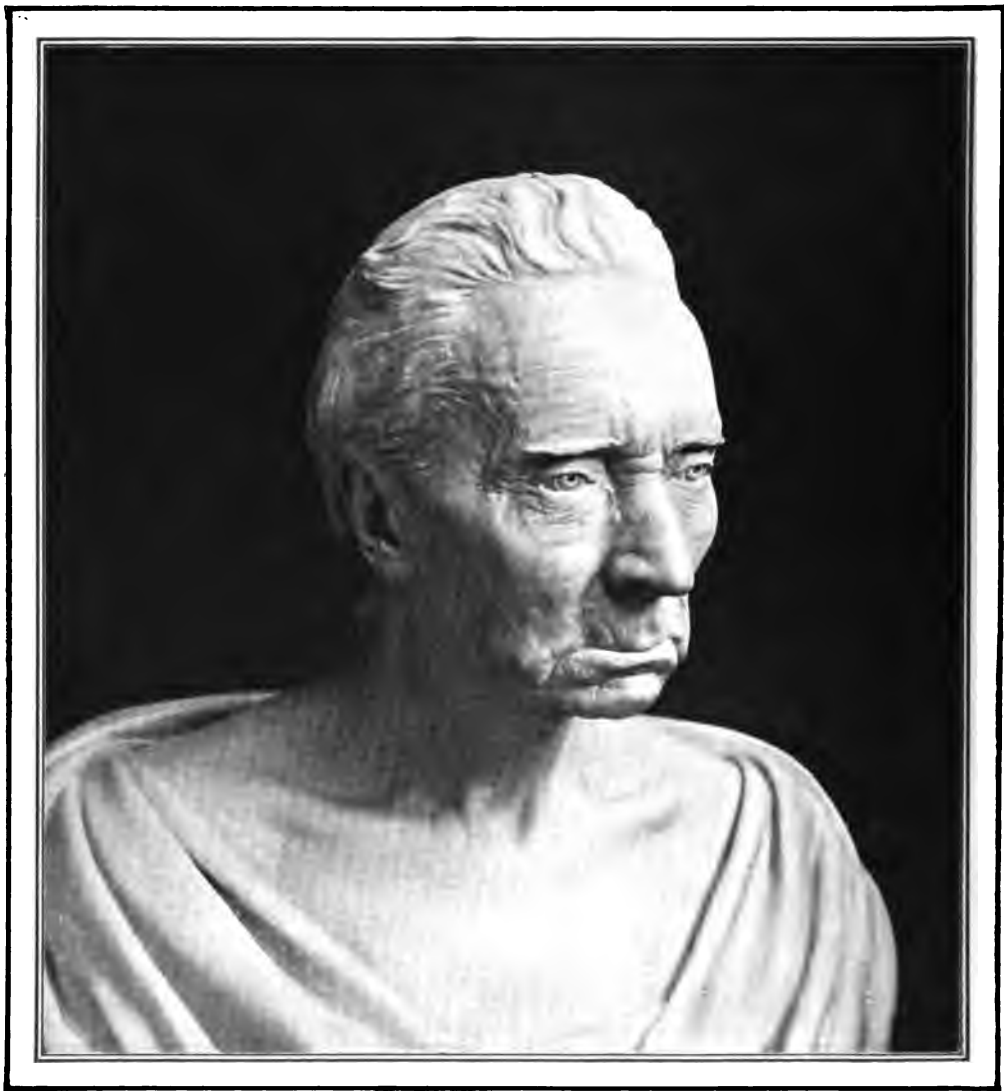
THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE. AGE 67. FROM THE ORIGINAL BUST FROM A LIFE MASK TAKEN AT PHILADELPHIA, JULY 19, 1825, BY J. H. I. BROWERE. FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

widely circulated that the artist's career was seriously affected by it; and so chagrined was he at this unmerited treatment, that on his death-bed he directed the heads to be sawed off the most important busts and boxed up for forty years, at the end of which period he hoped their exhibition would elicit recognition for their merit and value as historical portraits from life.

The positive statement of Randall, frequently repeated by others, that Browere's cast from Jefferson's face *was destroyed*, and the indisputable fact that the bust *exists* and is here reproduced, give the incidents connected with the taking of the

original life cast an importance that justifies stating them at length, so that there may remain no possibility for further question or doubt on the subject. My authorities are Jefferson, Madison, and Browere, as preserved in their individual autographs in the State Department at Washington.

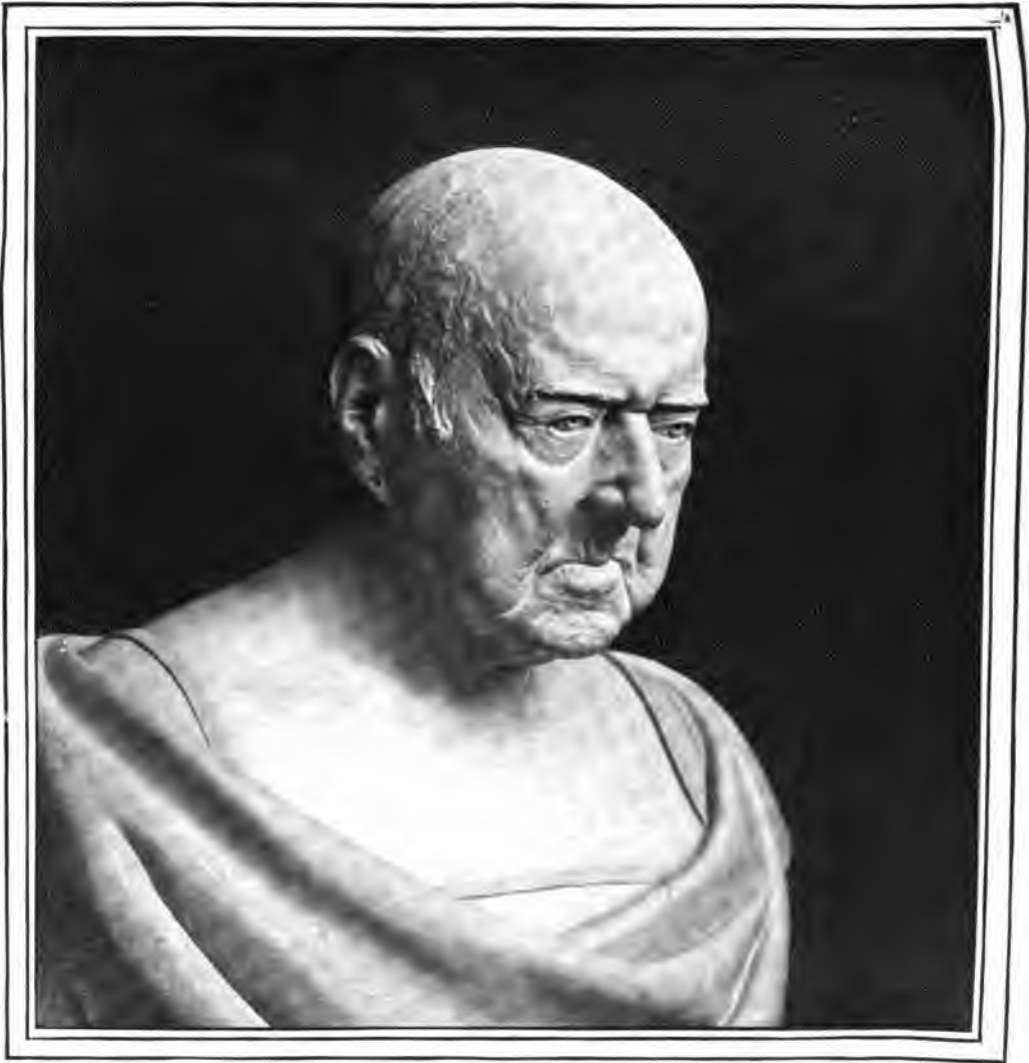
Thomas Jefferson was born in 1743 and died in 1826, on the semi-centennial of the adoption of the immortal instrument of which he was the recognized father. Through the intercession of President Madison, Jefferson consented, in Browere's words, "to submit to the ordeal of



CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON. AGE 88. FROM THE ORIGINAL BUST FROM A LIFE MASK TAKEN AT BALTIMORE, JULY 10, 1826, BY J. H. I. BROWERE. FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

new and perfect mode of taking the human features and form." In order to take the cast Browere visited Monticello on the 15th of October, 1825. At this time Jefferson was in his eighty-third year, and was suffering the infirmities incident to his advanced age. He was attended during the operation by his faithful man-servant Burwell, who prepared him for "the ordeal" by removing all of his clothing to the waist, excepting his undershirt, from which the sleeves were cut. He was then placed on his back, and the material applied down to the waist, including both arms, which were folded across the body.

The entire procedure lasted ninety minutes, with rests every ten or fifteen minutes, when Jefferson got up and walked about. The material was on his face for eighteen minutes, and the whole of the mold of his features was removed therefrom before the alarmed entrance of the Misses Randolph into the room, brought there by their brother, who had been constantly peeping in at the window and begging for admission, which was denied him. It was his exaggerated report of what he thought he saw that induced the sudden entrance of his sisters, and this report found its way subsequently into the local



JOHN ADAMS, AGE 90. FROM THE ORIGINAL BUST FROM A LIFE MASK TAKEN AT QUINCY, NOVEMBER 22, 1825, BY J. H. I. BROWERE. FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

newspapers of Virginia, with the remarkable results indicated.

The intrusion of the Randolphs into the room caused delay in removing other parts of the mold, and this did cause the venerable subject to feel a little faint and to experience some other discomforts. But Browere remained at Monticello over night, dining with Jefferson and the Randolphs, and chatting with his host through the evening until bedtime, which would scarcely have been the case had he nearly suffocated and otherwise maltreated his subject, so that the cast had to be shattered to pieces. But we do not have to speculate and surmise. We have direct and unimpeachable proof to the contrary.

The very day on which, according to Randall and his followers, the "suffocation" and "shattering" took place, Jefferson wrote:

At the request of the Honorable James Madison and Mr. Browere of the city of New York, I hereby certify that Mr. Browere has this day made a mould in plaster composition from my person for the purpose of making a portrait bust and statue for his contemplated National Gallery. Given under my hand at Monticello, in Virginia, this 15th day of October, 1825. Th: Jefferson.

From Monticello Browere journeyed to Quincy, to preserve, in like manner as he had the features of Jefferson, those of the only other signer of the Declaration of Independence who became President and also

died on its semi-centennial anniversary—old John Adams. But the Virginia story had gotten there before him, and it was with difficulty he could persuade Mr. Adams to submit. But the old Spartan finally did submit, and on November 23, 1825, he wrote, "This certifies that John H. I. Browere Esq. of the City of New York has yesterday and to-day made two portrait bust moulds on my person and made a cast of the first which has been approved of by my family. John Adams." To this his son Judge Thomas B. Adams adds, "P. S. I am authorized by the Ex President to say that the moulds were made on his person without injury, pain or inconvenience."

The newspapers, however, were getting too rabid for Browere, and he published in the Boston "Daily Advertiser" of November 30, 1825, a two-column letter in which he says, concerning the libel in the Richmond "Enquirer," the most virulent of his assailants, "a libel false in almost all its parts and which I am now determined to prove so by laying before the public every circumstance relating to that operation on our revered ex-President Thomas Jefferson." A copy of this letter Browere sent to Jefferson under cover of May 20, 1826, apprising him of his intention to make "a full length statue of the author of the Declaration of American Independence which, if the ex-president be not in New York on the 4th of July next, I intend presenting on that day to the corporation of New York." These communications Jefferson acknowledged within a month of his decease in a letter of such great importance in this connection, as *settling the question forever*, that I copy it in full.

MONTICELLO, June 6, '26.

Sir:—The subject of your letter of May 20, has attracted more notice certainly than it merited. That the *opéré* to which it refers was painful to a certain degree I admit. But it was short lived and there would have ended as to myself. My age and the state of my health at that time gave an alarm to my family which I neither felt nor expressed. What may have been said in newspapers I know not, reading only a single one and that giving little room to things of that kind. I thought no more of it until your letter brot. it again to mind, but can assure you it has left not a trace of dissatisfaction as to yourself and that with me it is placed among the things which have never happened. Accept this assurance with my friendly salutes.

TH. JEFFERSON.

How dare any man presume to write history and set down on his pages such statements as did Randall about Browere's cast of Jefferson, without first exhausting

every channel of inquiry and every means of search and research to ascertain the truth? The material that I have drawn from was as accessible to him as to me. In fact, he claims to have used the Jefferson papers in his compilation. With what effect! It is indeed some gratification to have set wrong right even at this late day and done this bit of justice to Browere's reputation; but it is a far greater satisfaction to have rescued from oblivion and presented to the world his magnificent facsimile of the face and form of the immortal Jefferson.

In addition to the busts of Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Carroll, and Lafayette, here reproduced, there are, in the possession of the Browere family, busts of Henry Clay, Dolly Madison, John Quincy Adams, his son Charles Francis Adams (at the age of eighteen), Martin Van Buren, De Witt Clinton, Commodore David Porter, General Macomb, General Brown, Edwin Forrest; Paulding, Williams and Van Wart, the captors of André; and many others of more or less celebrity. The New York Historical Society owns Browere's busts of Dr. Hosack and Philip Hone, while the Redwood Library at Newport, R. I., has his bust of Gilbert Stuart.

Call Browere's work what one will—process, art, or mechanical—the result gives the most faithful portrait possible, down to the minutest detail, the very living features of the breathing man, a likeness of the greatest historical significance and importance. A single glance will show the marked difference between Browere's work and the ordinary life cast by the sculptor or modeler, no matter how skilful he may be. Browere's work is real, human, lifelike, inspiring in its truthfulness, while other life masks, even the celebrated ones by Clark Mills, who made so many, are dead and heavy, almost repulsive in their lifelessness. It seems next to marvelous how he was able to preserve, in such a marked degree, the naturalness of expression. His busts are imbued with animation; the individual character is there, so simple and direct that, next to the living man, he has preserved for us the best that we can have—a perfect *facsimile*. One experiences a satisfaction in contemplating these busts similar to that afforded by the reflected image of the daguerreotype. Both may be "inartistic" in the sense that the artist's conception is wanting; but for historical human documents they outweigh all the portraits ever limned or modeled. *Esto perpetua!*

ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER—SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Viscount Anne de St. Ives, under the name of Champdivers, while held a prisoner of war in Edinburgh Castle, attracts the sympathy of Flora Gilchrist, who, out of curiosity, visits the prisoners, attended by her brother Ronald. On her account St. Ives kills a comrade, Goguelat, in a duel, fought secretly in the night, with the divided blades of a pair of scissors. An officer of the prison, Major Chevenix, discovers the secret of the duel and of St. Ives's interest in the young lady. Making a bold escape from the prison, St. Ives steals out to the home of Flora Gilchrist, at the edge of the town. Discovered there by the aunt with whom Flora lives, he is regarded with suspicion; but still is helped to escape across the border, under the guidance of two drovers, Todd and Candlish. On the way a fray arises

between the drovers and some standing foes of theirs; St. Ives rushes in to aid them, and kills, or nearly kills, a man. Later, in consequence, the drovers are arrested and thrown into jail. St. Ives makes his way to Amersham Place, the seat of Count de Kéroural, his uncle. Another nephew of the count's, Alain de St. Ives, who was to have been his heir, has proved unworthy; and the count, now on the point of dying, adopts St. Ives in Alain's stead, and makes him an immediate gift of a despatch-box containing ten thousand pounds in bank notes. Alain, on learning of these transactions, sets out to procure the rearrest of St. Ives; and the latter takes again to flight, accompanied by a servant named Rowley. The fugitives journey toward Scotland, traveling in a claret-colored chaise purchased by the way.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE RUNAWAY COUPLE.

THE country had for some time back been changing in character. By a thousand indications I could judge that I was again drawing near to Scotland. I saw it written in the face of the hills, in the growth of the trees, and in the glint of the waterbrooks that kept the highroad company. It might have occurred to me, also, that I was, at the same time, approaching a place of some fame in Britain—Gretna Green. Over these same leagues of road—which Rowley and I now traversed in the claret-colored chaise, to the note of the flageolet and the French lesson—how many pairs of lovers had gone bowling northward to the music of sixteen scampering horseshoes; and how many irate persons—parents, uncles, guardians, evicted rivals—had come tearing after, clapping the frequent red face to the chaise window, lavishly shedding their gold about the post-houses, sedulously loading and reloading, as they went, their avenging pistols! But I doubt if I had thought of it at all before a way-side hazard swept me into the thick of an adventure of this nature and I found myself playing providence with other people's lives, to my own admiration at the

moment—and subsequently to my own brief but passionate regret.

At rather an ugly corner of an uphill reach, I came on the wreck of a chaise lying on one side in the ditch, a man and a woman in animated discourse in the middle of the road, and the two postilions, each with his pair of horses, looking on and laughing from the saddle.

"Morning breezes! here's a smash!" cried Rowley, pocketing his flageolet in the middle of the "Tight Little Island."

I was perhaps more conscious of the moral smash than the physical—more alive to broken hearts than to broken chaises; for, as plain as the sun at morning, there was a screw loose in this runaway match. It is always a bad sign when the lower classes laugh; their taste in humor is both poor and sinister; and for a man running the posts with four horses, presumably with open pockets, and in the company of the most entrancing little creature conceivable, to have come down so far as to be laughed at by his own postilions, was only to be explained on the double hypothesis that he was a fool and no gentleman.

I have said they were man and woman. I should have said man and child. She was certainly not more than seventeen, pretty as an angel, just plump enough to damn a saint, and dressed in various shades of blue, from her stockings to her saucy cap, in a kind of taking gamut, the

top note of which she flung me in a beam from her too appreciative eye. There was no doubt about the case: I saw it all. From a boarding-school, a blackboard, a piano, and Clementi's "Sonatinas," the child had made a rash adventure upon life in the company of a half-bred haw-buck; and she was already not only regretting it, but expressing her regret with point and pungency.

As I alighted, they both paused with that unmistakable air of being interrupted in a scene. I uncovered to the lady, and placed my services at their disposal.

It was the man who answered. "There's no use in shamming, sir," said he. "This lady and I have run away, and her father's after us: road to Greta, sir. And here have these nincompoops spilt us in the ditch and smashed the chaise!"

"Very provoking," said I.

"I don't know when I've been so provoked!" cried he, with a glance down the road of mortal terror.

"The father is no doubt very much incensed," I pursued, civilly.

"Oh, much!" cried the hawbuck. "In short, you see, we must get out of this. And I'll tell you what—it may seem cool, but necessity has no law—if you would lend us your chaise to the next post-house, it would be the very thing, sir."

"I confess it seems cool," I replied.

"What's that you say, sir?" he snapped.

"I was agreeing with you," said I. "Yes, it does seem cool; and what is more to the point, it seems unnecessary. This thing can be arranged in a more satisfactory manner otherwise, I think. You can doubtless ride?"

This opened a door on the matter of their previous dispute, and the fellow appeared life-sized in his true colors. "That's what I've been telling her: that she must ride," he broke out. "And if the gentleman's of the same mind, why, you shall!"

As he said so he made a snatch at her wrist, which she evaded with horror.

I stepped between them.

"No, sir," said I; "the lady shall not."

He turned on me, raging. "And who are you, to interfere?" he roared.

"There is no question of who I am," I replied. "I may be the devil or the Archbishop of Canterbury for what you know, or need know. The point is that I can help you—it appears that nobody else can; and I will tell you how I propose to do it. I will give the lady a seat in my chaise if you will return the compliment

by allowing my servant to ride one of your horses."

I thought he would have sprung at my throat.

"You have always the alternative before you to wait here for the arrival of papa," I added.

And that settled him. He cast another haggard look down the road, and capitulated.

"I am sure, sir, the lady is very much obliged to you," he said, with an ill grace.

I gave her my hand; she mounted like a bird into the chaise. Rowley, grinning from ear to ear, closed the door behind us. The two impudent rascals of post-boys cheered and laughed aloud as we drove off, and my own postilion urged his horses at once into a rattling trot. It was plain I was supposed by all to have done a very dashing act, and ravished the bride from the ravisher.

In the meantime I stole a look at the little lady. She was in a state of pitiable discomposure, and her arms shook on her lap in her black-lace mittens.

"Madam—" I began.

And she, in the same moment, finding her voice: "Oh, what must you think of me!"

"Madam," said I, "what must any gentleman think when he sees youth, beauty, and innocence in distress? I wish I could tell you that I was old enough to be your father; I think we must give that up," I continued, with a smile. "But I will tell you something about myself which ought to do as well and to set that little heart at rest in my society. I am a lover. May I say it of myself—for I am not quite used to all the niceties of English—that I am a true lover? There is one whom I admire, adore, obey; she is no less good than she is beautiful. If she were here, she would take you to her arms. Conceive that she has sent me—that she has said to me, 'Go, be her knight!'"

"Oh, I know she must be sweet, I know she must be worthy of you!" cried the little lady. "She would never forget female decorum—nor make the terrible *erratum* I've done!"

And at this she lifted up her voice and wept.

This did not forward matters; it was in vain that I begged her to be more composed and to tell me a plain, consecutive tale of her misadventures; but she continued instead to pour forth the most extraordinary mixture of the correct school miss and the poor untutored little piece

of womanhood in a false position—of engrafted pedantry and incoherent nature.

"I am certain it must have been judicial blindness," she sobbed. "I can't think how I didn't see it, but I didn't; and he isn't, is he? And then a curtain rose . . . oh, what a moment was that! But I knew at once that *you were*; you had but to appear from your carriage, and I knew it. Oh, she must be a fortunate young lady! And I have no fear with you, none—a perfect confidence."

"Madam," said I, "a gentleman—"

"That's what I mean—a gentleman," she exclaimed. "And he—and that—he isn't. Oh, how shall I dare meet father!" And disclosing to me her tear-stained face and opening her arms with a tragic gesture: "And I am quite disgraced before all the young ladies, my school companions!" she added.

"Oh, not so bad as that!" I cried. "Come, come, you exaggerate, my dear Miss —? Excuse me if I am too familiar; I have not yet heard your name."

"My name is Dorothy Greensleeves, sir. Why should I conceal it? I fear it will only serve to point an adage to future generations, and I had meant so differently! There was no young female in the county more emulous to be thought well of than I. And what a fall was there! Oh, dear me, what a wicked, piggish donkey of a girl I have made of myself, to be sure. And there is no hope! Oh, Mr. —"

And at that she paused and asked my name.

I am not writing my eulogium for the Academy; I will admit it was unpardonably imbecile, but I told it her. If you had been there—and seen her, ravishingly pretty and little, a baby in years and mind—and heard her talking like a book, with so much of schoolroom propriety in her manner, with such an innocent despair in the matter—you would probably have told her yours. She repeated it after me.

"I shall pray for you all my life," she said. "Every night, when I retire to rest, the last thing I shall do is to remember you by name."

Presently I succeeded in winning from her her tale, which was much what I had anticipated: a tale of a schoolhouse, a walled garden, a fruit-tree that concealed a bench, an impudent raff posturing in church, an exchange of flowers and vows over the garden wall, a silly schoolmate for a confidante, a chaise and four, and the most immediate and perfect disenchantment on the part of the little lady.

"And there is nothing to be done!" she wailed in conclusion. "My error is irretrievable. I am quite forced to that conclusion. Oh, Monsieur de Saint-Yves! who would have thought that I could have been such a blind, wicked donkey!"

I should have said before—only that I really do not know when it came in—that we had been overtaken by the two post-boys, Rowley, and Mr. Bellamy, which was the hawbuck's name, bestriding the four post-horses; and that these formed a sort of cavalry escort, riding now before, now behind the chaise, and Bellamy occasionally posturing at the window and obliging us with some of his conversation. He was so ill received that I declare I was tempted to pity him, remembering from what a height he had fallen and how few hours ago it was since the lady had herself fled to his arms, all blushes and ardor. Well, these great strokes of fortune usually befall the unworthy, and Bellamy was now the legitimate object of my commiseration and the ridicule of his own post-boys!

"Miss Dorothy," said I, "you wish to be delivered from this man?"

"Oh, if it were possible!" she cried.

"But not by violence."

"Not in the least, ma'am," I replied.

"The simplest thing in life. We are in a civilized country; the man's a malefactor—"

"Oh, never!" she cried. "Do not even dream it! With all his faults, I know he is not *that*."

"Anyway, he's in the wrong in this affair—on the wrong side of the law, call it what you please," said I; and with that, our four horsemen having for the moment headed us by a considerable interval, I hailed my post-boy and inquired who was the nearest magistrate and where he lived. Archdeacon Clitheroe, he told me, a prodigious dignitary, and one who lived but a lane or two back and at the distance of only a mile or two out of the direct road. I showed him the king's medallion.

"Take the lady there, and at full gallop," I cried.

"Right, sir! Mind yourself," said the postilion.

And before I could have thought it possible, he had turned the carriage to the right-about, and we were galloping south.

Our outriders were quick to remark and imitate the manoeuvre, and came flying after us with a vast deal of indiscriminate shouting; so that the fine, sober picture of a carriage and escort that we had

presented but a moment back, was transformed in the twinkling of an eye into the image of a noisy fox-chase. The two postilions and my own saucy rogue were, of course, disinterested actors in the comedy; they rode for the mere sport, keeping in a body, their mouths full of laughter, waving their hats as they came on, and crying (as the fancy struck them): "Tally-ho!" "Stop thief!" "A highwayman! A highwayman!" It was otherguess work with Bellamy. That gentleman no sooner observed our change of direction than he turned his horse with so much violence that the poor animal was almost cast upon her side, and launched her in immediate and desperate pursuit. As he approached I saw that his face was deadly white and that he carried a drawn pistol in his hand. I turned at once to the poor little bride that was to have been and now was not to be; she, upon her side, deserting the other window, turned as if to meet me.

"Oh, oh, don't let him kill me!" she screamed.

"Never fear," I replied.

Her face was distorted with terror. Her hands took hold upon me with the instinctive clutch of an infant. The chaise gave a flying lurch, which took the feet from under me and tumbled us anyhow upon the seat. And almost in the same moment the head of Bellamy appeared in the window which Missy had left free for him.

Conceive the situation! The little lady and I were falling—or had just fallen—backward on the seat, and offered to the eye a somewhat ambiguous picture. The chaise was speeding at a furious pace, and with the most violent leaps and lurches, along the highway. Into this bounding receptacle Bellamy interjected his head, his pistol arm, and his pistol; and since his own horse was traveling still faster than the chaise, he must withdraw all of them again in the inside of the fraction of a minute. He did so, but he left the charge of the pistol behind him—whether by design or accident I shall never know, and I dare say he has forgotten. Probably he had only meant to threaten, in hopes of causing us to arrest our flight. In the same moment came the explosion and a pitiful cry from Missy; and my gentleman, making certain he had struck her, went down the road pursued by the furies, turned at the first corner, took a flying leap over the thorn hedge, and disappeared across country in the least possible time.

Rowley was ready and eager to pursue;

but I withheld him, thinking we were excellently quit of Mr. Bellamy, at no more cost than a scratch on the forearm and a bullet-hole in the left-hand claret-colored panel. And accordingly, but now at a more decent pace, we proceeded on our way to Archdeacon Clitheroe's. Missy's gratitude and admiration were aroused to a high pitch by this dramatic scene and what she was pleased to call my wound. She must dress it for me with her handkerchief, a service which she rendered me even with tears. I could well have spared them, not loving on the whole to be made ridiculous and the injury being in the nature of a cat's scratch. Indeed, I would have suggested for her kind care rather the cure of my coat-sleeve, which had suffered worse in the encounter, but I was too wise to risk the anti-climax. That she had been rescued by a hero, that the hero should have been wounded in the affray and his wound bandaged with her handkerchief (which it could not even bloody), ministered incredibly to the recovery of her self-respect; and I could hear her relate the incident to "the young ladies, my school-companions," in the most approved manner of Mrs. Radcliffe. To have insisted on the torn coat-sleeve would have been unmannerly, if not inhuman.

Presently the residence of the archdeacon began to heave in sight. A chaise and four smoking horses stood by the steps, and made way for us on our approach; and even as we alighted there appeared from the interior of the house a tall ecclesiastic, and beside him a little, headstrong, ruddy man, in a towering passion, and brandishing over his head a roll of paper. At sight of him Miss Dorothy flung herself on her knees with the most moving adjurations, calling him father, assuring him she was wholly cured and entirely repentant of her disobedience, and entreating forgiveness; and I soon saw that she need fear no great severity from Mr. Greensleeves, who showed himself extraordinarily fond, loud, greedy of caresses, and prodigal of tears.

To give myself a countenance, as well as to have all ready for the road when I should find occasion, I turned to quit scores with Bellamy's two postilions. They had not the least claim on me, but one of which they were quite ignorant—that I was a fugitive. It is the worst feature of that false position that every gratuity becomes a case of conscience. You must not leave behind you any one discontented nor any one grateful. But the whole business had been such a "hurrah-boys"

from the beginning, and had gone off in the fifth act so like a melodrama, in explosions, reconciliations, and the rape of a post-horse, that it was plainly impossible to keep it covered. It was plain it would have to be talked over in all the inn-kitchens for thirty miles about, and likely for six months to come. It only remained for me, therefore, to settle on that gratuity which should be least conspicuous—so large that nobody could grumble, so small that nobody would be tempted to boast. My decision was hastily and not wisely taken. The one fellow spat on his tip (so he called it) for luck; the other, developing a sudden streak of piety, prayed God bless me with fervor. It seemed a demonstration was brewing, and I determined to be off at once. Bidding my own post-boy and Rowley to be in readiness for an immediate start, I reascended the terrace and presented myself, hat in hand, before Mr. Greensleeves and the archdeacon.

"You will excuse me, I trust," said I. "I think shame to interrupt this agreeable scene of family effusion, which I have been privileged in some small degree to bring about."

And at these words the storm broke.

"Small degree! small degree, sir!" cries the father; "that shall not pass, Mr. St. Eaves! If I've got my darling back, and none the worse for that vagabone rascal, I know whom I have to thank. Shake hands with me—up to the elbows, sir! A Frenchman you may be, but you're one of the right breed, and, sir, you may have anything you care to ask of me, down to Dolly's hand!"

All this he roared out in a voice surprisingly powerful from so small a person. Every word was audible to the servants, who had followed them out of the house and now congregated about us on the terrace, as well as to Rowley and the five postilions on the gravel sweep below. The sentiments expressed were popular; some ass, whom the devil moved to be my enemy, proposed three cheers, and they were given with a will. To hear my own name resounding amid acclamations in the hills of Westmoreland was flattering, perhaps; but it was inconvenient at a moment when (as I was morally persuaded) police handbills were already speeding after me at the rate of a hundred miles a day.

Nor was that the end of it. The archdeacon must present his compliments and press upon me some of his West India sherry, and I was carried into a vastly fine

library, where I was presented to his lady wife. While we were at sherry in the library, ale was handed round upon the terrace. Speeches were made, hands were shaken, Missy (at her father's request) kissed me farewell, and the whole party reaccompanied me to the terrace, where they stood waving hats and handkerchiefs, and crying farewells to all the echoes of the mountains until the chaise had disappeared.

The echoes of the mountains were engaged in saying to me privately: "You fool, you have done it now!"

"They do seem to have got 'old of your name, Mr. Anne," said Rowley. "It weren't my fault this time."

"It was one of those accidents that can never be foreseen," said I, affecting a dignity that I was far from feeling. "Some one recognized me."

"Which on 'em, Mr. Anne?" said the rascal.

"That is a senseless question; it can make no difference who it was," I returned.

"No, nor that it can't!" cried Rowley. "I say, Mr. Anne, sir, it's what you call a jolly mess, ain't it? Looks like 'clean bowled out in the middle stump,' don't it?"

"I fail to understand you, Rowley."

"Well, what I mean is, what are we to do about this one?" pointing to the postilion in front of us, as he alternately hid and revealed his patched breeches to the trot of his horse. "He see you get in this morning under Mr. Ramornie—I was very piticular to *Mr. Ramornie* you, if you remember, sir—and he see you get in again under Mr. Saint Eaves, and whatever's he going to see you get out under? That's what worries me, sir. It don't seem to me like as if the position was what you call *strategic*!"

"*Parrrrbleu!* will you let me be!" I cried. "I have to think; you cannot imagine how your constant idiotic prattle annoys me."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Anne," said he; and the next moment, "You wouldn't like for us to do our French now, would you, Mr. Anne?"

"Certainly not," said I. "Play upon your flageolet."

The which he did, with what seemed to me to be irony.

Conscience doth make cowards of us all! I was so downcast by my pitiful mismanagement of the morning's business, that I shrank from the eye of my own hired in-

fant and read offensive meanings into his idle tootling.

I took off my coat, and set to mending it, soldier-fashion, with a needle and thread. There is nothing more conducive to thought, above all in arduous circumstances; and as I sewed I gradually gained a clearness upon my affairs. I must be done with the claret-colored chaise at once. It should be sold at the next stage for what it would bring. Rowley and I must take back to the road on our four feet, and after a decent interval of trudging, get places on some coach to Edinburgh, again under new names. So much trouble and toil, so much extra risk and expense and loss of time, and all for a slip of the tongue to a little lady in blue!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE INN-KEEPER OF KIRKBY-LONSDALE.

I HAD hitherto conceived and partly carried out an ideal that was dear to my heart. Rowley and I descended from our claret-colored chaise, a couple of correctly dressed, brisk, bright-eyed young fellows, like a pair of aristocratic mice; attending singly to our own affairs, communicating solely with each other, and that with the niceties and civilities of drill. We would pass through the little crowd before the door with high-bred preoccupation, inoffensively haughty, after the best English pattern, and disappear within, followed by the envy and admiration of the bystanders, a model master and servant, point-device in every part. It was a heavy thought to me, as we drew up before the inn of Kirkby-Lonsdale, that this scene was now to be enacted for the last time. Alas! and had I known it, it was to go off with so inferior a grace!

I had been injudiciously liberal to the post-boys of the chaise and four. My own post-boy, he of the patched breeches, now stood before me, his eyes glittering with greed, his hand advanced. It was plain he anticipated something extraordinary by way of a *pourboire*; and considering the marches and countermarches by which I had extended the stage, the military character of our affairs with Mr. Bellamy, and the bad example I had set before him at the archdeacon's, something exceptional was certainly to be done. But these are always nice questions, to a foreigner above all; a shade too little will suggest niggardliness, a shilling too much

smells of hush-money. Fresh from the scene at the archdeacon's, and flushed by the idea that I was now nearly done with the responsibilities of the claret-colored chaise, I put into his hands five guineas, and the amount served only to waken his cupidity.

"Oh, come, sir, you ain't going to fob me off with this. Why, I seen fire at your side!" he cried.

It would never do to give him more. I felt I should become the fable of Kirkby-Lonsdale if I did; and I looked him in the face, sternly but still smiling, and addressed him with a voice of uncompromising firmness.

"If you do not like it, give it back," said I.

He pocketed the guineas with the quickness of a conjurer, and like a base-born cockney as he was, fell instantly to casting dirt.

"'Ave your own way of it, Mr. Ramornie—leastways Mr. St. Eaves, or whatever your blessed name may be. Look 'ere"—turning for sympathy to the stable-boys—"this is a blessed business. Blessed 'ard, I calls it. 'Ere I takes up a blessed son of a pop-gun what calls hisself anything you care to mention, and turns out to be a blessed *mounseer* at the end of it! 'Ere 'ave I been drivin' of him up and down all day, a-carrying off of gals, a-shootin' of pistyils, and a-drinkin' of sherry and hale; and wot does he up and give me but a blank, blank, blanketing blank!"

The fellow's language had become too powerful for reproduction, and I pass it by.

Meanwhile I observed Rowley fretting visibly at the bit; another moment, and he would have added a last touch of the ridiculous to our arrival by coming to his hands with the postilion.

"Rowley!" cried I, reprovingly.

Strictly it should have been Gammon, but in the hurry of the moment, my fault (I can only hope) passed unperceived. At the same time I caught the eye of the postmaster. He was long and lean and brown and bilious; he had the drooping nose of the humorist, and the quick attention of a man of parts. He read my embarrassment in a glance, stepped instantly forward, sent the post-boy to the right-about with half a word, and was back next moment at my side.

"Dinner in a private room, sir? Very well. John, No. 4! What wine would you care to mention? Very well, sir.

Will you please to order fresh horses? Not, sir? Very well."

Each of these expressions was accompanied by something in the nature of a bow, and all were prefaced by something in the nature of a smile, which I could very well have done without. The man's politeness was from the teeth outwards; behind and within, I was conscious of a perpetual scrutiny. The scene at his doorstep, the random confidences of the post-boy, had not been thrown away on this observer; and it was under a strong fear of coming trouble that I was shown at last into my private room. I was in half a mind to have put off the whole business. But the truth is, now my name had got abroad, my fear of the mail that was coming, and the handbills it should contain, had waxed inordinately, and I felt I could never eat a meal in peace till I had severed my connection with the claret-colored chaise.

Accordingly, as soon as I had done with dinner, I sent my compliments to the landlord and requested he should take a glass of wine with me. He came; we exchanged the necessary civilities, and presently I approached my business.

"By the by," said I, "we had a brush down the road to-day. I dare say you may have heard of it?"

He nodded.

"And I was so unlucky as to get a pistol-ball into the panel of my chaise," I continued, "which makes it simply useless to me. Do you know any one likely to buy?"

"I can well understand that," said the landlord. "I was looking at it just now; it's as good as ruined, is that chaise. General rule, people don't like chaises with bullet-holes."

"Too much 'Romance of the Forest'?" I suggested, recalling my little friend of the morning and what I was sure had been her favorite reading—Mrs. Radcliffe's novels.

"Just so," said he. "They may be right, they may be wrong; I'm not the judge. But I suppose it's natural, after all, for respectable people to like things respectable about them; not bullet-holes, nor puddles of blood, nor men with aliases."

I took a glass of wine and held it up to the light to show that my hand was steady.

"Yes," said I, "I suppose so."

"You have papers, of course, showing you are the proper owner?" he inquired.

"There is the bill, stamped and receipted," said I, tossing it across to him.

He looked at it.

"This all you have?" he asked.

"It is enough, at least," said I. "It shows you where I bought and what I paid for it."

"Well, I don't know," he said. "You want some paper of identification."

"To identify the chaise?" I inquired.

"Not at all—to identify *you*," said he.

"My good sir, remember yourself!" said I. "The title-deeds of my estate are in that despatch-box; but you do not seriously suppose that I should allow you to examine them."

"Well, you see, this paper proves that some Mr. Ramornie paid seventy guineas for a chaise," said the fellow. "That's all well and good; but who's to prove to me that you are Mr. Ramornie?"

"Fellow!" cried I.

"Oh, fellow as much as you please!" said he. "Fellow, with all my heart! That changes nothing. I am fellow, of course—obtrusive fellow, impudent fellow, if you like—but who are you? I hear of you with two names; I hear of you running away with young ladies, and getting cheered for a Frenchman, which seems odd; and one thing I will go bail for, that you were in a blue fright when the post-boy began to tell tales at my door. In short, sir, you may be a very good gentleman; but I don't know enough about you, and I'll trouble you for your papers, or to go before a magistrate. Take your choice; if I'm not fine enough, I hope the magistrates are."

"My good man," I stammered, for, though I had found my voice, I could scarce be said to have recovered my wits, "this is most unusual, most rude. Is it the custom in Westmoreland that gentlemen should be insulted?"

"That depends," said he. "When it's suspected that gentlemen are spies, it is the custom, and a good custom, too. No, no," he broke out, perceiving me to make a movement. "Both hands upon the table, my gentleman! I want no pistol-balls in my chaise panels."

"Surely, sir, you do me strange injustice!" said I, now the master of myself. "You see me sitting here, a monument of tranquillity. Pray may I help myself to wine without umbraging you?"

I took this attitude in sheer despair. I had no plan, no hope. The best I could imagine was to spin the business out some minutes longer, then capitulate. At least

I would not capitulate one moment too soon.

"Am I to take that for *no*?" he asked.

"Referring to your former obliging proposal?" said I. "My good sir, you are to take it, as you say, for 'No.' Certainly I will not show you my deeds; certainly I will not rise from table and trundle out to see your magistrates. I have too much respect for my digestion and too little curiosity in justices of the peace."

He leaned forward, looked me nearly in the face, and reached out one hand to the bell-rope. "See here, my fine fellow!" said he. "Do you see that bell-rope? Let me tell you, there's a boy waiting below; one jingle, and he goes to fetch the constable."

"Do you tell me so?" said I. "Well, there's no accounting for tastes! I have a prejudice against the society of constables, but if it is your fancy to have one in for the dessert—" I shrugged my shoulders lightly. "Really, you know," I added, "this is vastly entertaining. I assure you I am looking on, with all the interest of a man of the world, at the development of your highly original character."

He continued to study my face without speech, his hand still on the button of the bell-rope, his eyes in mine; this was the decisive heat. My face seemed to myself to dislimn under his gaze, my expression to change, the smile (with which I had begun) to degenerate into the grin of the man upon the rack. I was besides harassed with doubts. An innocent man, I argued, would have resented the fellow's impudence an hour ago; and by my continued endurance of the ordeal, I was simply signing and sealing my confession; in short, I had reached the end of my powers.

"Have you any objection to my putting my hands in my breeches pockets?" I inquired. "Excuse me mentioning it, but you showed yourself so extremely nervous a moment back."

My voice was not all I could have wished, but it sufficed. I could hear it tremble, but the landlord apparently could not. He turned away and drew a long breath, and you may be sure I was quick to follow his example.

"You're a cool hand, at least, and that's the sort I like," said he. "Be you what you please, I'll deal square. I'll take the chaise for a hundred pound down and throw the dinner in."

"I beg your pardon," I cried, wholly mystified by this form of words.

"You pay me a hundred down," he re-

peated, "and I'll take the chaise. It's very little more than it cost," he added, with a grin, "and you know you must get it off your hands somehow."

I do not know when I have been better entertained than by this impudent proposal. It was broadly funny, and I suppose the least tempting offer in the world. For all that, it came very welcome, for it gave me the occasion to laugh. This I did with the most complete abandonment, till the tears ran down my cheeks; and ever and again, as the fit abated, I would get another view of the landlord's face and go off into another paroxysm.

"You droll creature, you will be the death of me yet," I cried, drying my eyes. My friend was now wholly disconcerted; he knew not where to look, nor yet what to say, and began for the first time to conceive it possible he was mistaken. "You seem rather to enjoy a laugh, sir," said he.

"Oh, yes! I am quite an original," I replied, and laughed again.

Presently, in a changed voice, he offered me twenty pounds for the chaise. I ran him up to twenty-five, and closed with the offer. Indeed, I was glad to get anything; and if I haggled, it was not in the desire of gain, but with the view at any price of securing a safe retreat. For, although hostilities were suspended, he was yet far from satisfied; and I could read his continued suspicions in the cloudy eye that still hovered about my face. At last they took shape in words.

"This is all very well," says he; "you carry it off well, but, for all that, I must do my duty."

I had my strong effect in reserve; it was to burn my ships with a vengeance! I rose. "Leave the room," said I. "This is insufferable. Is the man mad?" And then, as if already half ashamed of my passion: "I can take a joke as well as any one," I added, "but this passes measure. Send my servant and the bill."

When he had left me alone, I considered my own valor with amazement. I had insulted him; I had sent him away alone; now, if ever, he would take what was the only sensible recourse, and fetch the constable. But there was something instinctively treacherous about the man, which shrank from plain courses. And, with all his cleverness, he missed the occasion of fame. Rowley and I were suffered to walk out of his door, with all our baggage, on foot, with no destination named, except in the vague statement that we were come "to

view the lakes;" and my friend only watched our departure with his chin in his hand, still moodily irresolute.

I think this one of my great successes. I was exposed, unmasked, summoned to do a perfectly natural act, which must prove my doom and which I had not the slightest pretext for refusing. I kept my head, stuck to my guns, and, against all likelihood, here I was once more at liberty and in the king's highway. This was a strong lesson never to despair; and at the same time, how many hints to be cautious! and what a perplexed and dubious business the whole question of my escape now appeared! That I should have risked perishing upon a trumpery question of a *pourboire*, depicted, in lively colors, the perils that perpetually surrounded us. Though, to be sure, the initial mistake had been committed before that; and if I had not suffered myself to be drawn a little deep in confidences to the innocent Dolly, there need have been no tumble at the inn of Kirkby-Lonsdale. I took the lesson to heart, and promised myself in the future to be more reserved. It was none of my business to attend to broken chaises or shipwrecked travelers. I had my hands full of my own affairs; and my best defense would be a little more natural selfishness and a trifle less imbecile good-nature.

CHAPTER XXV.

I MEET A CHEERFUL EXTRAVAGANT.

I PASS over the next fifty or sixty leagues of our journey without comment. The reader must be growing weary of scenes of travel; and, for my own part, I have no cause to recall these particular miles with any pleasure. We were mainly occupied with attempts to obliterate our trail, which (as the result showed) were far from successful; for on my cousin following, he was able to run me home with the least possible loss of time, following the claret-colored chaise to Kirkby-Lonsdale, where I think the landlord must have wept to learn what he had missed, and tracing us thereafter to the doors of the coach office in Edinburgh without a single check. Fortune did not favor me, and why should I recapitulate the details of futile precautions which deceived nobody and wearisome arts which proved to be artless?

The day was drawing to an end when Mr. Rowley and I bowled into Edinburgh,

to the stirring sound of the guard's bugle and the clattering team. I was here upon my field of battle; on the scene of my former captivity, escape, and exploits; and in the same city with my love. My heart expanded; I have rarely felt more of a hero. All down the Bridges, I sat by the driver with my arms folded and my face set, unflinchingly meeting every eye, and prepared every moment for a cry of recognition. Hundreds of the population were in the habit of visiting the Castle, where it was my practice (before the days of Flora) to make myself conspicuous among the prisoners; and I think it an extraordinary thing that I should have encountered so few to recognize me. But doubtless a clean chin is a disguise in itself; and the change is great from a suit of sulphur-yellow to fine linen, a well-fitting mouse-colored great-coat, furred in black, a pair of tight trousers of fashionable cut, and a hat of inimitable curl. After all, it was more likely that I should have recognized our visitors, than that they should have identified the modish gentleman with the miserable prisoner in the Castle.

I was glad to set foot on the flagstones, and to escape from the crowd that had assembled to receive the mail. Here we were, with but little daylight before us, and that on Saturday afternoon, the eve of the famous Scottish Sabbath, adrift in the new town of Edinburgh, and overladen with baggage. We carried it ourselves; I would not take a cab, nor so much as hire a porter, who might afterwards serve as a link between my lodgings and the mail, and connect me again with the claret-colored chaise and Aylesbury. For I was resolved to break the chain of evidence for good, and to begin life afresh (so far as regards caution) with a new character. The first step was to find lodgings, and to find them quickly. This was the more needful as Mr. Rowley and I, in our smart clothes and with our cumbrous burthen, made a noticeable appearance in the streets at that time of the day and in that quarter of the town, which was largely given up to fine folk, bucks, and dandies, and young ladies, or respectable professional men on their way home to dinner.

On the north side of St. James's Square, I was so happy as to spy a bill in a third-floor window. I was equally indifferent to cost and convenience in my choice of a lodging—"any port in a storm" was the principle on which I was prepared to act; and Rowley and I made at once for the common entrance and scaled the stair.

We were admitted by a very sour-looking female in bombazine. I gathered she had all her life been depressed by a series of bereavements, the last of which might very well have befallen her the day before; and I instinctively lowered my voice when I addressed her. She admitted she had rooms to let—even showed them to us—a sitting-room and bedroom in a *suite*, commanding a fine prospect to the Firth and Fifeshire, and in themselves well proportioned and comfortably furnished, with pictures on the wall, shells on the mantelpiece, and several books upon the table, which I found afterwards to be all of a devotional character and all presentation copies, “to my Christian friend,” or “to my devout acquaintance in the Lord, Bethiah McRankine.” Beyond this my “Christian friend” could not be made to advance: no, not even to do that which seemed the most natural and pleasing thing in the world—I mean to name her price—but stood before us shaking her head, and at times mourning like the dove, the picture of depression and defense. She had a voice the most querulous I have ever heard, and with this she produced a whole regiment of difficulties and criticisms.

She could not promise us attendance.

“Well, madam,” said I, “and what is my servant for?”

“Him?” she asked. “Be gude to us! Is *he* your servant?”

“I am sorry, ma’am, he meets with your disapproval.”

“Na, I never said that. But he’s young. He’ll be a great breaker, I’m thinkin’. Ay! he’ll be a great responsibility to ye, like. Does he attend to his relection?”

“Yes, m’m,” returned Rowley, with admirable promptitude, and, immediately closing his eyes, as if from habit, repeated the following distich with more celerity than fervor:

“Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on!”

“Nhm!” said the lady, and maintained an awful silence.

“Well, ma’am,” said I, “it seems we are never to hear the beginning of your terms, let alone the end of them. Come—a good movement! and let us be either off or on.”

She opened her lips slowly. “Ony rafterences?” she inquired, in a voice like a bell.

I opened my pocket-book and showed her a handful of bankbills. “I think,

madam, that these are unexceptionable,” said I.

“Ye’ll be wantin’ breakfast late?” was her reply.

“Madam, we want breakfast at whatever hour it suits you to give it, from four in the morning till four in the afternoon!” I cried. “Only tell us your figure, if your mouth be large enough to let it out!”

“I couldnae give ye supper the nicht,” came the echo.

“We shall go out to supper, you incorrigible female!” I vowed, between laughter and tears. “Here—this is going to end! I want you for a landlady—let me tell you that!—and I am going to have my way. You won’t tell me what you charge? Very well; I will do without! I can trust you! You don’t seem to know when you have a good lodger; but I know perfectly well when I have an honest landlady! Rowley, unstrap the valises!”

Will it be credited? The monomaniac fell to rating me for my indiscretion! But the battle was over; these were her last guns, and more in the nature of a salute than of renewed hostilities. And presently she condescended on very moderate terms, and Rowley and I were able to escape in quest of supper. Much time had, however, been lost; the sun was long down, the lamps glimmered along the streets, and the voice of a watchman already resounded in the neighboring Leith Road. On our first arrival I had observed a place of entertainment not far off, in a street behind the Register House. Thither we found our way, and sat down to a late dinner alone. But we had scarce given our orders before the door opened, and a tall young fellow entered with a lurch, looked about him, and approached the same table.

“Give you good evening, most grave and reverend seniors!” said he. “Will you permit a wanderer, a pilgrim—the pilgrim of love, in short—to come to temporary anchor under your lee? I care not who knows it, but I have a passionate aversion from the bestial practice of solitary feeding!”

“You are welcome, sir,” said I, “if I may take upon me so far as to play the host in a public place.”

He looked startled, and fixed a hazy eye on me, as he sat down.

“Sir,” said he, “you are a man not without some tincture of letters, I perceive. What shall we drink?”

I mentioned I had already called for a pot of porter.

"A modest pot—the seasonable quencher?" said he. "Well, I do not know but what I could look at a modest pot myself! I am, for the moment, in precarious health. Much study hath heated my brain, much walking wearied my—well, it seems to be more my eyes!"

"You have walked far, I daresay?" I suggested.

"Not so much far as often," he replied. "There is in this city—to which, I think, you are a stranger? Sir, to your very good health, and our better acquaintance!—there is, in this city of Dunedin, a certain implication of streets which reflects the utmost credit on the designer and the publicans—at every hundred yards is seated the Judicious Tavern, so that persons of contemplative mind are secure, at moderate distances, of refreshment. I have been doing a trot in that favored quarter, favored by art and nature. A few chosen comrades—enemies of publicity and friends to wit and wine—obliged me with their society. 'Along the cool, sequestered vale' of Register Street we kept the uneven tenor of our way, sir."

"It struck me as you came in—" I began.

"Oh, don't make any bones about it!" he interrupted. "Of course it struck you! And, let me tell you, I was devilish lucky not to strike myself. When I entered this apartment I shone 'with all the pomp and prodigality of brandy and water,' as the poet Gray has in another place expressed it. Powerful bard, Gray! but a niminy-piminy creature, afraid of a petticoat and a bottle—not a man, sir, not a man! Excuse me for being so troublesome, but what the devil have I done with my fork? Thank you, I am sure. *Temulentia, quoad me ipsum, brevis colligo est.* I sit and eat, sir, in a London fog. I should bring a link-boy to table with me; and I would, too, if the little brutes were only washed! I intend to found a Philanthropical Society for Washing the Deserving Poor, and Shaving Soldiers. I am pleased to observe that, although not of an unmilitary bearing, you are apparently shaved. In my calendar of the virtues, shaving comes next to drinking. A gentleman may be a low-minded ruffian, without sixpence, but he will always be close-shaved. See me, with the eye of fancy, in the chill hours of the morning, say about a quarter to twelve, noon—see me awake! First thing of all, without one thought of the plausible but unsatisfactory small beer, or the healthful though insipid soda-water, I take the

deadly razor in my vacillating grasp; I proceed to skate upon the margin of eternity. Stimulating thought! I bleed, perhaps, but with medicable wounds. The stubble reaped, I pass out of my chamber, calm but triumphant. To employ a hackneyed phrase, I would not call Lord Wellington my uncle! I, too, have dared, perhaps bled, before the imminent deadly shaving-table."

In this manner the bombastic fellow continued to entertain me all through dinner, and by a common error of drunkards, because he had been extremely talkative himself, leaped to the conclusion that he had chanced on very genial company. He told me his name, his address; he begged we should meet again; finally he proposed that I should dine with him in the country at an early date.

"The dinner is official," he explained. "The office-bearers and Senatus of the University of Cramond—an educational institution in which I have the honor to be Professor of Nonsense—meet to do honor to our friend Icarus, at the old-established *howff*, Cramond Bridge. One place is vacant, fascinating stranger,—I offer it to you!"

"And who is your friend Icarus?" I asked.

"The aspiring son of Dædalus!" said he. "Is it possible that you have never heard the name of Byfield?"

"Possible and true," said I.

"And is fame so small a thing?" cried he. "Byfield, sir, is an aeronaut. He apes the fame of a Lunardi, and is on the point of offering to the inhabitants—I beg your pardon, to the nobility and gentry of our neighborhood, the spectacle of an ascension. As one of the gentry concerned, I may be permitted to remark that I am unmoved. I care not a tinker's damn for his ascension. No more—I breathe it in your ear—does anybody else. The business is stale, sir, stale. Lunardi did it, and overdid it. A whimsical, fiddling, vain fellow, by all accounts—for I was at that time rocking in my cradle. But once was enough. If Lunardi went up and came down, there was the matter settled. We prefer to grant the point. We do not want to see the experiment repeated *ad nauseam* by Byfield, and Brown, and Butler, and Brodie, and Bottomley. Ah! if they would go up and *not* come down again! But this is by the question. The University of Cramond delights to honor merit in the man, sir, rather than utility in the profession; and Byfield, though an

ignorant dog, is a sound, reliable drinker, and really not amiss over his cups. Under the radiance of the kindly jar, partiality might even credit him with wit."

It will be seen afterwards that this was more my business than I thought it at the time. Indeed, I was impatient to be gone. Even as my friend maundered ahead, a squall burst, the jaws of the rain were opened against the coffee-house windows, and at that inclement signal I remembered I was due elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE COTTAGE AT NIGHT.

At the door I was nearly blown back by the unbridled violence of the squall, and Rowley and I must shout our parting words. All the way along Princes Street (whither my way led) the wind hunted me behind and screamed in my ears. The city was flushed with bucketfuls of rain, that tasted salt from the neighboring ocean. It seemed to darken and lighten again in the vicissitudes of the gusts. Now you would say the lamps had been blown out from end to end of the long thoroughfare; now, in a lull, they would revive, re-multiply, shine again on the wet pavements, and make darkness sparingly visible.

By the time I had got to the corner of the Lothian Road there was a distinct improvement. For one thing, I had now my shoulder to the wind; for a second, I came in the lee of my old prison-house, the Castle; and, at any rate, the excessive fury of the blast was itself moderating. The thought of what errand I was on re-awoke within me, and I seemed to breast the rough weather with increasing ease. With such a destination, what mattered a little buffeting of wind or a sprinkle of cold water? I recalled Flora's image, I took her in fancy to my arms, and my heart throbbled. And the next moment I had recognized the inanity of that fool's paradise. If I could spy her taper as she went to bed, I might count myself lucky.

I had about two leagues before me of a road mostly up-hill and now deep in mire. So soon as I was clear of the last street lamp, darkness received me—a darkness only pointed by the lights of occasional rustic farms, where the dogs howled with uplifted head as I went by. The wind continued to decline: it had been but a squall, not a tempest. The rain, on the other hand, settled into a steady deluge,

which had soon drenched me thoroughly. I continued to tramp forward in the night, contending with gloomy thoughts and accompanied by the dismal ululation of the dogs. What ailed them that they should have been thus wakeful and perceived the small sound of my steps amid the general reverberation of the rain, was more than I could fancy. I remembered tales with which I had been entertained in childhood. I told myself some murderer was going by, and the brutes perceived upon him the faint smell of blood; and the next moment, with a physical shock, I had applied the words to my own case!

Here was a dismal disposition for a lover. "Was ever lady in this humor wooed?" I asked myself, and came near turning back. It is never wise to risk a critical interview when your spirits are depressed, your clothes muddy, and your hands wet! But the boisterous night was in itself favorable to my enterprise: now, or perhaps never, I might find some way to have an interview with Flora; and if I had one interview (wet clothes, low spirits, and all), I told myself there would certainly be another.

Arrived in the cottage garden, I found the circumstances mighty inclement. From the round holes in the shutters of the parlor, shafts of candle-light streamed forth; elsewhere the darkness was complete. The trees, the thickets, were saturated; the lower parts of the garden turned into a morass. At intervals, when the wind broke forth again, there passed overhead a wild coil of clashing branches; and between whiles the whole enclosure continuously and stridently resounded with the rain. I advanced close to the window and contrived to read the face of my watch. It was half-past seven; they would not retire before ten, they might not before midnight, and the prospect was unpleasant. In a lull of the wind I could hear from the inside the voice of Flora reading aloud; the words of course inaudible—only a flow of undecipherable speech, quiet, cordial, colorless, more intimate and winning, more eloquent of her personality, but not less beautiful than song. And the next moment the clamor of a fresh squall broke out about the cottage; the voice was drowned in its bellowing, and I was glad to retreat from my dangerous post.

For three egregious hours I must now suffer the elements to do their worst upon me, and continue to hold my ground in patience. I recalled the least fortunate of

my services in the field: being out-sentry of the pickets in weather no less vile, sometimes unsuppered and with nothing to look forward to by way of breakfast but musket-balls; and they seemed light in comparison. So strangely are we built: so much more strong is the love of woman than the mere love of life.

At last my patience was rewarded. The light disappeared from the parlor, and reappeared a moment after in the room above. I was pretty well informed for the enterprise that lay before me. I knew the lair of the dragon—that which was just illuminated. I knew the bower of my Rosamond, and how excellently it was placed on the ground level, round the flank of the cottage and out of earshot of her formidable aunt. Nothing was left but to apply my knowledge. I was then at the bottom of the garden, whither I had gone (Heaven save the mark!) for warmth, that I might walk to and fro unheard and keep myself from perishing. The night had fallen still, the wind ceased; the noise of the rain had much lightened, if it had not stopped, and was succeeded by the dripping of the garden trees. In the midst of this lull, and as I was already drawing near to the cottage, I was startled by the sound of a window-sash screaming in its channels; and a step or two beyond I became aware of a rush of light upon the darkness. It fell from Flora's window, which she had flung open on the night, and where she now sat, roseate and pensive, in the shine of two candles falling from behind, her tresses deeply embowering and shading her; the suspended comb still in one hand, the other idly clinging to the iron stanchions with which the window was barred.

Keeping to the turf, and favored by the darkness of the night and the patter of the rain which was now returning, though without wind, I approached until I could almost have touched her. It seemed a grossness of which I was incapable to break up her reverie by speech. I stood and drank her in with my eyes; how the light made a glory in her hair and (what I have always thought the most ravishing thing in nature) how the planes ran into each other, and were distinguished, and how the hues blended and varied, and were shaded off, between the cheek and neck. At first I was abashed: she wore her beauty like an immediate halo of refinement; she discouraged me like an angel—or like what I suspect to be the next most discouraging, a modern lady. But as I con-

tinued to gaze, hope and life returned to me; I forgot my timidity, I forgot the sickening pack of wet clothes with which I stood burdened, I tingled with new blood.

Still unconscious of my presence, still gazing before her upon the illuminated image of the window, the straight shadows of the bars, the glinting of pebbles on the path, and the impenetrable night on the garden and the hills beyond it, she heaved a deep breath that struck upon my heart like an appeal.

"Why does Miss Gilchrist sigh?" I whispered. "Does she recall absent friends?"

She turned her head swiftly in my direction; it was the only sign of surprise she deigned to make. At the same time I stepped forward into the light and bowed profoundly.

"You!" she said. "Here?"

"Yes, I am here," I replied. "I have come very far, it may be a hundred and fifty leagues, to see you. I have waited all this night in your garden. Will Miss Gilchrist not offer her hand—to a friend in trouble?"

She extended it between the bars, and I dropped upon one knee on the wet path, and kissed it twice. At the second it was withdrawn suddenly, methought with more of a start than she had hitherto displayed. I regained my former attitude, and we were both silent awhile. My timidity returned on me tenfold. I looked in her face for any signals of anger, and seeing her eyes to waver and fall aside from mine, augured that all was well.

"You must have been mad to come here!" she broke out. "Of all places under heaven, this is no place for you to come. And I was just thinking you were safe in France."

"You were thinking of me!" I cried.

"Mr. St. Ives, you cannot understand your danger," she replied. "I am sure of it, and yet I cannot find it in my heart to tell you. Oh, be persuaded, and go!"

"I believe I know the worst. But I was never one to set an undue value on life, the life that we share with beasts. My university has been in the wars, not a famous place of education, but one where a man learns to carry his life in his hand as lightly as a glove, and for his lady or his honor to lay it as lightly down. You appeal to my fears, and you do wrong. I have come to Scotland with my eyes quite open, to see you and to speak with you—it may be for the last time. With my eyes

quite open, I say; and if I did not hesitate at the beginning, do you think I would draw back now?"

"You do not know!" she cried, with rising agitation. "This country, even this garden, is death to you. They all believe it; I am the only one that does not. If they hear you now, if they heard a whisper—I dread to think of it. Oh, go, go this instant. It is my prayer."

"Dear lady, do not refuse me what I have come so far to seek; and remember that out of all the millions in England there can be no other but yourself in whom I can dare confide. I have all the world against me; you are my only ally; and as I have to speak, you have to listen. All is true that they say of me, and all is false at the same time. I did kill this man Goguelat—it was that you meant?"

She mutely signed to me that it was; she had become deadly pale.

"But I killed him in fair fight. Till then, I had never taken a life unless in battle, which is my trade. But I was grateful, I was on fire with gratitude, to one who had been good to me, who had been better to me than I could have dreamed of an angel, who had come into the darkness of my prison like sunrise. The man Goguelat insulted her. Oh, he had insulted *me* often, it was his favorite pastime, and he might insult me as he pleased—for who was I? But with that lady it was different. I could never forgive myself if I had let it pass. And we fought, and he fell, and I have no remorse."

I waited anxiously for some reply. The worst was now out, and I knew that she had heard of it before; but it was impossible for me to go on with my narrative without some shadow of encouragement.

"You blame me?"

"No, not at all. It is a point I cannot speak on—I am only a girl. I am sure you were in the right, I have always said so—to Ronald. Not, of course, to my aunt. I am afraid I let her speak as she will. You must not think me a disloyal friend, and even with the Major—I did not tell you he had become quite a friend of ours—Major Chevenix, I mean—he has taken such a fancy to Ronald! It was he that brought the news to us of that hateful Clausel being captured, and all that he was saying. I was indignant with him. I said—I daresay I said too much—and I must say he was very good-natured. He said, 'You and I, who are his friends, *know* that Champdivers is innocent. But what is the use of saying it?' All this was in

the corner of the room, in what they call an aside. And then he said, 'Give me a chance to speak to you in private; I have much to tell you.' And he did. And told me just what you did—that it was an affair of honor, and no blame attached to you. Oh, I must say I like that Major Chevenix!"

At this I was seized with a great pang of jealousy. I remembered the first time that he had seen her, the interest that he seemed immediately to conceive; and I could not but admire the dog for the use he had been ingenious enough to make of our acquaintance in order to supplant me. All is fair in love and war. For all that, I was now no less anxious to do the speaking myself than I had been before to hear Flora. At least, I could keep clear of the hateful image of Major Chevenix. Accordingly I burst at once on the narrative of my adventures. It was the same as you have read, but briefer, and told with a very different purpose. Now every incident had a particular bearing, every by-way branched off to Rome—and that was Flora.

When I had begun to speak, I had kneeled upon the gravel withoutside the low window, rested my arms upon the sill, and lowered my voice to the most confidential whisper. Flora herself must kneel upon the other side, and this brought our heads upon a level, with only the bars between us. So placed, so separated, it seemed that our proximity, and the continuous and low sounds of my pleading voice, worked progressively and powerfully on her heart, and perhaps not less so on my own. For these spells are double-edged. The silly birds may be charmed with the pipe of the fowler, which is but a tube of reeds. Not so with a bird of our own feather! As I went on and my resolve strengthened, and my voice found new modulations, and our faces were drawn closer to the bars and to each other, not only she, but I, succumbed to the fascination and were kindled by the charm. We make love, and thereby ourselves fall the deeper in it. It is with the heart only that one catches a heart.

"And now," I continued, "I will tell you what you can still do for me. I run a little risk just now, and you see for yourself how unavoidable it is for any man of honor. But if—but in case of the worst, I do not choose to enrich either my enemies or the Prince Regent. I have here the bulk of what my uncle gave me. Eight thousand odd pounds. Will you take

care of it for me? Do not think of it merely as money; take and keep it as a relic of your friend or some precious piece of him. I may have bitter need of it ere long. Do you know the old country story of the giant who gave his heart to his wife to keep for him, thinking it safer to repose on her loyalty than his own strength? Flora, I am the giant—a very little one: will you be the keeper of my life? It is my heart I offer you in this symbol. In the sight of God, if you will have it, I give you my name, I endow you with my money. If the worst come, if I may never hope to call you wife, let me at least think you will use my uncle's legacy as my widow."

"No, not that," she said. "Never that."

"What then?" I said. "What else, my angel? What are words to me? There is but one name that I care to know you by. Flora, my love!"

"Anne!" she said.

What sound is so full of music as one's own name uttered for the first time in the voice of her we love!

"My darling!" said I.

The jealous bars, set at the top and bottom in stone and lime, obstructed the rapture of the moment; but I took her to myself as wholly as they allowed. She did not shun my lips. My arms were wound round her body, which yielded itself generously to my embrace. As we so remained, entwined and yet severed, bruising our faces unconsciously on the cold bars, the irony of the universe—or as I prefer to say, envy of some of the gods—again stirred up the elements of that stormy night. The wind blew again in the tree-tops; a volley of cold sea-rain deluged the garden, and, as the deuce would have it, a gutter which had been hitherto choked up, began suddenly to play upon my head and shoulders with the vivacity of a fountain. We parted with a shock; I sprang to my feet, and she to hers, as though we had been discovered. A moment after, but now both standing, we had again approached the window on either side.

"Flora," I said, "this is but a poor offer I can make you."

She took my hand in hers and clasped it to her bosom.

"Rich enough for a queen!" she said, with a lift in her breathing that was more eloquent than words. "Anne, my brave Anne! I would be glad to be your maid-servant; I could envy that boy Rowley.

But, no!" she broke off, "I envy no one—I need not—I am yours."

"Mine," said I, "forever! By this and this, mine!"

"All of me," she repeated, "altogether and forever!"

And if the god were envious, he must have seen with mortification how little he could do to mar the happiness of mortals. I stood in a mere waterspout; she herself was wet, not from my embrace only, but from the splashing of the storm. The candles had guttered out; we were in darkness. I could scarce see anything but the shining of her eyes in the dark room. To her I must have appeared as a silhouette, haloed by rain and the spouting of the ancient Gothic gutter above my head.

Presently we became more calm and confidential; and when that squall, which proved to be the last of the storm, had blown by, fell into a talk of ways and means. It seemed she knew Mr. Robbie, to whom I had been so slenderly accredited by Romaine—was even invited to his house for the evening of Monday, and gave me a sketch of the old gentleman's character, which implied a great deal of penetration in herself and proved of great use to me in the immediate sequel. It seemed he was an enthusiastic antiquary, and in particular a fanatic of heraldry. I heard it with delight, for I was myself, thanks to M. de Culemborg, fairly grounded in that science, and acquainted with the blazons of most families of note in Europe. And I had made up my mind—even as she spoke it was my fixed determination, though I was a hundred miles from saying it—to meet Flora on Monday night as a fellow guest in Mr. Robbie's house.

I gave her my money—it was, of course, only paper I had brought. I gave it her to be her marriage portion, I declared.

"Not so bad a marriage portion for a private soldier," I told her, laughing, as I passed it through the bars.

"Oh, Anne, and where am I to keep it?" she cried. "If my aunt should find it! What would I say?"

"Next your heart," I suggested.

"Then your will always be near your treasure," she cried, "for you are always there!"

We were interrupted by a sudden clearness that fell upon the night. The clouds dispersed; the stars shone in every part of the heavens; and, consulting my watch, I was startled to find it already hard on five in the morning.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SABBATH DAY.

It was indeed high time I should be gone from Swanston; but what I was to do in the meanwhile was another question. Rowley had received his orders last night: he was to say that I had met a friend, and Mrs. McRankine was not to expect me before morning. A good enough tale in itself; but the dreadful pickle I was in made it out of the question. I could not go home till I had found harborage, a fire to dry my clothes at, and a bed where I might lie till they were ready.

Fortune favored me again. I had scarce got to the top of the first hill when I spied a light on my left, about a furlong away. It might be a case of sickness; what else it was likely to be—in so rustic a neighborhood, and at such an ungodly time of the morning—was beyond my fancy. A faint sound of singing became audible, and gradually swelled as I drew near, until at last I could make out the words, which were singularly appropriate both to the hour and to the condition of the singers. "The cock may crow, the day may daw," they sang; and sang it with such laxity both in time and tune, and such sentimental complaisance in the expression, as assured me they had got far into the third bottle at least.

I found a plain rustic cottage by the wayside, of the sort called double, with a signboard over the door; and, the lights within streaming forth and somewhat mitigating the darkness of the morning, I was enabled to decipher the inscription: "The Hunters' Tryst, by Alexander Hendry. Porter, Ales, and British Spirits. Beds."

My first knock put a period to the music, and a voice challenged tipsily from within.

"Who goes there?" it said; and I replied, "A lawful traveler."

Immediately after, the door was unbarred by a company of the tallest lads my eyes had ever rested on, all astonishingly drunk, and very decently dressed, and one (who was perhaps the drunkest of the lot) carrying a tallow candle, from which he impartially bedewed the clothes of the whole company. As soon as I saw them I could not help smiling to myself to remember the anxiety with which I had approached. They received me and my hastily concocted story, that I had been walking from Peebles and had lost my

way; with incoherent benignity; jostled me among them into the room where they had been sitting, a plain, hedgerow ale-house parlor, with a roaring fire in the chimney and a prodigious number of empty bottles on the floor; and informed me that I was made, by this reception, a temporary member of the "Six-Foot-High Club," an athletic society of young men in a good station, who made the Hunters' Tryst a frequent resort. They told me I had intruded on an "all-night sitting," following upon an "all-day Saturday tramp" of forty miles; and that the members would all be up and "as right as ninepence" for the noonday service at some neighboring church—Collingwood, if memory serves me right. At this I could have laughed, but the moment seemed ill chosen. For, though six feet was their standard, they all exceeded that measurement considerably; and I tasted again some of the sensations of childhood, as I looked up to all these lads from a lower plane, and wondered what they would do next. But the Six-Footers, if they were very drunk, proved no less kind. The landlord and servants of the Hunters' Tryst were in bed and asleep long ago. Whether by natural gift or acquired habit, they could suffer pandemonium to reign all over the house and yet lie ranked in the kitchen like Egyptian mummies, only that the sound of their snoring rose and fell ceaselessly, like the drone of a bagpipe. Here the Six-Footers invaded them—in their citadel, so to speak; counted the bunks and the sleepers; proposed to put me in bed to one of the lasses, proposed to have one of the lasses out to make room for me, fell over chairs, and made noise enough to waken the dead: the whole illuminated by the same young torch-bearer, but now with two candles and rapidly beginning to look like a man in a snowstorm. At last a bed was found for me, my clothes were hung out to dry before the parlor fire, and I was mercifully left to my repose.

I awoke about nine with the sun shining in my eyes. The landlord came at my summons, brought me my clothes dried and decently brushed, and gave me the good news that the "Six-Foot-High Club" were all abed and sleeping off their excesses. Where they were bestowed was a puzzle to me, until (as I was strolling about the garden patch waiting for breakfast) I came on a barn door, and, looking in, saw all the red faces mixed in the straw like plums in a cake. Quoth the stalwart maid who brought me my porridge and

bade me "eat them while they were hot": "Ay, they were a' on the ran-dan last night! Hout! they're fine lads, and they'll be nane the waur of it. Forby Farbes's coat: I dinna see wha's to get the creish off that!" she added, with a sigh; in which, identifying Forbes as the torch-bearer, I mentally joined.

It was a brave morning when I took the road; the sun shone, spring seemed in the air, it smelt like April or May, and some over-venturous birds sang in the coppices as I went by. I had plenty to think of, plenty to be grateful for, that gallant morning; and yet I had a twitter at my heart. To enter the city by daylight might be compared to marching on a battery; every face that I confronted would threaten me like the muzzle of a gun; and it came into my head suddenly with how much better a countenance I should be able to do it if I could but improvise a companion. Hard by Merchiston, I was so fortunate as to observe a bulky gentleman in broadcloth and gaiters, stooping with his head almost between his knees before a stone wall. Seizing occasion by the forelock, I drew up as I came alongside and inquired what he had found to interest him.

He turned upon me a countenance not much less broad than his back.

"Why, sir," he replied, "I was even marveling at my own indefeasible stupidity: that I should walk this way every week of my life, weather permitting, and should never before have *noticed* that stone," touching it at the same time with a goodly oak staff.

I followed the indication. The stone, which had been built sideways into the wall, offered traces of heraldic sculpture. At once there came a wild idea into my mind: his appearance tallied with Flora's description of Mr. Robbie; a knowledge of heraldry would go far to clinch the proof; and what could be more desirable than to scrape an informal acquaintance with the man whom I must approach next day with my tale of the drovers, and whom I yet wished to please? I stooped in turn.

"A chevron," I said; "on a chief three mullets? Looks like Douglas, does it not?"

"Yes, sir, it does; you are right," said he; "it *does* look like Douglas; though, without the tinctures, and the whole thing being so battered and broken up, who shall venture an opinion? But allow me to be more personal, sir. In these degenerate

days I am astonished you should display so much proficiency."

"Oh, I was well grounded in my youth by an old gentleman, a friend of my family, and I may say my guardian," said I; "but I have forgotten it since. God forbid I should delude you into thinking me a herald, sir! I am only an ungrammatical amateur."

"And a little modesty does no harm even in a herald," says my new acquaintance, graciously.

In short, we fell together on our onward way, and maintained very amicable discourse along what remained of the country road, past the suburbs, and on into the streets of the new town, which was as deserted and silent as a city of the dead. The shops were closed, no vehicle ran, cats sported in the midst of the sunny causeway; and our steps and voices re-echoed from the quiet houses. It was the high-water, full and strange, of that weekly trance to which the city of Edinburgh is subjected: the apotheosis of the *Sabbath*; and I confess the spectacle wanted not grandeur, however much it may have lacked cheerfulness. There are few religious ceremonies more imposing. As we thus walked and talked in a public seclusion, the bells broke out ringing through all the bounds of the city, and the streets began immediately to be thronged with decent church-goers.

"Ah!" said my companion, "there are the bells! Now, sir, as you are a stranger, I must offer you the hospitality of my pew. I do not know whether you are at all used with our Scottish form; but in case you are not, I will find your places for you; and Dr. Henry Gray, of St. Mary's, (under whom I sit) is as good a preacher as we have to show you."

This put me in a quandary. It was a degree of risk I was scarce prepared for. Dozens of people, who might pass me by in the street with no more than a second look, would go on from the second to the third, and from that to a final recognition, if I were set before them, immobilized in a pew, during the whole time of service. An unlucky turn of the head would suffice to arrest their attention. "Who is that?" they would think: "surely, I should know him!" and, a church being the place in all the world where one has least to think of, it was ten to one they would end by remembering me before the benediction. However, my mind was made up: I thanked my obliging friend, and placed myself at his disposal.

Our way now led us into the northeast quarter of the town, among pleasant new faubourgs, to a decent new church of a good size, where I was soon seated by the side of my good Samaritan, and looked upon by a whole congregation of menacing faces. At first the possibility of danger kept me awake; but by the time I had assured myself there was none to be apprehended and the service was not in the least likely to be enlivened by the arrest of a French spy, I had to resign myself to the task of listening to Dr. Henry Gray.

As we moved out, after this ordeal was over, my friend was at once surrounded and claimed by his acquaintance of the congregation; and I was rejoiced to hear him addressed by the expected name of Robbie.

So soon as we were clear of the crowd—"Mr. Robbie?" said I, bowing.

"The very same, sir," said he.

"If I mistake not, a lawyer?"

"A writer to his Majesty's Signet, at your service."

"It seems we were predestined to be acquaintances!" I exclaimed. "I have here a card in my pocket intended for you. It is from my family lawyer. It was his last word, as I was leaving, to ask to be remembered kindly, and to trust you would pass over so informal an introduction."

And I offered him the card.

"Ay, ay, my old friend Daniel!" says he, looking on the card. "And how does my old friend Daniel?"

I gave a favorable view of Mr. Romaine's health.

"Well, this is certainly a whimsical incident," he continued. "And since we are thus met already—and so much to my advantage!—the simplest thing will be to prosecute the acquaintance instantly. Let me propose a snack between sermons, a bottle of my particular green seal—and, when nobody is looking, we can talk blazons, Mr. Ducie!" which was the name I then used and had already incidentally mentioned, in the vain hope of provoking a return in kind.

"I beg your pardon, sir: do I understand you to invite me to your house?" said I.

"That was the idea I was trying to convey," said he. "We have the name of hospitable people up here, and I would like you to try mine."

"Mr. Robbie, I shall hope to try it some day, but not yet," I replied. "I

hope you will not misunderstand me. My business, which brings me to your city, is of a peculiar kind. Till you shall have heard it, and, indeed, till its issue is known, I should feel as if I had stolen your invitation."

"Well, well," said he, a little sobered, "it must be as you wish, though you would hardly speak otherwise if you had committed homicide! Mine is the loss. I must eat alone; a very pernicious thing for a person of my habit of body, content myself with a pint of skinking claret, and meditate the discourse. But about this business of yours: if it is so particular as all that, it will doubtless admit of no delay."

"I must confess, sir, it presses," I acknowledged.

"Then let us say to-morrow at half-past eight in the morning," said he; "and I hope, when your mind is at rest (and it does you much honor to take it as you do), that you will sit down with me to the postponed meal, not forgetting the bottle. You have my address?" he added, and gave it me—which was the only thing I wanted.

At last, at the level of York Place, we parted with mutual civilities, and I was free to pursue my way through the mobs of people returning from church, to my lodgings in St. James's Square.

Almost at the house door, whom should I overtake but my landlady, in a dress of gorgeous severity and dragging a prize in her wake: no less than Rowley, with the cockade in his hat, and a smart pair of tops to his boots. When I said he was in the lady's wake, I spoke but in metaphor. As a matter of fact, he was squiring her, with the utmost dignity, on his arm; and I followed them up the stairs, smiling to myself.

Both were quick to salute me as soon as I was perceived, and Mrs. McRankine inquired where I had been. I told her boastfully, giving her the name of the church and the divine, and ignorantly supposing I should have gained caste. But she soon opened my eyes. In the roots of the Scottish character there are knots and contortions that not only no stranger can understand, but no stranger can follow; he walks among explosives; and his best course is to throw himself upon their mercy—"Just as I am, without one plea," a citation from one of the lady's favorite hymns.

The sound she made was unmistakable in meaning, though it was impossible to

be written down; and I at once executed the manœuver I have recommended.

"You must remember I am a perfect stranger in your city," said I. "If I have done wrong, it was in mere ignorance, my dear lady; and this afternoon, if you will be so good as to take me, I shall accompany *you*."

But she was not to be pacified at the moment, and departed to her own quarters murmuring.

"Well, Rowley," said I; "and have you been to church?"

"If you please, sir," he said.

"Well, you have not been any less unlucky than I have," I returned. "And how did you get on with the Scottish form?"

"Well, sir, it was pretty 'ard, the form was, and reether narrow," he replied. "I don't know w'y it is, but it seems to me like as if things were a good bit changed since William Wallace! That was a main queer church she took me to, Mr. Anne! I don't know as I could have sat it out, if she 'adn't 'a' give me peppermints. She ain't a bad one at bottom, the old girl; she do pounce a bit, and she do worry, but, law bless you, Mr. Anne, it ain't nothink really—she don't *mean* it. W'y, she was down on me like a 'undred-weight of bricks this morning. You see, last night she 'ad me in to supper, and, I beg your pardon, sir, but I took the freedom of playing her a chune or two. She didn't mind a bit; so this morning I began to play to myself, and she flounced in, and flew up, and carried on no end about Sunday!"

"You see, Rowley," said I, "they're all mad up here, and you have to humor them. See, and don't quarrel with Mrs. McRankine; and, above all, don't argue with her, or you'll get the worst of it. Whatever she says, touch your forelock and say, 'If you please!' or 'I beg pardon, ma'am.' And let me tell you one thing: I am sorry, but you have to go to church with her again this afternoon. That's duty, my boy!"

As I had foreseen, the bells had scarce begun before Mrs. McRankine presented herself to be our escort, upon which I sprang up with readiness and offered her my arm. Rowley followed behind. I was beginning to grow accustomed to the risks of my stay in Edinburgh, and it even amused me to confront a new churchful. I confess the amusement did not last until the end; for if Dr. Gray were long, Mr. McCraw was not only longer, but more

incoherent, and the matter of his sermon (which was a direct attack, apparently, on all the churches of the world, my own among the number), where it had not the tonic quality of personal insult, rather inclined me to slumber. But I braced myself for my life, kept up Rowley with the end of a pin, and came through it awake, but no more.

Bethiah was quite conquered by this "mark of grace," though, I am afraid, she was also moved by more worldly considerations. The fact is, the lady had not the least objection to go to church on the arm of an elegantly dressed young gentleman and be followed by a spruce servant with a cockade in his hat. I could see it by the way she took possession of us, found us the places in the Bible, whispered to me the name of the minister, passed us lozenges, which I (for my part) handed on to Rowley, and at each fresh attention stole a little glance about the church to make sure she was observed. Rowley was a pretty boy; you will pardon me, if I also remembered that I was a favorable-looking young man. When we grow elderly, how the room brightens, and begins to look as it ought to look, on the entrance of youth, grace, health, and comeliness! You do not want them for yourself, perhaps not even for your son, but you look on smiling; and when you recall their images—again it is with a smile. I defy you to see or think of them and not smile with an infinite and intimate, but quite impersonal, pleasure. Well, either I know nothing of women, or that was the case with Bethiah McRankine. She had been to church with a cockade behind her, on the one hand; on the other, her house was brightened by the presence of a pair of good-looking young fellows of the other sex, who were always pleased and deferential in her society and accepted her views as final.

These were sentiments to be encouraged; and, on the way home from church—if church it could be called—I adopted a most insidious device to magnify her interest. I took her into the confidence, that is, of my love affair, and I had no sooner mentioned a young lady with whom my affections were engaged than she turned upon me a face of awful gravity.

"Is she bonny?" she inquired.

I gave her full assurances upon that.

"To what denoamination does she belong?" came next, and was so unexpected as almost to deprive me of breath.

"Upon my word, ma'am, I have never

inquired," cried I; "I only know that she is a heartfelt Christian, and that is enough."

"Ay!" she sighed, "if she has the root of the matter! There's a remnant practically in most of the denominations. There's some in the McGlashanites, and some in the Glassites, and mony in the McMillanites, and there's a leeven even in the Estayblishment."

"I have known some very good Papists even, if you go to that," said I.

"Mr. Ducie, think shame to yoursel'!" she cried.

"Why, my dear madam! I only—" I began.

"You shouldnae jest in sairious maitters," she interrupted.

On the whole she entered into what I chose to tell her of our idyl with avidity, like a cat licking her whiskers over a dish of cream; and, strange to say, and so expansive a passion is that of love!—that I derived a perhaps equal satisfaction from confiding in that breast of iron. It made an immediate bond: from that hour we seemed to be welded into a family party; and I had little difficulty in persuading her to join us and to preside over our tea-table. Surely there was never so ill-matched a trio as Rowley, Mrs. McRan-kine, and the Viscount Anne! But I am of the Apostle's way, with a difference: all things to all women! When I cannot please a woman, hang me in my cravat!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EVENTS OF MONDAY: THE LAWYER'S PARTY.

By half-past eight o'clock on the next morning, I was ringing the bell of the lawyer's office in Castle Street, where I found him ensconced at a business table, in a room surrounded by several tiers of green tin cases. He greeted me like an old friend.

"Come away, sir, come away!" said he. "Here is the dentist ready for you, and I think I can promise you that the operation will be practically painless."

"I am not so sure of that, Mr. Robbie," I replied, as I shook hands with him. "But at least there shall be no time lost with me."

I had to confess to having gone a-roving with a pair of drovers and their cattle, to having used a false name, to having murdered or half-murdered a fellow-crea-

ture in a scuffle on the moors, and to having suffered a couple of quite innocent men to lie some time in prison on a charge from which I could have immediately freed them. All this I gave him the first of all, to be done with the worst of it; and all this he took with gravity, but without the least appearance of surprise.

"Now, sir," I continued, "I expect to have to pay for my unhappy frolic, but I would like very well if it could be managed without my personal appearance or even the mention of my real name. I had so much wisdom as to sail under false colors in this foolish jaunt of mine; my family would be extremely concerned if they had wind of it; but at the same time, if the case of this Faa has terminated fatally, and there are proceedings against Todd and Candlish, I am not going to stand by and see them vexed, far less punished; and I authorize you to give me up for trial if you think that best—or, if you think it unnecessary, in the meanwhile to make preparations for their defence. I hope, sir, that I am as little anxious to be Quixotic, as I am determined to be just."

"Very fairly spoken," said Mr. Robbie. "It is not much in my line, as doubtless your friend, Mr. Romaine, will have told you. I rarely mix myself up with anything on the criminal side, or approaching it. However, for a young gentleman like you, I may stretch a point, and I daresay I may be able to accomplish more than perhaps another. I will go at once to the Procurator Fiscal's office and inquire."

"Wait a moment, Mr. Robbie," said I. "You forget the chapter of expenses. I had thought, for a beginning, of placing a thousand pounds in your hands."

"My dear sir, you will kindly wait until I render you my bill," said Mr. Robbie severely.

"It seemed to me," I protested, "that, coming to you almost as a stranger, and placing in your hands a piece of business so contrary to your habits, some substantial guarantee of my good faith—"

"Not the way that we do business in Scotland, sir," he interrupted, with an air of closing the dispute.

"And yet, Mr. Robbie," I continued, "I must ask you to allow me to proceed. I do not merely refer to the expenses of the case. I have my eye besides on Todd and Candlish. They are thoroughly deserving fellows; they have been subjected through me to a considerable term of imprisonment; and I suggest, sir, that you shall not spare money for their indemnifi-

cation. This will explain," I added, smiling, "my offer of the thousand pounds. It was in the nature of a measure by which you should judge the scale on which I can afford to have this business carried through."

"I take you perfectly, Mr. Ducie," said he. "But the sooner I am off, the better this affair is like to be guided. My clerk will show you into the waiting-room, and give you the day's 'Caledonian Mercury' and the last 'Register,' to amuse yourself with in the interval."

I believe Mr. Robbie was at least three hours gone. I saw him descend from a cab at the door, and almost immediately after I was shown again into his study, where the solemnity of his manner led me to augur the worst. For some time he had the inhumanity to read me a lecture as to the incredible silliness, "not to say immorality," of my behavior. "I have the more satisfaction in telling you my opinion, because it appears that you are going to get off scot free," he continued, where, indeed, I thought he might have begun.

"The man, Faa, has been discharged cured; and the two men, Todd and Candlish, would have been liberated long ago, if it had not been for their extraordinary loyalty to yourself, Mr. Ducie—or Mr. St. Ivey, as I believe I should now call you. Never a word would either of the two old fools volunteer that in any manner pointed at the existence of such a person; and when they were confronted with Faa's version of the affair, they gave accounts so entirely discrepant with their own former declarations, as well as with each other, that the Fiscal was quite nonplussed, and imagined there was something behind it. You may believe I soon laughed him out of that! And I had the satisfaction of seeing your two friends set free, and very glad to be on the causeway again."

"Oh, sir," I cried, "you should have brought them here."

"No instructions, Mr. Ducie!" said he. "How did I know you wished to renew an acquaintance which you had just terminated so fortunately? And, indeed, to be frank with you, I should have set my face against it, if you had! Let them go! They are paid and contented, and have the highest possible opinion of Mr. St. Ivey! When I gave them fifty pounds apiece—which was rather more than enough, Mr. Ducie, whatever you may think—the man Todd, who has the only tongue of the party, struck his staff on the

ground. 'Weel,' says he, 'I aye said he was a gentleman!' 'Man Todd,' said I, 'that was just what Mr. St. Ivey said of yourself!'"

"So it was a case of 'compliments fly when gentlefolk meet.'"

"No, no, Mr. Ducie; man Todd and man Candlish are gone out of your life, and a good riddance! They are fine fellows in their way, but no proper associates for the like of yourself; and do you finally agree to be done with all eccentricity—take up with no more drovers, or rovers, or tinkers, but enjoy the natural pleasures for which your age, your wealth, your intelligence, and (if I may be allowed to say it) your appearance so completely fit you. And the first of these," quoth he, looking at his watch, "will be to step through to my dining-room and share a bachelor's luncheon."

Over the meal, which was good, Mr. Robbie continued to develop the same theme. "You're, no doubt, what they call a dancing-man?" said he. "Well, on Thursday night there is the Assembly Ball. You must certainly go there, and you must permit me besides to do the honors of the ceety and send you a ticket. I am a thorough believer in a young man being a young man—but no more drovers or rovers, if you love me! Talking of which puts me in mind that you may be short of partners at the Assembly—oh, I have been young myself!—and if ye care to come to anything so portentously tedious as a tea-party at the house of a bachelor lawyer, consisting mainly of his nieces and nephews, and his grand-nieces and grand-nephews, and his wards, and generally the whole clan of the descendants of his clients, you might drop in to-night towards seven o'clock. I think I can show you one or two that are worth looking at, and you can dance with them later on at the Assembly."

He proceeded to give me a sketch of one or two eligible young ladies whom I might expect to meet. "And then there's my parteecular friend, Miss Flora," said he. "But I'll make no attempt of a description. You shall see her for yourself."

It will be readily supposed that I accepted his invitation; and returned home to make a toilet worthy of her I was to meet and the good news of which I was the bearer. The toilet, I have reason to believe, was a success. Mr. Rowley dismissed me with a farewell: "Crikey! Mr. Anne, but you do look prime!" Even the stony Bethiah was—how shall I say?—

dazzled, but scandalized, by my appearance; and while, of course, she deplored the vanity that led to it, she could not wholly prevent herself from admiring the result.

"Ay, Mr. Ducie, this is a poor employment for a wayfaring Christian man!" she said. "Wi' Christ despised and rejectit in all pairts of the world, and the flag of the Covenant flung doon, you will be muckle better on your knees! However, I'll have to confess that it sets you weel. And if it's the lassie ye're gaun to see the nicht, I suppose I'll just have to excuse ye! Bairns maun be bairns!" she said, with a sigh. "I mind when Mr. McRankine came courtin', and that's lang by-gane—I mind I had a green gown, passementit, that was thocht to become me to admiration. I was nae just exactly what ye would ca' bonny; but I was pale, penetratin', and interestin'." And she leaned over the stair-rail with a candle to watch my descent as long as it should be possible.

It was but a little party at Mr. Robbie's—by which I do not so much mean that there were few people, for the rooms were crowded, as that there was very little attempted to entertain them. In one apartment there were tables set out, where the elders were solemnly engaged upon whist; in the other and larger one, a great number of youth of both sexes entertained themselves languidly, the ladies sitting upon their chairs to be courted, the gentlemen standing about in various attitudes of insinuation or indifference. Conversation appeared the sole resource, except in so far as it was modified by a number of keepsakes and annuals which lay dispersed upon the tables, and of which the young beaux displayed the illustrations to the ladies. Mr. Robbie himself was customarily in the card-room; only now and again, when he cut out, he made an incursion among the young folks, and rolled about jovially from one to another, the very picture of the general uncle.

It chanced that Flora had met Mr. Robbie in the course of the afternoon. "Now, Miss Flora," he had said, "come early, for I have a Phoenix to show you—one Mr. Ducie, a new client of mine that, I vow, I have fallen in love with;" and he was so good as to add a word or two on my appearance, from which Flora conceived a suspicion of the truth. She had come to the party, in consequence, on the knife-edge of anticipation and alarm; had chosen a place by the door, where I found her, on my arrival, surrounded by a *posse*

of vapid youths; and, when I drew near, sprang up to meet me in the most natural manner in the world, and, obviously, with a prepared form of words.

"How do you do, Mr. Ducie?" she said. "It is quite an age since I have seen you!"

"I have much to tell you, Miss Gilchrist," I replied. "May I sit down?"

For the artful girl, by sitting near the door, and the judicious use of her shawl, had contrived to keep a chair empty by her side.

She made room for me, as a matter of course, and the youths had the discretion to melt before us. As soon as I was once seated her fan flew out, and she whispered behind it:

"Are you mad?"

"Madly in love," I replied; "but in no other sense."

"I have no patience. You cannot understand what I am suffering!" she said. "What are you to say to Ronald, to Major Chevenix, to my aunt?"

"Your aunt?" I cried, with a start. "*Peccavi!* is she here?"

"She is in the card-room at whist," said Flora.

"Where she will probably stay all the evening," I suggested.

"She may," she admitted; "she generally does!"

"Well, then, I must avoid the card-room," said I, "which is very much what I had counted upon doing. I did not come here to play cards, but to contemplate a certain young lady to my heart's content—if it can ever be contented!—and to tell her some good news."

"But there are still Ronald and the major!" she persisted. "They are not card-room fixtures! Ronald will be coming and going. And, as for Mr. Chevenix, he—"

"Always sits with Miss Flora?" I interrupted. "And they talk of poor St. Ives? I had gathered as much, my dear; and Mr. Ducie has come to prevent it! But pray dismiss these fears! I mind no one but your aunt."

"Why my aunt?"

"Because your aunt is a lady, my dear, and a very clever lady, and, like all clever ladies, a very rash lady," said I. "You can never count upon them, unless you are sure of getting them in a corner, as I have got you, and talking them over rationally, as I am just engaged on with yourself! It would be quite the same to your aunt to make the worst kind of a

scandal, with an equal indifference to my danger and to the feelings of our good host!"

"Well," she said, "and what of Ronald, then? Do you think *he* is above making a scandal? You must know him very little!"

"On the other hand, it is my pretension that I know him very well!" I replied. "I must speak to Ronald first—not Ronald to me—that is all!"

"Then, please, go and speak to him at once!" she pleaded. "He is there—do you see?—at the upper end of the room, talking to that girl in pink."

"And so lose this seat before I have told you my good news?" I exclaimed. "Catch me! And besides, my dear one, think a little of me, and my good news! I thought the bearer of good news was always welcome! I hoped he might be a little welcome for himself! Consider! I have but one friend; and let me stay by her! And there is only one thing I care to hear; and let me hear it!"

"Oh, Anne," she sighed, "if I did not love you, why should I be so uneasy? I am turned into a coward, dear! Think, if it were the other way round—if you were quite safe and I was in, oh, such danger!"

She had no sooner said it than I was convicted of being a dullard. "God forgive me, dear!" I made haste to reply, "I never saw before that there were two sides to this!" And I told her my tale as briefly as I could, and rose to seek Ronald. "You see, my dear, you are obeyed," I said.

She gave me a look that was a reward in itself; and as I turned away from her, with a strong sense of turning away from the sun, I carried that look in my bosom like a caress. The girl in pink was an arch, ogling person, with a good deal of eyes and teeth, and a great play of shoulders and rattle of conversation. There could be no doubt, from Master Ronald's attitude, that he worshipped the very chair she sat on. But I was quite ruthless. I laid my hand on his shoulder, as he was stooping over her like a hen over a chicken.

"Excuse me for one moment, Mr. Gilchrist!" said I.

He started and span about in answer to my touch, and exhibited a face of inarticulate wonder.

"Yes!" I continued, "it is even myself! Pardon me for interrupting so agreeable a *tête-à-tête*, but you know, my

good fellow, we owe a first duty to Mr. Robbie. It would never do to risk making a scene in the man's drawing-room; so the first thing I had to attend to was to have you warned. The name I go by is Ducie, too, in case of accidents."

"I—I say, you know!" cried Ronald. "Deuce take it, what are you doing here?"

"Hush, hush!" said I. "Not the place, my dear fellow—not the place. Come to my rooms, if you like, to-night after the party, or to-morrow in the morning, and we can talk it out over a cigar. But here, you know, it really won't do at all."

Before he could collect his mind for an answer, I had given him my address in St. James's Square, and had again mingled with the crowd. Alas! I was not fated to get back to Flora so easily. Mr. Robbie was in the path: he was insatiably loquacious; and as he continued to palaver I watched the insipid youths gather again about my idol, and cursed my fate and my host. He remembered suddenly that I was to attend the Assembly Ball on Thursday, and had only attended to-night by way of a preparative. This put it into his head to present me to another young lady; but I managed this interview with so much art that, while I was scrupulously polite and even cordial to the fair one, I contrived to keep Robbie beside me all the time and to leave along with him when the ordeal was over. We were just walking away, arm in arm, when I spied my friend the major approaching, stiff as a ramrod and, as usual, obtrusively clean.

"Oh! there's a man I want to know," said I, taking the bull by the horns. "Won't you introduce me to Major Chevenix?"

"At a word, my dear fellow," said Robbie; and "Major!" he cried, "come here and let me present you to my friend Mr. Ducie, who desires the honor of your acquaintance."

The major flushed visibly, but otherwise preserved his composure. He bowed very low. "I'm not very sure," he said: "I have an idea we have met before?"

"Informally," I said, returning his bow; "and I have long looked forward to the pleasure of regularizing our acquaintance."

"You are very good, Mr. Ducie," he returned. "Perhaps you could aid my memory a little? Where was it that I had the pleasure?"

"Oh, that would be telling tales out of

school," said I, with a laugh, "and before my lawyer, too!"

"I'll wager," broke in Mr. Robbie, "that, when you knew my client, Chevenix—the past of our friend Mr. Ducie is an obscure chapter full of horrid secrets—I'll wager now you knew him as St. Ivey," says he, nudging me violently.

"I think not, sir," said the major, with pinched lips.

"Well, I wish he may prove all right!" continued the lawyer, with certainly the worst-inspired jocularly in the world. "I know nothing by him! He may be a swell mobster for me with his aliases. You must put your memory on the rack, Major, and when you've remembered when and where ye met him, be sure ye tell me."

"I will not fail, sir," said Chevenix.

"Seek to him!" cried Robbie, waving his hand as he departed.

Turned upon me his impassive countenance.

"Well," he said, "you have courage."

"It is undoubted as your honor, sir," I returned, bowing.

"Did you expect to meet me, may I ask?" said he.

"You saw, at least, that I courted the presentation," said I.

"And you were not afraid?" said Chevenix.

"I was perfectly at ease. I knew I was dealing with a gentleman. Be that your epitaph."

"Well, there are some other people looking for you," he said, "who will make no bones about the point of honor. The police, my dear sir, are simply agog about you."

"And I think that that was coarse," said I.

"You have seen Miss Gilchrist?" he inquired, changing the subject.

"With whom, I am led to understand, we are on a footing of rivalry?" I asked.

"Yes, I have seen her."

"And I was just seeking her," he replied.

I was conscious of a certain thrill of temper; so, I suppose, was he. We looked each other up and down.

"The situation is original," he resumed.

"Quite," said I. "But let me tell you frankly you are blowing a cold coal. I owe you so much for your kindness to the prisoner Champdivers."

"Meaning that the lady's affections are more advantageously disposed of?" he asked, with a sneer. "Thank you, I am sure. And, since you have given me a lead, just hear a word of good advice in your turn: Is it fair, is it delicate, is it like a gentleman, to compromise the young lady by attentions which (as you know very well) can come to nothing?"

I was utterly unable to find words in answer.

"Excuse me if I cut this interview short," he went on. "It seems to me doomed to come to nothing, and there is more attractive metal."

"Yes," I replied, "as you say, it cannot amount to much. You are impotent, bound hand and foot in honor. You know me to be a man falsely accused, and even if you did not know it, from your position as my rival you have only the choice to stand quite still or to be infamous."

"I would not say that," he returned, with another change of color. "I may hear it once too often."

With which he moved off straight for where Flora was sitting amidst her court of vapid youths, and I had no choice but to follow him, a bad second, and reading myself, as I went, a sharp lesson on the command of temper.

(To conclude next month.)



CHARLES A. DANA IN THE CIVIL WAR.

BY IDA M. TARBELL.

AT the close of 1860 the army of the United States was composed of 16,000 men. Its wages that year were something under \$5,000,000, and its care cost about \$6,500,000. Two years later this army numbered over 800,000 men, its pay roll was \$113,000,000, and its supplies cost \$176,000,000. This terrible expansion was not the result of a growth, but of a fiat—and it had all the evils of a thing produced by fiat.

The word of the President had called this mass into existence. It was the duty of the War Department to make an effective army of it; to feed, clothe, equip, and shelter it; to transport it east or west as it was needed; to nurse its sick, punish its criminals, bury its dead. This work could only be accomplished by the aid of a great number of officers; but where were they to be found? A regular army of less than 20,000 men produces few officers. The War Department saw that to beat this raw material into form it must take men as untrained as the mass itself. Officers must be made, as the army was to be made, in the actual work of waging war.

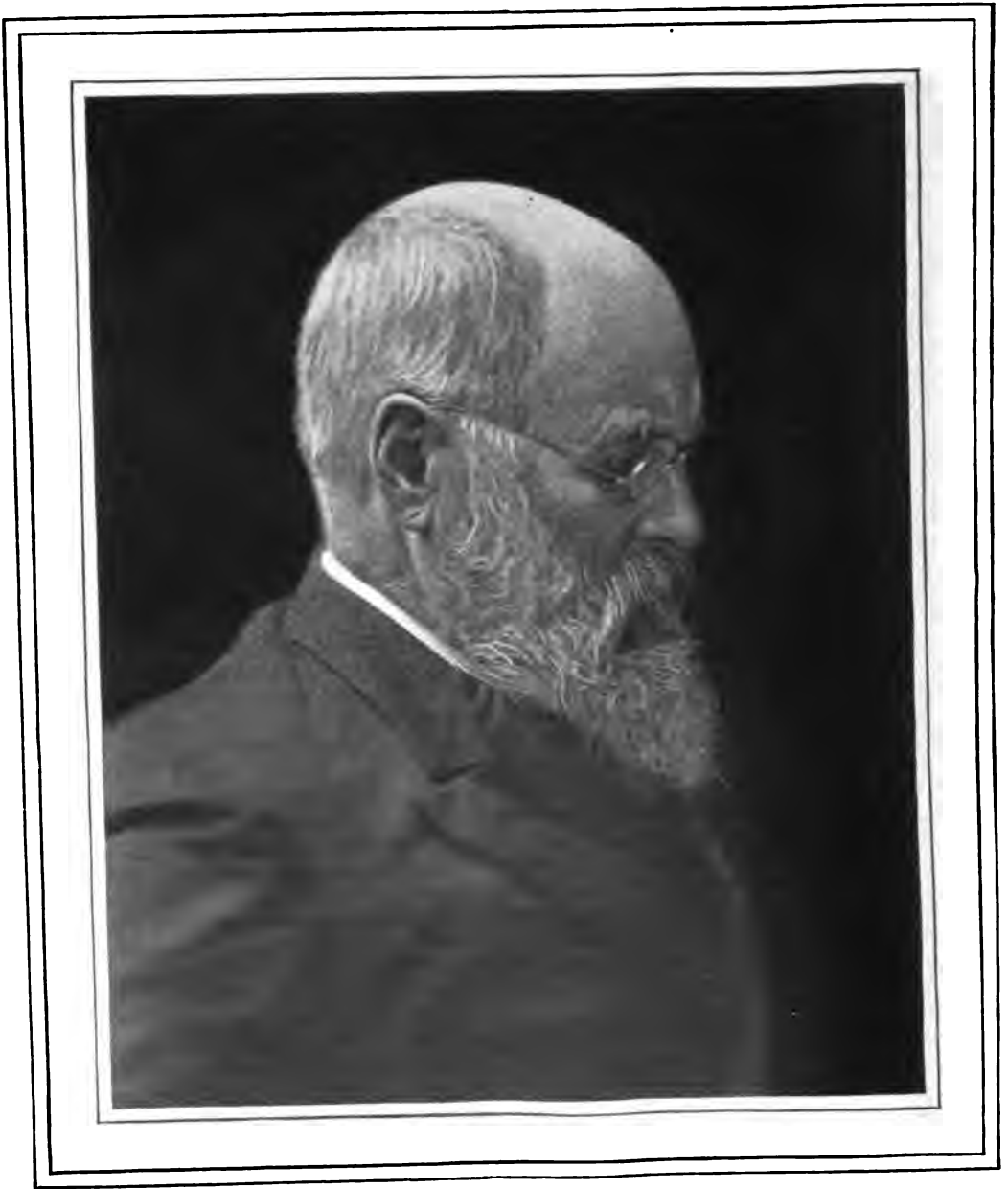
It was a dangerous undertaking. Inefficient and dishonest men could push their way into places of trust, and there was no way of keeping them back; for where all men were untried, the usefulness of a particular man could only be known by proving him. The result was that the War Department was forced to invent methods for verifying its own work; it had to set a watch on its own appointments. One of the chief assistants whom it called to this service of critic and investigator was Mr. Charles A. Dana.

At the beginning of the war Mr. Dana was the managing editor of the New York "Tribune." He had been associated with Horace Greeley on that journal for fifteen years, and had, with James S. Pike, held it to an aggressive anti-slavery policy even when, as often happened, the courage of its editor-in-chief failed. After the battle of Bull Run Mr. Dana and Mr. Greeley differed so radically in their ideas of the war policy of the "Tribune" that in April, 1862, Mr. Dana left the paper. The Secretary of War at that date was

Edwin M. Stanton. He had been but a little over three months in position, but his aggressive loyalty had been tried to the last degree by the inertia, failures, and frauds which were inevitable in an army created in the way in which the Federal army of 1862 had been. Mr. Stanton's appeals for help to men who he believed were as disinterested as himself were pathetic in their vehemence. When he heard that Mr. Dana was free from the "Tribune," he at once begged him to hold himself at the service of the War Department.

An immediate task Mr. Stanton did not offer; the nature of the service he left to circumstances. He simply assured Mr. Dana that he would be needed, and in 1862 the knowledge that the government needed one for any service whatever was enough for an honest man. Mr. Dana promised to hold himself at Mr. Stanton's call, and the relation thus begun lasted until July, 1865. The position never became one of routine. From first to last it was special service made necessary by unexpected conditions, and it was always full of surprises and adventure. Indeed, it is doubtful if any man connected with the War Department had a more varied and unique experience in the Civil War than Mr. Dana.

His first commission of particular interest came in the spring of 1863. Next to the capture of Richmond, the opening of the Mississippi was considered the most imperative duty of the war. Grant was at it, but was he the man to do the work? He did fight, that the War Department knew; but his critics said that he fought badly, that he could not be trusted. Was this true? It was imperative that the Department risk nothing by trusting an unsafe man, and it was equally imperative that it should not lose a strong man by heeding criticisms which were inspired by envy or prejudice. There were other generals in Grant's army concerning whom Lincoln and Stanton were uncertain; McClelland, Sherman, McPherson, all were men whose full value was yet unknown. The Department was in doubt not only about its generals on the Mississippi; it could not keep itself promptly and fully informed about the operations going on



CHARLES A. DANA.

From the photograph by G. C. Cox.

there. As Lincoln said later, "Grant was a 'copious' worker and fighter, but he was a very meager writer or telegrapher;" and from him only the rarest details went to Washington. In March the President was in such despair over his inability to find out what the great army on the Mississippi was doing that he was driven to telegraph himself to the officer at Memphis: "What news have you? What from Vicksburg? What from Yazoo Pass? What from Lake Providence? What generally?"

Finally it occurred to the tormented government that it might be possible to send some one down there simply to look on and write daily letters. Mr. Dana was sent for. "We want some one," Mr. Stanton told him, "who will see everything and report it without malice or prejudice. Your value to us will depend on your energy in getting about, your keenness in observing, and your clearness and impartiality in reporting. We will give you a commission which will admit you everywhere, and will endow you with the authority of the War Department. We will relieve you of all responsibility of decision or advice. Will you go?" Of course he went. Ostensibly he was to investigate the condition of the paymaster's department; really he was to be, as Lincoln said, "the eyes of the government at the front."

Arriving at Milliken's Bend just as Grant was announcing the plan of campaign by which Vicksburg was finally captured, Mr. Dana saw from that time on every detail of the operations. Most of them he saw at Grant's side, sharing every danger and hardship of that general. He watched each officer's way of doing things; studied him in camp, on the march, on the battle-field, in the siege; studied his relations to other men, and listened to criticism of him by his fellows. Almost every day he sent telegrams to Washington, telling just what he had seen done and heard said. He never glossed errors nor stinted enthusiasm, but wrote frankly as he would have talked. His despatches told exactly the things Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton wanted to know—the kind of things that they themselves would have noted had they been on the field. The President and the Secretary soon began to feel that they were in daily communication with the army. The operations seemed to pass under their eyes. When Vicksburg finally capitulated, they knew what each officer had been doing

almost daily for three and a half months. They were no longer uncertain about him. He had demonstrated his value. At last they had found a way of learning what was really going on at the front. Mr. Stanton was not slow to show his appreciation. "Your telegrams are a great obligation," he wrote, "and are looked for with deep interest. I cannot thank you as much as I feel for the service you are now rendering."

From Vicksburg to the end of the war Mr. Dana remained the confidential reporter of the government. Whenever matters at the front became complicated and obscure, whenever a general was being tested, whenever there was a sudden change in the situation, involving new problems, Mr. Lincoln's and Mr. Stanton's first thought was, "Send Dana." When Rosecrans in September, 1863, started after the enemy, Dana went along. When Burnside was shut up in Knoxville in the fall of 1863 and Grant could not decide from Burnside's complaints just how critical his situation was, it was Dana who, at two different times, crossed East Tennessee to see just what was going on at Knoxville. When Grant began his Peninsular campaign and Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton got no full and satisfactory reports of what he was doing, Dana joined the army, and from Spottsylvania to Petersburg he rode at Grant's side, reporting daily to the waiting government what he saw. When Early made his raid on Washington, it was Dana whom Grant sent from the army of the Potomac to the capital to inspect the defenses. When Richmond fell, it was Dana who kept Mr. Stanton informed of all the inside transactions. When Jefferson Davis was transferred to Fortress Monroe, it was Dana again whose eyes were on prisoner and officers and who informed the War Department of all the details of that dramatic incident.

The influence of the descriptions and characterizations which Mr. Dana sent to Mr. Stanton from the front is apparent, now that the records of the war are open. It is clear that in many cases the policy of the government towards men was decided by these communications. They were so clear, full, and unbiased, that the conclusions from the facts they gave were irresistible. The few suggestions Mr. Dana made were weighty because he had led up to them naturally by his day-to-day reports. The necessity of a certain policy was apparent before the suggestion of it came. It is

not too much to say that it was Mr. Dana's reports which first convinced the government that two of its greatest generals were Sherman and Grant, which proved that McClernand should be dropped, and which showed that Grant and Thomas should take hold of the army which Rosecrans had demoralized.

To know men, to see everything that went on, and to describe all fully, was, then, Mr. Dana's chief business. In the course of it he was an observer of several of the great spectacular episodes of the war. He watched the gunboats running the batteries of Vicksburg; saw Pemberton standing out on the fortification of that city, while his army stacked their arms in sign of surrender; was driven from the field of Chickamauga in the terrible panic of September 20, 1863; beside Grant, watched the battle of Missionary Ridge; was at Cold Harbor and Petersburg. The descriptions of these events, written at the time, are surpassingly brilliant, and they are perfectly clear. One feels the roar and clash of the battle in them, and one understands what it is all about.

An intimate acquaintance with a great number of officers was naturally forced on Mr. Dana by his position. Probably no man in the War Department at that time studied so many different generals face to face as he did, and certainly nobody else wrote so fully and frankly his opinions of the men he studied. Not only did Mr. Dana know the officers of the army; in the dull times between campaigns, he remained in Washington as an assistant to Secretary Stanton. There he saw much of Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet and of the members of Congress. His work there was scarcely less in interest than that at the front, and much of it was as truly warfare, though of a bloodless kind. It was incessant skirmishing with contractors who were watching for opportunities to cheat the government, with deserters and blockade-runners, with Confederate agents in Canada, and spies from within the enemy's lines. Often the skirmishing developed into pitched battles.

His reminiscences of this unique war experience Mr. Dana has never published save now and then a fragment, and it is

with great satisfaction that the editors of *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* announce that in the November number they will begin the publication of a series of articles by him on his life as the private war reporter of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton.

In preparing these reminiscences Mr. Dana has not trusted to his memory alone. The great mass of documents he prepared for the eyes of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton has been freely used; so have his voluminous correspondence with military governors and provost-marshals, carried on at the period when he was in Washington, the reports of special investigations he made for the War Department (reports never published, though influential in determining large questions of policy), and private correspondence with friends, including private letters from Mr. Stanton, General Sherman, and others. In fact, he has opened a great private storehouse of historical matter and condensed it in these reminiscences. In the work he has had free access to the great collection of Stanton papers in the hands of the Hon. George B. Gorham, and to the files of the War Department, Mr. Gorham having turned over to Mr. Dana all of the Stanton papers that could be of use to him in this connection, and the War Department having extended innumerable courtesies and aided the work in every possible way. To insure perfect accuracy in the details of military movements, the manuscript has been read by Mr. Leslie J. Perry, the well-known expert of the War Records Commission.

A narrative of a man's own experiences in such scenes and relations as those in which Mr. Dana figured through the war could not fail to be of interest even if he were rather a commonplace man. When coming from one of the keenest observers and most trenchant writers of our times, a man who from the first was the confidant of the government and had access to every secret source of information, both the historic and literary value of the story is apparent. Since the appearance of General Grant's "Personal Memoirs" no such contribution to the literature of the Civil War has been made as these reminiscences of Mr. Dana.

THE GRATEFUL REPORTER.

BY OCTAVE THIANET,

Author of "Stories of a Western Town," "The Ladder of Grief," etc.

"SURE, it's sorry I am for the creachure," said Mrs. Patrick Fitzmaurice to her only son, Tommy. This was in the year when Tommy was in training as a candidate for mayor; indeed, the primaries were to be held that week. As the little Irishwoman spoke she glanced up wistfully at Tommy's handsome face, and brushed an imperceptible trace of dust from his coat-sleeve. Tommy began to guess what was coming.

"And what does she want you to do, ma?" said he, slipping his arm about her waist and looking fondly down at the face that was pretty to him still, although to most people it was but a wrinkled little Irish face with violet eyes and a long upper lip. "She's after you for something—that I know."

"Why, she has no sinse at all, Tommy; and she puts me out of me temper with the way she goes on, till I clean forget she is me third cousin on me stepmother's side and I want to tell her to be quiet; but then I think of how old she is, and with no children: never a chick nor a child did Tim and she have to bless them, Tommy; and many's the time she looks at you, and I can see the sigh in her eyes that she's too proud to let drop from her lips; and then I think, 'Well, if she does make a time over an ould box, it's hers, and maybe the forlorn creachure vallys it; maybe, not having any humans to love, she has to take it out on her things.'"

"That box she lost in the custom-house in Chicago, I suppose," says Tommy, patiently. "She isn't nagging you to have me go to Chicago, is she?"

"Well, that very same she is, Tommy. And I tould her, says I, he's busy wid important business of the election, says I, and he ain't got the time. But the creachure don't seem to have good sinse, for all she says is, 'It was owing to him I took it to Chicago instid of to New York to the customs there; and now it's lost!' Meself, I wonder she didn't lose ivery box she had, comin' a wake before she was ixpectid and we not meeting her; for

she can't so much as go down town alone."

Tommy was swallowing his annoyance. He loved his mother, whatever he might think of her stepmother's third cousin; and he knew how his mother must have been harried to bring her to the point of asking a journey of him this particular week. It was a nuisance, and it might well be a risk, to leave just now, but he would chance it; and having resolved to chance it, he would not spoil a kind act by an ill grace in the doing. Therefore he laughed as he smoothed his mother's thin but still silky hair; and told her that he could manage to get off to Chicago and that she might assure Mrs. Sullivan that he would look up every unclaimed article of luggage in the Chicago customs.

He might have felt repaid had he seen his mother, that evening, wiping her eyes while she repeated the scene to his father, who puffed hard on his pipe. "And you won't deny, Pat, he is the binst son in the country!"

"I ain't thinkin' of sons," said the ex-saloon-keeper grimly; "I'm thinkin' of mothers that lets their sons throw away their chances to gratify the fool whims of a doddering ould woman. Tom has no business to be out of town this wake, and well he knows it."

"And for why not, Pat?"

"For why? Because he has got to go, to-morrow, no later, to the meeting, and Paulsen will be at the meeting, and the other men; and 'specially for Paulsen they want Tommy to be there. Ye know how Tommy talks and the persuasiveness of him"—the father could not hide a lurking smile—"well, they're hoping whin Paulsen hears him he'll listen to rason and go in for him. And Harry Lossing, he's going to see Paulsen and persuade him how sound Tommy is about kaping the saloons down and yit raising enough rivinue for the ixpenses, and how he'll look moighty scharp after the contracts, and there won't be no boodlin' games countenanced noways; and he'll take the police

out of politics. Av coorse, Tommy can't be tellin' what a foine mayor he'll make for himself; but Harry will say it, and more; and then at the meeting he'll ask Tommy any quistions that Paulsen will want answered or that he hears Paulsen will want; and Tommy will have his innings thin. Do you see? But now, wid your blethering ould cousin and her box, ye'll git him aif and maybe he'll not be back; there was a washout only yisterday on the road, and loike enough there'll be another; and Tommy'll be losing the mayor's office to git—"

"Oh, Pat, is it that bad?" cried the mother, clasping her hands. "Sure I'll drive to the depot and beg him to stay!"

She meant her words, and her hand was on the door-knob, but her husband stopped her. "Ye will *not*, Ellen," said he with an ironic chuckle, "for it's off already he is. Ye will set down and hope ye ain't done much harm sindin' him off!"

"And who would harm him, sure?"

"Well, there is Alderman Wade, who is after Paulsen from morning till night, pecking at him with 'Tommy is an Irishman, Tommy is shly, Tommy hates the Dutch'—you'll see—that's the way he gets at him, making him think Tommy wouldn't cross the street to save a German's life! And Paulsen has got a tremenjis lot of pull wid the Dutch, and that's the fact; he ain't, so far's I kin find out, he ain't opened the mouth of him yit whether it's for or whether it's agin Tommy. But Tommy best be round when he does—that's all."

"But why would Alderman Wade be wanting to hurt Tommy? I mind well, whin you had the place down town, how he always had his drinks free, and he was always asking afther your foine young son at the university."

Old Patrick humped his shoulders, and muttered, "Things was different thin; I'm thinkin', meself, that he wants to be greased, and Tommy won't grease him!"

Mrs. Fitzmaurice, as innocent a soul as ever was sent into a wicked world, had lived too long with Patrick not to understand. She sighed. "Is he loike that,



"... IS IT THAT BAD?" CRIED THE MOTHER, CLASPING HER HANDS, ...

thin? I didn't think it. And is Mr. Paulsen the same?"

"I guess not"—with a short laugh—"you couldn't buy Paulsen any more than you could coax a mule with a greenback. Oh, he's honest, but he's obstinate; and he's like a mule that way too: you niver know which end of him is going to kick! Harry Lossing was tilling me he mistrusted he'd be fighting us."

"Well, you'll find Tommy'll match him," said the mother confidently, to which the father only grunted—being, however, like many husbands, secretly cheered by his wife's unreasoning hope.

But she, poor woman, staid awake all night, wondering whether indeed she had jeopardized her son's prospects by sending

him away, and struggling darkly in her mind after some way to reach the incorruptible and obstinate Paulsen.

Tommy, meanwhile, had gone easily to Chicago, and the next morning, having found the box, was loitering, with a conscience at rest, among a hundred odd people who were at the sale of "unclaimed and seized merchandise" in the government warehouse. Next to Tommy stood a yellow-haired young man with his hat on the back of his head and a pad bulging his breast-pocket. Tommy and he were the only persons present not bidding.

"Live in Chicago?" said the young man.

Tommy, flattered by the inference, shook his head and named his town.

"Pretty town," said the young man. "I used to live there; I used to be on the 'Evening Scimitar.' Now"—he flung his coat open, disclosing his reporter's badge. Tommy read the name of the great city paper with a tinge of respect. The reporter asked questions about familiar names, ending with Tommy's own personality—"Fitzmaurice? Fitzmaurice? You aren't—"

"I'm Patrick Fitzmaurice's son," said Tommy, composedly. "His place was down on Third Street."

The reporter eyed Tommy askance. He could not place this well-dressed, well-mannered young man, with his handsome Irish-Norman face (that clean-cut, delicate face which is no more like the caricatures of the Irish-Celtic face than the newspaper "Celt" is like the man himself). He knew Pat Fitzmaurice's place, but here was a flower from a saloon window. He did not quite know how to take Tommy's calmness. "I must have been at the university when you were there," said Tommy, still unconscious, "for I don't remember you."

"They had a son at school. Mrs. Fitzmaurice used to tell me about him. I hope your mother is well, Mr. Fitzmaurice. She was an angel of mercy to me. One awfully cold night, when I was out on an assignment about a fire, got

wet through, and my clothes froze on me, I went in, and she made me hot coffee herself—she said I was too young for whisky—loaned me some of your clothes, by the way, to get home in—all not knowing I wasn't reeling off a lie to her."

"Well, the clothes came back," said Tommy. "I heard about it. Mother's always up to such tricks."

"Mothers are a big thing; they keep a fellow sure there's some good left in the world, and yours was one of the motherliest mothers going."

Tommy blushed with pleasure, but could think of nothing better than to hand the reporter a cigar. And it was at this softened moment that his eyes fell on an old woman who had just entered. She was poorly clad in a worn, limp, black skirt made short enough to show her coarse shoes, and a basque of that unchanging model affected by elderly German women of the humbler kind. The hair under the old-fashioned bonnet was gray, almost white. She walked in with a quick step, like one in haste, her dim eyes wandering anxiously over the array of boxes on the platform. Then she whispered to the young girl at her side, who seemed to be a servant, and was a comely, fresh-colored, honest-looking lass, in the cheap travesty of the fashion that so soon replaces the trusty old blue stuffs in this



"... HE FLUNG HIS COAT OPEN, DISCLOSING HIS REPORTER'S BADGE."

country. The girl glanced about her and, after a second's hesitation, whispered to Tommy, "Is does tings on der platform all vat dey is sole?"

"So far," says Tommy, "yes, ma'am." He spoke the last words to the old woman, and he smiled reassuringly. She seemed so feeble, so agitated, and so lost among the crowd of idle men and junk-dealers that he was minded to comfort her.

She gave him a grateful glance. Her hands were clasped, one over the other. They were hands disfigured and roughened by toil, with the prominent veins and distorted knuckles and withered cleanliness of years over the washtub. Tommy remembered how in his youth he had resolved that one day his mother should have white, soft hands, like the mother of his school friend, Harry Lossing; and how he had spent some of his very first earnings in a weird assortment of cosmetics which his mother faithfully used.

His mother's hands were white now, and there were rings on them; but Tommy remembered how they used to look.

Lot after lot was disappearing and being bundled down to the new owners. The old woman, who had slowly regained composure, all at once rose suddenly from her seat, and instantly sank back again, clutching the purse in her hand. Her face had gone a dull gray; the streaks of red were ebbing slowly from her cheek. Tommy heard her thin, elderly pipe—"One dollar." "One dollar!" called the girl in a louder key. "I'm bid one dollar?" began the auctioneer; "one—do I hear two dollars? Thank you, sir. Two dollars! two dollars!"

"And five cents," called the girl, while the woman's eyes strained after every twist of the auctioneer's head, every swing of his hand.

"Dollar five, dollar five—yes, sir; thank you, sir. Three dollars—"

Here a man shouldered his way through the crowd—a stout, florid man in a checked suit, baggy as to the knees of the trousers and illuminated as to shirt-front by a vivid but soiled red scarf.

This man glanced keenly at the box and from the box to the woman, and threw a "Five dollars" carelessly at the official.

"West side dealer," commented the newspaper man in an undertone to Tommy. "He thinks there's something in it."

The old woman raised the bid, as before, by a nickel; as before, the man jumped the intervening cents to a dollar. The old woman, her agitation momentarily in-

creasing, repeated the same manœuvre, with the same result on the part of her opponent. The uneven bidding continued until the bids were twenty-seven dollars, bid by the dealer. The old woman turned desperately to the girl, and the latter in a second called loudly a raise of ten cents.

"Twenty-eight!" shouted the man.

The woman sank back into her chair. She trembled so violently that for a second Tommy thought she was going to faint, and he hurried to put a flask to her lips, while the newspaper man ran for water. She motioned the flask away. Her eyes went piteously to the girl.

"Come, mother," said she; "come, dear mother."

"Shan't I help you out?" said Tommy. The words rolled back in the roof of his mouth at the girl's expression.

"We don't have got no more money," said she stolidly. "The mother has been saving for this year and I also; and it was twenty-seven dollars, but we haf also the car-fare. We bid all; it was not enough—no, don't look, don't look!" she cried in her own tongue. But the old woman rose, and watched the successful bidder lift down the box, an irrepressible moan bursting through her lips.

"Say, why do you want the box?" asked Tommy. "Can't I—"

"It was by mine vater," said the girl. "Dey vas lif tirty-dree years by vun anudder, und dey vas nefar qvuaarel, but ven dey coom over he vas die on der road, and dey put him in der sea. She didn't have notings, no grave; und dey vas charge so mooch vat you call it duty dat ve don't can take der box, und so she und I ve save, but it vas no use. Koom, koom!"

She declined the tin cup which the reporter was holding rather helplessly at them, and would have supported her mother out of the room. The old woman looked dizzy; she only said, in German, "It was his picture, my Emil's picture."

"You wait a minute," said Tommy. "Don't you stir from her, and I'll see if I can't buy that back—there is nothing of value—no money? no watch?"

He hardly waited their denial to rush off, with the unheeded and amused reporter at his heels. The latter thoughtfully poured the water on the floor before he put the tin cup on a window-sill.

The junk-dealer had his box on the floor, meditating over it, a screw-driver in his hand, as if preparing to open it by the hinges. It was a clumsy box of wood, with iron hinges. A friend near by

wagged a sympathizing and curious head on the other side.

"Invoiced at twelve dollars," said the friend. "That ain't no twelve-dollar box, Dorry!"

Tommy, whose hurry had been displaced by the idlest, sauntering air, craned his neck forward. "That's right," said he; "there ain't twelve dollars' worth of truck in that box. The government's got a great head, running this kind of lottery business. Things of value are bound to be claimed."

The junk-dealer playfully cocked one eye. "You trying to buy that box, my Christian friend?"

"Big finds in those boxes sometimes," remarked the junk-dealer's crony.

"Big disappointments, too," said Tommy. "I bet that you'll be swearing mad when you open that box."

"How much do you bet?" sneered the junk-dealer, trying his screw-driver on the heads of the screws.

"Well, I'll bet five dollars to a nickel you can't sell the whole contents of that box for twelve dollars. How's that?"

Two or three men drew nearer, and instantly a dozen more were drawn by the sight of them, as is the way of a crowd.

"Is it a kind of game?" inquired one man.

"I'm not likely to make much by it," said Tommy; "five dollars to a nickel!"



"SHE WALKED IN WITH A QUICK STEP . . . HER DIM EYES WANDERING ANXIOUSLY OVER THE ARRAY OF BOXES. . . ."

"Let's see your money," said the reporter, glancing out of the tail of his eye at the dealer, whom he knew slightly.

The dealer laughed. He wasn't afraid of games, he said, and he proffered his nickel to the reporter. Tommy gravely placed a bank-note beside it.

"Well," said the dealer, "I don't object to giving you all a peep, but who's to decide as to the value?"

"You can pick two men, and I'll pick one," said Tommy, carelessly. As he anticipated, the dealer chose his friend and the reporter. Tommy hit at random on a grave and rubicund man who had the



said Tommy, "but I guess you are right about the value of the box being there. Please open it, Captain."

The sailor—he really was a first mate, but he took the title without wincing—lifted the unlocked cover of the box, and took out a photograph of a man. The man, in his ill-fitting,

"'I'LL TAKE THAT,' SAID HE; 'THE VALUE OF THE BOX IS IN THERE!'"

attitude and the wide-footed standing posture of a steamer-deck.

The dealer found little difficulty in wrenching one-half of the hinges free. He lifted the lid and forced it back on the lock.

"Let the referees take out the things," said Tommy.

There was revealed at first glimpse nothing better than a neatly folded layer of coarse and worn woollen clothing, the cause of the heavy duty. This displaced by the seaman, there came a cheap German Bible, a pair of heavy, patched shoes, and a small box ornamented with shells, most of which were broken. At the sight of the box the dealer's color turned and he held out his hand. "I'll take that," said he; "the value of the box is in there!"

"No, you won't take it—play fair!"

tidy, holiday suit, with a smile on his honest face, and both large, toil-marked hands spread on his knees, was, one could easily guess, the owner of the clothes in the box.

"That's all," said the sailor.

The reporter and the other representatives of the junk-dealer quickly verified his words. That was all. An oath slid between the dealer's teeth. He seized on the clothes, and examined every pocket, every seam. Some one made a jocose comment, and the crowd laughed. It laughed again as he snatched at the carte. In the same movement Tommy's strong white fingers grappled his puffy red ones. "You drop that," said he. "No, I won't take your money. I knew what was in that trunk, and that poor old soul, who had been saving for a year, knew, too. Gentlemen"—he turned to the crowd, a sizable

number by this time, and agog with curiosity—"let me explain."

So Tommy, with all the fiery Irish eloquence in his power, explained. And then, while the crowd settled closer, he flung his

offer at the bewildered dealer.

"You, sir," to the reporter, "pass the hat. Let that five dollars stay in. Look here, what will you sell for? That five-dollar bill?"

"No, I won't," snapped the dealer; "I can get more from the old woman."

Tommy darted a glance at the reporter, and that nimble-witted young man promptly took his cue. "She's gone," said he, looking in another direction from the place where they left the two Germans. "I can't see her!"

"Then I don't care to do anything," returned Tommy, giving himself an irritable shake. "Hand me my bill."

"I'll call it ten dollars," said the dealer quickly. "Come now, you can find her. I'm sorry for the old party, too."

"Eight," said Tommy, making as if to go.

"Nine," said the dealer in a dying voice.

"Make it nine; we'll all chip in," called the most distant man in the crowd. The hat went round with Tommy's banknote and one dollar from the reporter. It returned laden with eight dollars and ninety cents, and Tommy grimly threw in a cigar, which he said he had bought in

Chicago for fifteen cents. It was not five minutes before the sailor man headed an interesting procession bearing the box back to the old woman.

"And really," said Tommy to the reporter about two hours later, "she took it well—a kind of dignity."

"I guess we shan't be any the worse off for her prayers," mused the reporter; "but, say! you've missed your train, and you had an important appointment, didn't you say? That was taking grandma home yourself in a carriage."

"She wasn't fit to walk," said Tommy. "If—if she'd been my mother, I'd have wanted her taken home."

"That's right," the reporter agreed. He did not say anything else, though he looked at Tommy with a kind of lightening of his sharp smile; and just then Tommy hailed a cab to save the next train if he could; and so they parted.

Tommy was not lucky enough even to catch his second train, wherefore he was obliged to pass the night in the city and return home in the very early morning hours in a decidedly irritable frame of mind. He did not repent of

his humanity, but I must confess that he did wish that his mother had not put him in the way of being humane.

Harry Lossing and another root-fast political friend were waiting at the depot,



The sailor man headed an interested procession.

nor did their aspect of reproachful gloom tend to ease his mood.

"How are things?" he ventured, after they had silently taken his bag and walked him into the street.

"If you mean the election," replied Harry, "everything is going wrong. Paulsen is on his high horse."

"Why didn't you show up at the meeting?" asked McGinnis, the other friend, in the tone of an executioner demanding of his victim which side of the block he preferred.

"I missed the train," said Tommy, meekly.

"Ye missed the train!" McGinnis's heavy voice rose a note in caustic sarcasm. "Well, Tom, I didn't think ye was the kind of man to miss trains or I'd never have gone in for you. Did ye have a pleasant time? I hope that much, for you're likely to miss your nomination, too!"

"Drop that, McGinnis!" interrupted Lossing. "You know perfectly well Fitzmaurice isn't that kind. What *was* the matter? Paulsen makes a great offense of your not coming; says you are not to be depended on, and this shows it, and a lot of rot—"

"Aw, Paulsen is only talking for a blind," McGinnis struck in. "He won't vote for an Irishman, nohow, and that's where the hair is thin. I heard he said he never knowed a Irishman would do a good turn to a German, and he had it from Wade, who'd knowed you from a boy, that you was too slick to be honest. Maybe if you could have got at him yesterday you might have done something for him. Mr. Lossing and me, we couldn't move him!"

"Well, I'm sorry," said Tommy, ruefully, but he didn't explain why he missed his train, not even when Alderman McGinnis capped Lossing's "I think if you promise the chief of police to a German we may do something" with "I think it's awful to try to help fools!"

"No," thought Tommy, "I mean to be a gentleman, and a gentleman does not brag of being barely decent; and if Paulsen were to hear of it he'd think I was a fool for sure to lose my train that way." And these mixed motives prompted him to say, "I missed that train doing a kindness to somebody, if you must know, and that's all there is about it."

Alderman McGinnis drew a long, sad sigh from the depths beneath his glossy shirt-front. "Only tell me it ain't a woman, Tommy; that's all I ask," he moaned.

"It was a very nice, respectable old woman," said Tommy, firmly.

"And no young woman for a daughter or a niece or somewhere hitched to the outfit? Why, Tom, you ain't blushing! Tom, this is awful! What made me bet on you? One big thing was you didn't seem to know the difference between a pretty girl and a homely one; but if you're going to let the women come the comem-ether over you and miss trains—why, great Scott! boy, what will we do when we send ye to the legislature and they git at you for the clerkships and them offices and—"

Again Lossing, looking thoroughly annoyed, but loyal even in this stress, interfered to rescue Tommy and to again propose the offering of the head of the police on a charger to the powerful Paulsen.

Tommy went home red with chagrin.

But he is glad to this day that he swallowed his feelings and bore his father's reproaches in silence. The old man was broken-hearted at the prospect of losing the office, and the more that Wade made a handle of Tommy's not coming on time and tales not fitted for Tommy's mother's ears were bandied about among the enemy. Paulsen had been seen. Paulsen had been offered the disposal of office. And Paulsen had declined to commit himself. "I'm looking round for the best man," said Paulsen. Which was discouraging.

Tommy had not reproached his mother. In fact, he had been more than ordinarily kind and gentle to her, for the poor soul was in such deep tribulation that to be cruel to her would have required a heart of stone. Patrick, the sorely wronged and disappointed Patrick himself, did not go beyond an eloquent dumbness at meals. And Tommy, in pity, ate so much—to show that he appreciated the special dainties prepared for his consolation—that he was like to add the discomforts of dyspepsia to his mental griefs.

The morning of the primaries, absorbed as both men were, they nevertheless perceived that Mrs. Fitzmaurice was agitated beyond all control. She sweetened Tommy's coffee twice, which did not matter, for Tommy gulped it down unheeding; but she omitted to sweeten Patrick's cup at all, which was quite another thing. Yet as he raised his eyebrows preparatory to the just rebuke, the look on her face made him suddenly give her the kindest smile in days. "I declare, you're worriting yerself sick, Ellen!" said he. "Come what may, it ain't a killing matter

for Tommy. If they down us this time, we'll down them next."

"Of course, mother," said Tommy, and he went over and kissed her. He did not pay any especial attention to her broken murmur of meaning it for the best and she never meant to hurt him. He said, "That's all right, mother. You're the best mother in the world!" and kissed her again, and so left her comforted.

"Well, I'm glad ye ain't taking it out on the wimmin," said Patrick. "I ain't axed ye anny questions about what I heard from McGinnis, but if it's—"

"It's nothing I'd be ashamed to tell you or mother," Tommy burst out, "and I will tell you now if you like—"

"Ye needn't; I believe you," said Patrick; "and I say agin, this day ain't no killing matter. But what's Paulsen got there?"

Paulsen was haranguing a crowd. "A young man! Well, what's the matter of a young man? I found out all about Thomas Fitzmaurice. I said, 'I wait till I find out.' Now read that paper, and you see what kind of a man he is!"

Tommy could see a paper fluttering from hand to hand. A trusty henchman was instantly despatched for the paper, which Patrick awaited in a stony calm. At intervals he patted Tommy on the back.

"Don't you mind what they say," he repeated over and over. "I ain't going

to be worried; don't you be! And we'll pay 'em up!"

The messenger returned grinning. He handed the paper to Patrick, and over his father's shoulders Tommy read, in bold headlines, the grateful offering of the reporter that his mother had warmed: "The Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice, of Iowa, has a Heart. But He is No Fool, either. How the Dealer Outbid the Aged Widow and the Hon. Thomas Buncoed the Dealer and Restored a Cherished Treasure. A Pathetic Happening in Real Life." And there, beneath, was the story of Tommy's humanity. It was fluttering all around the field.

Tommy grew a rose-red, and looked wildly about him. It was at this instant that he beheld Harry and McGinnis—beaming.

"It's all right! Paulsen's all right!" said Harry.

"But that confounded paper" (thus are the mercies of the press slighted!) "do you—Harry, you don't suppose I—"

"My dear boy, cool off. The paper was sent to your mother, and she sent it to me and to Paulsen, of course. She was tickled with it, I suppose, or she thought it would do good. It did. It hit Paulsen just right. I fancy, old man, you'll owe your election to your mother."

Tommy was standing very thoughtful. "More than you think, maybe," said he.

CERTAIN WONDERS OF THE GREATER NEW YORK.

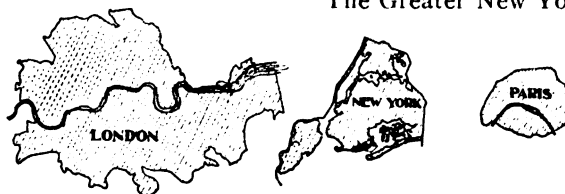
BY GEORGE B. WALDRON.

ON January 1, 1898, a score of cities, towns, and villages, ranging in population from a few hundreds up to two millions, will become consolidated into one Greater New York. With not less than 3,300,000 people in an area of 360 square miles, the American metropolis will be then, next to Greater London, the largest city in the world. London was a city nearly two thousand years before the first white man set foot on Manhattan Island. Yet the old world's chief city, with her 6,200,000 population and 688 square miles of territory, has less than twice the population

of the first city of the new world. New York is increasing in population at the rate of 315 a day, while London's daily increase is but 230.

Paris, with 2,600,000 population and 173 square miles of area must now drop to the third place. Next come Berlin and Chicago, in close rivalry. The German city has but 25 square miles of territory, while the other spreads over 187 miles of our Western prairie.

The Greater New York lies in form like a triangle, with the base, about 18 miles long, resting on the Atlantic. To the apex, which is up the Hudson, the greatest



Comparative size of the three greatest cities of the world.

length is some 35 miles. Yet the 360 square miles of the city's area are speck upon the wide domain of the Nation. Even little Rhode Island, the smallest state of the Union, has an area nearly four times as great. The broad Empire State might be carved into 132 such cities without disturbing her three other largest centers. So insignificant in size is this plot, that to an observer stationed on the moon a pin-head seventy feet away from the eye would cover it from sight. Yet the earth itself would appear four times as broad as our moon does to us.

But into this limited space are crowded as many people as were in all the Thirteen Colonies when they declared their independence. Then the Greater New York had but 80,000 people. To-day her numbers equal the combined population of thirteen of our new states and territories whose area is two-fifths that of the Nation and more than 3,000 times that of the metropolis.

Line up this army shoulder to shoulder in single rank, and it would extend to St. Louis, a thousand miles across the country. March the people by in procession, two abreast day and night, for three weeks, and not then would the last pair have passed the observer. If these 3,300,000 people were equally distributed over the greater city's area, each family could have a lot of 100 feet front and still leave room enough for streets, parks, and business purposes.

But it is only too evident that they are not equally distributed. Into one-sixth of the city's area are crowded five-sixths of the entire population. There is one section of thirty-two acres on lower Manhattan Island which is admittedly the most densely populated spot on earth. Into its tenements the people are packed nearly a thousand to the acre. If the whole of the greater city were

equally crowded it would contain three times the present population of the entire United States.

The metropolis has not the misfortune of an abnormal death rate, yet 70,000 of its people die during a year. This is one every seven minutes, day and night. Allow but three carriages to each funeral, and the city's dead in a single year have a funeral procession 650 miles long. There are 90,000 babies born in the city every year. They number 250 a day, or one each six minutes. Take them out together for an airing, and the row of baby carriages would extend up the Hudson to Albany, 150 miles.

The Greater New York is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. Within her borders are representatives of almost every nation and city upon the earth. Her foreign-born number 1,250,000, and their children swell the numbers to 2,500,000, or two-thirds the city's entire population. At the head of the list stand the Germans, who number nearly 900,000. Next



The babies born in a year.



The length of the elevated lines.

come the Irish, mustering 850,000. There are 170,000 English, 105,000 Russians, 100,000 Italians, and 50,000 Scotch.

America's metropolis is the largest Irish city in the world. Dublin, the chief city of the Emerald Isle, has less than half as many. Next to Berlin, she is also the world's largest German city. She has nearly as many Germans as Hamburg and Munich combined. She has more English than Portsmouth, more Canadians than Canadian London, more Russians than Vilna, more French than Aix. She has nearly as many Scotch as Leith, Italians as Venice, Austro-Hungarians as Presburg, and Scandinavians as Bergen.



Length of the system of steam roads centering in New York.

The steam and street railroad within the borders of the new city would reach in an unbroken line of track to Omaha. The steam roads alone would connect the Battery by double track with Lake Champlain. The elevated lines would make a double track connection with New Haven, Connecticut. The street car lines would extend in single track to Chicago.

The street lines have a capital of \$95,000,000. Their 5,000 cars make a yearly aggregate run of 85,000,000 miles, which would almost bridge the distance from the earth to the sun. They carry 480,000,000 passengers a year, or an average of 1,300,000



Seven thousand policemen.

a day. This is within twelve per cent. of the entire passenger traffic of the steam roads of the Nation. The elevated roads have a capital of \$120,000,000. Their aggregate train mileage is 14,000,000 miles. The journey traveled by the 1,600 cars in a year is about 65,000,000 miles, which is five trips a week from the earth to the moon. They carry 250,000,000 passengers annually, or an average of 700,000 a day.

Some of the most important systems of steam roads of the Nation center at the metropolis. Including those in New Jersey which connect with the city by ferry, these lines would measure three-quarters of the distance around the globe. About 1,000 passenger trains leave the city on these roads every twenty-four hours. They carry 210,000,000 passengers a year, or two-fifths of the entire passenger traffic of the steam roads of the United States. The freight they move is one-third of the total shipments by rail in the country.

Probably not less than 500,000 passengers on the average enter or leave the city on these roads every day. Including the

passenger traffic of the elevated and surface lines, the total daily movement of passengers on all the roads of the city is 2,500,000. This is equivalent to two-thirds of the entire population of the Greater New York. Nor does this estimate include the inter-urban movement by ferry and over Brooklyn Bridge. The bridge traffic alone reaches 115,000 a day by cars, and 35,000 more cross on foot.



Daily water supply per capita.

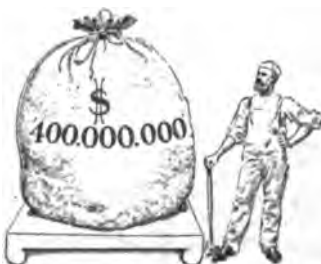
Greater New York is the chief distributing center for the commerce of the Nation. Through her gateways pass two-fifths of all the exports and two-thirds of all the imports. The total annual value of goods in this foreign trade through the city is \$850,000,000. During the year the city receives 30,000,000 bushels of wheat, 6,400,000 barrels of flour, 29,000,000 bushels of corn, 43,000,000 bushels of oats, 4,400,000 bushels of rye, and 11,800,000 bushels of barley. Her total yearly grain receipts are 125,000,000 bushels. Loaded on freight cars this grain would fill 180,000 cars and make a continuous train from Kansas City to the metropolis.



Four thousand "white wings."

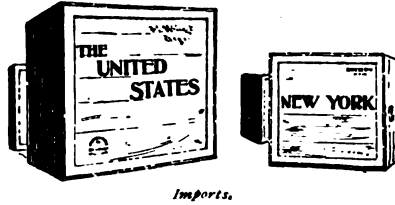
Another evidence of the immense business transacted in America's first city appears in the volume of checks and drafts passed through the clearing house by her banks. This reaches a yearly aggregate of \$29,000,000,000, or \$96,000,000 a day, which is a half larger than the combined bank clearings of all the other cities of the Nation. A \$2,000 check for each family in the United States would not cover this business of the city during a single year.

In manufacturing the Greater New York easily stands first among our cities. She has 50,000 manufacturing establishments, requiring a capital of \$1,100,000,000. These employ 635,000 workers and pay \$400,000,000 a year in wages. The value of the products reaches \$1,400,



Yearly wages.

000,000. She manufactures one-fourth of rics. Her municipal employees will form all the factory-made men's clothing and an army of 30,000, larger than the regular one-half of the factory-made women's clothing. She does two-fifths of the Nation's coffee roasting, makes one-fifth of the beer, tobacco, and cigars. Her presses turn off one-fifth of the printing of the country.



Imports.

In 1626 the Dutch purchased Manhattan Island for \$24. The surrounding country was not then considered worth buying. To-day the value of the land and building of the enlarged city is not less than \$4,500,000,000. This is an average of \$125,000 an acre and fifty cents a square foot for the entire 360 square miles. But there are sections down on lower Broadway and on



Exports.

Wall Street that could not be bought for less than a thousand times that price. A workingman would need to spend the wages of twenty years for a plot large enough to give him a decent burial. The property value of this one city would buy one-third of all the farms in the United States.

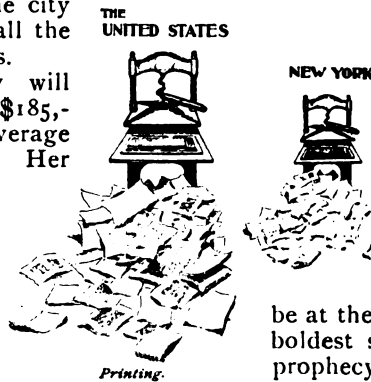
The consolidated city will have a municipal debt of \$185,000,000, which is an average burden of \$56 per capita. Her municipal expenditures will require \$70,000,000 a year. This exceeds the total state, city, town, and county expenditures in twenty of the southern and western states and territo-

streets would continue the road to Boise City, Idaho. The city has 1,400 miles of water mains and half as many miles of sewers. Her 75 miles of wharves and docks would reach from the Battery to New Haven, Connecticut. Her entire water front would nearly encircle Long Island. She has 7,000 acres of parks worth \$250,000,000. Their money value would buy fifty-acre farms at ordinary prices for 100,000 families.

Her water supply is 325,000,000 gallons a day, or about 100 gallons for every inhabitant. The water that she uses in a year would make a canal wide and deep enough to float the largest war vessel and that would extend from New York to San Francisco.

These are some of the marvels belonging to-day to this giant among the cities of the world. But what the Greater New York will

be at the end of another century the boldest scarcely dare to venture a prophecy.



Printing.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.—REMINISCENCES AND FORECASTS.

FOUR years and a half ago the first number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE was published, and the price of the magazine at that time was fifteen cents a copy. There was then no magazine sold for less than twenty-five cents a copy that gave its readers the best current literature and employed the best artists for the illustration of its text. Without laying stress upon the question of price as necessary or essential to this publication, we record this fact as of interest in the history of periodical publishing. We have a certain pride that we were the pioneers in the field of low-priced periodical literature, and it is in the interest of the truth, which has been more or less distorted in various ways, that we revive the recollection of the position of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE and its price at the time it was started.

Two years ago, in announcing the reduction of the price of McCLURE'S from fifteen cents to ten cents a copy, we made the statement that there were "no contributions, literary or pictorial, suitable for a great popular monthly that were not within the reach of the publishers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE at ten cents a copy." At the time these words were written there was considerable discussion in the publishing craft in regard to the future of the ten-cent magazine, and in this discussion the public took a lively interest. Our contribution to the discussion was simply an elaboration of the idea expressed in the words quoted above: that is, the realization in fact of our faith—the *publication of a magazine which proved the point*. Within the last two years the discussion has died out. In the case of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, which was founded at the beginning of the hard times, its circulation steadily increased in those two years, in spite of the general adverse business conditions, from 75,000 to over 275,000. Within that short period we have been enabled to set up a manufacturing plant which is not surpassed by any other printing and binding establishment of its kind in the world, and our business has so extended that we require for offices and printing establishment the equivalent of an ordinary ten-story building. That we carried out the statement made as to contributions, both literary and pictorial, is proved by the appreciative friendship that has been shown the magazine by the public, the newspapers, and the advertisers.

Such facts speak louder than any theories or speculations, and show why the discussion as to the future of the ten-cent magazine has died out. *There is nothing left to speculate about now.*

The purpose of the founders of this magazine has been and is to bring within reach of a greater mass of readers than before enjoyed the opportunity, the fresh product of the best writers of fiction, the clear presentation of the latest and most far-reaching developments of science, the most vivid and human pictures of the great men and events of our history—in short, to give our readers from month to month a moving, living transcript of the intelligent, interesting, human endeavor of the time. We, like other men, wish to gain material success, but we want to gain it by those means which appeal to our intellectual as well as to our moral self-respect.

We are striving to make a wholesome, entertaining, stimulating magazine, and we are editing for our readers with the same sense of sympathetic responsibility as if the magazine were only intended for ourselves and our own kin.

THE MAGAZINE'S NEW CONTRIBUTIONS TO AMERICAN HISTORY.

Following an instinct which we have good reason to believe is shared by all of our readers, we have had as one of our foremost interests, in editing the magazine, the inspiring history of our own country. Our series of LIFE PORTRAITS OF GREAT AMERICANS, for instance, is positively the first full and adequate presentation of the real features of those sterling patriots whom we all honor and revere. Miss Tarbell's papers on THE EARLY LIFE OF LINCOLN gave the first, and indeed the only, full and accurate account of Lincoln's youth and early manhood that the world has had. Mr. Hamlin Garland's series of papers did somewhat the same service for THE EARLY LIFE OF GRANT. Then the papers which appeared in the magazine from time to time, on specific vital episodes or incidents in recent history, written by men who were themselves participants in the events they related, have brought to general knowledge facts and proceedings of the highest interest, that, but for these papers, might have gone forever unrecorded. We have sought, wherever there still survived a man whose own life has been a significant chapter in the history of the country, to have him tell the world his story in the pages of the magazine. Autobiographic history, in addition to being the most entertaining to read, is perhaps the most valuable. It is the one kind that is infallibly vivifying; it gives us the fact, hot and direct, from the hand of the man capable of delivering it. In matter of this kind, by far our most important and interesting publication is one that is to begin in the next (November) number; namely,

C. A. DANA'S REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE WAR.

Mr. Dana is one of the few men now living who was intimately associated with the important personages and events of the Civil War. Publishers and war students have long demanded from him his reminiscences of this period, and particularly his matured judgment on the three greatest actors in the struggle, Lincoln, Stanton, and Grant. But it is not until now that he has consented to give any one this important contribution to history.

The value and variety of Mr. Dana's memoirs are apparent when we consider that he was one of the first men called to a confidential position in the War Department by Edwin M. Stanton, and that he from first to last had the entire confidence of the great War Secretary. This confidence led to his appointment to many private missions, and it was his reports which influenced the action of the government at many critical periods. It was his full, unprejudiced account of Rosecrans's administration at Chattanooga, after the disaster of Chickamauga, which led

to the retirement of that general; and it was his account of Thomas's skill and courage which led to Thomas's appointment to the head of the Army of the Cumberland. In company with Grant, Dana saw Admiral Porter's fleet run the Vicksburg batteries. At Grant's headquarters he saw the siege of Vicksburg, and at Grant's side he rode into the capitulated city. He was swept from the field of Chickamauga, and was present at the midnight council of war at the Widow Glenn's after the first day's battle.

Beside Grant, Thomas, and Granger, Mr. Dana beheld the battle of Missionary Ridge. At the special request of President Lincoln, he accompanied Grant throughout the second Peninsular campaign. Sheridan received his commission as Brigadier-General from Dana's hands. When Richmond surrendered, Dana went, at Stanton's request, to report the condition of the city and to secure Confederate documents. His last interview with Lincoln was on April 13th, the day before the President's assassination. He spent the night at Lincoln's death-bed, writing dispatches at Stanton's dictation. He was an important witness at the trial of the conspirators.

There will be embodied in Mr. Dana's papers numerous hitherto

UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS AND LETTERS,

including unpublished letters to Mr. Dana from Edward M. Stanton, Secretary of War: Stanton's confidential orders to Mr. Dana in regard to the treatment of Jefferson Davis at Fortress Monroe—now first made public; many confidential letters written at the request of the Secretary of War, and giving Mr. Dana's opinion of all the leading officers in Grant's army; unpublished letters to Mr. Dana from Generals Sherman and Grant; a long confidential dispatch to Mr. Stanton, now first published, relating what Mr. Dana saw of the transfer of Jefferson Davis to Fortress Monroe.

For the illustration of these reminiscences we are permitted to draw on the collection of

HITHERTO INACCESSIBLE WAR PHOTOGRAPHS

made and arranged for the government under the painstaking and invaluable direction of General A. W. Greely. In its great store of negatives and original historical documents it stands quite alone. Under the permission of the War Department we shall give our readers many of its priceless portraits of the great personages of the war. It seemed to us that the dignity and straightforwardness of these absolutely authentic human documents made them the only fitting illustrations of a text so close to real facts, so ruddy with real life, as Mr. Dana's reminiscences.

MISS TARBELL'S LATER LIFE OF LINCOLN.

We are glad to announce to our readers that Miss Tarbell has been making considerable progress in her work upon the last four years of Lincoln's life. Although these years cover the war period, the work is written entirely from the personal standpoint; it has to do with Lincoln, and it follows closely his footsteps, only dealing with the war and its events so far as he personally was concerned in molding them. It is our belief that these articles will make Lincoln the man, the great War President, more real, and the dramatic story of those last four years

of his life more absorbing, than they have ever before been made.

THE NEWEST SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND EXPLORATION.

Always seeking for the significant discoveries or speculations which touch the edge of the future, the magazine has been the first to give authoritative and attractive accounts of many new scientific achievements. Every volume of the magazine furnishes illustrations of this policy. McCURE's published the first full description of Professor Langley's "flying-machine," by the inventor himself. We had the first authoritative paper on the discovery and application of the X-rays, written from material furnished by Professor Roentgen; the first magazine account of Nansen's wonderful voyage to the Far North, of Professor Dewar's experiments in liquefying oxygen, of the discovery of the new element argon, etc. We shall soon publish an important paper,

LORD KELVIN ON PROBLEMS OF RECENT SCIENCE.

Lord Kelvin is the foremost living authority on physical science. While in America, at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Toronto, he gave Dr. Henry Smith Williams, with full permission to publish it in McCURE's MAGAZINE, an interview of real scientific interest. Their talk dwelt particularly upon the vortex theory of matter, of which Lord Kelvin is the author, and which is one of the few great scientific speculations of our century. The conversation also dealt with the upper limits of heat, and the suggested speculation in regard to the age of the sun; also with recent experiments in seeking for the absolute zero, the lowest possible temperature. A character sketch of the personality of Lord Kelvin and an account of his achievements form the framework of this interview.

TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.

Mr. W. H. Preece, Engineer-in-Chief of the Telegraph Department of the English Postal System, who has helped Marconi in developing the invention described in this magazine last March, has for many years been experimenting with methods for telegraphing without the use of wires. He is unmistakably the greatest expert of the world on this subject. The latest results of the experiments of the English postal authorities are of far-reaching importance, and the authoritative account which Mr. Preece gives of them in an article for McCURE's forms a wonderful chapter in recent scientific history.

IN UNEXPLORED ASIA.

An illustrated account of Dr. Sven Hedin's adventures in the great desert of Chinese Turkestan, one of the most remarkable feats of exploration of the past year, will soon appear. The article is not only a contribution to knowledge, but contains a story of great human interest.

CHARACTER SKETCHES AND REAL CONVERSATIONS.

We have maintained from the foundation of the magazine, as one of its special features, the presentation of the great personalities of our own time. By series of portraits, conversations, and character studies, we have exhibited to our readers, in his

actual every-day life, at the moment when they were most interested in him, the eminent living author, artist, statesman, scientist, business man, or inventor. We expect to publish in an early number, probably the November number, with numerous illustrations, a real conversation between

MARK TWAIN AND ROBERT BARR.

As we write this paragraph Mr. Barr is just returning to England from Lucerne, in Switzerland, where he has been visiting Mark Twain. His conversations with Mr. Clemens will form the basis of an article about the great humorist. Our readers, who are so well acquainted with Mr. Barr's work, with his humorous stories and his delightful articles, will realize that in this article they are sure to have a fresh, unconventional, and vivid presentation of Mark Twain.

THE BEST FICTION.

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE has been notable for its fiction. It has been the editor's purpose and his good fortune to get from the great writers of fiction of our day the best expression of their genius. It is our pride that in these few years we have published so much of the finest work of Stevenson, Kipling, Anthony Hope, and other masters of fiction. There will appear in the Christmas number

A TALE OF A CLOUDED TIGER BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

entitled, "The Tomb of his Ancestors." It is another powerful and absorbing tale of India. The extraordinary plot is as convincing and realistic as anything Kipling has ever written; and the young officer who is the hero of the tale is a character that one will be glad to know and remember. We have sought, by the collaboration of two artists of the first order, one with a strong grasp of the character of the human figure, the other with the imaginative instinct for dramatic composition and setting, to secure illustrations worthy of the tale, entirely novel, and certainly most interesting as an artistic experiment.

ANTHONY HOPE.

An event of much interest to the many readers of "The Prisoner of Zenda" is the coming of the author of that entrancing tale to the United States this month, to give public readings from his works. There is certainly no living writer of pure romance to be named with Anthony Hope. At a time when it seemed that no one could follow in the footsteps of Scott, Dumas, and Stevenson; that all that human invention could do in devising interesting complexities and situations had long since been done; Anthony Hope came quietly forward, and with only the men and conditions of our own day in mind, constructed stories that in novelty of incident, picturesqueness of character, and delightful, unexpected complications, compare with the great romances of the past. He proved that there was still no lack of good stories with a good story-teller at hand; and he found, in return, that the good story-teller has not to wait long for an audience.

THE SEQUEL TO "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"

will begin publication in MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE for December. It is entitled "Prince Rupert of Hentzau," and it takes the characters of "The Prisoner of Zenda," surely one of the most attractive groups

of people created by a story writer, and carries them through a series of adventures even more dramatic and absorbing than those they underwent in the earlier book. The story is complete in itself; the first paragraphs put the reader in possession of all the knowledge of persons and events necessary to a full understanding of the tale.

It has been magnificently illustrated, in absolute sympathy with the text, by C. D. Gibson, with a series of page pictures, where our great American illustrator reveals a new and most important side of his talent. These pages, full of beauty and romantic spirit, are the most striking productions of Mr. Gibson's genius, and in themselves, while belonging intimately to the text, are artistic masterpieces.

GOOD STORIES BY NEW WRITERS.

We, who have had the distinction of publishing the first productions of Kipling and Hope in America, have always eagerly looked for and warmly welcomed spirited, stirring tales by writers still unknown to the public or to the older and more conservative publications. Only last February we published the first story that has appeared in a magazine of the young Western writer, W. A. White of the "Emporia Gazette," from whom we shall have

MORE BOYVILLE STORIES.

Mr. White is doing in prose what James Whitcomb Riley has done in verse—he is giving us true, hearty pictures of American boy life. These new stories will carry on the series begun with "The King of Boyville" (February, 1897) and "The Martyrdom of Mealy Jones" (September, 1897). The boys of these stories are just the same real characters as Tom Sawyer and Huckelberry Finn; and the artist who has drawn them, himself grew up in that West which Mr. White describes, so that his pictures have the same sort of unmistakable individuality and truth to nature as the author's delineations.

MARK TWAIN'S DIARY

OF HIS VOYAGE FROM INDIA TO SOUTH AFRICA.

Two years ago Mr. Clemens started on a trip around the world. The diary he kept on this trip forms the basis of a new book of travel. We have arranged for the first and exclusive publication in a magazine of portions of this work—the chapters describing Mark Twain's voyage from India to South Africa, which are pervaded by a large humanity and abound in droll anecdotes, striking descriptions, and such observations as no one but Mark Twain could make. These chapters will be illustrated by A. B. Frost and Peter Newell, who are themselves master humorists of the rarest talent, and singularly sympathetic and original in their own field.

A NEW DEVELOPMENT.

It has long been our purpose to enter the general field of book publishing when the proper time should arrive; and we have now begun the actual work of carrying out this plan. The publishing business has been formed, for convenience, into a separate department, under the title of The Doubleday & McClure Co. We shall build up, as quickly as may be, a worthy collection of books, and in choosing them we shall follow the same line of editorial policy that is exemplified in MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE; we shall publish wholesome, stimulating literature, and sound, interesting knowledge. Not only will our books be good, helpful reading, but they will be well made and sold at reasonable prices.

MR. KIPLING'S JUBILEE POEM.

By special arrangement with Mr. Rudyard Kipling, we print herewith his very remarkable Jubilee poem, "Recessional." At the close of the elaborate and august ceremonies in celebration of the completion of the sixtieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, when it seemed that every thought and emotion that the occasion could possibly prompt had been more than once expressed, and that nothing more remained to be said, Mr. Kipling quietly sent this poem to the London "Times." At once it was recognized as the strongest and most searching word of all that the Jubilee had called forth. The "Times" gave it the honor of a place immediately under the letter of the Queen expressing her personal gratitude and thanks for the "loyal attachment and real affection" on the part of her subjects which the Jubilee had given proof of. An editorial article in the same number commented on both the letter and the poem, saying of the latter:

"The deep sense of religious feeling and of moral obligation which has colored the whole of the Queen's life will bring her heartily into unison with the spirit of the fine poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling which we print this morning. There is a tendency, in these days, to rush into dithy-

rambic raptures over every great exhibition of national power. It is well that we should be reminded by a poet who, more perhaps than any other living man, has been identified with pride of empire and with confidence in the destinies of our race, that there is a spiritual as well as a material side to national greatness. The lesson has been taught before by some of our noblest men of letters—by Milton and Wordsworth, by Burke and Carlyle. We all acknowledge its truth in our hours of serious thought, but, none the less, we need, all of us, the warning words of the seer and the bard—'Lest we forget—lest we forget!' The most dangerous and demoralizing temper into which a state can fall is one of boastful pride. To be humble in our strength, to avoid the excesses of an over-confident vanity, to be as regardful of the rights of others as if we were neither powerful nor wealthy, to shun 'Such boasting as the Gentiles use Or lesser breeds without the Law,'—these are the conditions upon which our dominion by sea and land is based even more than on fleets and armies. At this moment of imperial exaltation, Mr. Kipling does well to remind his countrymen that we have something more to do than to build battleships and multiply guns."

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.



THE GREAT WARNER LIBRARY NEARING COMPLETION

AFTER more than two years of steady labor the Library of the World's Best Literature, under the editorial direction of Charles Dudley Warner, is nearly finished. About two-thirds of the volumes are now ready, and the entire work will be completed not later than January—possibly earlier. Its completion will be a distinct literary event. The special introductory price under the arrangement made by Harper's Weekly Club will positively be advanced November 1st. Readers will do well to make note of this fact, since by joining the Club now they will obtain the work at nearly one-half the price at which it will hereafter be sold. We have no hesitation in advising our readers to take advantage of this opportunity. We believe the Warner Library is a work of such extraordinary character that it will sooner or later find its way into every

home of culture and refinement. The fact that such a marvelous compendium of the literature of the world, with the exposition and criticism of the foremost living men of letters, can be had for a sum less than the cost of the simplest collection of single volumes, makes this a work which from the mere standpoint of economy no lover of books can afford to be without. The Library is not only an immense saving of time and study, but of money as well. A postal card sent to the Harper's Weekly Club, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York, will secure full particulars regarding the favorable terms upon which it is at the present time offered to Club members. We believe there are few McCLURE readers who will not feel we have done them a special service in calling their attention to this monumental work.

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HISTORY CLUB CLOSES OCT. 31

The purpose of the Club has been highly commended on all sides. One letter, which stands for many others, comes from the Hon. Wm. T. HARRIS, LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C. Dr. Harris, after warmly praising the Library itself, says:

"I appreciate highly the purpose of the Club, which is to extend the study of history among the people. I am sure that will have all the good results claimed for it. History seems to me well described as the study of man's larger self, his social self. This knowledge is evidently the most important kind of self-knowledge. I wish the Club all success in extending the distribution of such a valuable work on this subject."

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The publishers, perceiving the high favor in which the work is everywhere held, have declined to supply another edition save at an advanced price. This compels us to announce that **the present Club must close October 31st at latest**, and, even if another Club is formed, the work cannot be secured except at an increased cost. It is therefore necessary that

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WORDS OF PRAISE FROM THOSE WHO HAVE RECEIVED THE WORK.

President E. Benjamin Andrews, of Brown University, says:

"The educational value of the 'Library of Universal History' is sure to be very great."

President H. W. McKnight, of Pennsylvania College, writes:

"It is a work of great value, and should be widely possessed and read. Its appearance should mark a new epoch in historical study."

Rev. Francis W. Greene, Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

"The binding, paper, type and illustrations are beautiful. I have never bought anything in my life that I am better pleased with, than I am with this set of books."

Dr. S. G. A. Brown, Shippensburg, Pa., writes:

"My set arrived to-day. I am more than pleased with it. It should be in every home and public library in the land."

Rev. D. J. McMillan, D.D., Corresponding Secretary of Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church, writes:

"I have long desired and sought a complete history of the human race that is reliable, convenient in form, provided with maps that are accurate and illustrations that are helpful, a text that is readable and a record that is something more than a mere catalogue of events. I can truly say that I have found that which I sought in this treasure-house which you call the 'Library of Universal History.'"

Ex-President Cleveland writes:

"I am sure that this history will fill an important place among publications intended to give wider familiarity with historical literature."

Frank W. Gunsaulus, Pastor Plymouth Congregational Church, Chicago, writes:

"I am certain these volumes must be of immense popular service in stimulating historical study in our country."

President Theodore L. Seip, of Muhlenberg College, writes:

"The work is a most valuable addition to any library, and for the average family is a library of history in itself."

President M. W. Stryker, of Hamilton College, says:

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E. V. Skinner, Esq., formerly Trustee of the Brooklyn Bridge, writes:

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Rev. James M. King, D.D., General Secretary of the League for the Promotion of American Institutions, says:

"I believe all who own and consult this splendid library will agree with me as to its great value."

Rev. W. C. Bitting, D.D., Pastor of the Mount Morris Baptist Church, New York, says:

"Every parent should put it within the reach of his children. It is up to date in plan, ideal, illustration, workmanship and contents."

"The Educational Journal" says:

"To place such a work in the homes of the people is to render excellent educational service both to the present and to the coming generation."

W. W. Lewis, Moorland, Mich., writes:

"The history arrived in good condition. I am delighted with it. I would not sell it for double the cost if I could not get another set."

Harriet S. Ashley, Teacher of History in the Academy of the New Church, Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

"I am convinced that it is a valuable work which will be exceedingly useful to me in my occupation as teacher of history. I am especially pleased with the maps, for they exactly meet a need which I have often and urgently felt in my work. The portraits, also, and other illustrations, as well as the tables and the very complete index, are most valuable features of the work. Then, too, it is of great value to have the history brought down to so recent a date."

The above are a very few only of the many commendatory expressions that have been received regarding the Library and the purpose of the Club.

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These four beautiful volumes, so richly illustrated, so finely printed, so attractive in every way, make a most grateful addition to any home. Only through an actual examination can you understand their value, their beauty, their helpfulness, their wondrously illuminating effect; and it is on this account that we have determined to make the following unusual offer:

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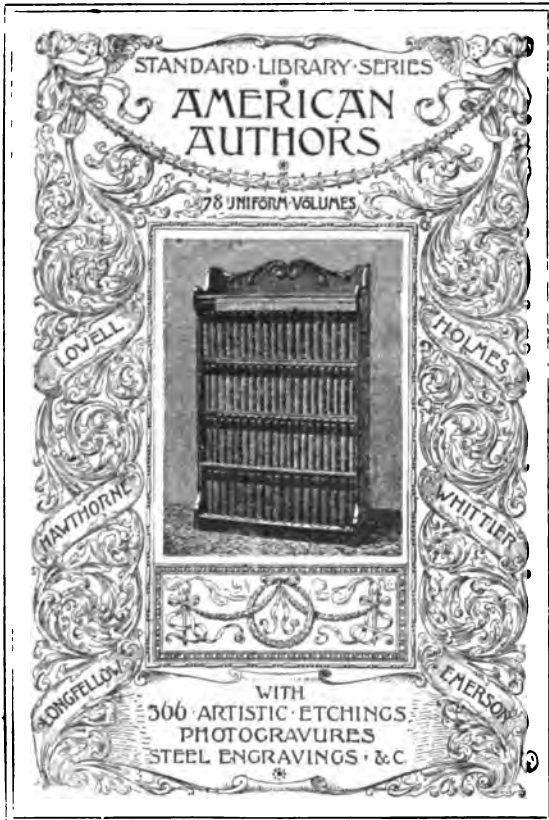
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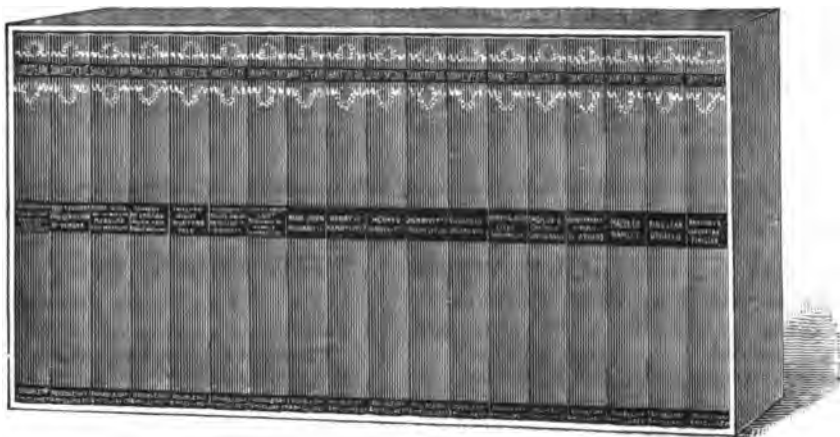
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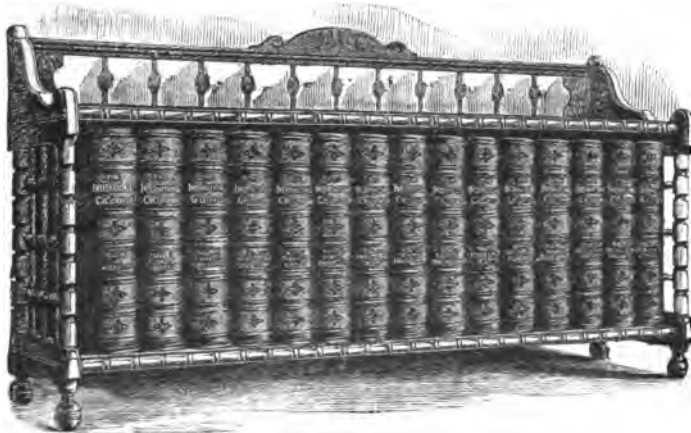
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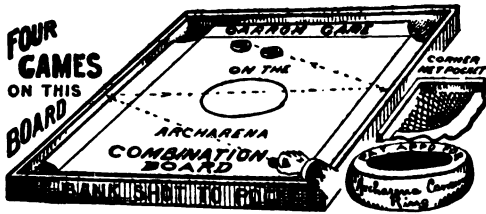
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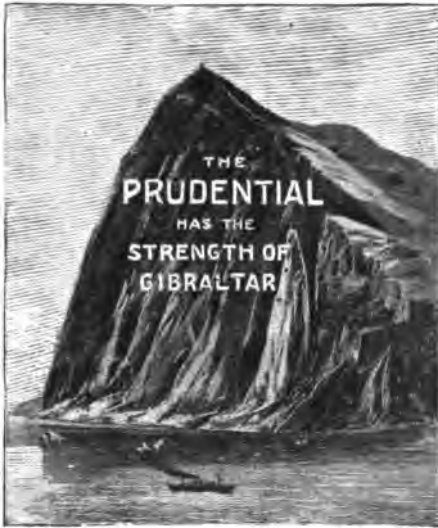
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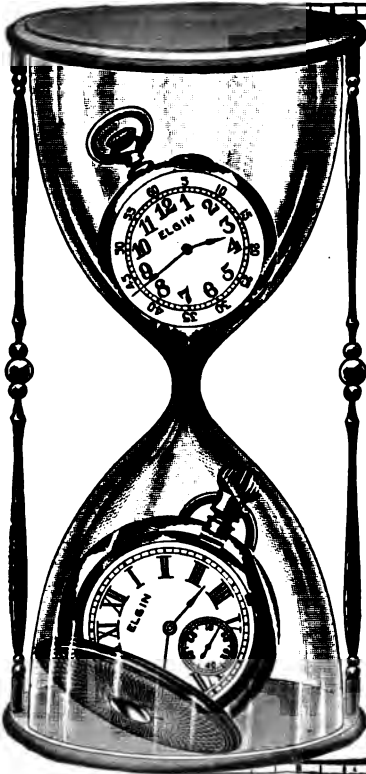
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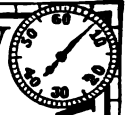
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VI
VII
VIII
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X
XI
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Assets,	\$20,896,684.63
Liabilities,	17,920,260.27
Surplus to Policy-holders,	\$2,976,424.36

July 1, 1897.

Total Assets,	\$21,915,663.62
Total Liabilities,	18,550,472.63
Surplus to Policy-holders,	\$3,365,190.99

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864,	\$33,098,024.29
Paid to Policy-holders, January to July, 1897,	1,355,069.98
Loaned to Policy-holders on Life Policies,	1,014,322.00
Life Insurance in Force,	89,923,185.00
Increase in Reserves,	701,490.00

GAINS.

Six Months—January to July, 1897.

In Assets,	\$1,018,949.00
In Surplus,	388,737.03
On Life Insurance in Force,	1,679,918.00
Premiums Received, Six Months,	2,833,794.91

(Accident Premiums in the hands of agents not included.)

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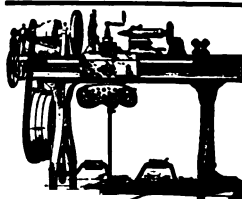
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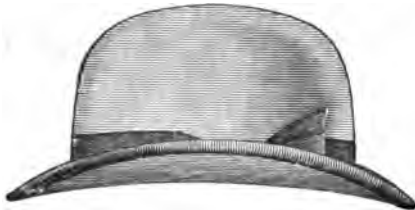
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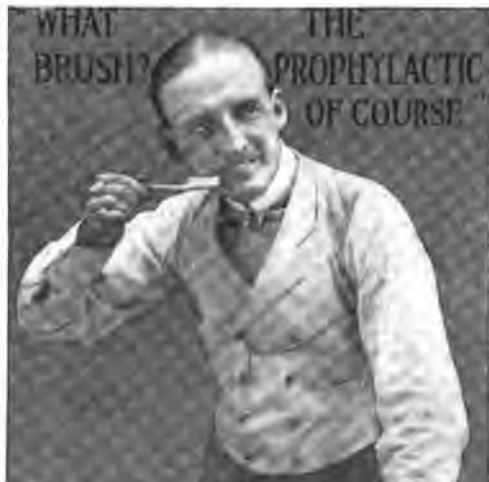
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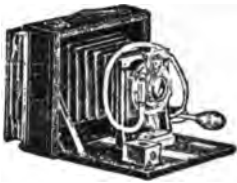
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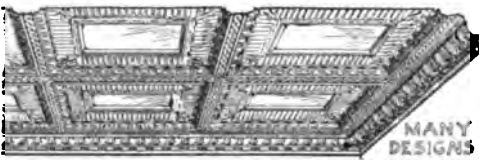
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There are thirty words in this schedule, from each of which letters have been omitted and their places have been supplied by stars. To fill in the blank spaces and get the names properly you must have some knowledge of geography and history. We want you to spell out as many words as you can, then send to us with 25 cents to pay for a three months' subscription to *WOMAN'S WORLD*. For correct lists we shall give \$200.00 in cash. If more than one person sends a full, correct list, the money will be awarded to the fifty best lists in appearance. Also, if your list contains twenty or more correct words, we shall send you a beautiful *Egeria Diamond Scarf Pin* (for lady or gentleman), the regular price of which is \$2.25. Therefore, by sending your list, you are positively certain of the \$2.25 prize, and by being careful to send a correct list you have an opportunity of the \$200.00 cash award. The distance that you may live from New York makes no difference. All have equal opportunity for winning.

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1. * R A * I * A country of South America.
2. * A * I * I * Name of the largest body of water.
3. M * D * * E * * A * E * * A sea.
4. * M * * O * A large river.
5. T * A * * S Well known river of Europe.
6. S * * A N * A * A city in one of the Southern States.
7. H * * * * X A city of Canada.
8. N * A * A * A Noted for display of water.
9. * E * * E * * E * One of the United States.
10. * A * R I * A city of Spain.
11. H * V * * A A city on a well known island.
12. S * M * E * A well known old fort of the United States.
13. G * * R * L * A * Greatest fortification in the world.
14. S * A * L E * A great explorer.
15. G * L * F * * * I * One of the United States.

16. B * S M * * K A noted ruler.
17. * * C T O * I * Another noted ruler.
18. P * R * U * A * Country of Europe.
19. A * S T * A * I * A big island.
20. M * * I N * E * Name of the most prominent American.
21. T * * A * One of the United States.
22. J * F * * R * * N Once President of the United States.
23. * U * * N A large lake.
24. E * E * S * N A noted poet.
25. C * R * A A foreign country, same size as Kansas.
26. B * R * * O A large island.
27. W * M * S W * R * D Popular family magazine.
28. B * H * I * G A sea.
29. A * L * N * I * An ocean.
30. M * O * G * S * A * An island near Africa.

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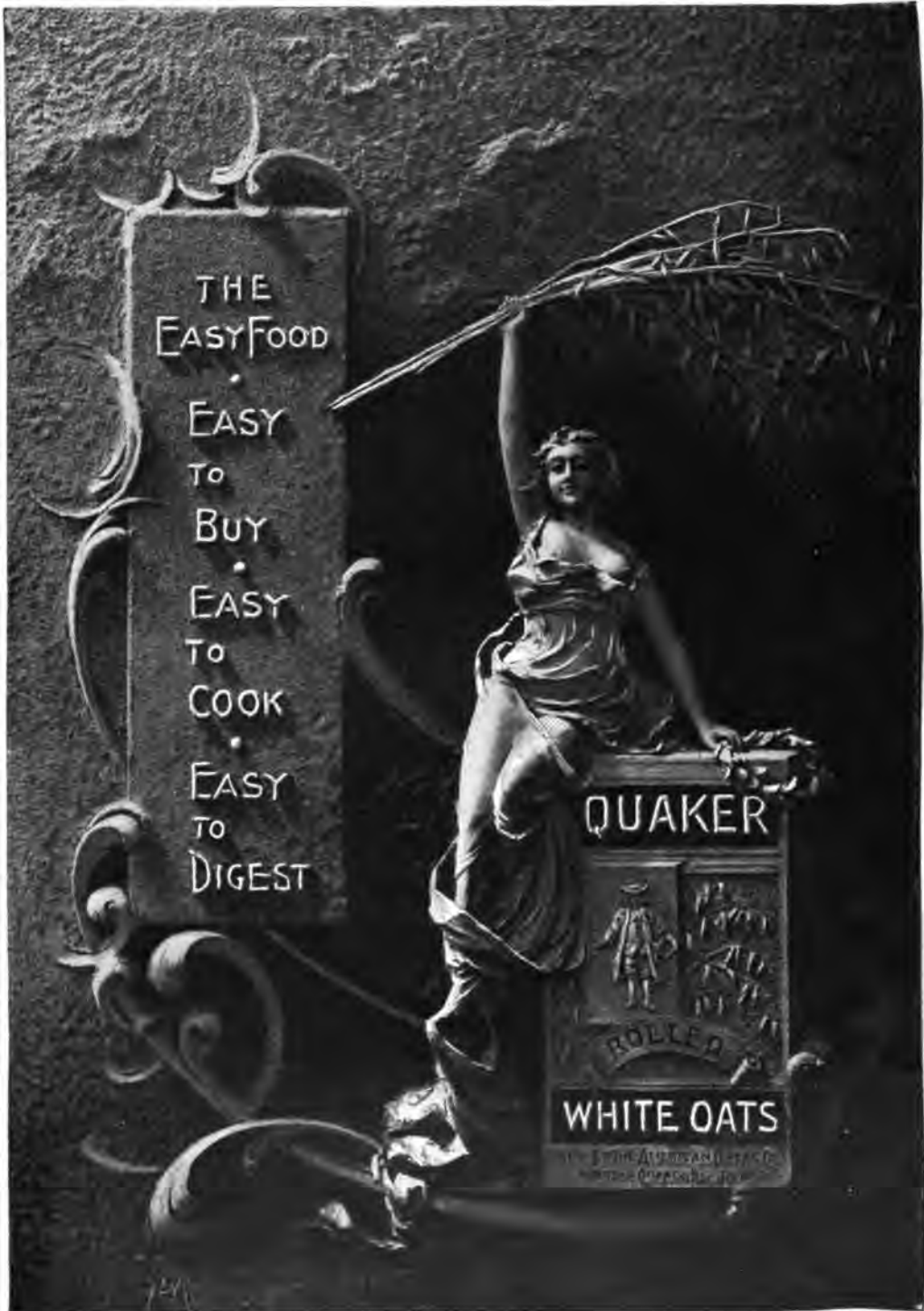
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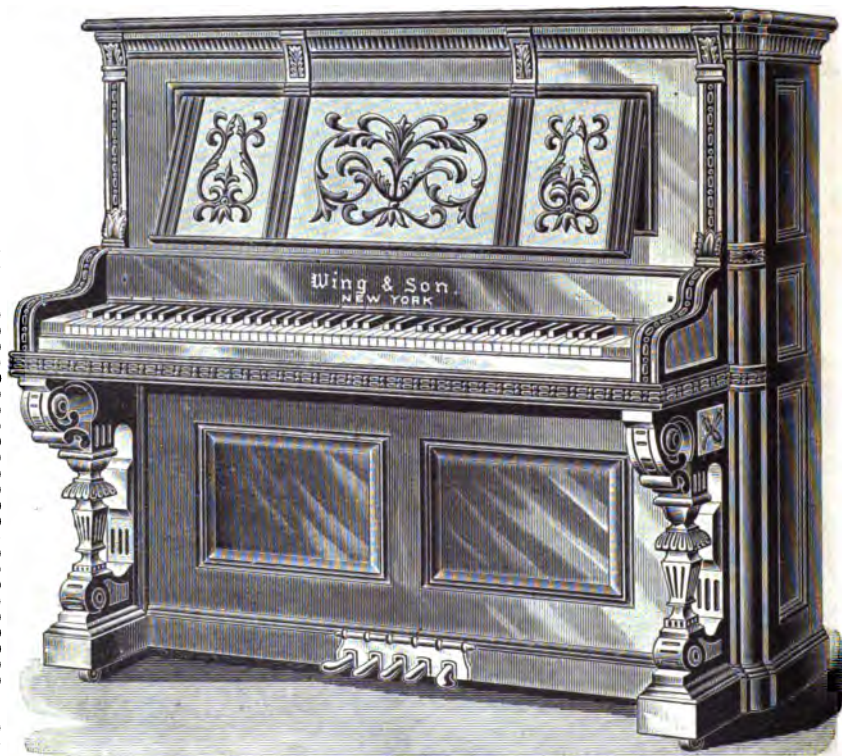
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